

A Photograph Taken In Red

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*this is just something i had before. later i'll be doing chapters.
also it may have a lot of grammer errors*

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

I wasn't always like this, I once did have friends. They all just moved away, enough to call it a cursed. I guess you could call me cursed with making friends. I haven't had one since 5 years ago. I've learned to adapt. I'm not a mean person, I just don't click, I stay quite, keep my self to my self. That was until him. He was determined to change me. Into more ways then possible. His cocky grin that most girls fell for, I for one didn't. I thought he was just using me to win a bet. I was too smart for him, or at least I thought so. I always knew there was something different about him, he wasn't like the rest of us. He was one of them, which made him almost like me. An outsider in another way. Well here is my first day back at school since our Christmas break.

I walked into the school unnoticed, I was fine I had nothing to look forward to. Now you would think with all this time on my hands I would be an excellent student. No, I never participated in class and never worked well with partners. I did well on projects by myself, but like any kid school was boring. I was an inspiring photographer. I loved the way a camera could make a photo lie, yet if you looked hard enough you would see the truth. A picture was worth a thousand words but only one was the truth. I walked to my locker and put away my book bag and taking my books. I always had people making out by my locker, they never noticed me there, it could be worse, they could be making out on my locker. I walked into a history; I sat in my assigned seat. Then he walked in. no I didn't like him, I just liked to study people, his actions were so different, they were noticed when he walked into the room. He had friends. Well one, a guy with short black hair in jeans and a def leopard shirt. He always came in laughing, something I envied, I hadn't shared a laugh in years. Wow, I sound really old. I had no life, a lot of people say this but I really didn't, I didn't like music and I didn't plan an instrument. I don't have a hobby and I don't like sports. Maybe this is why nobody liked me, I'm dull. I had seemed to loose my old personality, I was so happy with friends, so different.

I was happy to walk to my next class, my elective, photography. I did get along well with my teacher, she believed in me. We were working outside, trying to capture meaningful pictures of the snow covered ground. This was not an easy task, there was more slush then snow. But I did find a perfect snow spot, it had foot step going into a dark woods, it was truly beautiful. I took a picture and stared at it, it made me wonder what it leads to. I let my curiosity build till I heard our teacher calling us inside, the period was almost over. I took one last glance, and I could have sworn I saw a figure.

I walked to lunch sitting down on a table, all the trees were taken, no one really liked the tables. There were old and made of wood. They also gave splinters. I was picking at my food and looking through some photos I had taken this year when I heard a voice. "Are you new?" I looked up to see him, the one I studied, he had a grin on his face. Of course he thought I was new, no one every noticed me.

"No" I said in a small voice, I don't talk much so the sense of it felt weird.

"Oh really? I've never seen you around" he said looking confused and trying to look at me, seeing if he has seen me before. Like everyone else he didn't.

"I'm sit behind you in science." As I said this he look up as if trying to remember if he every looked back.

"Well then maybe we can talk more in science" he said with a smirk, I was starting to not like this guy. But I would agree, who knows maybe he's nice.

"Sure" I said before getting up and walking away.

I was walking home from school where I saw the spot again, where I took the picture. I saw two figures, holding something on fire, possibly a cigarette. My curiosity grew more as I looked into the leading pass. I found myself walking towards it, not knowing the possible danger. Then a cold hand stopped me and pulled me around. I looked up to a black hoodie, the face of Frank being revealed as the hoodie was pulled down.

"you don't want to go there, he said in a timid voice, not yet" he said looking at me with a serious face, yet still holding fear. I took one look at him before running off.

The next day I didn't bother to go near the table. I sat at my usual spot but Franks till dawned over to me. "I didn't mean to scare you yesterday" he said softly. I looked up at him most of my hair covering my face but my bright blue eyes still being shown.

"Why don't people go there often?" I asked taking a dare of what he might say.

"Some things we aren't meant to know, but just stay away. It's for your best. "He said giving me a stern look. I stared at him a while. Something with is posture meant that he was uneasy, something was wrong. Today he also wore a lip ring it glinted in the sun that was no longer cascaded by clouds.

"What is there that is so bad?" I asked as curiosity was growing on me. what was he trying to kepp from me.