

Reflections Of Love, 6-8, p.1

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The sun was peaking over the water. The sky was performing an extravagant light show of reds, oranges, pinks, and purples. I glanced at the leaves that were sprinkled with morning dew. The sound of whistling tickled my ears. That was my call. I made a leap and spread my wings barely missing the freshly cut grass. I dropped lower and the wind picked up ruffling each of my feathers.

I spotted my landing point, which was already covered by others. The wrinkled woman sat with a tall brown bag resting on her lap. She tossed seeds with her delicate hand and whistling a soft and soothing tune. I knew I was late because more than half of the multicolored seeds were gone leaving me with minuscule sized crumbs. I didn't want to be greedy, because I knew that others were still coming. So, only took enough to fill me until lunch.

Standing by the guys, I realized they started to back away from me. I guess I didn't smell the freshest, I hope she wouldn't mind. I hobbled over to the fountain. The sub zero water made me jerk back. I just had to be clean. I scrubbed each feather. Not a single one could have the slightest smudge or imperfection. I had to look perfect.

I would take a while for my feathers to dry so I stood in the sun. After a few minutes I heard "squawking" behind me. A young boy with messy blond hair was chasing me. Tripping over his own feet he lunged for me. I panicked for a minute and then frantically flew away. I didn't want to be late for our date.

At about 400 feet in the air I passed Time Square. Thousands of people were scattered across the ground. From up here they looked like colored pegs. Lights flashed different colors. I could feel the excitement of the people floating in the air.

I increased my speed worrying she would think I forgot. I had the route to her house embedded into my brain. Over the bull statue, a left on the heart shaped tree, a right on red roofed building. I looked at the objects in the windows. A blue bear with lifeless arms. I gave him a sympathetic look. Pink lamp, flower bouquet, green curtains. There she was. My heart stopped for a minute. What should I say? Hi? Hello? No that wouldn't

sound right. I stepped forward.

"What's shakin Ginger?" I spitted out nervously.

Ugh that sounded really stupid. What guy says what's shakin to his girlfriend? She chuckled and took a deep breath. Her navy blue feathers rose and then sank slowly as if she wanted to tell me something. And then it came.

"Milo, listen I have been stuck in here for two years now and I am trapped. The world keeps changing before my eyes, changing without me. I wish I could breathe fresh air with you, fly with you, explore with you. I need to leave with you,"

She touched the glass that was separating us, the glass that was ruining her joy, crushing her dreams.

"Every night I have dreamed of wandering further, venturing to places I can't see from behind this glass. I want to be free Milo. This place is like my worst nightmare, the dark of the days creeping up on me like it's my end."

She paused. I needed to think, I needed a way to rescue her from this hell.

I have heard of long distance relationships before. They don't see each other too much. For Ginger and I it's different. We get to see each other every day but not really. It doesn't feel real. In long distance relationships they get to physically be in each other's presents. For Ginger and I we are separated by glass. I can't stand it any longer. I wonder what it would be like to soar in the sky with her. We could look down at all the people and see them scatter around not wanting to miss a single moment of life. I wish I could show her my tree. We could sit on the branch and watch the sun set below the water. As night would fall we would watch the stars twinkle in the sky. I could show her each constellation. She would fall asleep on my shoulder and I would fall asleep on her head. We would wake up in the morning together and share breakfast. I could show her the excitement of being chased. We would fly into busy time square and nibble at the crumbs. Then people would chase us away so we would fly to a new place. We would never go back to her old home. I would keep her happy and safe. I could then call her My Ginger.

I spent many days since then thinking about how to get her out. The thought never escaped my mind. The pain in my chest grew stronger when I would try to forget. I kept imagining her staring longingly out the window wishing for a better day to come. How would I get her out?

Each idea I came up with was slightly more dangerous than the next.  
Cause a commotion so someone would open the window  
Break the window seal  
Slip into someone's bag so I can get to her

Pg 3

Fly through an open window  
Fly in through the front door and try to make my way up to her  
Find an air vent to walk through  
Find a crack to squeeze through

Some of them might work and some might fail. Some are safe and some are dangerous but it doesn't matter. I am in love and when you are in love you will do anything for the other person. To me love is when you do what you can to make it last. Love must be an ongoing thing. You should not decide that is over. That's not how it works. You must be committed and trustworthy. Ginger trusts me to save her and for her I will do anything.  
And that's how the idea came.

I had run the plan in my head over and over. Ginger knew the drill too. The only thing she had to do was get out of the way. My heart was racing quicker than a blink. I flew back very far and made sure my path was clear.

Three, Two, One

I closed my eyes and flew; I picked up my speed, faster and faster. I pounded against her cage, her prison, and her lonely tower. I broke the barricade that kept us apart. Finally.

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"Ginger, Ginger?" I call but I do not hear a reply.

I feel my strength coming back. I slowly stand up and limp to the shattered window. I climb over the frame and look in.

"Ginger, Ginger?" Still no reply

My eyes scan the small space. There is a small couch pushed against the faded pink wall. A box with a screen inside flashing pictures. An old record player is playing a jazz tune. The room smells of stale perfume.

She must be in another room.

I feel excited, scared, worried, happy, and weak. I know she is still here. She must be getting her things. I'll just wait and rest a little bit.

I am weak that I slowly drift off into another sleep.

I suddenly jolt awake coming to the realization that the sun is setting.

"Ginger," I mutter

I look around but to my dismay no one is there. Not a single living thing is in sight. I am alone.

My leg is cut up and weak. I look to the window of shattered glass. Ginger must be gone too. But she said she would leave with me. She would not leave me here alone in the cold.

Her voice is gone. Fading from my memory. Her image is gone.

Fading

from my memory. I already miss the sound of her voice. Her comforting words.

I sit back down, defeated. I feel a small drop of water drip down my cheek. It must be raining. The water starts to come down faster and it's dripping off my chin. I am sobbing. Sobbing because I know the truth. I knew the truth this whole time deep down in my heart. Why, why do I do this to my self, put my self through endless pain. Pain that kills me inside.

How foolish am I to think I could love myself

I look at the shattered glass with rage. The wall that was separating us was the wall made of her. I shattered that glass but really shattered her. How foolish am I to desire love so bad I find it in myself, in my reflection. I know the truth. I don't know what over came me. How did this narcissism take over me? I thought that no one would ever care for me. Only worthy for myself.

"Hello?"

A red figure slowly came closer.

"Are you okay?"

It is a living bird a real breathing female bird.

"I guess I am just a little tired."

"I have seen you here every day" she says

"That's funny, I have never seen you." I say curiously.

"You have been talking to that window for at least five years?"

"I know now" I mutter

I took a moment to look at her. Her feathers are bright red and glowing. Her brown eyes sparkle. She is beautiful.

I look her in the eyes and say

"I want to show you a place where we can watch the people walk by.

We can watch the sunrise and set."

The corners of her cheek turned upward.

"I was hoping you would ask"

And with that we flew wing in wing to the place that I had kept safe for my love. Who would have thought that this love would be

someone else? No, this love is real and will stay real. I promise that this love will stay alive. I know and so does Rose. My new girlfriend. We will hold wings and never let go.

I will forget about my past. The present is the present and the future is soon to come. Like a flower love blooms when it blooms. We must cherish it while its here. Love dies when it dies but we should always look for the bright side because it is not far.

She is real. She is real! Rose is a real living, breathing creature on Earth. The best part is that there is nothing separating us.

Nothing at all.