Sara was in love. She fell head over heels; it was love at first sight. Sara hated falling for straight girls, but this one was an exception. Well, actually, she had no idea what her orientation was, but she had been around long enough to know that if she’s beautiful, interesting, intelligent and modest, she was probably straight or taken. She knew she was wasting her time by lusting over her, but she couldn`t look away. It was halfway through a Political Science lecture when she saw her. How hadn’t she noticed her before? Sara prided herself on picking out attractive people from a crowd consistently and accurately. It was one of the few gifts she acknowledged and prided herself on. It was like a movie, Sara thought, staring at her. One minute she was looking at the PowerPoint slide trying to remember how to spell a word she was too embarrassed to admit not being able to spell. The next, a slim, elegant hand rose slowly, covered in bracelets and rings, the nails painted a shade of light blue Sara thought was too beautiful to exist. And for a moment it was all she could see. Time slowed and her heart sped up before her brain registered what she was seeing. And just like that the moment was over. The hand fell and the owner spoke in a soft accent, either British or Australian. Sara was too mesmerized to notice. In fact, the words that the girl spoke barley made their way to Sara’s brain. It was the voice that drew her in. it was so soft and aggressively beautiful. The only thing Sara knew was that the back of her head was beautiful and no matter what, she had to see the front before everyone scattered at the end of class.