

# **The Necklace**

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*For crimes in life, a girl must wander as a ghost and fight the forces of darkness that threaten her soul and world.*

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**Chapter 1 - Love and Sorrow**

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# 1 - Love and Sorrow

I walk about the city, the noises and the sounds grating, but far away, I am no longer part of this craze, no longer truly real, I must endure this torment, I must until I find salvation, find my reasons, so first I must recall in summary, the events that caused my final pain.

"Angie! Angie come down here and eat your breakfast!" "Coming mom." Is the simple reply from girl with ragged brown hair, as she stumbles down the stairs into the kitchen, "Hey mom." A woman with light blonde hair turns looking flustered, "Your going to be late for school, and you look like a twister hit!" Angie instinctively reaches a hand to her hair, "Ah, crap." Angie runs back up stairs and returns with a brush, and tries to comb out large tangles in her hair, her mother sighs, "Just put it in a hair-tye." Angie yanks the brush out of her hair and mutters and places in a pony-tail. Angie's mom turns and hands her a crumbly pop-tart and her backpack, "Get in the car, your going to be late." Angie mumbles a reply through a mouthful of poptart and runs to the door, getting in, minutes later the car goes into gear and sputters to life and makes it's way to Angie's high school. Her mom rolls down the window to talk to Angie, " Ride the bus home, I have a meeting, your dad will be there when you get home, I love you, see you tonight, sweetie." With that Angie's mother drives away and Angie walks up the steps to her school, tossing the empty, poptart wrapper into the garbage and heads for her locker to get her books. "Hey look everyone, it's Aunt Angie Ugly!" Angie looks down in dismay, " Go away Chelsea." Chelsea smiles sweetly, "I'm doing some charity work, and we all know you need alot of charity." Her little cronies Margo and Shaylee laughed behind her, "Way to go Chelsea." Several junior's walk by chuckling, causing Chelsea to turn around and wave, "Hey Victor, great game." A boy with wavy, blonde hair smiles and nods, "The best part was watching you in your little cheerleading skirt." Chelsea gives a false smile, flashing her teeth, it was the look that said she thought everyone envied her, and for her looks, and dating a junior, and Victor of all the junior's, she was envied. As he walks away Chelsea turns to start up again, however, as she starts to speak a voice pipes up, " Okay little freshman, move along, your infecting the hallway." Chelsea and her bimbo's turn to sneer at a boy with scraggly dark brown hair and hazel eyes, "Whatever, lets go." Angie turns gratefully to the boy, "Thank you, Jake." Jake smiles, his eyes giving off a shimmer, "Hey anytime, always happy to pop some airheads." Angie laughs, her face brightening, giving her a glowing shine. Jake looks around the hallway, it's almost time for class, you better get going." Angie nods, "See you later." Jake waves and runs off, Angie smiles to herself and walks to class. The day ends and back at home, her father left a note, "*Sorry Angie, baby, I got another call, this one will pay good money, I'll be back later, frozen dinners in the fridge, I love you, be good, see you later.*" Angie sighs sitting down and stands up startled upon hearing a knock at the door, as she opens it a panting Jake runs in shutting the door behind him and laughing while breathing heavily, "Sup Angie?" Angie stands for a moment dazed then motions to his bleeding lip and black eye, "What happened to you?" He grins, "Chelsea whined to Victor, we had a little disagreement, I knocked him unconcious, Chelsea was screaming like an idiot." Angie gapes, "Idiot! They'll tell the cops!" Jake grins and shakes his head, "Nah, for one thing it would kill Victor's reputation, he wouldn't dare, Chelsea wouldn't want a loser for a boyfriend, even though Victor is anyway, plus they attacked me first." Angie glowers, "Idiot!" She runs to the kitchen and gets some ice and a cold wash cloth, when she returns he

presses the ice to his eyes and reaches for the cloth, Angie recoils and dabs some peroxide on it and begins cleaning his cuts. Jake flinches, "Ow!" Angie ignores him, "Don't be a baby." Jake makes a pouting face and Angie laughs, "I'm still mad at you." Jake pouts more and sniffs, Angie rolls her eyes and mutters, "Jerk." Jake simply grins. When finished Angie sits by him on the couch, "Jake....Why would you do that for me, your a junior too, and...." Before she can finish Jake leans forward and kisses her, Angie tenses and stares dazed yet again as Jake pulls away and watches her expression carefully, Angie opens her mouth to say something and shuts it again, stunned. Jake takes in a big breath, thinking hard, "Angie, I didn't, I shouldn't." This time it's she who interupts as she presses her lips to his and pulls away, Jake pauses momentarily shocked, and smiles. Angie looks down, "I...Jake why me, you could have any girl you want." Jake smiles, "So I can have you then?" Angie stares at him her expression blank, "But...why me?" Jake smiles, "We've been friends forever, since we were both in diapers, your the smartest, kindest, most beautiful girl I've ever met." Angie gapes, "Me? None of those are me, you've got the wrong girl." Jake shakes his head and smiles, "No, I've got the right one." Angie looks around taking it all in, " Why did you never say anything?" Jake tilts his head and draws in another big breath, "I thought you might reject me." Angie's jaw drops, "Are you kidding me?" Jake shakes his head and blushes, looking rather like a bashful child, his hair falling, lighting his face. Angie turns away blushing, heart beating madly, then she turns back to him, "Do you love me?" Jake smiles, "I do." Angie stares at his eyes, " Jake, I want you to know that I care about you the most out of anyone, and I don't want anything to happen to ruin that." Jake smiles and strokes her face gently with his hand, "I was saving this for when I could tell you I loved you so here." He pulls out a tiny box from his pocket and places it in Angie's hands. Angie looks startled, "Oh, Jake I don't think." "Go ahead Angie, I want you to have it." Angie hesitates, then opens it, revealing a golden chained necklace, bearing a golden, diamond-studded, butterfly, Angie's jaw drops again, "Jake I can't accept this." Jake smiles, "It's a necklace to pass through to the girls of the family, and I want you to have it, Angie, I know we can't right now, but I want your promise that when we can, you'll marry me and be my lovely bride." Angie's face grows pale and her eyes widen, she looks stricken, "Jake are you serious?" Jake nods, "More serious than I've ever been." Angie stares for a moment, smiles, and nods, "I would love to be your bride." The next day at school Angie was the happiest she had been in years, at the end of the day, her eyes scanned the school, looking eagerly for Jake. Turning to the side of the school, she her eyes found him, kissing Chelsea with his back to the wall. Tears begin filling her eyes, "I hate you Jake!" Jake and Chelsea turn around, Chelsea looks pleased, and Jake looks annoyed, "Angie wait!" Angie's feet thumped against the ground as she ran, trying to escape the haunting images and pain that were chasing her. Angie slams the door shut behind her and falls to the floor sobbing, her whole figure seem to radiate a deep sadness, the type of sadness you would find in someone lost in total abyss. Her eyes lower to the necklace Jake gave her, her eyes cold, empty and desolate. Her eyes raise to her bedroom up the stairs and hallway, and she stands stumbling up the steps, dripping tears. Minutes later the door is thrust open, "Angie! Angie!" Jake's eyes scan the area, then up the stairs to her bedroom, he runs up, "Angie?" Angie rises slowly staring at Jake blankly, "You lied to me." Jake shakes his head, " Angie, she came onto me, I'am telling the truth Angie." Angie sobs loudly, "Your lying to me, I saw you!" Jake shakes his head walking slowly towards her, "Angie, please, I swear, I love you, not Chelsea." Angie stares at him for a moment, then sobs again, "I didn't know....I didn't know...." Jake walks towards her and reaches out, "It's okay." Angie shakes her head violently, " I'm sorry, I didn't, I didn't know, I I..I.." She fell forward before she could utter her final words, in her hands she grasped the necklace he gave her, slits in her wrist and blood on the necklace showed what happened, Jake's body begins to tremble and he falls to his knees eyes filling with tears, and he half-chokes, half-gasps out, "No, Angie.... Please no, don't .... don't leave me here, please....please Angie, wake up...please wake up...." Angie's body lay limp in his arms, covered in blood, eyes shut, clutching the necklace within her hand.

I walk now, finding my place, I'am stuck here, stuck until I can find my purpose, redemption, another chance. Will I find it? Do I want it? Can I have it? Making up stories and poems in my mind, I walk, lost amidst this endless existance, walk, alone.

*The leaves on my tree have fallen,*

*Cascaded outside my bedroom window,*

*I hear the wind as it whispers,*

*It thinks that I should go,*

*I cannot go yet though,*

*I must find myself,*

*I must make up for my sins,*

*My tree has now withered,*

*There is no life upon it,*

*I no longer dream at night,*

*I no longer sleep,*

*I drift among the shadows,*

*I have no reflection,*

*No voice with which to speak,*

*My memories are clouded,*

*My eyes are shrouded in mist,*

*As is my fading figure,*

*Pale as moonlight's snow,*

*The fullmoon gently rises,*

*The stars they seem to rise,*

*I search for my existance,*

*My claim to be,*

*What have I now,*

*The leaves have fallen from my tree.*

**I may write more, I don't know, yes the poem is mine, if someone wants me to write poetry for them, I'd be happy to, plez leave comments and flamez, and if you cried plez tell me! Enjoy!**

**\*tacklez/hugglez\* ~~~~~LUVZ~~~~~**