

# **A Rose Ending**

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*I wrote this in English. Got the sheet idea from Princess Ai*

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# 1 - A Rose Ending

## A Rose Ending

Noon time rolled around as she got out of bed. Waking up early was something she was not very good at doing. Being a famous singer she thought she would be able to sleep in as long as she wanted. Instead everyone at H.T.A- Hobson Talent Agency, told her what to do, what to not do, where to go, where not to go and even what to sing. Being in H.T.A felt like being a caged animal in a circus. When she first got signed, she was singing rock like she loved to, but Hobson made her sing pop, country and kids tunes. Other than a singer, she was also a song writer. All the songs she wrote were rock and heavy metal. The company disapproved of that type of music.

Then, as she watered her small rose plants, something came to her. She couldn't stand being H.T.A's little singer anymore. She hated it here and wanted out. Soon a blonde-haired man opened the door and asked how she was. She told him that she was very thirsty and wanted special water, sending him, her personal assistance - Ian, to get some Natural Spring Water from the health food store that was an hour away, longer if walking. When Ian was finally out of view she got to work. She grabbed the bed sheets from both the bed and the closet which was on the opposite side of the room and after about 10 minutes of tying the sheets together; she tied one end to her bed that was right beside the window, and threw the other end down the 15 story building.

As she started climbing down the sheets, she chuckled to herself. *This gives me an idea for a song. She thought, Escaping, hating what I love. It's going to sound great.* Then a puzzling look was plastered onto her face, *A title...hmm...Hating Love*

Each second down the sheet rope felt like an eternity. The weather didn't seem to be on her side today either. Wind blew past and her long black hair flew over her face. She gulped as she stopped. She was more than half way down the rope but couldn't go any farther for she couldn't see anything.

Getting nervous she started going down again, this time slower. Luckily the wind picked up again and her hair moved from her eyes and away from her nose. She gave a sigh of relief and started climbing down the rope again.

Finally after quite a while, she got to the bottom and jumped to the ground. So proud of herself she ran down the road and over the H.T.A gate and down the sidewalk. She prayed to herself that no one from H.T.A would see her. And as luck would have it, Ian was walking on the same side, returning with her order, walking right towards her. She gasped and looked around, now getting really scared. So, unaware of what she was doing she ran across the road. I'll get in caught, and in-

A week later a group of people were crowded around, all in black. Some were talking among themselves and others were crying. Ian, dressed in black pants and a navy blue dress shirt, walked up to a bald man who wore a black suit and sunglasses. Ian didn't know why he wore them, since the weather was cloudy that day.

I couldn't stop her Sir, Ian lowered his head so his blonde hair covered his brown eyes. I'm sorry...  
The bald man shook his head and smiled. It wasn't your fault Mr. Winters.  
Ian raised his head and nodded. Thank you Mr. Hobson. And with that, walked off.

Stephan Hobson stood in front of the tall grave stone as rain began to pour. On the grave read:

*Rose Fisher*

*1987-2007*

*Died from hating what she loved.*

*May her music fill the hearts of others.*

The bald man shook his wet head and walked away from the grave. And on that grave was a beautiful bouquet of roses.