

The Tale of Two

*A Rather Mesmerizing Story of Two Souls Coming Together To
Find Solace within Each Other*

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PROLOGUE:

Kylie:

The sky is clear today, and I hear the chirping of birds as I take a peek outside my ivory painted window. The sidewalk is empty except for Mrs. Jenkins, the woman who lives across from my apartment; I watch her as she over waters her plants once again. I give it a few seconds before I decide that's enough for today—time to get back to work.

Soon enough I'm squinting to concentrate, the grip on my brush gets tighter by the second, I'm painting a skyline, I'm painting the streets of Manchester, I'm painting to clear my head, I watch as all the thoughts that were bound in the back of brain move on to the color-filled canvas before me. I watch as my mind no longer controls the movements that my hand makes as it shifts back and forth doing what it does best, painting.

After about an hour I'm pretty happy with my work, but it's the same thing that bothers me, in the center, right in the middle of my painting where the colors are supposed to collide, there is a boy, dressed in black, his head hung low, everything all the colors the beauty, the birds the sky, the clouds everything revolves around him, but even then, he doesn't look up it is almost as if he is afraid.

He's afraid if he looks up, there might just be a black cloud hanging above his head, and the sun could just have been his imagination all along, he fears, but he will never show that he does, that's just how he is. A warrior on the outside, bleeding on the inside. I wonder how he holds himself together as he goes on with his life.

Daniel Redding's, he's a blogger, a writer, I've been reading his blog for the past few years, and his words have had me mesmerized every single time. People say I'm an artist; I'm barely a neophyte, a beginner.

He's the reason I started painting again, he's the reason I picked up a paintbrush after almost two years of no contact with the colors on my palette, I read, and God was he in pain, word after word my heart ached for him, I wanted to meet him, I was so close, I even know what he looks like, and I could have met him, hugged him, and told him I read everything he ever posted on that blog, but one day he just disappeared, he vanished, and it's been six months he hasn't posted, I've painted him, I've painted his words, I've painted his heartbreak, I don't want to just paint anymore, I want to hold him close to me and ask him why, why he never believed in himself and why he quit?

I want him to tell me his story in person, and when it is all said and done I hope for nothing more but to tell him mine too. ~ Kylie Rivers

CHAPTER: 1

Daniel:

Grabbing my jacket and putting it on, checking my pockets for my wallet, phone, keys, and my earphones, making sure I had everything I stepped out of my apartment accidentally slamming the door behind me.

I was immediately greeted by the cold December air, dressed in the purest shade of white, enveloping the atmosphere causing the temperature to drop, and the people to shiver as they walked past each other, a different set of thoughts trapped in each mind, as they go about their daily lives.

I was really good at observing people; every person I passed by had some sort of worry stuck against their foreheads, they all had demons they were being chased by. But I loved to see them cling on to normality with all their might, oh what a beautiful thing to see, all these faces rushing about their daily lives, umbrellas I'm handsomely gripped tightly on to coffee mugs, and others had their hands deeply hidden within the pockets of their petty coats.

After walking for about twenty minutes, I stopped in front of the large black gates of the Library, showing my workers ID to the guard I kept my head down making my way over to the front desk and getting to work on the computer checking which books came in which didn't.

My job was simple, and I liked it, I was near books, thousands of them and I'd only have to look up and talk to someone once or sometimes twice a day. And that's exactly how I liked it, it applied to my rules, and I got paid, what else could I want.

The library was huge, people coming in and out through the day. I never really paid attention to anyone in there. I tried to avoid contact with others as much as I could ask half the time people avoided coming up to me because my head would be so deeply stuck

within the lines of a book they'd find it rather rude to try and interrupt, with that they'd turn around I'm searching for someone else to assist them. And I would be left alone just as I preferred to be.

"Hi, it's my first time here. I was wondering if you could help me around?"

And just like that my thoughts were interrupted by a stranger, I didn't look up to meet their eyes or see their face, I honestly didn't care, so I just nodded my head with the least bit of interest in my tone of voice I said: ***"Yes, of course, I'd be happy to help."*** It was barely audible, I doubt the person even heard me, a part of me really wished they didn't, I just wanted them to ask help from someone else, I mean there are like a dozen other workers here, so I couldn't help but think, *why me?*

"Well, could you show me where I can find romantic novels, you know like A Walk to Remember, or The Notebook, that type of stuff."

Of course, another hopeless romantic, I swear I'm getting tired of them every now, and then you see them come into the library with hope spilling out of their pockets, the ones who believe in things like love and soulmates or whatnot. Oh, how I wish I could show them just how naive and stupid their train of thought really is, but I'm no one to judge, I'm no one at all. I just nodded my head again and started walking towards the aisle that held all the romantic crap, the girl followed me, trailing behind me like a lost puppy.

Once we got there, I pointed to the sign that said "Romance" and turned around to leave, that's when she stopped me, stepping in my way, I finally looked up, my eyes met with the strangers. Her hair, a deep shade of brown with shades of gold glistening in the sunlight coming in from the window, eyes emerald green.

Everything about her seemed soft, almost inviting like that feeling you would get after a long day at school when you'd run straight into your mother's arms, straight into the only form of safety you had ever come to know.

Right there and then I felt the essence of regret wash all over me, the realization struck me like a meteor against my frail body, and all I could think was,

I broke a rule.

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CHAPTER: 2

KYLIE:

I was stood in the largest Library of London, staring into the most beautiful boys' eyes, I was lost. He looked like he was scared, realization struck me, that we had been standing there awkwardly staring at each other for what felt like hours. But I presume had been mere seconds in reality.

So I decided to speak, **"Um...You don't talk much do you"** I said rubbing the back of my neck with my left hand, I was nervous, the world's greatest writer (in my opinion) was standing right in front of me, and I was doing a great job at making a fool out of myself.

"It's a library, we're not supposed to talk here," he said as he brushed past me I noticed the sudden change in his facial expressions, it was as if he had just seen a ghost. Before I could say anything more, the next thing I knew, he was brushing past me in a hurry, our shoulders touched for a mere second, and my heart felt like it was going to jump out of my chest at any moment.

He was hurting, I could see it in the pools of chocolate his brown eyes created, they were like black coffee with a hint of milk, but they weren't happy, he wasn't happy.

There were dark circles around his eyes like he hadn't slept through countless nights. His skin wasn't as pale as mine, but he didn't look healthy at all like he wasn't eating enough, he wasn't eating at all.

When he spoke, his voice sounded rasp, like he hadn't spoken to anyone in a while.

I was going to fix this; I was going to be the one to fix him, just like he fixed me through his words all that time ago.

I was going to make him write again, laugh again, and smile genuinely.

I was going to be the one to help him walk with his head held high, I didn't want to see him fear anymore, somewhere inside me I knew that whatever this boy was going through if he kept it inside it would eventually be the death of him, and I can't stand to be the one to bear witness such a talent slowly fading, to see such a fascinating, alluring human disintegrate before my very eyes.

No, I wouldn't let that happen.

So right there in the middle of a huge Library, standing in the "Romance" section, I made a pact with myself.

I was going to befriend the great writer who seemed to have run out of words to write lately, and I was going to give him something to fill pages and journals on end, and I was going to make him feel again.

If it was the last thing I had to do, I was going to mend his heart, and I was going to put the pieces back in the right place, I was going to make him whole again.