

Who could I go to once I met my soulmate? Who would be there to console me or congratulate me, depending on how it went? What if she would never talk to me again unless I made things work with my soulmate?

Those thoughts and more ran through my head as I sat in my last class of the day. I knew how much time I had left, but I checked my timer anyway, in case it had somehow malfunctioned. No, it was ticking away just fine. I had less than 15 minutes left. The nerves that had been building up all day were starting to make me sick. I told myself that I was fine and shouldn't overreact.

My rumbling stomach started to draw attention. I felt a lump rising in my throat. Still, I didn't move. I wasn't going to be that pathetic girl that got sick before meeting her soulmate. For a few more minutes, I was able to fend off the unpleasant sensations. Finally, I stood up and excused myself to go to the bathroom. Fate was just going to have to wait until I was done throwing up.

I stood in front of the bathroom sink, rinsing out my mouth. At that point, I had accepted the inevitable. In five minutes, I was going to meet my soulmate. That didn't mean I had to make it easy. I didn't have to take it lying down. I would make fate chase me. I shot off like a cannon. I ran down the hall, down the stairs, out the door, across the parking lot. I didn't stop until I was completely out of breath. I looked around and saw that I was by the football field. I sat down on the bleachers to catch my breath.

I peeled the scarf off my wrist to reveal my timer. Sure enough, I had a minute left. I looked around me but there was no one in sight. How could anyone get to me in so little time? Had I succeeded in tricking fate?