

still think of something...

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1 - still think of something..

She hadn't been seen often in the small town coffee shop, maybe it was that she was just never seen. She walked the halls of her hometown high school but never had anyone noticed. Arden had a special gift, this had frightened the small town folk into believing she had never existed.

The sun was coming through the window in brilliant rays dancing around her room and playing on her face. The dust had teased her nose and she sneezed, forcing her to wake up from the peaceful slumber she had been given.

She set her bare feet on the cold wooden floor of the four story mansion and walked along the hall to the bathroom. The shower had been fixed last night by one of the house maids. The day before it had squeaked and refused to turn on but now it turned with ease and the water ran free. She undressed and stepped into the hot running water. She believed that once she set foot into the water's warmth she would be relieved of the world for a short time.

When the water coming out of the faucet had turned to ice she stepped out and dried herself off. Standing in front of the mirror she wiped away the steam and stared into her face. She wasn't bad looking, her eyes were a brilliant green that sparkled like the shattered pieces of glass, tilted in the corners rising upward giving her a cats eye look. Her hair was long and black just an inch above her waist, her body was slim with long legs and arms, a dancers body her mother would say.

2 - chapter 2

She dressed in a slim fitting plum-colored dress given to her by her dear grandmother for her sixteenth birthday, the last one they had shared together. On her way out the door she grabbed a piece of toast and called goodbye to her godfather. She walked slowly this morning taking in the scenery around her and the families that people considered normal. The life Arden had never lived and because of it she felt as if she were missing out on some part .

She entered the front doors of Midnight Cove High School where she attended as a senior. She wasn't well known for anything except for her art. Her beautiful sculptures and paintings were done with such feeling and passion that any passerby would stop to admire them. She had been drawing and sculpting since she was four. Her mother had been the one to encourage her .

She drifted along the halls to her first class where she sat in the back of the room near the window. Day dreaming of far away places and a fairy tales while her teacher lectured about Greek and Roman gods. This topic had once interested Arden but after weeks of discussing it had become as dull as everything else.

When school was finished she walked through the court yard and down the hill past the thick bushes that blocked her way to the hiding spot she came to visit often. Here the river ran quietly and soft, playing a melody that was as familiar to Arden as it was to breathe. The trees were thick and they covered her spot from the rest of the world so that here she could be free.

She set down her book bag and jumped from the rocks above into the river. The water felt cool and warm at the same time, which told her that in a short time it would rain harder than it had in weeks. This thrilled Arden for the small town had been hit with a dry spell the past few months and everything had gone dry except for her river. She took off her now soaking wet dress and set it on the rocks so it did not weigh her down. Standing on a rock under the waterfall she danced to the music of the water surrounding her, engulfing her. She was unaware of the strangers eyes on her from the rocks on shore.

3 - chapter 2

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