

# Dawn and Dusk

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*Too very special children, a boy and a girl, 9 years old and twins. They were separated at birth. What happens when the line between them is complete opposite, but in their hearts, is the same feeling? The same long for something else?*

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# 1 - "From Dawn to Dusk"

## Dawn and Dusk

### Epilogue

*This is the story of a 9-year-old girl and a 9-year-old boy, twins, separated at birth. They never knew each other, and never crossed paths. They were complete opposites. She was a joyful, loving girl with as much cheer as the mind of a 2-year-old child. But he was different. He was dark and mysterious. He was quiet most of the time, and only talked when most necessary. Some may say that they would be the perfect match, and together would be unstoppable. But others would think that they would be the ends of each other's lives.*

*No one would ever know...*

## Chapter One - "From Dawn to Dusk."

People would tell her father that she looked almost perfect. That she was an angel in looks and personality. Her father named her Dawn, meaning "rising of the sun." And her name glowed all around her. Her eyes were deep blue like sapphires, and when the sun shown through them, there was truth. She kept no deep dark secrets, and people could prove that just by looking into her eyes. She had long, flowing blond hair that reached down to her waist, and she always wore bright, colorful clothing; mostly sundresses. Dawn was special, and nothing ever brought her down.

He lived in a foster home. His mother was a drug addict, 23 years, and committed suicide when he was only 5. She named him Dusk, opposite of Dawn, and that was true. He was never happy, and he hated his life and the world. His eyes were the color of dried blood, they were black holes that never ended, even when the sun shown through them. They were full of lies and secrets, ones he had kept away from the world, and the people around him. He wore all black, all the time, even his hair was black. Even though he looked like nothing bothered him, there was a deep sadness that lingered deep in his mind, poisoning his thoughts and confusing his common sense. He never complained about this though. Dusk was stuck in a bad situation, more than any 9-year-old child should be. But he was special too, and he was smart. He had special abilities that no other kids had.



## 2 - "When you think the world is ending..."

### Chapter Two - "When you think the world is ending..."

#### Dusk's Diary

"Mother was never a drug addict to me. She was kind and loving and beautiful. She loved me as a son, not just as another one of the world's many children. I was 5, and she was 23. So young for a mother, sometimes I think that maybe I was too much for her. I don't know why she had to die, why she took her life away. Was it for me? If that had been the case, I would have killed myself also. I could never live with the fact that my own mother died just for *me*. It's too much to live for. Diary, God, people who can read my thoughts as much as I can read yours; I loved her. She was my life. And now I have nothing to live for.

"Some times I wonder where my father has been all these years...why hasn't he come back? Is he even alive? I don't care anymore. Life is over for me anyways. My foster parents want to get help for me, but I don't need help. I am perfectly sane; that kind of help is for crazy people. Am I one of them? Do my abilities make me so different that I am one of them? Please don't make me go there..."