

door.

Just ignore them, only five more lines to translate. I sighed and dove again into this ancient Latin epic "... and it is my task to perform your command,' says Aeolus to Juno..."

I first met her on August 9th, 2018, the day of international boarders' move-in. She had just made her room in which we would be living together for a year. Unlike my bedsheets brought from home, hers was Walmart. It was much easier to put on than mine: just wrap it around the mat and the elastic bands will hold the bedsheet in place.

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Instagram, she was already Snapping with a junior. I admired her joyfulness, her maturity, and her willingness to expand her friend circle. I wondered if I could be like her.

But of course, she was not like me. I liked heavy-flavored food while she liked sweets. I loved MOB.

She was socializing outside the library. It wasn't a surprise when she was invited by friends to stay over for Thanksgiving while I had to ask around for a host family.

Still, I admired her. I participated in more activities. I stayed in the library. I spent more time outside. Little by little, I was influenced by her to fit into the American culture.

When the dorm parents asked us to say one thing that we were thankful for before the Thanksgiving break, I said, "I am thankful for my roommate, Mary."

I came out of my room and headed to the bathroom. It was almost 11 pm and my roommate and her friend were still talking in the commons. As long as they didn't get too loud, I thought to myself, the current volume was fine. The 15-foot-ceiling in our dorm amplified every whisper right through the walls as if no barriers existed between the rooms and the hallways.

My foot landed an inch away from the edge of a laundry basket. I took a deep breath.

"Mary, can you take this back to your room?"

The same request was repeated for four nights. I already ignored the trash bag of her clothes next to her door. Maybe one day, the cleaning lady would accidentally throw it away. Maybe a cockroach would accidentally fall into it. Maybe I can drop a spider...No way! Shame on you for holding such evil thoughts in your mind!

the song well—or, as she believed to be well—my roommate did not practice with us until the day before the concert. Then we found that the original song was too low, the drums were too loud, there were controversies on where to enter for the second verse, etc. We had not arrived at a satisfactory run before the concert, so we gave ourselves over to luck.

The first song had to start over again because the guitarist forgot to tune up. Then it was okay and the audience swayed with the music. They received plenty of cheers before I joined them, confidently believing that fate was on our side.

I was so wrong. The main difference between a string instrument and a percussion is that the percussion instrument is much louder. I set the tempo of the piece, and unlike the guitar, I can't try to fit with the singer all the time.

The guitar was not in tune. The vocal did not come in after the interlude. She was on the wrong verse. She stopped the guitarist and they started arguing about chords. She waved and laughed awkwardly and hurried offstage, not even halfway through.

I sat in the back, played drums, stopped when the two people in front of me stopped, and followed them off when they started leaving. The light was so bright on stage that the audience blurred into a vague color patch and I couldn't tell their expressions. Were they discontent? Bored? Or amused that we just performed such a semi-finished song in front of the whole school?

And then I remembered my roommate only decided to do a song two days before the previous concert. We practiced for almost two hours together and still weren't all in sync during the concert. We had already used up our luck, yet were still placing our hope on a fluke.

But I had practiced! I had practiced drums every day since I requested to accompany my roommate. And I carried out my parts fluently on stage. I had fulfilled my responsibility.

You can feel the dark creatures h

like this ending I should be winning" revocation, and the "time stopped" command worked out the best, but the process of calling them was even harder.

Let's go back to the hospital corridor where you are chased by several ghosts. Somehow one catches up with you and a bony hand grips your shoulder. You fall to the ground. While struggling to stand up before the others arrive, you think grudgingly,

Inside your mind, a video begins to form. You are ahead of the pursuing ghosts, but they are apparently slower. You can see the room numbers on the corridor passing in the background. When the clouds outside the windows become visible, suddenly you are in the video and the ghosts are twenty feet behind you. A brand new ending is created and you successfully switch into this storyline.

I am the administrator of my own dreams, but using admin rights is still extremely hard. My mind needs to be fully concentrated on commanding and my imaginary scene extraordinarily vivid to override the current plot. I ~~am~~ ~~not~~ ~~my~~ ~~E~~

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