

# **An End and a Beginning**

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*Hershey moves on to begin a new life: one without Drago. Rated G.*

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# 1 - An End and a Beginning

## An End and a Beginning

by PhoenixFlower

DISCLAIMER: Hershey and Drago belong to Archie Comics and Sega, and the song "Las Cadenas" is by the late, great Selena.

For any readers who don't speak Spanish, I've put the English translation of the song at the end.

This takes place a little after issue #50.

\*thoughts\*

~lyrics~

~~~~~

Hershey sat on her bed, on top of the white comforter. Propped against the pillows, she looked at the dark red, leather photo album she held in her hands. Tokens of Remembrance, the cover read. Hershey flipped through the pages. It wasn't the way one looks at photos as a way of generally reminiscing--her perusal of the photographs seemed purposeful, as if she were looking for something in particular. Her expression was stern, almost cold.

*~Ahora que ya no estás  
Me siento libre  
Yo voy donde voy  
Y nadie lo impide~*

She stopped when she reached a certain page. Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the pictures. There, in front of her, were photos of *him*. Of Drago.

*~Yo mando mi vida*

*Y ya siento más feliz  
Que nunca y nunca  
Volveré a caer contigo~*

She scowled slightly. She removed one of the photographs from its clear, plastic sleeve and regarded it for several moments. It was an image of her and Drago, standing with their arms around each other.

*~Ahora que ya no estás  
Me siento alegre  
Ya ha pasado todo  
Y ya no me duele~*

She looked at his smile. Shaking her head, she thought about how that smile that she used to find so handsome used to make her melt like butter. Now, though, she saw only the cockiness, the manipulateness, the total selfishness that that smirk didn't even try to mask.

*~De hoy por siempre  
Sólo habrá felicidad  
Aquí en mi alma  
Yo de ti no quiero nada~*

She had loved him. And she had thought he loved her. She had been wrong, though. He took advantage of the love she felt for him. He had used and abused her, both physically and emotionally. \*Well, not anymore,\* she thought firmly.

*~Porque rompí ya las cadenas de tu amor  
Y ya nunca nunca volveré  
Porque rompí ya las cadenas de tu amor  
Y ya nunca más te quiero ver~*

Glowering at the photo, she picked up the pair of scissors that sat on her bedside table. She sliced through the photo with the cold steel, eliminating Drago from it. Only she was left in the photo. \*Perfect,\* she thought to herself with a satisfied smirk.

*~Porque he olvidado esos recuerdos*

*De tu amor y tus besos  
Y espero alguien nuevo~*

At first, she had simply been going to throw away any pictures of her and Drago. But, then, she had thought, why should she have to get rid of pictures of herself? Throwing away pictures of the both of them would be like saying that she hadn't really separated herself from him. So she decided that she'd simply cut him out of any pictures of him and her together. Any of only him went straight to the trash.

*~Ya no siento más amor por ti  
Ya no habrá más lágrimas aquí  
Ya verás, seré feliz sin ti~*

She cast this severed piece of the photo into the flowered wastebasket next to her bed. \*How fitting. Drago belonged in the trash in the first place.\*

*~Ahora que ya no estás  
Me siento alegre  
Ya ha pasado todo  
Y ya no me duele~*

As she rummaged through the album, extracting all pictures of Drago she could find, there wasn't a hint of sadness within her heart. She had to do this. She *wanted* to do this. She knew she should have done it in the first place.

*~De hoy por siempre  
Sólo habrá felicidad  
Aquí en mi alma  
Yo de ti no quiero nada~*

It took awhile, but she finally managed to clear out the photos of *him*. She placed the cut photos back in the album. She leafed through the pages, and she nodded with satisfaction. Not a trace of her former lover remained.

*~Porque rompí ya las cadenas de tu amor  
Y ya nunca nunca volveré  
Porque rompí ya las cadenas de tu amor  
Y ya nunca más te quiero ver~*

It seemed strange not to see Drago in the album anymore. He had been in her life for so long, and, now,

he was gone. It felt odd, yes, but Hershey had no regrets. \*It does look sort of empty...but I prefer to think of it as a clean slate. Starting now, I'm starting my life over. *My life.*\*

*~Porque he olvidado esos recuerdos  
De tu amor y tus besos  
Y espero alguien nuevo~*

She closed the album and set it down onto the bedside table. \*I'm not your little puppet anymore, Drago. I'm free now. Free forever.\*

*~Ya no siento más amor por ti  
Ya no habrá más lágrimas aquí  
Ya verás, seré feliz sin ti~*

\*\*\*\*\*

The following is the English translation of "Las Cadenas" ("The Chains"):

Now that you're not here anymore

I feel free

I'm going where I'm going

And nobody's hindering it

I'm in charge of my life

And I feel happier

I'll never, never

Be with you again

Now that you're not here anymore

I feel happy

Everything has passed

And it doesn't hurt me anymore

From this dayforward

There will beonly happiness

Here in mysoul

I don't wantanything from you

## CHORUS

Because I'vebroken the chains of your love

And I'llnever, never come back

Because I'vebroken the chains of your love

And I neverwant to see you again

Because I'veleft behind those memories

Of your loveand your kisses

And I awaitsomebody new

I don't feelany more love for you

There won't beany more tears here

You'll see--I'llbe happy without you

REPEAT 2NDVERSE

REPEAT CHORUS