

# Wings Of A Nightingale

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Submitted: May 6, 2007

Updated: May 6, 2007

*bla bla bla bla  
nightingale*

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**Chapter 1 - Little Bird**

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## 1 - Little Bird

Little bird, fly away  
Come back when you can and save the day  
Please come back  
Before they attack  
Little bird I know your scared  
But come back and be prepared  
For what you see  
Could kill thee  
Little bird  
You flew away  
I hope you'll come back soon some day  
Little bird  
Don't be afraid  
Farewell we bayed  
Little bird  
Little bird

Annie sang in the darkness of her cell wishing she could be the little bird. The sliver of moon lit up her pale face. Annie dreamed of being free. What happened she thought. Why am I here. But she knew why, to the very marrow in her bones she knew why she was cooped up in this small, dark cell, locked up.

She wished that she could explain. She wished to tell them everything. But if she did and got out, she knew they would never catch the person that did it. And that person would kill her.

Although she was frightened to die, she didn't know what was worse. It would be good to tell the truth, because there was a slight chance they would catch the person who did it.

Annie could not be afraid for the rest of her life, but what was the rest of her life? Cooped up in a small jail cell. Free for a week and then killed mysteriously. In her life, however long it took to die, she could not be afraid.

She had to be brave.

Oh lord, Annie prayed, please let me be strong. Please let me be courageous. Give me power. Don't let me be afraid. Let me be a good person.

The next day, Annie was dragged to the interrogation room. The man that was behind the desk looked big and scary. He was pale and had a big stomach, a bushy mustache, big hands and feet, blotchy cheeks, and huge legs. "So what do we have here. A murderer eh."