

Chapter 1

Adam slammed his whole hand down on the alarm, crashing it to the floor as well. “That’s the last time I have to listen to you!” he moaned, as if the alarm clock, its numbers blinking red at him now, should care how he felt about it. He punched the pillow a couple of times and nestled into it as he pulled the covers up over his head. “Go away,” he said. “Can’t a guy get any sleep around here?”

He was in his dorm room—Baker College, Carly Hall, second floor, Room 210. Seemed like he had always been there, but in reality, it had only been this past year. Now he was about to leave it, graduating tomorrow, in fact.

Four long years of college were gone from under him. Cliche to say so, but it seemed like only yesterday when he was graduating from high school. Four years of counting credits and signing up for classes and moving stuff from one place to another, cafeteria slop, profs who may or may not know you were even there, let alone know you, late-night cramming what you should have been learning all along, or so the Goody Two shoes harped on you.

But there were fun times too—yeah, good times.

But, hey, you made it, enough to get that sheepskin diploma and certification that you’re fit to engage with the general public. So now he had earned a Bachelor of Science degree in archeology. He loved digging in the dirt. Figured that would be right up his alley. But the courses they made you take, who needs to know all that? Anyway, Daddy’s paying for it, so why not?

He heard voices, and someone was pushing him. “Wake up, you fool! Are you going to sleep away the most important weekend in your life?” That must be Dillon, his roomy.

“Why? What time is it?”

“Time for you to hightail it down to breakfast and get out to the parade field for practice. That’s what time it is. We’re graduating tomorrow! Or did you forget?”

Adam groaned and pulled himself upright, ran his fingers through his bedhead hair, and shuffled off to the bathroom. By the time he was done with his shower, he had come alive and was ready to meet the day. Dillon had already left. Adam skipped breakfast and went right to the practice, missing some of the instructions on when to turn left, and which hand to stick out to shake. Oh, well, he’ll just watch the others.