

CHAPTER ONE

Part 1

10 PM

The rain came down harder and faster as the center of the hurricane swirled closer to city. The winds bellowed as if a God had been set free from the confines of eternal prison. Darkness of the night veiled most of the wet carnage that danced across the street. A lone light pole stands vigil over its corner of the street proudly illuminating its little patch of pavement. A lighthouse against the storm. A beckoning call for the staggering figurer that limped and lilted against the wind. As the dark figure searched out the light like a moth, he became more real. His hair whipped around him with the wind. Its normal, elegant volume beaten to submission by the constant pounding of the rain and the forceful dance of the winds knife across his head. Trails of crimson followed the man like a sash, a tether, and a testament to the fragility of life. Blood. It streamed gingerly, almost happy to be free, from his torso. It streamed from a half broken pool stick shoved into his chest with enough force to go through and through. His breath was ragged and fluid filled as blood ran into his lungs. Wisps of bloody froth flicked from the corners of his mouth and was quickly wiped away by the whims of the hurricane. The man stumbled and grasped the pole. The light wavered against the force of the body that clung to it. The last bits of life ebbing out with every drop of blood that left his body. He slumped down. The last amounts of energy leaving his body. His will not enough to keep moving. The light flickered in response as if it sensed what was coming next. The wind howled harder. Soon the calm of the storm would come. Soon the eye would pass. The light dimmed, wavering against its mission. Once the eye passed, once the calm left, the back side of the hurricane is always the worst. The light went out and the darkness enveloped the man slumped against the light post.

5 PM

“What’s in your hand Hope!” A thin little wisp of a girl exclaimed. The wind

rocked the window of their small apartment that they co-opted. The first barometer of the hurricane that was approaching from the Gulf. The sun crept into the room; tip toeing around the dark clouds that were rolling in with the attitude of a pissed off four year old.

“Its not important Becky. They won’t let me go. They won’t let me see him. They won’t let me even talk to him. If it was up to them, I wouldn't even be able to think about him. Tell me I am wrong? Tell me there is a chance that they will forget that we all fight constantly. That we are not forbidden to love. Or Forbidden to feel. All because the old bitches believe in some tradition. I can’t live like this Beck. I cant be part of them on this. If I cant live the way I want then what’s the point of living.

“It’s not that bad Hope. You will love your babies when you have them; you will find love in other things. There is no reason to talk like that. Besides, he’s not worth it. He’s just another goth want to be. Your can do so much better then that Hope. Lets get out of here and go run in the rain. Play in the water like we used to. You’ll feel better after we run it out some don't you think?”

Hope looked blankly at Becky. Her friend saw the resolution and Hope could smell the anxiety. It was strong enough to almost make her change her mind. Hope cleared her throat.

“One more time Becky. Tell me what you are going to do?”

Becky sighed in frustration, “ I'm going to leave here and I am going to fang boy and give him your damm letter. I'm going to tell him that Romeo didn't really love Juliette. And then I am going to tell Mom everything. And I am not going to do any of that until you tell me what is in your hand Hope.”

Hope winced and rotated the vial that she had been palming. Showing her frightened short cropped black haired friend the vial, Hope slowly took the top off.

“Its Milk of Wolfs bane with other things in it.” Hope slammed down her throat before both Becky and her own resolve stopped her. “ The pain was immediate and intense. A liquid fire that burned with the intensity of acid in her belly and throat. She tried to scream, tried to puke, but nothing seemed to work. Beckie's screams had become background noise. Hope’s senses had turned in-wards to the growing fire that burned out her soul. Her chest heaved and her arms curled painfully inward as she gasped for breath between the inferno that burned within her. The blackness that came, was a welcoming relief as the fire consumed her.

The rain had been picking up speed driven by a wind that finally screamed of a new freedom. Within a couple of hours the hurricane would be on them. It wasn't hard for Becky to find who she was looking for. Though the tears blurred her vision and her heart hurt with the pain of losing Hope, she was determined to fulfill the last wishes of her sister. She drew a breath courage from the fieriness of the storm.

"Fang boy will be lucky if I don't rip out his spine first." Her words were muted by the soft pounding of rain. Becky hesitated and her thoughts skipped a beat as she looked on the boy for the first time. He was tall, 6,2 or 6,3 with broad shoulders and hair that defied the rain. It was almost as if his hair was a halo of darkness that surrounded his head and brought out the clear blue eyes that stared at her with a fierceness that made her question her resolve. She could feel him around her enveloping her senses. She could imagine him bringing her close, safe and protected she could...Suddenly the feelings faded as Hope came back to her and her mind burned with the flame of loss.

"Fang Fucker!", Becky shouted with a new found resolve.

"That's a new one," The man said as he gave a small curled smile. "Most people just call me Sebastian"

"Hope died you piece of shit and its your fault. She said to tell you Juliette didn't love Romeo." Becky screamed out the hurt of her loss at this man as she threw the letter at his feet and ran away. Her foot steps echoed across the walls of the buildings adding a second beat to the thumping of the rain on the street.

Sebastian's face turned white and with trembling hands he bent down and opened the letter. The rain began to fall faster and harder. And not even his hair could withstand the wind the frolicked happily across the road. And suddenly, as if he wasn't there in the first place, he was gone. The outline of his form still hanging in the air as if time had stopped. Momentarily, even the rain was confused and hung suspended as if something should have been there. It did not take but a moment for the rain to realize its mistake and resume its fall erasing the outline that once was there.

3PM

CHAPTER TWO

Part 2