No title yet...Taking suggestions

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Just a original story that I started to write a while back, and hoping to get more Ideas along the way... Please, if you think anything should be changed, let me know, because I will take any suggestions seriously.

1 - The beginning...

I first saw her as she walked into class. I had never seen her before and almost immediately questions ripped through my head. Who was she? Was she new? How old is she? What grade was she in? Wearing dark clothing and no expression on her face, she strode across the room and sat down in an empty seat devoid of any students who were happily chattering about their summer days now come to an end. With a quick glance around she took in her surroundings with mild interest. Our eyes met, my heart raced. I had to talk to her. The air filled with the ringing of the bell. The first day of school had begun.

This is a story of a mistake. We all make them in our lives but mine is one I have come to regret. It hounds me in my dreams and hangs over my head like a gloomy cloud always raining guilt into my heart. I wish I could go back and change some of the things I did, and this is no exception, but those days are long gone and I cannot go back… all I can do is make my confession of how I ended a life. Despite being almost completely expressionless, her eyes were a bright green just full of intelligence. Like she knew something the whole world didn't. It wouldn't surprise me if she actually did. Her auburn hair framed her face, the bright glare of the classroom lights bringing out the red highlights like a bottle of Coke or Pepsi held up to the sun. She was dark, mysterious and in my eyes, beautiful. The teacher stood up from his desk -his haven- and settled the rowdy class down. Try as I might, I couldn't keep my eyes away from her. The voice of the teacher turned into a slow drawl, speaking some other language everyone understood except me as time dragged on.

Then finally -Finally!- it came to an end, with a whole fifteen minutes to myself! Slowly, I slid my chair back on the white tiled floor, away from my desk and rose to my feet. I approached her cautiously. Normally, I find myself to be not shy at all around girls, just not very open, but as I made my way across the room I was actually nervous. Slightly shaking, I stopped in front of her desk. She was in the middle of drawing a large black horse, lifting its legs in graceful movements. Later, I learned that the breed of the horse was called a 'Friesian'. She paused and looked up, right into my eyes.

I gave her what must have been the stupidest looking grin, extended my hand and said "Hi, I'm Leon. Are you new here?"

A hint of surprise came to her face -so she was capable of emotions! - and she stole another glance around the room, as if she was unsure if I was even speaking to her. Obviously, she had chosen her seat well, there was no one else I could be talking to, it had to be her.

Reluctantly, she took my hand and replied, "No… I'm not new here" there was a hesitant pause, and then, "My name is Khari"

She let go of my hand and continued to stare up at me. This left me in a awkward position so I shoved both of my hands into my pockets and slowly backed away with "Well, nice meeting you Khari. See you around" then retreated to my desk. I stayed there until the air once again was filled with the ringing of the bell, announcing that my first class was over. Almost immediately, the room emptied. I didn't even see her leave.

The next morning she was there before me. She looked up, deliberately at me and watched as I took my seat. Feeling uneasy, I stared at the tiled floor noticing the dirt in between each one, unreachable by the sloppy janitors. I remained like this pretending to be interested in the people, the paranoid teacher and his toneless voice, but often I would I look over at her and catch her eye then quickly look away.

The bell rang and the class was dismissed. She walked right past me.

"Hey!" I called out to her. On her right root she pivoted to turn back and look at me. I offered her

another goofy smile and said, "See you tomorrow, Khari?" To my surprise, she smiled. "Sure" she answered. "By Leon" and then walked out the door. Grinning, I ran off to my next class.

After school, I met up with Alex, my best friend, to walk home. Apparently, I missed a whole lecture on his latest card fad because suddenly His hand was waving in my face and he was asking, "Leon, hello? Are you feelin' all right? You seem distracted" I glanced up from the street to him, looking surprised. I guess I was distracted. I was thinking about her. He grinned. He could always read me like an open book. "All right, who is it this time?" He questioned. I knew I couldn't avoid his questions, so I answered, "A girl. Her name is Khari"

Now he looked puzzled "Who?" I smiled slightly and said, "That's just it. I have never seen her before either, until yesterday when she walked into Mr. Swartz's class, first period. She was dressed completely in black from head to toe and when I said hello to her, She looked surprised that I could actually see her, although its really hard not to see her, But I asked her if she was new and she said no. I don't get it"

He flashed me another one of his grins and prodded with "So you like her". I looked at him, a little surprised "I don't know her"

"But you like her"

I gave in. It was pointless to argue with him. Especially when he was right. "She's pretty"

"So sit with her tomorrow in class" Another push.

I paused to think, but he just walked on, as if to say "This discussion is over" and that was that.