Am I truly alone?

Ch. 1

It stopped the ringing in my ears I blink and I see the stars they are so bright for just a minute there was complete silence and I felt so alone so cold. Suddenly I hear a car horn and my eyes open as I gasp for air there are two men by my side moving so fast putting things around my face and I look at one of them I look at his face I see his lips moving but I can’t hear what he is saying, all I hear is ringing. I look to my right and there is where I see my families car turned upside down crushed so much it looks flat. My eyes search for my family all I wanted was one glimpse of them of any of them, that is when I see something hanging outside of the cars window as I look closer I see it’s an arm a small arm the same arm that was around me just hours before the same arm that belonged to my brother.

 At that point I turn my head back to the men trying to consume what has happened. I focus on their lips trying to figure out what they are saying finally I just put my hands up and signed Sky. One of the men put his hands up and signed to me to stay still. I do what he asks they pick me up and wheel me to the ambulance and that is when I take one last look at our car and as I do one tear falls to the ground like a dripping sink that is when I know this will be the last time I would ever see my family dead or alive.

After that one tear there was nothing I shut down I looked up at the sealing going through everything that day. Lost in memories I felt pain throughout my body but I didn’t care I just looked up and wondered why. I went back to the last few moments I had left with my family trying to remember if I said anything mean or if we had a fight but all I could remember is when my mom screamed John. The last thing I saw was her face I saw horror sorrow regret and love. I see a hand wave in front of my face and I turn to see who it was he looked at me and smiled and signed Hello, and asked if I felt pain anywhere. That is when I realized the pain when I could barley and I just looked at him trying not to scream all I did is stare straight into his eyes.

Suddenly I stop breathing my heart stops but I can still see his face, I fight to stay awake to stay alive. We stop and the doors fly open a rush of light engulfs me and I’m taken out of the ambulance the men rushing me yelling to the doctors things like my BP levels and blood loss. I’m wheeled into a room with bright lights and doctors everywhere something is put over my mouth and I close my eyes and all I see is my mother’s face. I can’t look away I can’t move I hear her scream, then I hear nothing but crickets in the night and all I see are stars.

I wake to the beeping sounds of my heat as I open my eyes I see a room empty and a girl with no family I turn my heads towards the door as someone knocks and for one second I hoped it was my family thinking it was all just a dream until it all came back and I fight off the panic attack building in my stomach. The door opens and a nurse comes in she has short curly blond hair and a smile on her face as big as the moon it seems, she sees that I am awake and says

“Good morning honey you’ve been out for a while, how are you feeling.”

I look at her and I open my mouth wanting to say so many things and ask a million questions, but the words stop at my throat and only a squeak comes out. She looks at me and smiles explaining,

“It’s ok honey you don’t have to talk to me, but that don’t mean I’m goin to stop talking to you.”

She laughs and pours me a glass of water. I reach out my hand and garb the table and pull it towards me I try to pick it up but my fingers protest and curve only slightly, so I move forward and sip out of the straw I lay back the door clicks shut and the nurse is gone I look at the clock I see its noon on the dot. Looking at the clock I wondered at what time was it when I became an orphan. I think for a second and realize I am 19 so I’m not really an orphan but it sure did feel like it.

After a few hours I got bored sitting in bed watching reruns of old TV shows that were made before I was even born, so I sit up and turn my body to the right letting my legs hang over the edge of the bed I pull the machine that was attached to my hand closer grabbing the cool metal rod and scooted to the end of the bed until my feet touched the ground. The floor was so cold to a point I lifted my feet up at lightning speed sending a tingle up my spine. I took a breath and put my feet back down I leaned forward to see if my legs would hold me up and it seemed they would, I slowly put more pressure on my legs and stood up I just stood there for a minute or two then I started to move my left leg then right trying to keep my balance. I move forward toward the window which seems so far when you can barely walk, but just as I was going to reach the window a knock comes from the door and I hear as it squeaks open and I look to see who it is. The sun glares in thought he window obstructing my view making me squint my eyes, as the light dims around the stranger an outline appears and a black suit is all I can make out.

Ch. 2

 I turned to see who it was and saw a man dressed in black and white. He wore white gloves and held them in front of him collapsed together. His face was of an old man wrinkles covered his face in a rugged kinda way. When I looked into his green eyes I see nothing no happiness or joy not even sorrow. No smile covers his face or frown it’s just a line formed to look solid unreadable. I stare looking at him wondering why he is here. He moves his left hand up to his jacket fold and his hand disappears for a brief moment only to return with a red envelope. He glides towards me and he holds his left hand out I hesitate to retrieve the letter unsure of what It could hold inside. I jerk my hand out words and grab the letter it was so fast like a mighty python striking an enemy. I surprise myself and almost say I’m sorry but I hold my tongue.

I turn the red envelope over and see my name in the most beautiful cursive I have ever seen I lift the triangle point and slowly move up words trying so hard not to ruin the envelope. I grab the fine folded piece of paper from the envelope and as I open it a flowery smell goes through the air. It reminds me of my last vacation to the grand gardens of Lithuania. The memory saddens me for now all I see is my parents faces I glance back down to my letter and continue reading when I get to the end I am shocked and confused I look up at the old man and stare at him in a questioning face. I almost jump when he speaks to me

“I am Charles my lady I have been ordered to retrieve you and your belongings” he says

Shocked and unsure of who order him to retrieve me as though I am a package not a person I ask,

 “Were are you to take me Charles, I do not have any family left and I do not have friends.”

Charles speaks softly with a hint of an accent stating,

“I am to take you to my master’s house in Black Silk he is awaiting your arrival.”

I am still confused on who this master is and so I ask

 “And who might be your master?”

The old man just looks at me and then turns to leave before he exits the hospital room he turns and says,

“I will be back with your discharge papers and I would hope you get dressed, we shall be leaving within the hour.”

The mysterious Charles leaves the room like he was never their I turn back to the window and close my eyes I breath slowly letting my lungs fill with the sweet air that is coming through the window my body eases with each breath in and out slowly I open my eyes and when I do in the corner of my eye I see the red envelope with my name on it and I knew my life would get better or at least I hoped so.

 I get up from my plastic bed and walk over to the closet I open it up expecting to see some cloths for me but all I saw were hospital gowns and extra sheets. I hear the door squeak open I turned around to see who it was but all I saw was a hand with a white cotton glove set a suit case down on the floor then slowly retreat his hand and closed the door I walked over and picked up the suit case it was a red plastic one with fake buttons. I can’t help to smile if a man has a butler I would think he could buy a better suitcase or at least one that kindergarten kids can’t make in school with glue and paper.

I click the two latches on each corner and it pops open with ease I look inside and I find an assortment of cloths from denim jeans to a bright yellow summer dress. I take the jeans out and of course they are two sizes to big I go through the rest of the cloths and to my dismay the only thing that fits is the yellow sun dress. I put it on and I can feel it fit tightly to my body. I had no shoes and there wasn’t any in the suit case. I put the rest of the cloths back in the suit case and grab the wooden handle and walk towards the door. I don’t look back for the fear that this is all just a dream that I could be hallucinating.

I know I don’t know this guy Charles or his master but I have no one anymore the thought that someone out their wants me makes me feel better. I open the hospital door and walk out into the hallway and to my right was the old butler Charles awaiting my arrival.

“My lady I hope the cloths were to your liking.” Exclaimed Charles

I exhale loudly and put a fake smile on my face and say,

“They were a bit big but I managed just fine and please Charles call me Sky.”

He grabs the suit case from my hand and motions me toward the exit she exclaims,

“The car awaits us out front.”

We walk out of the hospital doors into the bright sunny day and right in front is a black limo that stretches for miles or so it seems I haven’t been in a limo before and I was kind of excited. We get closer to the car when a swish of wind catches my dress making it flip through the air showing off my underwear every few seconds making me feel vulnerable. I only ever wore a dress for very special events and even then it felt awkward, I pull my hem line downward trying to tame the dress as it flows wildly in the air. Charles opens the door for me and before I sit inside I vow I will never set foot in a hospital again.

Ch. 3

 We are driving past the ocean now the evening sun is setting causing the ocean to sparkle like diamonds. I can hear the waves crashing against the rock walls crying, forcing, demanding more space. Then the salty smell hits me and I close my eyes and try to picture the crisp watery air after a wave hits the cliff to see something so beautiful and know that underneath are dangers beyond compare.

I see now that everything has a dark side or dark events that happen in their life and some are more tragic then others. We round curve after curve I await to see what’s at the next bend only to find another bend up a head after awhile I just closed my eyes and laid my head back I hear the waves crashing and the sweet salty smell of the ocean.

 “I’m on a cliff surrounded by water wave after wave crashing against me I smile I look beyond the waves to the edge of the horizon. I feel safe until a massive wave hits the cliff on all sides breaking the soil and rocks from its core I’m left with is small oddly shaped I have no way out I’m stuck my heart beats a hundred miles a minute. I panic and try to scream for help but nothing comes out so I stop and that’s when a wave 40 ft high comes towards me building with every inch. It’s closer and closer than before my brain screams run but I can’t I just look at the wave and wait. It’s not long until I feel the water on my face and then it’s here ready to pounce cascading over me ready to fall down, down. Air from my lungs escape I gasp for more when…”

EEEHHH BOOM!

 I jolt up gasping for air I’m in a panic until I realize I’m in a car a limo and all is well. Charles is at my door holding it open waiting for me to exit. I pull myself together and put my legs out ready to see where I am. The sun shines in my eyes so I put my hand up to shield my eyes and try to see my surroundings to my amazement a mansion with rows of windows that go on forever, a brick of red and gray covers every inch excepts for the door which is a giant oak door but dark keeping the house looking mysterious or haunted.

 Vines cascade up each side engulfing the house trying to win the battle between manmade and nature. I hear my name and I snap back to reality its Charles he’s holding the paper looking suit case to his side waiting for me to advance my way to the door but as we get closer the door opens and a man walks out I look up and I can’t help but recognize him I know him from somewhere I swear I do.

Ch. 4

 I look in to the eyes of this man he stops at the last step motionless waiting for me to make the first move. I try to see his face better but the sun shines behind him shadowing his face. The shadow makes him look vulnerable and somewhat evil it confuses me. The first move goes to Charles he picks the paper suit case up and walk up the stairs inside he stops next to the man and words are exchanged. The man steps down and motions me forward at that moment I realize I’m suffocating myself I release my breath and I become light headed but I stand firm. I open my mouth and squeak a mouse like sound comes out as I try to say my name. But then in that moment the man speaks it’s so hard with a soft under tone to it that I somewhat jump in surprise

“Please come in I have been awaiting your arrival I hope the drive was pleasant.” The man says with a daze in his eyes

I move closer to him and start to ascend the front steps out of habit I look down and surprised to see old white marble steps with grey and brown flecks with every so often a crack creeping up words towards the door looking for a way in hoping to gain entre. I become embarrassed because I realize I have been standing here for a couple of minutes just looking at the steps I look over my shoulder and see him staring at me. But this time his head is tilted to the side and a smile or maybe a smirk on his face.

 I get inside and it’s like a dream a giant chandelier hangs from the ceiling a stair case that ascends up two sides. Everything so white I’m afraid of touching anything for I might damage it. I hear the door click shut and I look back and their he is just looking at me. I get up the courage to ask his name but my insides are about to jump to my throat causing the words to come out erratic and uneven in pitch.

“Um I’m Sky and who might you be? I saw with a quiver

“I am Dyson, Dyson Williams and I hope you enjoy your stay here.” He exclaims in an uninterested tone

He starts to walk away and I jerk forward,

“Wait I um I kinda am wondering why you are doing this, did you know my parents or something are we related?” I saw questioningly

He looks at my face and his eyes look fierce but sorrow engulf them quickly then as soon as the sorrow appeared it was gone and his uninterested face came back and all he did was motion me toward the stair case were the trusty old butler Charles stands awaiting for me to etch forward. I take one more look at the man who says his name is Dyson, I turn back to the stair case and move towards Charles and follow him up the stairs. I look at the wall as I go up and it feels so in personal no pictures of people or his life just paintings with dark expressions and colors. We keep walking and I almost bump into Charles as he stops abruptly he turns his head to me and turns the knob I look inside and I gasp unable to avert my eyes from the room I am seeing.

I walked forward inside the room was massive the whole wall across from me was glass letting the sun shine in to engulf the space. To my surprise the room was filled with things of purple and black my favorite colors. The bed was extraordinary large with bedding and pillows ready to be used, drapes drop down from the ceiling giving it a renaissance feeling. Everything looked new even the walls for the air smelt like paint. I turn around only to find the doorway empty except for the paper red suitcase ready to be put in its place. I grab it and close the door I move to the bed laying the suitcase down on the floor pushing it underneath. I sit and the comfort of the room and bed move me to sleep my body begs me, commands me to do so, I give in to the slumber but the dreams I hoped for never come only the nightmares of that night. But this dream was different somehow.

I see something, something new a face but its to far away to see it clearly it looks so familiar I try to reach for it I strive for it for an answer I cant wait I see it I see him a man, a man I know a familiar face, a volt of pain engulfs me so much pain I scream out. I look down and darkness starts to engulf me but all I want is to see this face his face but only his eyes are seen through the darkness, the blue piercing eyes.

Ch.5

I jolt up gasping for air sweat trickles down my face I watch one drop as it cascades down my arm and falls to the floor in a silent splash. I open my mind trying to go back to my dream hoping to get the memory of his face ,but there is something blocking me its like I need a key to unlock the vast hallways of doors in my brain. But what could cause the door to lock like this for my brain to close off so tight is it a memory from that night. Something I saw but didn’t see.

I open my eyes wider hoping it would help me remember what I saw in my dream or that night of the accident but all that brings is pain and tears. I pull my knees to my chest and bury my head into them. I sway back and forth for some relief for some comfort I hear a voice no its humming the sound is so far but so close I can feel the vibrations of each note then I realize its me singing the lullaby my mother sang to me when I was a kid to give me comfort when I had a bed dream.

I haven’t cried since the accident and now it seems the time has come, so I let go I let them fall trickling down faster and faster trying to escape my eyes. I lay down and try to count every drop I try to sleep but as I look at my clock I seem to watch the hours pass minute by minute. The hallway light was still on the glow creeps under my door trying to save me from the darkness to win the battle between the never-ending abyss of sadness.

 I stare at it hoping it would save me from my inner battle of darkness starting to consume me from the inside. But then a shadow consumes the crack leaving only a little bit of light on each side of the shadow. The shadow doesn’t move its just their I stop breathing and I when I do I hear a rushed exhale and a small thud on the door I almost say come in but I don’t want to scare the person away.

I close my eyes and try to see who it was I hoped it was Dyson and I picture his chest moving with each breath I could almost feel it now and I picture him with his forehead on the door with a hand pressing on door for entre for contact, I begged for him to break the door down and hold me in his arms and to whisper in my ear that everything is ok. But when I opened my eyes again the shadow is gone he’s gone and so is the feeling of his warmth of him but for the brief moment he stood their outside my door I was filled with comfort.

I don’t know this man but I feel like he’s all I have left, I dont understand. My brain is making decisions for me and making me want and hunger for things but I don’t know why. I close my eyes and picture Dyson and what I see first is his eyes so blue so familiar they sparkle like the ocean when the sun hits the water just right, then I see his lips small but adequate with a splash of pink and before I could picture more I hear a car doors slamming shut outside, and men talking in a foreign accent. I get up and move towards the window.

I pull the purple silk curtains back and see about a dozen men huddled around their cars they are all wearing suits from grey to a dark blue color. Their hair is slicked back and gold chains hang from their necks. A large limo enters the drive and when it comes to a stop a large man steps out. I cover my nose for the cigar he had in his mouth was so foul and strong I could smell it from my room on the second floor, as he moves his hand up to retrieve his cigar I see rings on all fingers large ones one gold one diamond the rest are hard to see.

The large man walks to the group of men and they start to talk to each other in a different language I think its Russian or something. One of the men yells to another and gestures to a red sports car and the man just moves away and continues his conversation with the large man. The large man laughs and his whole body giggles it reminds me of Santa clause. I hear the front door open so I look and its Dyson, he walks out his hands in his pockets making him look like a teenager. He takes his time down the old white marble steps he heads towards the large man in the middle. When he gets close enough he stops and the big man lifts his hands up in a hugging motion and that’s when Dyson moves forward and the two men embrace. The man is so large he seems to engulf Dyson I can barley see him.

One of the other men wearing a red track suit walks over to Dyson and the large man, he holds a brief case in his hand he’s holding it so tight his knuckles are white. Dyson and the large man exchange words in a different language. The conversation goes from calm and nice to heated in a matter of seconds, the large man grabs the brief case so harshly he almost broke the guys hand. The large man tossed it violently into Dyson’s chest. Dyson looks tired and pain crosses his face and right at that moment he looks up towards my window and I scrambled out of the way hoping he didn’t see me. I glance back and he is still look at my window.

The large man stops talking and looks at Dyson then where he is looking.

“What is it boy you hiding something from me, you have been hard to reach for a few days, did something happen after you dropped off my package last week?” the large man question

Dyson jerks his head back stares right at the large man he sighs and puts his face back on the one you cant read the dead looking one and says,

“ Mr.Mashir I am fine I had family business to attend to out of the country, where is my drop spot?”

Mr.Mashir looks at Dyson questionably for a second then his head lifts up like he’s ready to howl but instead he laughs and pats Dyson on the back.

“Palm beach 8 o’clock by the night club, Judd will be waiting for you so don’t be late. Mr.Mashir exclaims.

Dyson turns around and starts to walk inside, Mr.Mashir doesn’t say any more than that and walks to his car. The men all scramble into their sport cars and speeds away with the wheels making a screech and smoke from the tires fills the air. One after the other exit the metal gate the last car leaves or rather a black limo with its window rolled down I see smoke coming out like smoke coming out of a chimney capturing the air like a virus and killing it.

I get back into bed and wonder what that was all about I cant help but feel that what ever was in the brief case it wasn’t good. Everything begins to fade out and finally sleep consumes me. And to my relief I dream of nothing just a white room filled head to toe nothing no sounds no color just peace. I wake to a knock on my door it feels like I have been a sleep for only five minutes when I hear a voice say,

“My lady breakfast will be served on the back patio in 10 minutes.”

I scramble to get up and I say quickly,

“I will be right down, thank you Charles.”

I get up to find a robe draped on a chair I throw it on not seeing anything else to wear. I open the door and quickly fasten my robe, I look down the hallway but it’s empty so I continue on and head down the stairs. I go through the dinning room to the back patio and to my surprise Dyson was sitting their sipping orange juice with a paper in his hands legs crossed with a dark blue suit on and the blackest shoes I’ve ever seen. I sit down and Charles brings me a plate of food and some orange juice. Before I speak Dyson says

“I’m leaving for a few days here.” He hands me a credit card “while I’m gone go buy yourself some cloths Charles tells me the ones I got were to big I’m sorry about that, I should be back on Friday if you need anything don’t hesitate to ask Charles.”

I’m surprised and hesitate to speak but I get the courage to and say

“Um thank you I hope you have a good trip be careful.”

 Dyson is surprised by my words making him smile. I get up with some toast in my hand I walk to the edge of the stairs which looks out onto the gardens. I see a giant pool a tennis court and a garden with a fountain in the middle. I could swear I was still sleeping I almost pinched my self to test it. I was just about to go down the stairs and walk the gardens, when Dyson comes up behind me and he places his hand on the curve of my back I flinch in surprise and tense up, my heart starts to flutter my mind fills with word and my heart fills with feelings and urges. He kisses me on the check and says goodbye and with that his hand moves away and his warmth is gone but my feeling still remain my thoughts I cant understand are so scrambled I cant move for the fear of losing that brief moment. I hear the front door open I run to it and I get the last glimpse of Dyson’s bumper as he leaves me.

Ch. 6

As I see Dyson leave a tear swells down my cheek my hands clasp together and find their way to my chest. I hold myself trying to get comfort then a hand collapses my shoulder and a voice comes from behind.

“My lady please come inside you are not decent.” I look down and notice my attire “I know what can cheer you up lets go shopping I think it would do you some good my lady.” Charles says in a comforting voice.

I turn around and look into is eyes and I can see remorse but I don’t know why he would feel that way towards me. We go back inside and I head back up to my room and change my cloths which didn’t fit quit right. I look around but I still don’t see any shoes so I just whirl my shall onto my shoulders and head back down stairs.

“Hey Charles would you have some shoes I could use I can’t find any in my room?” I ask as I slither down the stairs.

I look up and theirs Charles holding a pair of white silk slippers I gasp at how beautiful they are I bring my hand to my chest and say

“Charles they are beautiful I couldn’t wear those I could get them dirty or worse rune them.”

“Oh my lady.” Charles starts

Charles please call me Sky it sounds weird when you call me my lady, plus it makes me feel old.

“As you wish but you need not worry about these slippers the master would not mind he can always buy more so please do not fret.”

In those few words I saw how old Charles really was and how much a gentleman he was too. Even though when I first met him he felt cold and distant. I can see now he cares and that just made me smile with glee. I walk to Charles and to my surprise he kneels down and puts them on of course I don’t what’s the word he used oh yes fret. It felt weird but I know this is what Charles does for a living and he knows I would never ask him to do such a thing. Its weird but when I see Dyson I see a little bit of Charles their hiding behind his eyes. Charles rises and he extends his arm out pointing my way to the door, and I motion to it and as I leave I feel… like I’m home.

I get into the limo of a car and we head out I ask Charles to sit in back with me for its to lonely in the back and without hesitation he does. I stare out the window as we pass the ocean and the dream comes back to me in a flash of pictures and I cant help but look away closing my eyes to rid my self of the images of the memory. I feel a hand on my mine and I open my eyes to find Charles patting it with care as if knowing what I was thinking. I smile at him and I know he would always be their job or not we had just became friends and I hoped it would last forever.

The limo comes to a stop and Charles exits first then leans in with a hand extended. I grab his hand as I step out and right in front of me are top brand stores I cant help but question if I should really buy anything, Dyson has done so much for me already I felt guilty and Charles must have read my mind for he grabs my hand and says.

“My dear Sky do not fret master Dyson has plenty of money and he would be delighted to know someone is spending it, and did he not say to get some new cloths, master Dyson never says anything he doesn’t mean my dear.”

Charles cups my chin and gives me a wink and in that moment we burst out laughing. I collapse my arm with his and we enter the store. At first the sales people just look at me size me up I guess is what you call it. They look away like I don’t madder and I just glance at Charles, He clears his throat and the attention is back on us.

“Excuse me but we intended to buy some cloths here lots of cloths in fact but if you don’t want our money then well go else were.” Charles states

A busty woman with flowing red hair advances towards us and for a moment I thought she might ask us to leave. But she smiles at Charles and says

“Well hello darling long time no see, I’m sorry for the wait these sales people have no brains these days.” she chuckles with ease “How’s Dyson doing, good I hope.”

She motions us to a couched area and Charles sits the red headed girl turns to me.

“Arighty dear lets get u fixed up, oh were going to have some fun are your ready?” she says in and ecstatic tone.

I put on so many cloths I fell I’ve tried on the whole store after hours of shopping Charles and I were ready to go home.

We head back to the car and all the sales people in the store helped carry out my bags I thought the trail if bags and boxes would never stop, in that moment the scene from pretty women enters my mind and I can’t help but laugh. I never was a girly shopper before just give me some jeans and a tee and I’m set. I never shopped this much with my mom even though she tried to get me to go. All the bags somehow fit in the trunk I don’t see how it was possible.

Charles enters the car with a box in his hands he opens the lid and motions down to my feet he takes off my silk slipper and puts the most beautiful shoe on I ever saw it sparkled like a million stars glistening in the sky. He slides them on my feet and says

“Their a perfect fit, we’ve found our princess.”

The days fly by and I find my self-waking to Friday and for a moment I’m absolutely happy. I don’t remember the accident or seeing my brother’s lifeless hand all I remember is Dyson’s face his ocean blue eyes and Charles kind smile as we talk. But my sleepy haze slowly clears and the memories engulf me consumes me and I start to feel guilty for being happy. In that moment I hear a car door slam shut and I run to the window and there was Dyson he looked 20 years older and ready to collapse from his sorrows. I throw some cloths on and rush down stairs I open the door.

 Dyson is slumped over shoulders falling towards the ground dragging his feet eyes shot and a stench of alcohol surrounds him and that’s when I see how really tired he was I go to his side and I don’t think he even realized I was their which made me concerned and worried. I put his arm around my shoulder and help him inside I shut the door with my foot and yell for Charles.

He scampers to my aid and helps me drag Dyson up the long cascading stairs. We get him to his room and into bed I turn to Charles and ask,

“Will you go get me some orange juice please?”

Charles rushes out of the room and I start to take Dyson’s shoes off then I socks moving up to his coat and tie. I was deciding if I should go further but just then Charles enters with the juice and I grab it from him. I sit next to Dyson and lift his head up and whisper in his ear. He opens his eyes a twitch and I put the cup to his lips he drinks almost all of it and then I lay him back down. I pull the blankets up to his chest and cress his forehead my fingers softly brush his hair.

“Charles lets let him sleep he is exhausted.” I exclaim

Charles looks at Dyson then at me and nods his head. I am filled with worried and thoughts so I head to the garden i look around for a good spot to plant some roses. The gardener Huan comes up to me and gives me some good spots to plant, I send him out to get some plants and rose seeds. I dig and plant until dinnertime but my hopes that Dyson would be their left my mind fast for I knew that he was way to hung over and tired to be up. But to my amazement he is sitting at the head of the table with a phone to his ear.

I was about to speak but resond against it, I put my gloves down on a side table and head into the kitchen I wash my hands and help Charles with dinner. I carry out two dishes and sit down I start to put food on Dyson’s plate and he actually stops his conversation and looks at me with a tilt to his head and raised eye brows. I just look into his eyes and smiles and Charles brings the rest of the food out. I continue plating that’s when Dyson hangs up the phone and places it on the table.

He looks at me like I’m a mysterious object he wants to investigate. I catch his eye and smile placing my hand on my fork ready to devour the meal. I begin to eat not noticing Dyson just evaluating me. With his cheek in his palm head tilted he look like a child trying to figure out what something is. With a mouth full of food I say,

“Dyson you need to eat and you’re kinda creeping me out staring at me.”

He whips back into reality and clears his throat realizing how awkward it was now. I laugh to ease the tension and touched his hand in comfort. His left dimple lifts a inch then retreats back to its motionless position. Dyson eats slowly obviously something was weighing on his mind and I wish I could take all his stress away to be able to make him happy.

As dinner comes to an end Charles enters to retrieve the plates and left over food. Dyson starts to inch up looking like he’s ready to dash to safety. I stop him and he sits back down. I run to the other room and grab a box. I come back quickly excited for Dyson’s reaction. I hand him the box and watch as he slowly opens it. Tearing each corner gently trying not to ruin the wrapping paper. He gets the box open and pushes the paper aside and there is purple and black striped tie and a purple hanker chief with his initials on it.

I see his eyes glow with happiness but that’s the only place I see a reaction almost crushed Dyson says

“Thank you Sky they are… um … I like them…. Thank you.”

He gets up and leaves the room I was kinda mad and something else I don’t quite know what. I tried hard to get something he would like and I hide it from Charles to which was not easy one bit. But for the little glimmer in his eyes I would do it all again.

I leave the dinning room and head to the washing room I put my cloths in and start to hand wash Dyson’s cloths from earlier. I go threw the pockets empting them out. When I take my hand out of his jacket pocket a white powder coats my hand. A memory comes to mind and I remember the conversation I had with my older brother Kyle.

“Sky please I need the money ill pay you back I swear, please just trust me please? Kyle pleads through the phone.

 Uhhh fine but I’m trusting you not just with my money and your promise to pay me back but as my brother who I love. Don’t let me down ok I’m the only one left who still believes in you and your word. Kyle tries to reassure me by saying,

“Don’t worry so much sis ill see you later tell the folks I’m at Luke’s ok and will be back Sunday.”

“Kyle you know I don’t like lying to mom and dad.” I say in protest

Kyle exhales and says in a husky annoyed voice,

“Come on Sky don’t be one of those sisters ok, love ya k see u around.”

After I gave him the money I didn’t hear from him for a while but that wasn’t uncommon for my brother. The phone rings and my mom answers, I ask who it is and I hear her crying and screaming,

“Wha what oh my god no please god no”

Scared I ask mom what’s wrong all my mom can get out is,

“He’s ohh He’s gone.’ What who’s gone mom “Kyle he’s dead.”

This memory flashes though my mind like it was yesterday. This was one of the most horrific days of my life or at least I thought it was. I snap back to reality as I hear Charlie calling my name,

“Sky where are you my child Dyson’s asking for you.’

I put the coat down and wash my hand off and head up stairs to Dyson’s study. With images words memories jumbling consuming my brain. I enter the study with a knock and slowly enter, my heart beating so fast I feel dizzy. I look up to see Dyson’s face but I only saw him but he’s dead it can’t be Kyle.

I gasp and violently close my eyes swishing my head back and forth.

“Sky what’s wrong are you ok?” Dyson says while rushing to my side

He grabs my arms I open my eyes and Kyle’s face is gone and Dyson's remains. I find my words and say,

“I’m… I’m fine just a bit dizzy is all, I’ll be fine I must have eaten too much.”

Dyson moves me to the couch and we sit he looks into my eyes and sweeps a hair from my face and places it behind my ear. But then he slowly removes is hand from my face and folds them in his lap.

“Sky are you.. Are you happy here?” Dyson asks questionably

I open my eyes wide and burst out my response

“Yes of course I do, I sometimes even feel this is home and I’m so grateful, why is there something wrong do you not want me here anymore.” I say with a confused look on my face.

“What no I’m delighted you’re here and that won’t change don’t you worry ok I just wanted to make sure your happy that’s all I want.” Dyson says with care in his tone and eyes

I smile but the memory of Kyle and what I found in Dyson’s pocket are making me dizzy and nauseous. I want to ask him what that was I want him to say it was just sugar flour or something other than what it is. What I know it is and what I dread it is.