

A Heart From Venus

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Where are you?

That's unimportant right now.

Why do you want me?

You're the only one who can save me right now.

..... What do I have to do...?

Let's start with our names.

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1 - Prologue

Once outside, my eyes traveled through the street lamps and fire hydrants, searching for someone-anyone. But there was no one. Not a soul to be found. I ventured down the street, peeking into alleys I had known to be home to the homeless; but there weren't even rats to be seen. I pulled my father's coat tighter around me. Lights blinded me from above, making me feel like I should keep looking, like there was something I was missing.

I tripped, and I felt the cement on the sidewalk claw at my lip and tongue. As I sat up, I tasted blood in my mouth. I hadn't tripped on nothing, someone had pushed me. I spun around, lifting my arm up to block the light. It was all still too bright, what had happened to the streetlamps? There was a figure standing before me, holding its hand out to me. I couldn't see it well. I was almost closing my eyes completely, trying to see through the brightness.

I extended my other hand, in attempt to grab their hand, but as soon as I'm about to touch it, the figure pulls its hand back, looks up, right into the blinding white light. It looks back down on me, waves, and walks off into the light. I hear a loud screeching noise, and a strong wind picks up and I have to bow my head down so I don't blow away. I close my eyes. The wind stops after a short moment, and I lift my head off. The light has dimmed to the normal orange-light of the streetlamps.

"Hey, girl. Go back to bed!" A stranger's voice called, and I turned to see a friendly looking old homeless guy in the alley I had just walked past. He was smiling. His eyes were bright blue, and his crows feet and wrinkles made him look jolly. Like Santa. I noticed he was shivering, he didn't have a jacket. And it was really cold out. His clothes were what you'd imagine a homeless guy would have, he had tattered and ripped clothing with dirt and dust coating it, and he had a brown hat on his head, covering a little bit of his soft-looking, filthy curly white hair.

I nodded, and noticed his shivering again. I came closer. I pulled my dad's jacket off my shoulders. I looked down at it for a moment, then looked back up at the cheerful looking homeless man and held it out to him.

His smile widened, "May I have it?" He asked, I nodded. He smiled with all his teeth, though he was homeless with no toothpaste, his smile was inline and white. He gently took the jacket from me, "Thank you, Kim," He wrapped it around his shivering arms, and smiled at me.

Now I smiled, "No problem." I said, and started walking away.

When I got home, and I was taking my sweater off, I blinked, remembering. How had he known my name?