Zander was his name. Often times he found his legs bringing him from the 68 block to the mundane chemistry building 2 miles away. He passed by those whom he knew, those whom he avoided, those he never saw before, his mind drifted beyond his sight as his blonde tussled locks clouded his view of the passage through campus. His green eyes caught the eyes of his former girlfriend, Sharon, his former roommate, John, and the freshman causing a holdup on the bike path with her shiny beach cruiser. His foot caressed the slimy pavement untouched by California’s bountiful rain this year.

He drifted into his research lab and laid his arm to rest on the lever of the electrode. In a sudden gasping moment, Zander fell asleep as he had not had his first cup of Americano on ice today. Lisa Talkvich found Zander with his school uniform colored, blue lab coat turned a cool aquamarine. Zander’s hair was static, Lisa’s touch to his arm brought her to a jump. Minutes passed and Zander awoke to find he was still in his research lab but he hadn’t made it to his Organic Chemistry lecture. Startled, he jumped on his longboard and this time instead of his mind drifting into a place of lost thoughts, it was as if he had spent an hour in lecture.

Soon, Zander sat down in lecture and wondered what would happen the next time he hopped aboard his long board. He decided to skate all the way to the supermarket and soon his mind became an ultra- cool form of gauchocast. All of the lectures he had missed began to play in his mind as his legs brought him to the market.

But, suddenly, Zander awoke in the research lab, found his arm still resting on the electrode switch and lecture 8 of organic chemistry still awaiting him in chem 1179.