

Ella's First Day



**A Hexsphere Chronicles short by
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Ella was beginning to feel like this was a bad idea.

Like really bad.

Her new vice principal stared at her, waiting for an answer.

Why had Ella decided to go to Mr. Valenti's office on the first day of a new school to ask if she could switch out of quantum spell-casting?

Oh yeah, because she was a Dis-con.

Oof.

Quantum spell-casting had labs, and labs meant casting spells. And seeing as Ella was a Dis-con and couldn't cast spells, she had panicked and immediately came to the office to change it in her schedule.

"Miss Buckley? Are you alright?" Mr. Valenti's eyebrows crinkled in concern. Or was it suspicion?

Ella took in a deep calming breath. "I'm just nervous. First day and all."

“Is that why you don’t want to take quantum spell-casting? Nerves?” he asked with a calming smile.

“Uh, yeah. I’m just really terrible at spell-casting. I don’t want to mess up my GPA from my last school,” Ella lied. She was good at lying. Being a Dis-con made it part of her everyday existence.

“Well, if we didn’t work at what challenges us, we’d never grow. Wouldn’t you agree?” Mr. Velenti’s eyebrows now raised in unison, as if he were trying to convince her of his argument with his face.

His stupid condescending face.

He sure did like to move his eyebrows a lot.

“Um, sure. I guess you’re right.” Ella caved. She knew if she pushed it, Mr. Velenti would ask more questions and possibly suspect her as a Dis-con. It wasn’t worth the risk.

Because if anyone found out, they’d either call CIU to have her hauled in never to be heard from again, or worse, they’d report her to the Trackers and she’d be killed on the spot. Dis-cons were feared above anything else on the planet. Not because they couldn’t perform spells, but because spells couldn’t be cast on them, which made them immune to all of it. Ella never understood why anyone would be afraid of her though. But history had plenty examples of terrifying Dis-cons, so it was best to just hide, which was getting harder and harder to do.

“Good choice.” Mr. Velenti glanced at the clock on the wall. “You better hurry. You only have a couple minutes until class starts. You don’t want to be late on your first day.” His smile was short and dismissive. He obviously felt as if he’d done his duty and wanted Ella to comply immediately.

She did.

“Thanks, Mr. Velenti. Sorry to bother you.” Ella stood up and hurried out of his office.

Ella made her way out of administration and into the main

hallway of the bottom floor. The halls were almost empty, only a few stragglers like herself, hurrying to class.

The twist in her stomach was so tight she tried to gently massage it with her hand. But when a passing-by student gave her a look that very clearly stated she was a little off, Ella moved her hand to her side and hoped she wouldn't puke.

Moving wasn't new to her as her parents thought it was the best strategy for hiding what she was, but "first days" were always terrifying. New itself was terrifying. It was all terrifying. Her whole existence.

Ella breathed in deep, which helped a little and reached the door to her quantum spell-casting classroom.

Before she could chicken out, Ella pushed the door open and immediately walked to the back row of desks and sat down at the first empty chair.

No one noticed.

No one cared.

Her chest lightened a bit.

A quick once over of the students in front of her and she could tell most of them were just as nervous as her. At least the first day of a new school year was good for that. Though a lot of them seemed to know each other, which she'd been expecting. Ella was sure she was one of only a handful of brand new students.

Watching her peers whisper to each other, laugh, have expressions of shock at some piece of gossip, or even the couple in front who very clearly were about to break up, left Ella feeling empty. That gut twist suddenly brought its friends and they decided to create tight knots.

Being a Dis-con meant Ella had no friends, could never have friends. She would be utterly alone for the rest of her life.

If she could sink into her seat and disappear at that moment she would have.

The bell rang and as the class started to get settled, the door opened.

Ella glanced over to distract herself from her intrusive thoughts.

Her heart nearly stopped.

Walking toward the empty seat a couple desks down from her was quite possibly the most beautiful boy she'd ever laid eyes on.

It took her a moment to realize she'd stopped breathing and she gasped for air.

A few heads turned in her direction with the same look of disgust the guy in the hallway had when she'd been massaging her stomach.

Obviously, none of the students at Tristen High had anxiety.

Had they never heard someone gasp for air before?

Probably not.

Her "gasp" got the new boy's attention as well, but he didn't say anything, or give her a disgusted look, which made her belly do a whole other round of flippity-flops. He kind of just... nodded... like he knew she was nervous.

But his eyes. His beautiful sparkly eyes! They'd met hers for less than a nano-second, but it was enough to set her entire internal organs on fire.

Don't stare.

Don't stare.

Don't stare.

Ella stared. She couldn't help herself. She'd never reacted like this to anyone before, let alone a guy. But whoever he was, she knew with certainty that she'd... that she'd what?

Her chest deflated and she looked away.

But as her eyes naturally crept back to his perfectly sculptured profile, a kind of hope stirred inside of her.

He'd be her crush. Her unattainable crush. Somehow, that felt

comforting, good, maybe even happy?

Ella would take it.

A name would be nice though.

But for now, he'd just be crush-boy.

No. That didn't sound good.

"Hey, Ash," a guy from the front nodded to crush-boy, and he nodded back.

Ash.

How utterly perfect.