

## Lost And Scared, Not Alone

I'm cold. I'm tired. I'm lost in a strange part of campus, I've been wandering around for over an hour trying to find a way home, and I'm cold and tired. I was supposed to go home after this evening class, and I'm so late getting back. All because I have the uncanny ability to get lost and not even GPS technology can take that from me.

I want to ask someone for help. I really do. But I'm scared. There are chalk messages on the ground, saying horrible things about people like me. I've been walking around on those words for over an hour now. I don't know who wrote those messages. It could be strangers; it could be people I know. It could be these students that are walking around me right now. All I know is all the colorful words makes me never want to meet the people who wrote them.

I don't know. I can't trust anyone anymore. I don't want to ask any of these people for help. I don't know them, and I don't know if they'll want to help me. I don't want them to hurt me. I haven't heard of anyone getting hurt because of these messages yet, but I don't want to be the first one.

"Do you need help?" It's an older student. They look nice, but anyone can look nice. Will they actually help me? Will they actually help me and not get me even more horribly lost in this place? Can I trust them? Should I trust them?

They're my only way home.