***On the Bus***

It is 6:45 AM and it's freezing outside, next to me is the same old lady with the green winter hat that I see each morning as we wait for the bus to arrive. I'm probably going to be late for school, again, but honestly.. I don't care.

7:00 AM and the bus just arrived, the cold weather of January is making my ears hurt and I, after letting the old lady go ahead of me, jumped on to the bus as quickly as possible. As it is every morning,  the bus was full, as I made my way to the middle.

Just as the door was closing, I heard a faint "hold on, hold on," being shouted to the bus driver. In that moment as I caught the eyes of the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, I felt something strike across my chest.

"Thank you for waiting" she said with the cutest smile; her dimples on her cheeks gave off a pure sense of innocence. I was completely mesmerized, out of nowhere she took me out of my trance by simply saying "excuse me." I moved aside and mumbled out a faint, sure, of course."

There she was, standing right next to me, and I didn't know what do to, she was just beautiful, looking outside the window as if she was analyzing life, I was wondering what she was thinking, maybe she has a busy day upfront of her and just getting ready of it, or maybe just admiring the view, watching how everyone just go by their lives.

Is 7 20 am and I know in the next 15 min my stop will be here.

Should I talk to her?? Hi my name is ....., no she is going to think I'm a creep, maybe I should just go and give her a complement, tell her she is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen....yah like that will be better... I just don't know but I just keep fantasizing how would it be being with her, make her laugh, cook with her, watch a romantic movie and just hug her very tight... just keep thinking how amazing would of been playing with that beautiful black hair while she fall asleep in my legs, just how perfect it would of been.

My hands are sweating and I don't have the courage to talk to her, just here and there keep picking a her for a second really quick because I don't want her to think I'm staring at her, I have never been very popular with the girls and I don't think this will be the exception. I look at the clock and i realize in 5 min I will arrive and out of nowhere I heard "excuse me" it was her, I was shocked she was talking to me, I didn't know what to say even though I wanted to say a thousand things, maybe this is my shot, I finally got the courage.

"Yes?". I said
"This is my stop" she said
"Of course" and I moved so she can pass...

Those 3 seconds were like slow motion when I saw her back, the back of probably the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, disappearing on the door of the bus.

***In the Forest***

We just arrived to our cabin, I'm just bringing the bags inside of our house and like always mom and dad are arguing about the pettiness things. My little brother is running around the house mesmerized since this is the first time he came here... it's been a couple of years since we came here, so there is a lot cleaning to do.

I don't know why I am here, to me this is just a boring old cabin and i can't even play video games since this TV is to old.

"Can you come and help us to clean?, the dust is not going to remove it self" my mom is yelling from the kitchen. "Or at least go out and bring some wood inside for the fire place, it looks like is going to be a cold night.

I look at the clock in the kitchen and is 3:15 pm, my brother is yelling because he is hungry and there is nothing ready, mom is yelling at dad asking him why he is sending me to go out and bring some wood instead of helping inside the house and dad is just saying that I should go and bring some wood inside.

I decided to go out and bring the wood so I can scape the chaos. Here outside of the cabin is very peaceful, the leaves dancing with the melody of the breeze makes the most relaxing sound.

It's been probably like 5 min and I'm just sitting here, enjoying this unique peace that you definitely don't get in the city. Our cabin is in the top of a mountain, I know like 20 min away there was a little mine town, but since there hasn't been found any gold on this mountain, that town is pretty much abandoned at this point, I believe is just an old lady living there that refused to leave her house.

"I better start picking up wood before they yell at me" when I was about stand up I heard a voice, it sounded far but I knew it was not.

I keep looking around trying to find that voice, it was a woman and it sounded like she was crying.

After a few seconds looking around I see someone, there is this girl sitting on a tree on the floor. I started walking towards her to check if she was OK.

"Excuse me, are you ok?" I gently asked her while touching her shoulder, and when she turned around I was stunned. "Yah, I'm sorry I thought I was alone" she said.

Her red hair was moving with the breeze and will allow you to see the deepest blue eyes you could ever see.

--I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bother you, but do you mind if I ask you, why are you crying?

--Is my dad, he is upset because he could not find anything and gets drunk and come home.... She said.

-- Anything? What is he looking for??

-- Is just... I don't want to talk about it, but I haven't seen you before, are you from here??

-- Oo I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to bother you with my questions, but no, we are from LA, my family and I have an old Cabin in this mountain, so we come here time to time.

In the moment I said that, her eyes got wide open.

-- So you are coming from the big city??, o wow that might be really exciting, I've never left this old town so I dream one day been able to go there.

I was surprised by her reaction, honestly is just a city, full of buildings and people, even though on the daily day I don't find it very interesting, I'm sure missing it today.

-- Can you tell me all about it?? How is living in the city?? Are there a lof of stores there?? Ooo I bet there must be very pretty outfits with all the colors out there...

Seeing her excitement I started telling her everything, about my friends, where I leave,y school, and everything else. At the time that I was talking to her I was just lost in the moment. Her Beauty and the way she looked at me was hypnotic, I felt like in a fairy tail where there was no time, her deep blue eyes full of wonder and curiosity made me feel so important and made her look so innocent that just gave me this feel of protecting her, I just didn't want to let go her side, it was pure joy what I was feeling while she was sitting right next to me.

After hours and hours of talking I realized I haven't Bring the wood inside.

-- I'm sorry I have to go, my parents are probably really worried because I left hours ago, or... would you like to come and meet my parents??

She showed a timid smile and when she was about to answer I heard my dad..

--Hey are you ok??

I quickly turned around and said..

-- Yes Dad I am so sorry I just cauup talking to....

I turned back back again and started saying

-- Sorry all this time and I didn't even ask for your....

But Noone was there...

-- Son, we saw you from the window sitting by your self all this time.

-- All this time??, but I've been for like 4 hours.

-- 4 hours?? You only been here for 10 min...he said.

I just couldn't believe what he was telling me, so I ran out of the house to check my phone and yan... it was only 3:25...

My head was spinning, I know I'm not crazy, I spent the last 4 hours talking to that girl with the red hair, I know I did, and I didn't even asked for her name, the most beautiful girl I've ever seen

--Are you ok?

My mom asked me.

-- Yah, I'm just... really tired

-- ok, she said.. ooo by the way, your little brother found a secret compartment.

-- A secret compartment??

-- Yah, when we were cleaning he found out one table on the wall was loose, he removed it and we found out a little box inside, you want to come and check it out?? She said

-- Sure...

When I got to the table, I saw this old box sitting there, I'm still a little confused on what happened, but I didn't really want to talk about it since I know Noone is going to believe me and they will probably think that  I'm crazy.

I opened the box and my eyes opened as wide as it can be... there was a picture of a Family, The Dad, Mom and holding her hand was this Gorgeous girl... it was her, my beautiful red hair girl... I turned the Picture and it said March 1888.

-- Woww, this probably was their house..my dad said

Looking at that picture I realized that I wasn't crazy, that what I experienced really happened and that none of it was an illusion, I put my head up and look outside the window,  and there she was looking back at me and with a smile of her face said "Thank you" before turning around and disappearing in the trees...

--You are welcome...

***That Night***

It is 9 45 PM, tomorrow I have an important day at work, but I feel wide awake, looking at the window I see the leaves moving with the breeze. Is quiet, almost uncomfortable quiet, took a zip of water and closed my eyes trying to force myself to fall asleep.

10:15 PM. Still up, just trying to figure out if I am cold or hot. Rumbling in my sheets, trying to get comfortable in a fight that I am apparently losing. But then turn around and there you are…

10:45 PM. I remember the first day I saw you in that cafeteria, you looked so peacefully reading your book, your beautiful red hair covering partially your face, and your lips moving slowly as you keep reading made you look straight out of a fairytale. In that day that cafeteria became my favorite place. At the beginning I couldn’t gather the bravery to talk to you, so I only went and sat down on my little table at the corner at 9 50 am, because I knew at 10 am, you will be crossing that door, order your regular cup of coffee and just with all the excitement keep reading your book.

It is 11 PM and a timid smile was placed on my face. I remember the first time I decided to say something to you, to this day I believe it has been one of the most bravery things I’ve ever done.

* Andrew: I am sorry, I don’t mean to bother you, but I’ve seen you reading this book so passionately that I always wonder, what kind of book is she reading?

You looked at me so surprised and a little annoyed like I just took you out of your trance while you were reading your book.

* Andrew: I am sorry I am Andrew by the way.
* Anna: I’m Anna…
* Andrew: Nice to meet you Anna, listen I don’t want to bother you so I will be on my…
* Anna: It’s about a couple that couldn’t be together due to different social status.

And that was the beginning of everything, slowly we started talking more and more, days became months and months became years until we finally got married.

It’s 11:30 PM, and I am over joy thinking about you. I remember your face when we bought our first house, you were so excited. I remember how excited I used to get to go home every day after work just to see you sitting next to the window reading a book, I could tell no one loves reading books more than you do. Those deep blue eyes used to get lost in the sea of pages of your books, then you raise your head gave me a smile and come to welcome me with a kiss. Every night was an adventure cooking dinner with you. It was the definition of happiness.

Its 12:00 AM, and I felt a single tear running down in my face. I am still wide a wake and a pain in my chest hit me like a hammer. In that moment I remember for the first time getting home and not seeing those deep blue eyes reading. There were you, just looking out the window, your eyes looked so lost in the moment, I looked at you and a small smile crossed my face. I observed you and your always beautiful silhouette looked much thinner. You gave me a look, gave me a shy smile, and went back to look at the window.

Those nights of cooking together were gone, and now is just me cooking for both of us. It’s been a month since we were at the doctor and they gave us the news, I reminded positive, reassuring you we will fight this together, but I couldn’t help myself to see how your eyes started to let live scape. Those books that you loved so much started to collect dust. That corner next to the window now hasn’t seen you anymore, your energy has been leaving your body dayby day. I still try to talk to you and tell you how my day went, trying to make your life as normal as I could, not always concentrating on this horrible demon that is consuming yourself slowly.

It’s 12: 45 AM, I need to go to sleep, I have an Important day tomorrow at the office, but there you are, looking at me with those beautiful eyes that still hypnotize me every time I look at them. You hate wearing those turbans on your head. Your beautiful red hair is long gone, but I don’t really care, to me you still the most beautiful woman. I fix your pillow and keep reading to you one of your favorite books while holding your hand. Sometimes you don’t even want me to come to the hospital anymore and yell at me because I still do, because I don’t care you look much thinner and with no hair, to me you still my red hair beautiful wife. Because to me you still the most beautiful woman. Because to me you are still the love of my life.

It’s 1 AM in the morning, and I feel numb, I remember everyone just coming talking to me looking at me with petty, everyone just talking some people just laughing like it was a normal gathering. I remember seeing you in your casket thinking that even on your last day you looked so beautiful, why you I kept asking myself, I can’t really process the idea that I will get home and I won’t see you sitting in your corner again. That those books now will be only a painful reminder that you are not coming back, and the life of our beautiful house is gone, because that day, that last day, everyone thoughtyou were gone. My soul and happiness left it with you.

***The Encounter at the Beach***

* This is all I need it – I thought while walking next to the sea, the breeze playing with my hair while I do my best to feel the sand in my feet. Maria, my girlfriend, has been threating me of leaving me if I don’t propose to her soon, I just don’t feel ready for it, I don’t know if it is that I am not in fully in love with her or maybe the pressure she puts on me makes me don’t really want to ask her at all. And on top her dad is my boss so things has been a little tense in the office as well. But right now, I feel peace, no work, no Maria, only me and the sound of the waves hitting the shore.

While walking with my mind in blank, I felt someone stroking me in my chest, I looked down and it was the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. Her black hair dancing with the air, and her eyes locking with mine.

‑Help me… please help me…

In that second, I was still mesmerized by her beauty that her words didn’t process. Once I was out of the trance, I asked her:

-Help you? Are you ok?

In that second, I noticed the tears in her eyes. I didn’t know how to react since I knew she needed help, but at the same time I couldn’t resist how beautiful she was, is like this was coming directly out a movie where I was one of the main characters.

While I still holding her, out of a sudden I felt a burning sensation on my chest, still holding her I notice a drop of blood falling out of her mouth, when I see my chest I notice a red stint in my shirt, I looked behind her and there was someone running away with a gun in hand. Still holding her I noticed that I started to faint, but I didn’t care, I felt so in peace still holding her, that I was just ignoring the pain, she still looking at me holding me tight, a stranger that she didn’t even know his name, just wanted to be held.

Now, while both of us start falling, feeling the sand, hearing people yelling and screaming for help, I just felt peace, felt that this was the best way to go, that these few seconds I spent with this unknown lady has been the best seconds I ever spent. Seeing her eyes slowly closing, feeling more and more how I just want to close my eyes, with my last breath I just say…. Thank you.

***LETTER FROM KATIE***

 Every evening, I would find myself standing by the window, watching the sun set and glancing across the street. She lived a few yards away, and I'd never been able to say more to her than the courteous hellos we'd exchanged in passing. I couldn't muster the bravery to approach her, as I was overcome with a mixture of anxiety and desire every time I saw her. Katie is easily the most beautiful girl I’ve ever known and she’s not even proud about it even though she should be.

She would say hi to some of the losers in school and she doesn’t join to bully people. Everyone on the cheer team loved her and all the guys want to marry her. I am the only one lucky enough to be her neighbor.

I had a window in my room where I would sit and look longingly into her room. I used to daydream a lot about what it would be like to talk to her about my feelings and thoughts, to get past the formal greetings and smiles, to be able to watch one another from our windows. However, my tongue felt heavy each time I attempted to approach her, and my heart pounded from nervousness.

One day however, we literary bumped into each other at the store.

“Sam isn’t it? We live across from each other right?” she asked. This is my chance.

“Yeah, I’m Sam. What’s up?” I would think I sounded cool if I didn’t know I was shaking.

I stopped her as she was about to pass and asked her a question about school. She answered like I knew she would and a boldness I didn’t know I had came upon me. I walked her round the store so she could get what she wanted and when she was done? I left.

One evening, I heard a scream so loud it broke through my headphones. I removed it and waited for the sound again. It came again and I opened my window and sure enough, the sound was coming from her house. Her mother was on the front lawn screaming and her father was trying to shut her up. He roughly dragged her back into the house and I ran downstairs. I saw my parents watching from the window and when they turned to see me, my mum shook her head at me.

“it’s not your problem Sam, go back to your room.” My mom said.

“But mom…” “Now Sam!” I angrily went up to my room and slammed the door on my way up.

 The next morning, she was running late and I offered to drive her to school. She agrees and I couldn't help but notice the bruise under layers of makeup on her eye. I wanted to reach out and say something, but the words felt like a bitter pill lodged in my throat. She tried a few times to smile and pretend that the bruise under her eye is a mistake. ‘I fell’ she said after she caught me watching her for the fifth time. I wish I can make her pain go away.

After a week, Katie still wasn’t her bubbly self. She smiled a lot and went to all her practices but I could see that she really wasn’t happy underneath. To make things worse, summer was close and I had to go to my grandparents house to visit them. I usually go every summer but this summer I didn’t want to leave Katie alone with her family. Who knows how long that has been going on and no one knew about it. I tried to have fun but somehow I couldn’t and all my summer friends slowly started hanging out without me because I was spoiling the fun. I knew that I had to say something about how I feel. She can know she can count on me whenever and if she ever needed help with her father that I am here for her. She deserved better than the suffering her family caused her, I had to tell her.

I wrote my confession letter as the summer days dragged on, practicing the words that had been trapped inside of me for so long. I wrote a new one everyday because the old one somehow felt stupid the next day. I counted the days a lot, praying and hoping that the days will pass by quickly.

I knew something was wrong from the airport. My father couldn’t meet my eyes when he came to pick me and the trip was quiet. As we drove into the street and I saw the for sale sign on her front lawn, my heart broke. I convinced myself to stay calm and wait to get down from the car. Maybe they just wanted to sell and they were still living in their house. Looking at my day confirmed that they were really gone and I may have missed my chance forever.

I entered my home through the front door own house, heart heavy, shoulders hunched. My mother hugged me and pulled me to the couch, and then she gave me an envelope with Katie’s name on it. She wrote me a letter? With shaky hands, I slowly opened the letter and read the contents.

*Dearest Sam, thank you for watching me from your window. I lived for the times where I would pretend you weren’t watching and just be me. Thank you for genuinely liking me and always defending me to people. I couldn’t like you the way you liked me because of my father but I want you to know that you liking me gave me a sense of hope and I will always appreciate it. I really hope we’ll see one day soon.*

*Katie* ♥

My eyes clouded over with tears as I read her words. Even though I was ultimately unable to declare my love, for some reason, I had offered a ray of hope in her existence and that filled me with so much joy. I will never forget Katie Blanchard and I am okay with that.

***FIRE AND LIGHT***

The first time I met light, I saw the light. I had just been brought on as a new producer for Riff Records and I had just finished setting up my office and wanted to pop into a few of the label’s studios to get a feel of some of the artistes on the label. I went into few and I loved everything I heard so I was optimistic for the rest. Getting into her booth though, I heard a mess. It was a cacophony, a dissonance and it made my skin crawl.

“Nah, kill the beat right now.” I said to the producer in charge of her.

“What are you doing man?” he shot right back – after he killed the beat.

Light was in the booth, looking really confused. So innocent and untainted by the musical curse. I pressed the bottom so I could talk to her in the booth.

“Nothing to worry about princess, I’ve got this.” I see the minute she relaxed and my fury towards the producer increased.

“How the hell is she singing this? Who is she?”

“She’s a new artiste the label is trying to push. She has the voice but not the talent for a musical carrier. I’ve done all I can for her. I’mma have to tell them to drop her.” He said.

I could not believe this piece of shit. Trying to blame her for his failure as a producer?

“Get up, and get out.” I said

She looked shocked and it only worsened when I dragged him by the nape and threw him out. When I came back Light was already out the booth and wondering what the hell was going on.

“My name is Poser, short for Grand Composer, my real name is Jason though but there are too many Jason’s in the music industry don’t you think? I will be your new producer, get your precious self back in the booth so we can create magic.”

She looked to the door where the idiot was still screaming bloody murder. “He was ruining you. I’m a better producer.”

She smiles and extends her hand. “I’m Camille but I go by Light.”

“Light.” I repeated like an idiot.

That was the beginning of a spectacular duo the world would come to know as fire and light. I didn’t work exclusively with her nor did she work exclusively with me and that’s how the world knew. My name was always in the credits of all her hit songs, no exception. She made me creative and I pushed her to be the star that I know she is.

We didn’t start dating though till after two years. I sat with the rest of the label, my hands holding hers under the table as we held our breath waiting to hear the announcement for the award of song of the year. Immediately the host called Light’s name, we hugged and I kissed her hard before she broke the kiss and ran up the stage to receive her award. Only when she left did I understand my mistake. I really shouldn’t have done that and the cameras that were now closing in on my face reminded me that I just made a colossal mistake.

The journey has been amazing, filled with late-night studio sessions, creative clashes, and moments of sheer musical brilliance. Together, we had forged a sound that was uniquely ours, a masterpiece that was a genre of its own. As a music producer, my job was to bring out the best in artists, to capture their essence and share it with the world. But with Emily, it was different. Our connection went beyond the music; it was personal, intimate. She gave her speech and the crowd erupted in cheers.

That night my doorbell rang and when I opened it, Light was at the door smiling at me.

“You shouldn’t be here Light, especially after that kiss.” I said

“I’m actually here about that kiss, my phones been blowing up. What gives dude?” she said.

“I’m sorry, I apologize, it won’t happen again.” I said.

She scoffed and pulled me down for another kiss and the magic that was Fire and Light became a movement. The label started pushing out ship merchandise and music and very soon we became the couple of the year. it was the best time of my life and I will always remember it fondly.

The hunger started off slow. At first I didn’t notice it and I just summed it up to the pressure of being a performer. She started riding me harder than the label for new music and she always criticized everything I put out. She stopped letting me kiss her and stopped coming over. Soon she stopped contacting me for anything that wasn’t music related.

One day she came over and apologized for the way she had been acting. She said it was the pressure and she was seeing someone who would help her relieve the pressure she had been feeling since.

"I've been given an opportunity Jason, a chance to take our music to places we've only dreamed of." She said, her eyes searching mine for understanding.

A knot formed in my stomach I don’t know why, but this sounds like the beginning of the end.

“What does this opportunity mean?” I asked her.

“T-Jay global wants to sign me.”

I hugged her and laughed in joy.

“This is huge baby. Congratulations/”

“I know, they said ill have to stop working with you though. I’m to work exclusively with Kim. And I’ve signed it already.”

"But what about us?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper. This is the tragedy I was anticipating and it really came.

She reached for my hand, a soft smile playing on her lips. "You mean the world to me, and this doesn't change that. But I have to take this chance. It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity babe."

That was the last time I saw Light. We talked on phone and video calls but even that got shorter. The music is her all and she doesn’t have space in her heart for me. In a month, she released new music and I listened to it in my bedroom. As the first few cords hit me, I stopped the music.

The realization hit me like a tidal wave—she was gone, not just physically but in every note, every lyric, and even every memory. This music will sell records and it will win more awrds but it isn’t Light. They rebranded her and I can only hope she’s really okay with it. The music, once a testament to our shared dreams, had become the soundtrack of her ascent, leaving me behind in a quiet room.