

Attention, Attention.

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William is love.

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1 - Introduction.

He's the only thing I can remember from my childhood. Whatever I did, he was there. We were best friends ever since our parent's met. We were inseparable, and we just sort of, clicked. Y'know? There's one time in particular I remember. It was actually the time we first met. We were five, I believe. I remembered seeing him on the swing set. He was going so high, higher than I could ever imagine. He moved back and forth, back and forth. I, in awe, watched him. His curly brown hair flew in the wind, just as he was doing. I remember hearing his mother call out, William, be careful. William, I thought to myself.

"Move!" I heard him yell. My head shot up at him. He seemed angry, so I stepped to the side. He kept swinging, but he was looking at the ground below him. Suddenly his head flew up and he jumped off the swing. I watched him soar, his hair was flailing behind him. He landed with a loud thud and the hard, sandy ground. He sat up and inspected himself. I looked up to see his mom talking to my mom. They were smiling and laughing. I looked back down at him as he was dusting himself off. I held out my hand, he grabbed it and smiled. "I'm William," he said enthusiastically.

I pulled him up, "I'm Maria," I replied.

He stared at me and looked down shyly, "That's a pretty name," he turned a slight shade of pink.

I looked at him with large brown eyes questionably, "Uh, thanks. Yours is too."

He frowned, "No it's not. Mama says it's hand sum."

"That's not how you say that," I said, sticking my tongue out.

"Oh well," he said, and started running to the animals on the springs. He got up on the one shaped like a pelican. "Catch me if you can," he yelled playfully.

I smiled and ran towards the horse and climbed on, moving back and forth. "Fine, I will!"

He frowned again, "That's no fair! Horses go faster than birds do." He got off and ran towards the monkey bars, which were attached to a large play structure. I can still remember it, it was shaped like a castle. And it was red and yellow with a bright blue slide connected to it. It also had a rock climbing wall and a fireman's pole. But instead of going to the monkey bars, he veered off his path and headed straight for the rock climbing wall. He made his way up the wall and stepped onto the platform above it. I got up and ran to the slide, then stopped. Now, I had only attempted this once, and failed. But I was determined. I started running again and tried to climb up the steep slide. But my foot slipped and I landed, smacking my chin against the unforgiving playground toy. Then I started to cry. Mama started to come over but William was there first. He held out his hand. I wiped my drenched eyes with my sleeve, and grabbed his pale hand. He helped me climb back down the slide, "It's alright, sometimes you can't always make it up." He sat by me at the end of the slide. I sniffled. And Mama came by.

"Are you okay, Baby?" I remember her asking.

I nodded, "William helped me."

She smiled, her perfect teeth glistening in the sunshine, "What a nice little boy"

"I'm not a boy," he protested, "I'm a man."

Mama laughed, "Of course you are." She ruffled his hair and kissed me on the forehead, "Be careful, Baby, alright?"

"Okay, Mama."

William looked at me, "So, do you want to play tag?" he asked.

I smiled and nodded.

He smiled back and slapped my knee, "You're it!" He said and started running away.

Mama grinned and walked back to the picnic table she was at with William's mom. I started running after him. "Not for long!" I called back beaming.

But that was a long time ago. After that, everything was just me and him. I hardly spent anytime with my brother because I was always with William, In school we'd never separate, until junior high rolled along. We always had different classes at different times, so we only had lunch and the bus ride home to tell each other about our adventures at school. We'd also complain about how kids would ask us if we were dating. But we weren't, we were just friends.

In high school, we had the same problems. I for one just think that all the girls were jealous of me. It was true William was popular, he actually grew up to be a very attractive young man, but nothing came between him and the time he had to spend together. We did have other friends, but none of them were nearly as important.

We promised each other that if we didn't have a date to a dance, we'd take each other. I had dated some other guys, but I "coincidentally" broke up with them before every dance. I wonder if William had ever caught on, I wonder if he ever felt the same way. He didn't have many girlfriends, but most of them were quite serious. But William never went back on his promise. Some girls would stop dating him, others understood, but didn't like the idea of their dear William taking his other friend to the dance. But not once did we ever date.

And now here we are, sharing a studio apartment in New York. William is still as attractive as ever. And I, just as plain as the day we met. William is in his own band, and I'm working at an animal store. I always knew he was going to be more successful me, but I didn't much care. He is my William, and no amount of fame and fortune would change that.