

Written in our Destiny



Dedication

For Mum, Dad and Julian

Preface

WRITE AFTER IT'S ALREADY FINISHED

Chapter One

It was just another chilly June morning, with clouds covering the blue sky. The weather was nicely mild- not freezing but not burning, either- and the wind was stronger than usual, pushing us, students, away from our classrooms to holidays- time of the year when we decide to leave our notebooks and just throw ourselves on a sofa and become a hardcore bookworm or maybe a series addict, or just a committed gamer.

The plans for the Summer season could be resumed by a fun travel with my first serious boyfriend, Andrew, and with my best friends Bridget and Olivia and their current boyfriends. Our trip to Miami-Disneyland-Key West was, in fact, a kind of triple-date which would span for three months instead of three hours.

We were all ready to go. My large red wheel-bag was waiting for one eternity the psychedelic kombie- also known as "Scooby-Doo".

However, as I said before, the wind was a bit strong. Strong enough to push our hope or to break the laces between two people.

What I mean is the fact that for the whole day Brittany didn't talk to me and, when approached me, gazed mysteriously. Her two gre-

en eyes showed worry. Definitely, she was hiding something. And, since my curiosity is really immense, I tried to know what the heck was wrong with the girl.

"Hey, Brit, what happened?" I asked, shamelessly, because I was aware of her fear, considering she was sweating and attempting, but without success, to avoid me.

"Nothing..." she lied.

"Brit, if you don't tell me why are you acting in such immature way, I can't know how I could help you..."

Her eyes rolled and her eyebrows were raised. Her face turned from a skittish I-am-hiding-a-secret to a bitter hey-haven't-you-damn-noticed-yet. She took me to the janitor's room. Found it quite sordid and darkish- the walls were faded, the wooden shelves were dirty.

"I don't know how can I tell, but I thought you already had concern" she started and paused to take a deep breath "all the school knows it."

"Knows what?"

"You were... Eeer, cheated five times in a row" she answered tearing "And one of those times... he cheated on you... with me"

"Huh?" I asked

"Yes, he cheated on you with loads of people. Sorry"

"B-b-b-ut why?" I gasped

Brittany didn't listen or answered. She just walked away, even more mysterious then when she entered in.

I didn't realize, until that moment, that I was treated like nothing. All the "I love you"s were just fake lies. All our dinners. Our moments were ruined by one single phrase. The illusion faded into reality. The mask felt of his green eyes and showed not the gentleman I met a couple of years ago when he moved from Dallas, but a very ugly scar I had to carry on and being humiliated by having it.

However, I didn't really want to tell my parents or cancel the trip to Miami-Disneyland-Key West, because I still had the hope I could have some nice and enjoyable holidays even if I was the only lonely person travelling with two theatrically romantic couples.

In fact, I haven't talked to Andrew yet- and wasn't really on the mood to it.

Actually, the only thing I was on the mood to was throwing myself in my bed and read the new issue of "Teen Vogue" while listening to music in my iPod. But, I wasn't inspired or concentrated to it. My head was like a microwave with popcorn into it- about to explode with all those annoying thoughts such as "call Andrew now or your vacation will be totally horrible". Yes, for me, this was like a chore. However, procrastination is part of my daily routine. As a result, I always do what I had all day long to do at night. I am, as you might think, an up all nighter. Like, my monotone teenager life only gets a little bit... agitated at the night period, when I do everything I planned- includes household chores, reading books (the last I've read was "Paper Towns". Five stars), writing (chronicles, songs, poems, even reviews), watching movies or TV series, doing homework. Everything could happen at my not-so-called night-life.

Well, my calls and texts to Andrew always got a little bit hot at night.

But, at the moment, we really needed to talk. Or my holidays- which were going to start in... one hour- were definitely ruined. I had 60 minutes to talk. S-I-X-T-Y M-I-N-U-T-E-S. Or less. I had to be in the airport in exactly thirty minutes, then. So, I figured out I was literally going to battle against the clock. Jumped out of my comfortable bed and took the headphones off. Left my iPod- which by the way was still playing "Midnight Memories" on my desk. And got the telephone. Called him.

"Hello" I said, briefly.

"Hm..." a feminine, high-pitched voice answered "hi. Who's talking?"

I recognized the voice. It was Phoebe, Andrew's younger sister. She had the same eyes as Elizabeth Taylor; violet and auspicious. Kinda of rare, but still adorable. She was really different from him in various aspects. Artsy person, with an impressive creativity. Though she was only seven, she had the astuteness of an adult. The courage of a tiger. She was the kind of person I had faith on it.

"Hi, Phoebes" I smirked

She giggled the way little girls do.

"Do you want to talk to Dan?" she asked.

"Yes, I'd really like to"

She walked away- I could listen to her small steps.

"Good afternoon" a very rough and husky voice answered after five minutes "how's the trip?"

Phony guy. I was getting annoyed. But, I had to be... politically correct. And ironical, as well.

"Boy, the trip was cancelled. Good luck"

Disapproving noises on the other line. Then his word comes.

"Ma'm, this is not right. Everything was planned so..."

I cut his speech.

“It’s over. Go with your other girls.”

“I can... Explain”

“Sorry, Daniel. I’m really sorry.”

I turned off the phone. Brief conversation. Easier than I thought it would be.

But, although everything went on track, I remembered that Andrew was the one with the tickets, passport and all that shit. Therefore, we weren’t going to travel by plane. We had to go by car.

Luckily, I actually knew how to drive a car. And I had an old Volkswagen. It was all I needed.

Just call the girls.

And pick them up.

Than our improvised trip would be amazing!

Chapter two

Four P.M.

It was planned to be the time to pick the girls up and go to the airport. So, I just got the car keys, the iPod (and the headphones), a heavy duffel handbag with a stripped cozy sweater, an issue of Teen Vogue, the book "Looking for Alaska"- and my wallet. I also took my luggage. And my cellphone, as well.

"Bye mom, bye dad." I said before leaving.

They asked all their parents-question-before-travelling because this is my first airplane travel alone and, therefore, they want a proof of mature responsibility.

They gave me a tiny yellow envelope with a credit card and its password in it.

They were like "this is our present for you" and I was, like, "wow". But I didn't freak out on the exact moment. I tried to self-control.

"Bye, Lavs!" they said, and kissed me on my cheeks. "call us!"

I hugged them and left the room. It was, whoa, so nice to have a credit card on my own.

The car was there, on the garage, since last Autumn. A small decorated minivan. It was painted in turquoise, with some pink and yellow daisies. Actually, it remembered the Scooby-Doo's hipster van- but girlier. Its wheels were dirty and muddy because, we drove it in rainy days. It was a still worthy and brand-new car, though, and very useful for those long road trips. It works better than lots of cars I usually see in Houston's paved streets.

I open its heavy doors and enter into it. Sat comfortably in the fluffy and warm seats, here goes Lavender Ramsey on her way to pick her friends up.

However, this traffic does not help me.

It's annoying me.

Like, I had to drive for an hour to pick up girls that live fifteen minutes from my house. This is the kind of deception you wait from a big metropolis like Houston. I have big hopes for Miami, Orlando or Key West don't be like this.

"Olivia, Bridget!" I say happily when the girls entered the car.

"LAVENDER!" Olivia screamed, loud and in a good mood as always "why are we going by car rather than taxi?"

"Didn't you enjoy the idea of using my Scooby'van?" I asked.

She didn't understand what was happening, and I wasn't really in the mood to tell her. Bridget could explain her- without many details- but she was tired and fed up, snoring in the passenger seat with her noise-cancelling headphones listening to music.

As expected, Olivia kept with her non-stop personal and particularly annoying questions.

“Where is Andrew, anyways?”

I was a little angry to answer her, because telling her, though she is my best-friend, that I was betrayed by my first serious boyfriend.. Makes me feel like a complete dork. But, I was polite enough to hide what I actually felt.

“Andrew is with his girls” I said “and your boyfriend, Bridget?”

“Ashton is in the airport” she said, briefly “and Dylan is there, as well”

I almost crashed the damn car. Like, I was selfish enough to left the other boys waiting for us and conclusively lose what was supposed to be a flight. So, on the current moment, I blurt out every single detail of what happened; they all needed a convincent satisfaction.

“Well, girls... Andrew cheated on me, and when I found out, I decided to break up with him and cancel our trip, considering he was with my documents and with our tickets and stuff. But, we were so on the mood to go, I didn’t really want to hurt your feelings or destroy our holidays”

Bridget didn’t listen and kept sleeping. Olivia was surprised. Her big greenish eyes popped out.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” she asked “I know since we were, like, twelve-year-old”

“I wasn’t on the mood to tell, even though you are my best-friend”

She didn’t answer. But her facial expression meant something like I’m-giving-you-a-cold-shoulder-because-you-didn’t-tell-me-about-your-break-up.

“Hey, Liv, don’t be mad at me...” I whispered in her ear “I’m going to the airport and get the lads”

And then, as you might think, I entered on that pavimented highway that leads there. Tiring way, but necessary. I had to handle patiently a strong wind pushing us, an inconvenient storm, drunk drivers, acci-

dents on every corner, distracting landscapes- Houston doesn’t have a very wide natural beauty such as waterfalls or forests, but it still has a very distractive landscape for some unknown reason.

Finally, after all those obstacles, I get into the airport and see the guys waiting us there. They seemed really pissed at us and I was absolutely sure that it was because they think they lost the flight and their vacations are completely ruined. So, I decided to prank them. I told Olivia my plan, and she left the car. A few minutes later the boys enter the car even more pissed than before.

“Why the heck did you...?!” they asked me

Ba-bum-tss. Time for the big surprise.

“BECAUSE GOING TO DISNEY BY CAR IS A WHOLE MUCH FUN THAN BY PLANE”

At first, they looked at us as if we were retarded girls. But then, Bridget, who woke up, said, with some hatred in her voice:

“Boys, Andrew gored her, she dumped him. He was with the documents, and she wasn’t in the mood to pick them up. And here we are.”

Then she blinked her eyes and returned to sleep.

“Okay, we will travel days to reach there because the little miss here is just as selfish as... I don’t know” Ashton swore.

“Don’t swear at a lady” Olivia said “especially Lavender Ramsey”

The brunette’s boyfriend didn’t calm down, though.

“Lavender’s not a damn lady, she’s a holiday destroyer” the man said

“ASHTON JACKSON, PLEASE, I’M TRYING TO HAVE A NICE TRAVEL, CAN YOU PLEASE SHUT THE HECK UP?” I screamed, enraged.

My shout was so loud that even Bridget woke up.

“Nice travel would be in an airplane”

Personally I don't really know how am I still friends with this girl or how could I bring her.

“Shut up, sleep and let's have a damn travel” Olivia said “you guys are pissing me off. At least we're travelling”

Bridget blinked with arrogance and stopped talking, and so did her boyfriend.

Then our travel finally started.

Chapter three

MIDNIGHT

Here I am, crossing our country just to save our holidays. Almost blind and falling asleep.

It's midnight and the sky is really dark. I couldn't see anything or read any of the signs, so I didn't really know where exactly we were. Like, we could be in Colorado or in Mississippi. Plus, there was a deep fog. So, I think we're lucky we didn't suffer an accident or die. But I feel that something's wrong here. This place doesn't seem to be a way to Florida. It had the "taste" of a western part of the United States, such as California or Oregon.

The only thing I'm allowed to say is that we are in an unknown place.

SEVEN IN THE MORNING:

We've arrived in some mountainous place. It's really cold here-like, freezing. Unexpected of Florida, I guess.

It's a beautiful place, actually. The sky is deeply blue and the landscape is filled with four dazzling mountains, in which the first one is separated from the second, which in turn is really close to the third, separated from the fourth.

Literally from the side of this range of mountains, there is a hotel called "Residence Inn Marriott- Mountain View, California". On the outside rooms look like small doll-houses, if you know what I mean, because they have roofs and stairways and they are all so... small.

And then I realize I've brought my lads to some what-the-heck deserty and creepy town where the cold was freezing our bodies although it wasn't even winter, and the sun was almost burning my eyes. Sincerely, despite this is California, I don't really think I'll have my friends' approval- including from Olivia, whom always agree with everything I do.

I wasn't really sure. Because I can take them to Los Angeles, San Francisco or visit the Infinite Loop everyone's talking about.

But, I've got to think about what should I do now.

Like, we're really tired. We need to stay in a such cozy- and warm- place. "Marriott's" hospitality may include this comfort I'm looking for.

However, it's necessary to consider the fact Marriott's a five star hotel and might be very expensive.

I have a credit card, though I didn't really had plans on how to use it if I accidentally went to California.

My life is ruined.

NINE IN THE MORNING:

When I woke up, a cold liquid was skittering through my face. I was really confused and didn't know what was exactly happening- I was fast asleep.

I just noticed that Bridget wasn't in the car. There was a note on her seat. Almost illegible, considering Bridget's handwriting is not the best and the paper was, for some reason, wet.

All it was possible to read was:

"Lavender, I'm sorry (...) our vacation is completely ruined. I hope you appreciate this (...)"

I don't really know what I should feel for her disappointment, because, you know, we're in California! Realize it! Being here is like having the world in your feet. I'm 110% sure that Mountain View is way much better than Disney, Miami or that places in Florida where everybody- except me, obviously- speaks Spanish instead of English.

Like, here we have an admirable and wonderful landscape with the four mountains, snow, and all these beautiful natural variety, and the white seagulls covering the deeply blue sky. This is definitely not something you commonly see in a place like Orlando.

But Bridget is too egoist to realize the situation around her. Plus, she'd been sleeping for more than sixteen hours, so her inherent disappointment is kind of convenient in the current context.

She was the only person, fortunately, who got angry with the fact we weren't in Disney. I noticed that Olivia and the other boys were simply amazed with the doll-houses and stuff. Their expression of satisfaction was the same as a dog when it gets a bone. I'm relieved they're not angry with me. But, as they haven't said a word since we left, I'm prepared to listen to critics and insults.

TEN IN THE MORNING:

Olivia, as always, started speaking.

"Hey, tiny, where we are? Like, this is definitely not Orlando."

"Welcome, guys, to California" I smirked.

I thought the lads would be enraged, annoyed with the "imminent" ruin of the holidays. But they weren't. They were actually happy.

"California? Wonderful." Ashton whispered, with a serious voice.

"Yeah. California. Mountain View, to be more specific. It's near the Infinite Loop, I think" I said

"CALI-FORNIA GURLS ARE UNFORGETTABLE" Olivia sang.

I laughed.

Really, I can't believe they agreed that California is a good place.

"Let's stay in those houses..." Ashton suggested

I explained- or at least tried to- that the houses were part of an hotel, Marriott, and we were currently at their parking lot.

"Let's stay here, then"

"It's really expensive, isn't it?" Dylan asked

"Yes, I've already stayed in a Marriott hotel. But it was a long time ago. In Indiana." Olivia said

We all lost our hopes when we heard her words, so, we didn't say anything. The car was filled with such creepy silence. Until I came up with an idea.

“Maybe we should count our money” I said “Like, we all have credit cards and cash”

ELEVEN IN THE MORNING:

We started to look for money in all the minivan. And we found one thousand dollars behind Briget’s seat. Maybe she left the money.

All the dough in our credit cards totaled US\$1.000.000,00. Like, wow. We could stay in Marriott for a month or more, considering the daily value was one thousand dollars.

We decided, therefore, to stay there. However, no one was courageous enough to get off the car, because outside was really cold and all our coats were in our luggage.

TWELVE IN THE MORNING:

I decided to get off the car, because I realized I was the guilty one for all we were currently experiencing.

TWELVE -FIVE O’CLOCK:

Unfortunately, it wasn’t just cold. It was windy, too. So, I ran fastly and entered the hotel.

Luckily, it was open. And there was a weirdly clumsy male receptionist trying to talk to me. He was about my age- sixteen- and had a really pale skin. His eyes were deeply blue, and his hair was auburn. Yeah, kind of red. And he was really funny and outgoing- the kind of person that makes all your bad-humor and feeling of “self-awkwardness” melt away.

“Hello” he said briefly, when I entered the room.

“Hi” I answered

“How are you doing” he asked

“Fine, and you?”

“Fine...”

Then, a short-time silence “interrupts” our conversation.

“So, what’s your name and where are you from?”

“My name is Lavender.” I whispered, trying not to be shamed
“I’m from Houston, Texas”

“Houston, we have a problem” he said, laughing

“And... you? Your name... your hometown... etc”

“I’m Brooke, from Cupertino” he stood up

I knew Palo Alto. Is a nice, calm town, also in California, where my uncle lived. Maybe near this Mountain View I was currently in. Ah, thanks, Bruce! Now I have somewhere- not expensive place- to stay!

But, I didn’t have a map with me. Also, I’ve left my phone (which has a GPS) in the car. So, I couldn’t say if Cupertino was near or not.

So, I asked him.

“Is Cupertino near here?”

“Yes... It’s, like, 20 miles away from here. Less than a hour from here. Why?”

“My aunt lives there...”

“Yeah?” he thrilled off “you’d better off stay here, in Marriott. Because is more like a flat, and there are loads of people around your age- I mean, sixteen, seventeen, etc- who stays here.”

“Me and my group don’t have the money to pay”

“Hm... Ok. So, talk to your lads. If you want help to reach Cupertino, I can help you.”

Now... This guy... Brooke...Really got close to me... I wanted to die on the exact moment.

Why would a person ever got near a weird, ginger and abnormally small girl- like I’m 5’2 but all my friends are 5’6 or taller?

I ran away, in the stupidest way a person can.

TWELVE-THIRTY O’CLOCK:

I’m really thankful I didn’t die frozen, because I’m in my unlucky days. Like, when I was trying to enter the car, it started to rain. Also, it was really windy.

I returned wet, and everyone laugh at me for five minutes. I was, fortunately, used to listen to their comments. So, I naturally ignored them, and said:

“Hey, everyone” I shouted, waking up Dylan, who was fast asleep and in a bad mood “we’re not going to stay in Marriott. There is a guy who lives in a town twenty miles from here. Oddly, my aunt Johanna lives there. We’re going to stay with her, if we get her permission, okay?”

Everybody agreed with my idea, concomitantly. But Olivia mocked, asking me who was the guy I was talking about. Yeah, Brooke. The Brooke of the blue eyes, who had a fisionomy that was supernaturally alike Louis Tomlinson’s. And I’m not lying or daydreaming, or trying to add a fanfiction effect to my story. They had the same hair, the same eyes, the same height (yeah, I think Brooke was 5’9), the same everything. They were clones, I think. The only thing that could differentiate them was the voice and the tattoos. If I was deaf and he hadn’t tattoos, I would ask him for an autograph. No joke.

“Who’s your new affair?”she asks

“Brooke is the guy who offered us help” I blurted, angry “why? Do you think that just because I talked to a guy I automatically am his new girlfriend? Come on, Olivia! Grow up!!

She laughed.

“Really, girl. Look at your face” she said “you are red. Like a strawberry.”

I tried to be smart, ignoring her nonsense comments. I thought she’d give up, but she kept asking me questions about Brooke. She wanted a complete description of him. Was she writing something about it? I was getting actually pissed off, as I am really short-tempered.

ONE O’CLOCK:

I went back to the hotel and asked Brooke for help. He wrote a note and left Marriott’s reception.

He walked and went straight to the car, without saying a thing. He put on a hat and drove away to Cupertino, leaving the parking lot

and going on the same highway we went when I was trying to go to “Disney”.

“What is Cupertino, actually?” Olivia said.

“Cupertino is a really small town in California. Is a bit cold. But not as cold as here. And we can see the mountains from there, you know.” he whispered “the couples”

“What” Dylan asked “What kind of couples?”

“The legend...” he smirked “haven’t you heard about it?”

“We’re from Texas” I said

“Okay, then. I suppose you’re very curious to know about it. The couples are the name of two mountains, Hana and Samuel, who died while trying to hide their relationship. It’s a long and traditional story and I’m not in the mood to tell it now”

“Okay then”

Chapter four

After Brooke's rough "I'm-not-gonna-tell-a-traditional-story" thing, everybody stayed quiet until we got to my aunt's neighborhood, which was- I have to admit- perfectly organized. All the houses were identical- except for their colour, obviously. They were small complexes of two houses- with an inner wall to separate the families. A very calm and beautiful place to live. I've spent some summers there, when I was younger, and I really loved my aunt's house.

I had my hopes I could stay with her that time, however she wasn't in her house. She left a note by her door, saying she was travelling for work- she was a very respected journalist in the area who always traveled to write new articles.

I was very disappointed. I had no place to stay, and our holidays were, therefore, officially ruined. I didn't know how to tell Dylan, Olivia and Ashton what has happened without having their disappointment. I wasn't prepared to destroy deeply our travel, so, desperately, I prayed. Prayed more than three times, in front of my aunt's door, as if I was one of those crazy homeless that appear in our home in Texas.

But, unexpectedly, the miracle I was praying for came. This miracle is called Brooke Thompson- the guy who saved my life and my holiday with his smile- and the oddly fact he's my aunt's neighbor.

Uh, I'm not 100% sure that he had actually saved our holidays, because he need his parents's approval to bring his home four not-californian kids- or five, if Bridget comes later on- he has met on Marriott, while he was working. I bet his parents wouldn't welcome our idea for his own safety, because we're not intimate enough from his son. My parents surely wouldn't approve something like this.

So, when he went home, he asked us not to come. He had to "consider-things-and-decide-the-best" (also known as "please-mum-and-dad-they-are-my-new-friends"). We waited five minutes under the car, because it was very cold.

Until he came out, smiling, laughing.

"Hey, guys, come on! Come in!" he shouted as if he was a very proud child who won a candybar.

We got our heavy bags and went to the right, misterious part of my aunt's complex. When I was a young kid, I always wanted to find out who lived there, and tried, when I could, to sneak the door and try opening it. However, Brooke Thompson's family was always travelling when I spent my young holidays there, and I wondered what kind of routine they had in this part. Weird, but, pardon, I was a ten-year-old.

Although his house was in the right part of my aunt's, his house was very different from ours in terms of decoration. The walls were turquoise, the furniture was all in baby-pink. An adorable place, I have to say. Stunning.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were there, sitting at the table. They were really different from Brooke. Mrs. Thompson was really pale, had big brown eyes and was deeply blond, while Mr. Thompson was this bald guy with freckles and blue eyes. Impressive difference. I wondered how was Brooke was way different from his parents in terms of appearance.

"Hello" they said at the same time.

“Hi” I answered, while everybody came upstairs “eer, thank you for letting us stay here”

They looked at me and a mysterious silence filled on the place. Weird. Until his really nice mum broke the walls of this sinister silence, when she opened her mouth- to pay me a compliment:

“Have you realized how beautiful you are?”

“uuh, no, no, sorry” I said. “but thanks a lot”

She was really tall. She looks abnormally tall because I’m really short and I’m not wearing heels, but I bet she’s taller than 6’. She’s taller than her son and her father.

“I have a fourteen-year-old daughter called Jasmine.” she smiled “I think you’d be a good friend for her.”

“Oh, good... Yeah, I do think we could” I thrilled off “I’m going upstairs, ok, Mrs. Thompson?”

“Don’t call me Mrs.” she gasped “and yes, you can go upstairs”

Damn. Why do I have to be really shy when talking to strangers? I feel like a dreadful dumb person walking upstairs with her small - but yet heavy- duffel bag when I hear, all of a sudden, Brooke Thompson’s unique husky voice.

“How are you, Lucy?”

Who’s Lucy, anyways? I don’t know anyone called Lucy in my entire life. Just one. Lucy Hale is the only one I actually know.

“Lucy?” I wondered “who’s that Lucy?”

The answer I heard was the sound of tears:

“I still miss you, Lucy...”

WHO THE HECK IS THAT LUCY?????

I was really curious to find out, so I walked to Brooke’s room. He was crying deeply, while hugging a picture of a woman. She was a bit younger than him- she was a fifteen-year-old in the photo- but still stunning. She was pretty, I have to admit. She had the black hair of the feathers of a crow; the eyes had the same colour. She was pale and skinny.

“Who’s this?” I asked, curious.

He tried not to cry when he heard my question and answered it:

“It’s Lucy... My girlfriend... She’s not with us currently, I don’t think she knows how much do I miss her”

I thought she moved away for another state or something.

“Like, did she move? You could e-mail her or even mail her a cute letter, like in the old times. I have letter paper. It’s a pleasure to write one. And to receive one”

“Lucy isn’t with us anymore. She isn’t alive... Since last year... She tried to drive, but... The car fell in the water... She couldn’t save herself... Well, I don’t want to talk about this”

“I’m really sorry, Brooke” I tried to help him “but, you know... Now she’s an angel, hid in the clouds, watching everything you do... And, when you are asleep, she comes and hugs you. She’s in your heart, in your dreams. She’s with you”

He tried to smile. I don’t know if what I said really helped.

But, if you really loves a person, and he or she suddenly dies, I believe he or she continues to visit you, when you are fast asleep, and sometimes appears in your dreams. My mum told me this story when my great father died. I was age six.

“Thank you, Lavie. But, you know, I have loved her for three years, and one day everything just have blown away, for some

unknown place” he still tried to hold his tears, without any success, regarding the fact he was crying a lot.

I know it’s really difficult when you lose a person you loved. But, if there’s one thing I could do to help, I’d definitely do. I’m not ready to start a new relationship or something, I’m just trying to help him.

But now I’m going to sleep. I’m really tired, despite is still 9’o clock. I’m in a lazy day.

I can’t sleep, however, because this strange feeling of leaving something behind disturbs me; the thoughts that cannot stop my head. The idea of my holidays. My head’s just overacting, and my pupils can’t close.

But, there was a point that night in which my eyes denounced how tired I was, and closed the way the windows of a house closes. I can’t dream, although I’m trying to. Because, when my head stops, my heart starts beating loudly, and, as a consequence, I can’t concentrate on this another universe I go every night. I’m overwhelmed. And I’d be a liar of the worst type if I deny the reason that makes my heart beat so deliberately; I felt in love with this amazing rebel soul. I felt for his sad and fake smile, for his husky voice, for his droppy angels wings. For his sick pale, for his nonstop tears. Everything in him is ill, but lovely.

Though... falling in love with someone you know for only 24 hours or less (I’m not counting)... it’s kinda weird, isn’t it? I strongly believe in love at first sight. Because when you meet someone, it’s for a reason. When you meet your kindred spirit you just feel it. Softly, but you feel. When I’m with him, I see him like a twin brother. But I can’t just know what connects our souls so closely.

I have a strange feeling that what actually approaches us is our passion for writing. I’m a songwriter, a poet and a booklover. I haven’t

set yet my writing position, although I grew up in this wide universe of words and letters.

Since I was a small kid I loved books, and today my room is, in fact, a small “library” with tons of them, from “The Fault In Our Stars” to “Jane Eyre”. I demonstrate proud when I say I’ve read all of those in the course of three years. Also, I write tons of poems and stories every single day- and I even keep I secret diary

I think is it the reason I’ve met him.

He’s here to teach me something, to inspire me someway. I’m there to do the same with him, I hope.

But I don’t know how to inspire even more a talented, handsome guy. I just have a small impression that it’ll come in my dreams. in my biggest, huggest, most overwhelming dreams.

Chapter 5

I was right. I had a significant dream that just come. I woke up wondering myself if it was really true, because I rarely remember what I've dreamt.

It was kind of weird this dream. Is it normal to see dead people? In a white, unknown place, there was this brunette and beautiful Lucy. She was really skinny- unhealthy skinny, and pretty. Close to me, she said she loved the unique Brooke a lot, and should've listened him when he said she shouldn't drive while drinking.

And then, I understood it was all part of a real accident involving him, her and some friends. They were driving after a party, all of them were drunk. Lucy decided to drive. But she wasn't lucid enough to drive safely, and then she actually pulled the car into a tree, and it fell in the river. She and her friend, Madison, died. Brooke tried to save everyone's lives, but he wasn't fast enough. Just him survived. Everyone else in the car drown in the river.

Tragic, uh?

Then, she told me it was my time to "protect" him.

She blown away in the clouds. So unreal, but still difficult not to believe in it. I had a mission; save him, the boy who saved my holidays.

He's, as I could see, a lovely boyfriend and a compassionate friend. He's a person with very wide and good heart.

In the morning, I didn't tell anyone what just happened, but I had the impression it could be seen by my worried look. The bright in my eyes were neutral and I was very tired, with a confused face. So confused I drop some cereal in the floor.

Brooke helped me.

"What's happening?" he asked. I've denounced my own feelings "you look so lost"

I laughed.

"What? No, no, I'm certainly fine, man!" I smirked.

"No... You look like Quentin when Margo fled" he said "really, I'm not forcing you to tell me anything, but, if there's something you'd like to share, I'll always be there. Your sudden visits in my room are always welcome, okay?"

I looked at his eyes and got an idea. I had the impression he was one of this addicted readers, so I think I have the place where to take him. When I was a young kid, my aunt always took me to a library in Cupertino. It was a public library where worked this guy, called Gus, who had lots of tattoos all over his body, and was a kind of summertime friend for me.

I can't wait to tell Olivia and the guys about my plans. I loved when my uncles took me there. My cousin Adelaide was impressed with those books, although she doesn't have patience to read them. It's such an amazing place! And you can see a beautiful landscape through the windows. It has a heater in the room for cold days, and air conditioning for maintaining it fresh for when the hot days come.

However, Olivia is the kind of person who's more interested in why are we going there than in knowing it. She's kind of psychologist. Like, she knows every damn thing about mental health and that kind

of stuff. She might think there's something between us and I'm in love with a guy I knew yesterday.

Which is true, actually.

However, I'm a courageous person. And, while eating this colorful Frooty Loops, I tell her- and all the people- the programme for today in a cute way:

"Hey, guys, I could take you to the National Public Library in North Avenue" I say "my aunt Gemma used to take me there. It's such a lovely place"

Olivia glares at me and bits her smooch lips. Then blinks. Her gorgeous green eyes shine. Looks at everyone at the same time, and grins when Brooke stares at me. She looks at her boyfriend, Dylan, and grabs his muscles. Looks at Ashton, who's not smiling and has this empty on his brown eyes. Then finally opens her mouth:

"I think it'd be lovely to be there. What do you think, Dylan?"

He glares at us and says:

"Yeah, that's nice. Do you know this library, Brooke?"

"No, I actually don't. I don't usually go to the North Avenue." he said "but I certainly already have heard that name somewhere."

I glare at him and leave the table, as everyone does, and go upstairs. Change clothes. Put on my favourite combat boots and leggings. It's still cold outside- colder than usual.

Go downstairs. The trip starts now, I think. So, I enter my stripped minivan and turn it on. But Brooke says, I mean, screams, all of a sudden:

"We're not using this car, Lavie!"

Lavie? From where does he knows my nickname? Anybody told him it!

"We're using my car" he says "so, get out!"

I enter, then, a potent navy-blue Hyundai. It's, for my surprise, a bright clean car, looking brand-new, like it wasn't used yet. Weird. I'm going on a new car, with a new guy... Weird feeling.

But I had the impression this was one of the best days of my life. This day was going to be remarkable, memorable, special for some reason. It was going to be one day the destiny was going to fill in the empty part of my heart. The lines in my hand told me my future. I was completely absort in this fairytale-like dream.

"Do you enjoy reading, Brooke?" I ask, all of a sudden.

"Yes, I do. I read loads of books. And you?"

"I'm a fanatic reader" I said "my room in Texas is filled with books."

Olivia confirms:

"Yeah, she's like an addicted. She reads everywhere, no mattering the circumstances. She's completely devoted to this amazing art of reading"

"Haha, nice" he says "I love reading, too. What's your favourite book, anyways?"

This question is kind of mischevious to a person like me. I have loads of favourite books. Actually, all the books I've read- except the ones I read in my old school- were nice.

"I don't really know... Jane Eyre... I think... And your?"

"Let me think..." he says "haha... The Catcher in The Rye"

The Catcher in The Rye is the kind of book I cannot describe. The words written in it, the story Holden Caulfield tells it's amazing and particularly colloquial. It has a lot of sense of humor in it and it's the kind of book you'll read a hundred times in a row. You'll know the story the way a good actor knows what to say in a soap opera or movie. Really. Dazzling. J.D. Salinger is one of my role models.

And I still remember the first time I've heard about it. I was a thirteen-year-old girl in the Cupertino library taking care of the bookworm Kimberly and the futilish Adelaide while talking with Gus about recommendations. He said that, when he was a teen my age, he used to read and re-read "The Catcher in The Rye", and gave me an old issue of it.

At first, I glared at it. I was allergic to dust, so I thought I wasn't able to read it. But he said:

"If you want a more recent edition, you should go there, in the classics part"

I came there and found this book, with a grey cover. It had yellow printed letters and it was bright. I was enchanted by it. I thought "this book is gonna be a big adventure, huh?".

"Gus, I'm gonna take it, ok?" I told

"You should take it with you for all your life. Really. I'm giving it to you, darling"

Gus used to call me darling because he was really close to me... I really liked this nickname. Ah... Good times, those. I feel nostalgic everytime I breathe this Californian air; it sounds like I'm in a time machine, going back to my childhood memories. I'm running in circles, going back to the time I was a nine-year-old happy girl, smiling, running. I didn't care. I had a place to go. A smile to guide me. A laugh as a passenger. I had the happiness I needed in my head. I was a girl with the world spinning in her own hands.

It's a dream when I hear this Californian sound, when I see Cupertino's beautiful landscape. When I see the One Infinite Loop. I'm just lost in my thoughts, daydreaming.

"Hey, we're in the North Avenue" I hear a feminine voice calling.

I realize I was sleeping all the trip. Get angry. But gets out of car and looks at the blue house I've raised my pleasure for the universe of words. I feel even more nostalgic than ever.

"Ok. Girls. Is it here?" Brooke asks.

"Yeah, it is." I say, confidently.

I enter it, smiling. It's just the place I've dreamt to visit again. So nostalgic. I feel strange because, although on the outside it was the same "Blue House", lots have changed on it since we were kids. It hadn't a café there anymore- the smell of hot chocolate and coffee weren't running through the house; the sections were different, the old but meaningful books were replaced by others, and so on. But, hopefully, Gus was still there. A thirty-year-old man.

"Hi, Gus! It's been so long" I say.

He winks at me.

"Lavender!" he said "why did you leave me all those summers? I missed you a lot! Look, this library not the same library without the tiny ginger sitting on the floor, reading its books"

"Yeah, I know..." I said "I see this place has changed a lot since I've gone. Am I right?"

"Yeah... Totally" he said "and where are your cousins? You've replaced them with your school friends?"

"No, the Edwards family has just traveled" I said "for the holidays. I'm here with their neighbor, Brooke."

“Is him your boyfriend, darling?”

My heart starts bouncing as if it I had a basketball in my chest. My pale cheeks turn into red and I suddenly start sweating. I’m a politically correct person who never lies- at least in normal circumstances- but this time I had to lie. And lie well.

“No, he isn’t.”

“But you’re interested in him, aren’t you?” he whispers in my ear “like, he’s handsome. He’s a masculine version of you- reading focused. Get him!”

“I’m not interested in him, and grabbing him just because he’s physically the way I want it’s not right” I answer.

I cannot deny- he’s physically one of the most handsome guy I’ve seen personally. But, he’s recovering himself from a trauma. And dating a hurt person will hurt even more, because I’m not the dead one. I’m not Lucy. I’m Lavender. A ginger from Texas. Not a californian brunette. I can’t even see why would he date a girl like me. I’m ugly Lucy is beautiful. Lucy is, afterwards, dazzling.

“There’s no way he’d date a girl like me.” I say.

“You are smart. Genius guys are proud to have genius girls around them”

I remember him I’m not a genius. I’m not the best student in the world. I’m just a normal girl who likes to write and reads dozen of books.

“You are really clever for a girl your age because you read more books than teenagers do.”

“Gus... Yes... I like him. But, recently, he had a trauma that it’ll be a permanent milestone in his life if someone doesn’t help him. And his parents do not understand what he’s feeling because he hides it” I thrill off.

He asks me about the trauma, and I tell everything I know- and the dream, as well. He says:

“The person who’ll save his life is you. Because you’re sensible. You lift people with your own smile. You make people’s eyes shine when their weeping is made of tears”

“But how?”

“You’ll know, dear... Just... talk to him”

“I’m shy...”

He ignores my comment and points Brooke:

“HEY, BOY, COME HERE!”

At first, Brooke gets fed up because he was interrupted while he was absolutely absorbed by the book he was reading. I know the feeling. When I was younger I sometimes threw the book at the person who called me.

“WHAT?” he shouted

“Well, I think you might know this so lovely lady. She is a bookworm.” Gus said “why don’t you...”

“shut up!” I scream.

Gus approaches Brooke and grabs his arm, whispering something in his ear. Hilarious, but still impertinent act, I have to say.

“Boy, talk to her. She’s pretty, young. She’s the girl for you”

I’m embarrassed until Brooke’s mouth opens, all of a sudden, and breaks the walls of silence:

“Hm... Hey... Lavy”

“Hmm... Hi... Sorry for all of that”

“No, you don’t need to say sorry”

I stared at him. If I were him, I’d get pissed. It’s not fair when you interrupts someone. It’s a kind of disrespect of the worst naïpe. I wondered, for at least five minutes, why’d he say that to a person he don’t even know. Like, it could be just politeness, or maybe an interest. I bet it’s the first one. Afterwards, I was getting red as if I was a bell pepper.

“So... Eer... Do you just like to read... Or already made a big writing project?” I asked, trying to avoid all the hey-I-am-sorry-it-was-just-a-childish-treat. His amazing blue eyes shined, and looked more beautiful than ever when he heard the word “writing”. In fact, he almost hypnotized me with his almost supernatural beauty.

However, I should say the bright in his eyes didn’t last long. He came back to reality and answered my dumb question.

“Yes.” he whispered briefly “I’ve been... For months... writing a book about a talented athlete falls in love with a Russian dancer who doesn’t know how to speak English and always make fun of him when he fancies her.”

I don’t know why, but I think this is just the most amazing thing I’ve ever heard- you know, unexpected pairings are, in fact, what the voracious readers are waiting for. Creative. But I didn’t want to look like I’m fancying him of something, so I tried to hold on this inner horse inside me and not to make the butterflies escape. It was indescribable. I was trying to forget what I was feeling. Sounds weird, but that is.

“Hey, Lavender.” he said “I’m talking to you”

It looked at my Toms’ shoes and thought he would think I’m a really stupid, dumb and definitely distractive person. This was, in fact, one of those embarrassing moments who have- the ones that you think it would appear in “TRAUMARAMA” section in the Seventeen! magazine.

“Yeah... I know...” I briefly murmured “yeah, your story is really... Engaging. If you’ve already finished, I could take it to Texas. My friend Sabrina’s father is a literary agent. He’d think it’s a pleasure to publish a novel like this. Maybe you can be... you know... The next number one best seller, appear in The New York Times...”

“I don’t intend to be famous. This was a project I was writing just because... I like to write”

“Maybe I could help you in your characters and this kind of stuff, you might know” I tell him “because I really enjoy writing, as well.”

He looks at his sneakers and then stares at me. Looks the sky and glares at the shelves of books. I realize, then, he’s trying not to cry because his two shiny diamonds I may call eyes look like a river of tears.

“Lucy used to help me with it. But I gave up after the accident. It was my fault she’s not here anymore” he cries “what did I do wrong, Lavender? I let her drawn in the river when she’s drunk. I don’t give her a hand. I’m selfish and try to survive. But then I figure it out I’ve left something- my most precious thing in the world- behind”

I try to comfort him.

“It’s not your fault. You didn’t expect it to happen, and you’re only human. She isn’t here anymore, but she knows you’ve tried to save her. Also, it was an accident. What kind of fault do we have for accidents? They just happen to teach us something important”

“ What kind of thing? She was my angel, Lavy. An angel that saved my life of constant frustration”

“She is an angel in the sky, watching you. She still loves you.” I barely say.

“How do you know she still loves me?”

“Because love is not just a passive feeling. Love happens, lasting forever”

I don't know if what I said was right, because he hugged me and started crying like a small kid. I tried to give him all advice I could, but it was insufficient. When your heart is broken, your butterflies die, leaving a part of your soul empty. And words cannot replace them, regardless the context. Or maybe they can.

“Brooke... I'm really sorry for what happened. We don't expect those things to happen. But you're not the only broken person. Probably Lucy is sad, too. Not because she lost a brilliant part of her soul, however, because she knows you lost your sight. You gave up your dreams, you stopped writing, you killed your bright, man. All you do is working three times a week in a damn five-star hotel just not to break yourself in terms of money and fund the college, and a girl like her surely wouldn't agree with it. She wants to see, behind the clouds, the amazing writer you are, the guy who smiles and make the world smile with him. Your life, as you might know, is a challenge.”

He didn't answer- just stared at me with some unexpressive face.

“Look, Brooke, I can help you in the writing.”

He quickly looks me from feet to head and keeps with the unexpressive face. Then, he finally becomes courageous enough to open his mouth and say:

“I gave up writing since the accident one year ago. I don't have any ideas to keep it up with the Natasha and Roger's pairing”

“Ah, no? You think you don't have. But you have. Your depression blocks your creativity. Just let it go. I can help. I'm not Lucy, but I might help.” I whisper “I enjoy writing, as well. Sounds fun.”

“Thanks, but, although I'm trying to recover the creative sense of my head, I don't have any energy to keep it up”

“Promise Lucy you're going to keep it up” I whisper, angrily “Okay?”

He tries to hold his tears:

“In the cemetery, I can”

“OKAY, SO I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE DAMN CEMITERY AND THEN YOU PROMISE YOUR LADY YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE UP WRITING!”

I think it was kind of heavy what I said, but convincent, yet. He said he would go there, because he's really missing her and he didn't visit her for the last two weeks... Well, I think he can tell me about her there.

“So, I'm going!” I shout “OLIVIAAAA ANDDD PEOPLEEE WE'RE GOING!!”

However, because I was in a library, and what's expected of a library is commonly silence, we were immediately put away from there. Gus said people- specially the old ladies- would whine about “delinquent teenagers invading places they're not supposed to be!”. We all agreed, obviously, because anyone of us want to be the target of the town's dark gossip.

Therefore, we entered the car, smirking. I sit in the passenger seat- the seat I “owned” in Andrew's car for a long time. Close my eyes and sleep, throwing my body in Brooke, who gets a bit irritated.

“Ma'm, what's your problem?”

All of a sudden, I wake up. All I see is a blur.

“I'm just sleeping” I say

“Shut up and wake up! I ALMOST CAUSED ANOTHER DAMN ACCIDENT!!!” he shouts

When we arrive at the Cemetery, he walks to a place where he finds a tomb, buried one year ago, with lots of bouquets of rotting roses and daisies and some letters written with the same delicately calligraphy. In the tomb, we could read the words "Lucy Wolverhampton, born 23-3-1997 died 20-1-2013". Dark walls. A bit sordid and deprecia- tively morbid.

"Ok. Is that your eternal Lucy?" I ask

He cries on my shoulder.

"Yes, it is... I loved my little girl so much... Since we were small kids. She was not just a girlfriend, she was a confident, loyal best friend and talented actress and singer." he says "She was the best person I've ever met, with the flower crown through her black hair waves. Her smoky brown eyes, who were still beautiful without them. Her enchanting voice. She owned a big wisdom."

"Really? What kind of music she used to sing?"

"Lucy Wolverhampton was a local celebrity who sang folk songs- I helped her on the songwriting stuff, although I knew she was better known as an actress. However, she always said she admired Demi Lovato's work as a singer. Her passion wasn't decided yet. She was both."

"I understand. She was very devoted to her hobbies, wasn't her?"

"Yes, she decided to stop studying because, when she released her first album and was the star of a movie, she had to work hard. She

before the finals the accident happened"

"Star of a movie... The X-Factor... Fascinating. I think I know who she is. She had a damn good voice"

"Not just a good voice. She was a friendly girl. Respectable woman. She was... you know... special. Not because she was an emergent celeb, but because, although all the changes and pressure were affecting her life, she kept being the smiley and kind person I've met years ago"

"You should smile like she did. She was strong" I whispered.

"Strong, talented... She was perfect. She didn't see her perfect side because she was too busy fixing what was wrong on her."

"I know... An astucious artist like her might make you not give up of your dreams, my boy." I say "imagine her and all the people... Living life in peace while reading your amazing stories"

"They're not amazing"

"Yes, they are" I say briefly

"I don't think so. Like, there are so many talented writers out there, I'm not so talented as you might think."

"Do you know what you are?" I shout, losing all my patience. "A FUCKING DEADBEAT!"

I'm aware I haven't eventually said the right thing in the right place, however, wait a minute. This guy is pissing me off. He should go back to his writing career! He's an amazing guy, why can't he see it??

"Deadbeat? I work. And you?"

"I work on Barnes & Noble in Houston" I say

"I work on a Five Star Hotel rated as one of the best hotels in the world, child"

Suddenly, I start laughing like a small kid. He glares at me and laughs, too. And something very strange happens when he giggles, because it's noticeable that his ill pale vanishes, his tears dry and he smiles as if he owns the world. I smiled, as well.

"Promise me and Lucy you're going to finish your book. Seriously. I'll help you, ok?"

"I don't know..."

Inconvenient answer, but already expected. If I was a depressive, sensitive person like him I'd naturally react this way. I think I know the way he feels.

"Hm... why not?"

He briefly says:

"Because without Lucy Wolverhampton the trajectory of the songstress Natasha and the tennis player Roger will be never the same!"

"Maybe you still have ideas, genius."

He smirked at the tomb and then stared at me. His smirk was very genuine, confident. I've not seen him smiling like this since I've seen him in the hotel.

"Okay. I have to admit I'm out of ideas. I wanted to return, but, without that woman helping me it wasn't the same fun. It actually felt I was doing a favour, not writing because I liked it. So, I gave up. And haven't expected to come back"

"But, one day, this hobby will be one broken thing in your life. Something devastated, as if it was blown away by a tornado. All the creative stuff you wanted to bring will be gone"

"Yeah, I know, but, living without my little doll makes me feel empty. Empty of ideas. Empty of everything" he said "I'm empty like a bottle without milk"

I silenced my mouth, because I knew how he felt. He felt desperate, as if his life was broken in a million tiny pieces. Difficult to build it again. Strength is not something you actually expect when you suffer. You want to get away from it, not to be strong and deal with it. All we want is to our nightmare become a dream, however, without knowing how.

"You're not empty. You're you" I calmly whisper "Lucy would be devastated if she'd knew you had just gave up your career. You could have a brilliant future. But now you're an asshole"

"Asshole?"

"An asshole and a deadbeat. So lovely"

"NO! IN A MILLION YEARS, NO!"

"Who work, but you gave up. For me, it's the same as being a deadbeat. The deadbeat of the worst type."

"Who are you to talk to me like this?"

"I'm Lavender, the life guard of writers"

"FOR THE LAST TIME! I'M NOT A DAMN WRITER ANYMORE! I GAVE UP! AND NOW I'M WORKING IN A FIVE-STAR HOTEL. GOOD MONEY, GIRL! I HAVE MONEY AND I CAN PAY MY COLLEGE, THAT'S WHAT'S EVERYTHING ABOUT!"

"You didn't convince me with this!" I shout "and, what kind of college are you going to do, mr. Rich?"

"I'm gonna be a lawyer, miss. As my dad wanted me to be since I was a kid"

“I’m gonna break your laws of living, then! DEADBEAT!”

I didn’t intend to sound rude, but, in fact, I think I was very rough. However, it was necessary, I think, because, despite I don’t want to sound selfish or trying to bother him, I always wanted to be part of a great writing project. I know I’ve written loads of plays that have been presented in our small theatre in Texas, but writing a book is completely different- it means maturity, responsibility and commitment. The feeling of writing a story in a small notebook with the words “Journal” written in it is undescrivable; it’s like freeing that inner star that always wanted to shine. Sounds fun being part of a major project.

But I’ll have to find a plan. He wants to write a book, so he’s going to have the book. I intend to help. That’s the mission Lucy told me to.

Chapter six

End of the day. Olivia is with her lads in her room and I'm here on Brooke's room, which is, in fact, a very calm and pleasant place. A bit pitoresque, but alternatively artistic- the walls are tye-dyed and everything here, differently from him, is full of colour. He has one of this old Royal' typewriter in navy blue, a MacBook, and loads of Composition notebooks in his messy table. His room features, also, four wooden shelves; three with books and one with a small guitar. I wonder if he is a musician, too. Pens, from every colour, all over the room. Some japanese cartoons and Marvel Comics- the essential cliché thing I find in every boy's room.

"What do you think?" he asks me, with his clear, husky voice.

"Are you really asking me?"

"Yes, why wouldn't I?" he says

"It looks like an artistic tornado has been here. But I particularly find it nice. Made me feel less homesick" I briefly answer, without eye contact "this is like your laboratory, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it was..."

"Can I see your songwriting and stuff? Like, your book, short stories, poems"

"Yes, you can" he opened his red drawer and shown me a small notebook, with the British flag in its cover. Inside, the title of the journal was "Short Stories and Songwriting"- with loads of songs there. One of them caught my attention- the one written in the letter, in the first page, which had a small introduction before the lyrics:

Little Star

(Lucy, whenever you feel depressed or just sad, this is for you. I know it's hard, but, I know you're a strong woman. XoXo)

I find you in the snow,

lonely under the mistletoe;

Fled deep in the mountains

Playing your guitar;

That moment I knew, dear

You were like those stars in the sky

You ran into my arms

Hoping one day I could heal your scars

Don't worry, my angel

You're a bright little star

When I hear your voice

All my dreams become real;

You're simply the angel I looked for

And I promise, my little star

There's no reason to cry;

Your tears will dry.

"That's really beautiful... And I know the lyrics from somewhere"
I said

"Yeah, she sang it on The X-Factor" he shrugs off "I remember. I wrote it when she was fourteen, suffering bullying, because she was different"

"She was talented."

"Yes, she was..."

His eyes are damp, full of tears. Is his weeping of tears? I wondered.

"You are, personally, a very good songwriter. Really." I whisper "Show me more writing... Guy, if this is a SONG, I don't know what to say about your novel."

He fakes a smile and take a deep breath. Tries to avoid the subject asking me those stupid questions I hear at least five times a day. Type of question you ask when you don't have nothing to say, actually.

"What time is it?"

"I asked you something!" I shout, losing the patience (sorry for my short-tempered genes) "ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW ME YOUR BOOK OR NOT???!"

"Yes, I am... But it's in the trash..."

"REWRITE IT!"

"I don't want to, really."

"You need"

"Why?"

"Because then Lucy's soul will be in peace"

He just walks away, talking to me with some irony. He doesn't want to write anymore. He's fed up of writing- he alleges- and now I'm here, with this jackass face. Go to my room and read some parts of "The Last Song".

Until, however, the dining time.

I supposed our dialogue at the table wouldn't be very nice. But, Brooke could lift a dead sympathy and bring it to our conversation. Olivia was there, waiting for a fight, with her friends, who tried not to laugh.

"So, are you going to give me the book?"

“I think I’ve lost it, girl!”

My eyes roll. This story is complicating my mind.

“What? You said you threw it on the trash!” I scream “Did you lie to me? Seriously?”

“Not intentionally, right?” he winks.

“WHERE IS THE FUCKING NOVEL?”

“In one of my drawers. Calm down”

He winks again, this time looking down. I can’t say if he was angry, sad or simply kidding. He was absolutely neutral; inexpressive in a way you can’t even distinguish his feelings. Also, he silenced. I was freaking out and he didn’t even talk to me in a serious way.

“Anyways, why would you like to read the damn story of a fucking badass dancer and a dreadful fallen-in-love athlete? I wrote it because I didn’t have any sense of ridiculous while writing it with the most important person in my whole life”

This Lucy is kind of driving me crazy. I know she was his angel, his lover, and he thinks her death was a consequence of his dreadful selfishness- but, really, can you keep your life going?

“This novel is made of small pieces of ridiculous dreams from a daydreamer with insomnia”

“Your novel is a culture you create. Your ridiculously dreamt culture” I say, briefly.

“THE CULTURE OF A STUPID BALLET SONGSTRESS CALLED NATASHA AND HER IDIOT AFFAIR, ROGERS!”

“Nice culture, I guess. I believe in loads of book cultures. They’re not stupid at all” I smirk “you can add some humour if you want”

“Not my intention”

“Can you show me your book, please?”

“After the dinner, mistress Anger”

I have to admit I got kinda pissed with this new nickname. Firstly, and most important, because I don’t want to be reminded my moody conduct.

“MISTRESS ANGER!” Olivia teased me “stop being so furious at things!”

“I’m not furious, ok?”

“no, no!” she answers. Some irony in her so lovely voice.

Dylan held the giggles.

“Stop, please!” I said

“Ahn, you have no sense of humour, woman. Now I cannot even mock you, please” Olivia whispers.

“I want to dine in peace, okay?” I ask, trying not to intimidate others. I took a deep breath and ate the rest of my foie-gras (although I’m a strict vegetarian, I didn’t want to hurt Ms. Thompson’s- who’s not currently here- feelings. So, yes, I am eating meat in two years, and I particularly have to admit ; it tastes horrible! How can someone eat this every day?). A sinister silence took the room.

“So... let’s change the subject?” I ask “Hm... I haven’t eat meat in years...”

“Why not? A normal person doesn’t live without meat. Meat is life” Dylan answers.

“She’s a strict vegetarian. I don’t know how she can” Olivia answers.

“I became a vegetarian since I started to support a public community that fights for the animal rights” I smirk “I am proud for it.”

“So, why are you eating the foie-gras?” Brooke briefly asks, glaring at me with a strange bright in his aqua-blue eyes.

“I actually don’t want to hurt your mom’s feelings. Also, if she did something for me, whatever it is, I’d eat, because everyday tons of people dies due to hunger- a major problem in our society. While we have all these foie-gras, there are people who are seeking for their food in the most strange places” I answer

“Never thought this way before” he takes a deep breath.

“Weird, though. Weird point of view” Dylan whispers.

“I respect this point of view.” Brooke murmurs, while tickling, with his fork, the half-eaten foie-gras and the rice, as if it was a battle to eat, and he was trying to distract himself.

“Are you having a problem, sweetie?”

I notice there’s something different in Olivia’s voice. Instead of the fast and instantaneously fun way she usually talks to me and Dylan, her voice acquired a sinister and annoying lovesickness- as if it she was suffering for him.

Wait, me and my best friend were fighting for the same boy simultaneously? This is not fair- I know her since I was twelve! And, by far, losing another friend will cause