

# **Creative Writing -- Prose**

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*This is all my short stories and things from my classes, and what I've done on my own.*

*All characters used in these are © to me, unless noted otherwise.*

*Enjoy~*

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**Chapter 1 - Incredulous Happenings**

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# 1 - Incredulous Happenings

## Incredulous Happenings

No matter what she attempted, she could not escape this silent reverie. A small cup of tea rested on its saucer on her bedside table, the glow of candle light reflecting off of the mirror-surface. Small mists of steam rose, making abstract shapes in the air before disappearing. Just hours before now, all was well; everything *seemed* well.

For two short, beautiful years, she had someone to love and to hold. She knew it was too good to be true to be young and in love. Granted they have had their share of troubles at times it seemed to be an unfair amount stampeding over her, drowning her in worry and silent agony. But she didn't care about those dark spots. She was focusing on their good times; the feel of his arms around her in a gentle embrace, the sweet flavor of his lips, the spark and connection of their souls when making love.

Glancing out of the corner of her eyes, she notices a small silver object. For a moment she stares at this, eyes blurred with tears. Her vision clears when the tears fall, and her puzzled expression relaxes to a weak smile. She gently reaches over, and turns it around to face her before picking it up gingerly.

It's a half of a walnut painted silver. It is an old gift her first ever received from her lost lover. On the flat surface, as a soft red boundary, is the shape of a heart. Her eyes overflow once more as the sharp pain stabbing in her chest returns. She knows it's cliché, but she can feel her heart hurt.

She pulls the un-naturally shiny half-nut closer to her bosom, as if it would stop the heartache instantaneously. She coos a prayer softly not necessarily to God, but to anyone who's willing to listen. The soft music playing from her computer files don't lift the clouded and dreary atmosphere. She closes her eyes as she holds her breath, listening:

I ma walkin' in the rain,  
Tears are fallin' and I feel a pain,  
Wishin' you were here by me,  
To end this misery&

How appropriate. She thinks bitterly as the music is suddenly drowned out by a clap of thunder, rain pelting her dark window. Clutching the nut harder in surprise and fear, she cringes, a sob rising in her throat. She reluctantly replaces the tiny memory on the table next to her and lays down on her pillow, and cries herself to sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Lightning flashes through her eyelids, and thunder shakes her in her cold bed. She shivers and instinctively covers her ears with a grimace, and for a fleeting moment wonders if all was simply but a dream. The dried up rivers on her cheeks and salty taste on her lips urge her otherwise, and again she

moans in sorrow, rolling to her side. She pulls the covers up over her head hastily as the thunder shakes not only her room, but her foundation.