

Triste

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What happens when a boy named Byron meets a dark angel named Triste who hates everyone? Does he get her to change her ways? Or does he end up a victim of hers?

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1 - Byron

Byron

A dark, unfriendly looking person sat in her grey, gloomy looking castle, staring out her window, wondering why things had to be the way they were. She looked at everything around her. Gloomy, miserable, dark. "Just like my life." She said to no one in particular, considering there was nobody there. There was never anybody there. Everyone she had ever knew hated her. Except for her family, of course, who all had left her long ago. She let out a sigh. "I just wish there was someone who cared." She looked up at the grey clouds. It started to rain, then pour, then thunderstorm. The girl walked into the kitchen to get something to eat. She opened the fridge and looked around to see what she wanted to eat. Her, being a dark angel, was supposed to like the taste of blood, but she wasn't like that. Sure, she didn't like humans, and she had good reason to hate them, which she did, but she wasn't heartless. She was also supposed to like seeing people die and be tortured, but that didn't thrill her. The two things that made her like a dark angel was that she had a horrible past and she had tried to commit suicide before. She made herself a salad and quickly ate it. This was one of those rare times when she actually felt good enough to eat. She put the dishes away and began cleaning them. Then, she heard something coming from the main door. "What in the world?" She thought. She went out of the kitchen door, through the hallway, down the stairs, and she was at the main doors. There was an awful pounding coming from it. She opened the doors and when she did, there was a boy who looked around the age of sixteen, same age she was, tall, blonde hair, blue eyes. He looked awfully frightened when a girl with two huge wings and grey eyes answered the door. "What do you want?" She asked coldly, while glaring at him. "I-I need a place to stay for the night...could I please stay here?" He asked, sounding awfully frightened. "No." She answered, just as she was about to close the doors he said, "Wait!! I could work for you doing chores and stuff like that around the house so you don't have to! Please!! I'm begging you!" She thought it over for a moment and said "Fine, but only because you're going to do chores for me." "If I were to do a very good job today with all the work, could I possibly live here if I promise to work to earn my stay here?" "It really depends on whether you get on my nerves or not. Now come in." She said. She told him a list of things to do right when he walked into the castle. "And most importantly," She began. She took him up to a door and said, "Don't EVER, I mean EVER go in there. Only if I tell you to you can. You hear me?" He shook his head yes. She was about to walk off when he said, "I have just one question." "What?" She asked. "I don't have the time to be bothered by silly questions." "What's your name?" He asked, timidly. "Triste." She replied. "That's a beautiful name." He replied. "It means sadness." Triste replied. "What is your name?" Triste said in a demanding voice. "Byron." He replied. "Byron, huh? I'll have to remember that."

2 - the present

Triste

Chapter 2-the present

After spending a few weeks with Triste, Byron realised she wasn't as bad as he thought. Sure, she could get a little edgy now and then, but other than that, she seemed perfectly kind to him. He didn't see her a lot, though, because she preferred to be alone. Then, he remembered that Christmas was coming up in five days. He really wanted to get Triste something, but he didn't know what kind of stuff she liked. He didn't even know if there were any shops around this place. He saw Triste walk out of her room, and came up to her. "Hey, Triste?" he asked. "What is it?" she sounded happier than usual. "Are there any shops around this place?" "Sure, tons. From the castle, walk south and keep walking that way and you'll see TONS of shops." "Ok, thanks!" he called, then he went out the door. "He is so strange," she happily muttered to herself.

Byron kept walking for what felt like hours, when he came to a huge marketplace. "Wow, Triste wasn't exaggerating," he said to himself. He checked his wallet. "Fifty dollars, huh? That should be enough to get her something good." He kept on walking through the marketplace when something caught his eye. It was a beautiful heart locket that had small roses on the front. "I see that has caught your eye," the man selling jewellery said. "Oh, yes. How much is it?" Byron replied. "Fifty dollars." "Whew! Just enough!" Byron thought to himself. He paid the man and started on his way home. "I really hope she likes it."

Triste let out a sigh. She really wanted to get Byron something for Christmas, but she had no idea what he would like. Just then, the door opened and in came Byron. "I'm back!" Byron called as he came in. "Hey, Byron!" Triste called. "What is something you've always wanted?" Byron could be pretty dense, so he didn't know she was planning to get him something for Christmas. "Well, this may sound kind of childish, but ever since I was a little kid I've always wanted a dog." "A dog, huh?" Triste thought to herself. "I'm gonna call it a day. See ya tomorrow!" Byron called. As Byron went to sleep, Triste put on some clothes that hid her wings, then went out the door. She walked for a few miles when she came to a pet store. She ran in before it closed. "Hello, miss, how may I help you?" A cheerful looking man asked. "I'm looking for a dog." "We don't have any dogs, but we have a puppy." "That will have to do." The man went

to a cage, then pulled out a pure white puppy. "she's a very good temperd puppy, and loves people." The man said. "That sureley isn't me!" Triste thought to herself with a laugh. She paid for the puppy, then got home as soon as she could.