

Passed Opportunities

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While it is technically an unfinished story start, I decided that it was something I liked and so have kept it. I read it as an open-ended short story although it was not the original intention.

It was something I found on my memory stick from a few months ago, making it a hell of alot more recent than any of my other work. The name was something I thought up just to put it up on here when the thought crossed my mind, it's loosely based on the piece.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/emoageness/60302/Passed-Opportunities>

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Passed Opportunities

I paused, looking up at the intertwined cables hanging loosely over the rafters. Shook my head at the makeshift noose and walked senselessly out into the night. The moon was half covered by clouds, the air was somewhat warm and you could see the moonlight skating across the puddles that filled the numerous pot holes in the road.

Passing by fields filled with animals of various kinds I walked through the night. It grew colder as the night went on, as though the chill was creeping into my bones itself. Thoughts were whizzing through my head, leaving as quickly as they came.

‘Why?’

The sun was peeking over the trees by the time I got back to the house. Returning to the attic and tearing the noose down, letting it drop to the floor. I take one last look around in the darkness before opening the shutters on the window. A cloud of dust rises from the movement and causes me to cough.

‘I need to get this sorted out.’

I was referring to my life, not the house.

‘Talking to myself again?’

A sly smile forms on my face.

‘Clean the place up, it’ll help.’

Flicking on the lights I turn and look at the room I once found homely. I began throwing out old unused items, storing things properly.

A voice emanates from the stairs, ‘It’s really coming together.’

Smiling I turn toward her, ‘Lola. How’re y-’

Before being able to finish I’m greeted with her running forward, wrapping her arms around my waist.

Blushing I put one arm around her, ‘How’re you?’

She smiles, ‘I’m great, and you better be good mister. Or you’ll have me to answer to.’

She looks around the room, ‘I see you’ve tidied your room up a bit, and to think, this used to be a dark and dank old attic.’

‘It’s not mine.’

She lets go and playfully slaps me on the shoulder, ‘You’ve always had an issue with naming things as your own huh?’

I nod, ‘Sorry.’

She laughs, ‘Shut up. I’ll help you get over it someday, honey.’

Lola returned later when I was in the kitchen, but before I go onto what happened I should probably explain who she is.

Lola is my neighbour, the only other house for a mile or so. She’s 21 a brunette; her hair reaches half-way down her back and is wavy. Deep brown eyes too. She’s almost always wearing a loose purple top and a red knee-length skirt, very playful. We used to have a thing when we were younger, I

may be a year younger than her but you wouldn't think it from the way she acts.

Now then, back to business.

Coming into the kitchen I opened the cupboard and went to take out a bottle when I heard her again.

'Stop right there mister. What do you think you're doing?'

Smiling I turn, 'Getting a drink, you know I do in the evenings.'

Walking over she shut the cupboard, smiling as she passes to the wine rack and takes a bottle.

'You're sharing with me.' She states as she gets the glasses out.

I crack a smile, 'You'd think you owned the place.'

She places her collection down on the coffee table, grabs my arm and pulls me to sit down and flicks on the television.

I open the bottle as she speaks.

'I do. You should know that by now.'

Pouring her a glass, 'I guess I do.'

She takes it as I pour another for myself, I've always thought wine tasted dusty, don't ask how. We spoke and sipped as the night went on; it's been a long time since I've had a conversation like this.

She would always come over but I'd never talk.

Glancing at the clock I chuckle, 'It's one AM silly, you shouldn't have stayed so late.'

She'd had a lot more to drink than me and was in limbo between just tipsy and drunk.

Her words were half slurred, 'I'll st-stay.'

'You can, but only because I love you.'

I honestly think that was the drink talking, I was more just worried about her walking home in the dark, but explaining that would have been difficult.

She simply nods and gets up. I put her arm over my shoulder and help her upstairs to the bed; she strips to her underwear and gets in.

I smile, 'Sleep well.'

Propping herself up on one elbow as best she can she looks up at me, 'Wh-why you not get-ting in? I-I'm all yours.'

'You know that's just the wine talking, now go to bed, I'll see you in the morning.'

She's already asleep by the time I finish my sentence. Picking up a spare blanket I return downstairs, flicking off the television and settling on the couch for the night.