

# **She exists**

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*I was thinking about something my love had said to me, when I was writing this.*

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## 1 - She exists

Vincent sat down on a bench in the park. The park was deserted, save for himself. Snow was falling gently, a thick layer of it already covering the park. Vincent had to clear a space on the bench to sit down. His breath came out in clouds. He was watching the snow, not thinking about particularly anything. The events of the day had built upon themselves, and as the sun set, he began to break down. Earlier that day a friend by the name of Tony had been speaking to Vincent about their significant other. He was going on and on, and Vincent was listening quietly, nodding and saying 'yeah' when it was appropriate. Tony would be going away soon, and needed to spill on Vincent about their love before they saw each other for the last time for a very long time. Tony and his love were perfectly matched for each other in every way. Vincent stood to leave when he was sure he was finished, but Tony knew what was going on. He simply said,

"Man, I know this probably hurts, but you gotta understand that I found the perfect girl for me. There will be the perfect girl for you. She will meet everything you would hope for in a person and more, until she seems to be unreal."

Vincent had laughed dryly at that comment, and went on his way. That evening he felt particularly bitter, and went out, finding himself at the park.

As he broke down in the park, what his friend had said to him seemed to be more and more of a lie. Nobody could love a person like Vincent. He was dark, he was cold. And what if he did find a girl he felt was like that? She wouldn't love him. She would find him repulsive, he was sure. She would lead him on, and then leave him by himself. The thoughts hurt Vincent, like knives being shoved into his chest one by one. He could almost feel the blood running from his chest. This continued for some time. Eventually, Vincent stood and wiped his face dry. The sun had set long ago, leaving the area in darkness. It was no longer snowing. He walked the way he came, leaving fresh footprints in the snow.

The next morning was dreary. Though the snow was sparkling in the weak sunlight, everything bright and cheerful, the morning still felt dark and dreary for Vincent. He sat up in bed, his hair messed up and hanging in his face. His clothes felt out of place on his body. He got out of bed, stretching and popping joints as needed. He stripped himself of his old clothes, and put on fresh ones. He went about his morning routine, and once he was somewhat awake, he grabbed his coat and shoes, and escaped outside. There were a few children out, making snow men and snow angels and the such. They were laughing and screaming at each other, the sounds of their play disturbing Vincent in the deepest way. Why were they so happy? What about the snow made those children so happy? The snow was too bright, and it was cold. He silently wished that they would fall into a snow drift and choke on some yellow snow. But wait! Not yellow snow, not at all. Brown snow, or red snow perhaps? You never know with yellow snow. It could be pee, but then again, it could be beer. But you wouldn't want to take that chance. But as soon as someone else takes that chance and finds that it is beer, you wish you had. Vincent shook the thoughts of the children and their snow out of his head, half-smiling to himself about what he had come up with. He decided to write it down when he returned home.

After about 2 hours of aimlessly walking, he found himself in front of a transit for the public buses. There were a few people dotting the area, mostly drug addicts, hobos, and the occasional scared-looking business man waiting on a bus. Vincent sat down on a bench, and studied the area more carefully. It was awfully dirty. He stood up, afraid of what might have gotten on his pants where he sat. He stood, looking around. A school bus pulled up, and roughly four teenagers got off, shoving each other and

laughing loudly. Teenagers. The large majority of them needed to be put down. The group of teenagers walked across the street near where Vincent was and sat their bags down. Two of them pulled out cigarettes and shared a lighter. The other two were obviously making a deal, when one handed the other money. The one with the money walked into the nearby convenience store, which was probably just as disgusting as the transit itself. A few minutes later, the one with the money walked out with two cartons of cigarettes and an energy drink. Typical. Surprisingly, the one with the drink handed over both boxes of cigarettes to the one that had given her the money, and she sat down on a bench and drank her drink, listening intently to the conversation between the smoking teenagers. Something about her intrigued Vincent. A bus pulled up, and the group looked relieved for a moment, and pulled out whatever they were going to use to ride the bus. Cigarettes were put out, and bags were collected as they climbed onto the bus, one by one. Vincent felt oddly lonely after that, and started to make his way home. When he returned home, he got online, as he usually did. His coat and shoes were put away, and he had a hot cup of green tea at his side. His friend messaged him, and idle chatter commenced. Vincent spoke of the girl at the transit, and his friend figured that she might live far off, judging by the fact she was riding the public bus. Vincent felt kind of silly, looking into things so deeply. He went to bed shortly after.

The weeks went by slowly, each day seeming to be just like the one before it. Life was beginning to bore Vincent, and he had forgotten about the girl at the transit and what Tony had told him that one day. He was walking mindlessly in the mall with a female friend of his and her girlfriend. She was going on and on about something; he wasn't quite listening to her. They walked up to the food court, and Vincent just had a drink, while the girls shared a small meal and a drink. Their romance made him somewhat bitter. After a while he told them that he was departing, threw away his drink, and went on his way.

A few months passed. Vincent was on the edge, each day he confirmed how selfish humans were. He disliked most everyone, and just wanted to escape to where nobody could find him and he could be alone for the rest of his existence. He came to the conclusion that there was nobody that shared his views, nobody that he could talk to for hours and hours and hours on end and still not be tired of them. Vincent happened to be out and about that day, and had found himself on one of the public buses. The group from the transit from all that time ago happened to be riding the same bus, minus the one that had both of the cartons of cigarettes. One of them was sleeping, while the other two discussed somebody at school. Vincent was sitting nearby, and as the ones that were talking got off the bus, the sleeping one turned out not to be asleep, but merely daydreaming. She looked over at Vincent and gave a sweet smile, and put away the mp3 player she was listening to. She waved, and he waved back. She looked out the window, and requested the bus driver to stop. She got off the bus, leaving Vincent by his lonesome. Again, that feeling of loneliness washed over him. He felt like crying.

A few days later, he was on that same bus again, hoping to see that girl. He didn't know why. Just as he hoped, he saw her climb aboard the bus. She ignored him, put her bag down, and curled up in a seat. Nobody followed. She was alone. Vincent thought of ways to get her attention. She pulled out an mp3, and began to listen to it, with just one earphone. He suddenly got an idea. Vincent stood and moved to the side of the bus she was on, and sat just a seat away. He tapped her shoulder. She looked up, at him, pausing her music. He hesitated, and then, "Hello, miss." She smiled.

"Hey."

Something happened inside of Vincent's brain that moment that caused him to explode a little on the

inside. Tony's words rung in his head.

*"She will meet everything you would hope for in a person and more, until she seems to be unreal."*