

Well. Here it is; my dorm room. The walk here was a *bitch*. I'm on floor number five out of six, and the elevator is actually *out of order*, leading me to have to walk five flights of stairs instead of standing around for a minute or so. It was a *pain*, but I'm finally here. The rooms themselves are supposedly very spacious, thankfully, but I haven't gotten my hopes up, just in case. The doorknob strikes me as weird for some reason. It doesn't look like the rest of them, round and probably brass, but that just makes it easier to identify. It's silver and longer, one of those push down ones rather than a push *open*. Lucky me...

Opening the door feels like a daunting task. Maybe I could just... *go home*. 'Hey mom, hi dad, I dropped out of college before it started because I'm a wuss.' How proud would they be, right?

Whatever, it's fine, probably. I open the door, and... well, I worried for nothing, to say the least. There's a large room, with a *very* small television in front of a couch in the middle of the room, facing the door. The floor is tiled, clicking under my shoes as I step inside and close the door behind me. Looking closer, the tile has that pattern, *that* pattern, that you have to step in the squares so you don't... *something*.

I can hear movement in the room sealed off by a large door, probably (hopefully) my roommate. I hear what sounds like colored pencils clinking against each other, probably being dumped out of a bag into something else. It's... probably not the best sign for my roommate's organization skills, but whatever.

There's another room with the door left open, probably mine. It's the same door, and I step across the room and push my way inside. It's nice, a bit bigger than I was expecting. That's cool, I'm gonna need room to stretch my wings. I don't fly much, but it never hurts to keep in shape.

The bed looks neat (and it will stay that way unless my life is on the line), as in clean, not cool--I use "neat" for both--a blue sheet covering the mattress, two pillows that look cheap (I'll just buy my own eventually), and a blanket that has this nice little flower pattern. That's cute. There's also a desk, which is cool. It has a couple of shelves on one side, one above and the other below the main level, and a cork board above the other and drawers below.

I start setting my things down, legitimately impressed by the room. I'd heard they were good, but I didn't think they'd be *this* good. Maybe I just got lucky because I got the special doorknob.

Then... I remember my social decency and that I should *probably* introduce myself. They got here before me and sounded busy, so they probably don't even know I'm here. I set my bags down, and head to the door of the other room.

And *then* I remember I'm awkward. I've always been terrible with introductions, especially ones like these. Do I just... say hi? 'Hey I'm your roommate now, deal with it.' That's rude but you get my point.

I approach the second room door anxiously, knocking in what I hope isn't too hard without being too timid. "Hello?" I call to the other side of the door.

The door opens, and I'm met face to... chest, with a woman a good foot taller than I am. She has runes on her face, which means she's probably gonna make my attempts at spellcasting look like a joke. Her hair is swept over one eye in a short fringe, and I manage to actually say something. "You must be my roommate!" oh reeds, do I sound too excited?

She nods regardless, a small, polite smile on her face. "I guess so," She replies. "I mean, if not, I've wandered into the wrong room, and that's a problem because I've already finished unpacking my art stuff."

"Oh? You draw?" I ask with a slight chuckle. It's more at the joke of her walking into the wrong dorm than anything, but she gives me a strange look.

"Yeah, a lot, actually. ... Oh, my name is Lapis, what's yours?"

Oh that's *adorable*. It's common for jungle falaen to be named after nature, such as fruits, gemstones, animals, etc. but I couldn't ever imagine it'd line up this perfectly. "P-Peridot." I answer, taking a step back so I'm not weirdly close to her.

"It's uh, nice to meet you." She says, stepping out of her room. "You are... a swamp falaen?"

"Yes! Are you a jungle falaen?" I ask her.

She looks almost nervous. "Y-yeah."

"Oh... uh, I'm-- sorry if I make you nervous?"

"N-no, it's fine. I'm just... awkward, is all."

"That makes this way easier then-- I have little to no social skills. But then again, isn't everyone our age?" I smile half-heartedly at her. "But, I'm sure it'd help to have something to eat. It was a long walk up here, I'm starving"

"I-I don't cook." She says. She sounds *scared*.

"Oh, that's okay! If you want, I can cook? I'm actually here for culinary arts, so a bit of practice wouldn't hurt." I'm trying to calm her down, I really don't want to upset her by pushing boundaries.

"Y-yeah, I can do the dishes after. I don't want to be lazy or anything." She holds her hands in front of her chest, fidgeting with her fingers. "I've heard roommate horror

stories, even the ones that aren't major sound awful. I'd never wish those kinds of things on anyone..." She trails off a bit, like she wants to keep talking but is afraid to.

"That's alright! I can't make you do anything, but that's... a huge relief to hear. I was terrified of having a crazy roommate who hates me or something." I smile half-heartedly at her. Her body is so tense, I hope she's alright.

"Y-yeah..." she repeats.

"Alright, well, I'll leave you to your room. I should unpack too and all that--. If you need anything, you know where to find me." I do an awkward fingerguns motion, which draws a smile from her. It seems much more genuine than the other ones, which is... *good*, I think. On one hand, I've left it off positively. On the other hand, she was probably anxious that entire conversation. Poor thing.

"Yep," she replies, stepping back into her room, closing the door behind her.

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Well. That could've gone... *worse*. I guess.

I met my new roommate, chatted some small talk, then almost immediately proceeded to make everything about myself. It's a shame, too, because she's cute. Probably thinks I'm some selfish slug now.

She... *she was cute*. She was barely 5' tall, and though I'm bad at guessing measurements, even I know she's short, not just standing next to me, with messy blonde hair and pretty green eyes that glimmered faintly in the light. I wish my eyes were as pretty as hers, and I had to *physically restrain* myself from touching her hair. It just... looked soft. I like soft things.

She had these nice little flowers clipped to her wings, attached to some feathers, I'm guessing, with a decorative clip meant to keep a good hold of the feathers, though you're not meant to fly while wearing them. I assume it isn't a big deal for her; Swamp Falaen don't fly much, so I've heard.

Speaking of her wings; her primaries were this pale yellow, much like her hair, with gorgeous light green feathers above them making up most of the mid-upper wing, with the little rose clips on her coverts. Her tail feathers had the same coloring, but inverted, with green tips and the yellow on the rest of them.

I really need to stop obsessing over my new roommate. I just met this girl. She knows nothing about me, I know nothing about her. For all I know, she could be a serial killer.

... A cute serial killer.

Ugh. I start trying to unpack again, which is now significantly easier now that I have something to think about while my brain puts my hands on autopilot and starts stacking textbooks onto the shelves. I don't focus very well unless I have multiple things to do. School work is still very stressful, it's a miracle I got into college at all, but I get it done pretty decently. My grades aren't bad, and the sports I did after school the last couple years of highschool at a swamp falaen school apparently looked really nice on my resume for jobs and applications for colleges. I picked this one because it wasn't too popular, so I figured there wouldn't be many snooty, rich, and/or better-than-me people because their grades are higher or their father buys their love because he cheated on their mother and she won't let him see the kids unless he pays child support even though they're 18 already. ... Speaking from personal experience.

I mean, my room is nice. A bit cramped, definitely not good for stretching my wings, but it's way nicer than what I was expecting, with this cute little bookshelf sitting next to a desk with some drawers, a neat bed with a cheap looking pillow, standard stuff. I'm sure I can afford to buy a better pillow, they're fairly easy to find.

Then I hear talking outside. Some loud laughing, it sounds like a reunion. I vaguely hear "I missed you!" from Peridot.

"I missed you too, dork!" A voice I don't recognize laughs on the other side of my door.

I hesitantly open it, and see Peridot picked up in a bear hug by this other Jungle Falaen with pretty purple wings and black hair. "Uh?" It's more of a noise than a word that I say, but it's definitely involuntary.

"Oh! Lapis, this is my best friend, Pandora!" Peridot waves at me, still held in Pandora's arms.

"Hi," I wave awkwardly.

"S'up! Heard you're Peri's new roommate." She waves back.

"Y-yeah, I am."

"Well it's nice to meet you." She puts Peridot down. "I'll probably visit from time to time, but I definitely won't eat out of the fridge. I may be a loud mouth but I'm not gonna steal food."

"A-alright?"

"When we were kids, I used to have to leave food out for her because she didn't have anywhere to go. My parents thought I was feeding wild animals." Peridot chuckles. It doesn't sound funny, it-- sounds *sad*.

"I-- I, um, I should get, uh, get back to organizing my stuff. Gotta keep everything neat, you know." I close the door back before they can say anything.

Why can't I just act normal? Why do I get so awkward around everyone in every situation? If I could just hold a normal conversation, I would be okay, but I can't, I'm this gross failure who can't even smile at a stranger. I wish I could--

There's a small knock at my door. What do they want?

"Lapis?" It's Peridot.

I sigh, putting my hands on my head. "What is it?" I try to sound less upset than I feel.

"I just-- well, two things, actually. What do you want to eat tonight? A-and I'm sorry if we made you uncomfortable."

I sigh deeply. "No, no, it's okay. I just don't do well with new people, at all."

"Right, right, I figured. I uh, well, she left. Had to go sort her dorm out, she just wanted to drop by and make sure she could find her way here."

"Yeah... Oh! Uh, for dinner, I don't really... mind..."

"Are you sure? We could go shopping and I could buy--"

"No! No, I can pay for my food. I just can't cook very well is all. I can buy it, I just need someone else to cook it for me." I hate how defensive I sounded but it's too late to fix it.

"That's okay," She says from the other side of the door, the wood creaking as if she's leaned on it. "Do you want to come out? I could get ready, or I could order something, if you'd like. I uh, I bet we're both tired from packing and traveling and unpacking." I can practically hear the awkward smile on her face.

"Y-yeah, I'll come out." I say, the thought of making a gay joke briefly crossing my mind before I metaphorically swat it away. I open the door, and look down at her. Stars, she's so cute. She smiles at me, walking into the kitchen. It's also a little small, but I don't expect to spend much time in that room, so it's okay. Peridot doesn't seem too bothered by it, at least.

"So, what do you want to have tonight? Some roast chicken? Tuna salad? I can probably whip up anything you're in the mood for, unless the..." she opens the fridge door and it's empty. Of course it's empty. Why would it not be? What were we expecting? "Well, that's a bit of an issue." she hums a bit to herself, finger at her chin in thought.

“We could always fly down to the supermarket nearby. I don’t remember the name of it but I’ve been there a couple of times; it’s really nice. Lots of space to stretch...” I tense my wings, trying to emphasize my point. “If I can pick out what we have and pay for it, you can make it and I’ll do the dishes after?”

“I think I might just do the dishes tonight,” She says. “If that’s okay, I mean. We could maybe both do them? I don’t know,” She laughs awkwardly. “I just feel like it’s unfair for you to have to pay for it and clean up if we’re *both* eating the same thing.”

“We could... split payment?” I suggest hesitantly.

“We’d have to ring up separately,” She says. “Unless you just want to give me a ten and call it even?”

“That’s... a way better idea than what I was thinking of.” I laugh a bit, though to her I probably sound like an idiot. A nervous, naive, idiot.

But... am I a cute idiot?

No. I’m-- I’m not gonna start flirting with her. I met her less than an hour ago, she’s probably straight, she probably doesn’t even want anything to do with me, and--

“Alright, that’s cool then! Do you wanna head down now?”

“Might as well,” I answer before I can stop myself.

She nods her head, “Alright, let’s go then!”