

*I found a parking spot on campus.*

This was the sentence we had to expand upon in class today. Here's what I got:

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The light finally turned green, allowing me through the intersection and into the campus parking lot. I strained my sight to find a spot for myself, an unsettled feeling in my stomach; I was late as it was, and the late-morning fill up of the parking area did not help one bit. The radio's happy tunes insulted my plight, and I angrily turned it off. Periodically I would shout at no one in particular, my distress already taking its toll. Then I remembered my sister's advice, and how the North Side lot always had at least a few spots. I crushed down on the accelerator, navigating through the tight corners until I was out on the back roads and heading towards the less-used lot. Arriving at last, I made a mental fist pump as I saw the many empty spots, and pulled sloppily into one. I was still late, however; jumping out of my car, my bag barely hanging on my shoulders, I sprinted across campus toward my first class.