

Spirit

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Introduction

Get ready to hear about what a spirit, me; I have to tell about my life; my love

Chapter 1

I have always been "normal"; I had a group of friends, a few enemies, sneakers; at least so I thought. It all began at the first day of middle school.

I was never really attracted to anyone; I just was quiet. I worked on work and never focused on love life. Until I met her. She was like a light in the darkness.

When I entered the room, I saw her. I stared at her for a while, not knowing why. I didn't talk to her for the whole day until 8th period, gym class. I kept staring at her. I just couldn't hold it. I blushed. Then, I spoke to her. She responded. Her voice reminded me of something; something about the time when my real dead parents, were killed because of a plane collision. Her brown hair was now in a pony tail, and she smiled at me.

The next few gym classes were great; I was the top runner so I always got praised and she; Sophie cheered for me. It was like a moment that I remember even now, even when I'm gone.

Sophie's brown hair was beautiful. Whenever she was around me, she would fidget with it. She even chewed on it. But I didn't care.

I started to have dreams of us being together, yet she always was prettier in real life.

I was happy, until I heard about her dating a boy. I was sad. Jealous. And my heart was full of sorrow. She was straight.

Chapter 2

I really wanted to kill myself. I got a pair of scissors and started to cut my arm. It bled, and my adopted parents didn't care. They were too busy playing with my step sister. My arm looked horrible, but I wrapped it around with a dry leaf and it worked for a while.

Sophie was becoming prettier every day. One day, she invited me to her house. We cuddled while watching TV, and she told me that she broke up with her boyfriend, because she realised about what happened. She later wrapped my bloody hand in gauze, and put big band aid on it.

Sophie was really, our relationship was really growing. We started to hold hands, and we hugged all the time. On Christmas, I gave her a box full of chocolates, and she said "I love you.". That wouldn't happen often so I replied "I love you too.". On valentines day, I gave her a ton of candy and we almost kissed. It was great. Until we heard the news.

Chapter 3

The school decided to warn us. Terrorists from Iran were around the area, so we decided to have tons of drills. We had so many, that we barely got to learn. It was a very interesting week.

Sophie was in the corner, crying. When I came closer, I saw a boy trying to rape her. That boy was a black belt in Karate, and already was a senior in high school. He was tall, round, and his feet were twice the size of mine, that time. I told him to stop, and he pushed me into the wall. I later kicked him back and did my wrestling moves. Everyone cheered as I tackled him to the ground.

Chapter 4

Sophie was acting differently on that Monday. She was quiet, and sad. Many people asked her, but she didn't reply. I slowly came to her, and asked her what is wrong. She told me to go to the library, where it was quiet. She slowly told me that her doctor said that she will have a baby that is due right before school ends. She also told me that she doesn't know who it was.

Chapter 5

Then, one day the alarm sounded. BEEP BEEP it went as we all went away. The police were late, and all I saw was Sophie, fallen right beneath the three terrorists that were trying to shoot her. We were supposed to stay in our rooms, but I couldn't stop. I opened the door and ran after her. I told the terrorist to shoot me instead. He shot me once, and I pushed Sophie away so she's out of danger. He shot me a second time, and I started to feel bad pain. He shot me once more, and I wanted to scream but I just kept it inside, and fell down. Sophie rushed to me, and the terrorists ran because the police came. And in front of everybody, even the police, Sophie bent down and kissed me as I slowly closed my eyes.

Chapter 6

Now, a few months later Sophie had her baby and it was a boy. She named him fortem, the latin word for bravery. Her baby also later took a DNA test, and it turned out that 60% of his DNA was mine, and 40% was hers. Slowly, I look down at the boy. He was mine. He was hers. He was ours.

Since I am a spirit now, I got to join my real mother and father. Maybe some day you, the reader and Sophie will join me too.