

# Crystal Rose

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Submitted: February 26, 2009

Updated: February 27, 2009

*this one's a bit weird. but i like how the first chapter came out ^\_^ there isnt really any way to describe this one... sry ^^;*

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# 1 - Chapter One

Finally! Summer break is now over, and we have to go back to school! I am so excited!

Why am I excited? Well, unlike most people, I actually like school. In fact, I love school. School is the one place I can go to feel free. Well, the only place I can physically, literally go to feel free. The other places I can only visit mentally.

Those places can be anywhere; the sea floor, the sky, a magical land, anywhere. I love to read books and stories. They are what I love most of all, even more than school. I can only go to school a certain amount of times in a year, but books I can read anytime I'd like. When I get into a really good book, it is almost like I jump into it, going on adventures with the main characters and feeling their emotions, not just reading about it.

I was so excited for school to start, I almost completely forgot to sleep. I did that every year. I just can't help it; its hard to remember to do something like sleep while something so important is coming up the next day. Not to mention, I was too wrapped up in a book last night to even want to go to sleep.

But, of course, the only reason I get to go to school is the little girl right beside me, Mia. I'm only supposed to make sure she doesn't get in trouble. I should be in ninth grade, but that isn't going to happen for another six years. Oh well. At least I can still go to school. And for that, I am thankful to Mia.

Another thing I love is Mia. She is an adorable little kid with wavy blonde hair and bright green eyes that sometimes turn into a gray color. Even though part of my job is to love her and take care of her, I would still do so if it was my job to hate her. I don't think its possible for anyone to hate her; her heart is too big. She seems to take a liking to me, as well. She hangs onto me like I'm her older sister, although I never completely understood why.

Mia seemed extremely excited about going to school as well. Apparently, third grade is very exciting. It was probably because she was going to be in a new building this year. She seemed to be trying to run out of her own skin by the time we reached the school.

“Come on, Seline!” Mia said, tugging on my arm. “Let's go! I want to see the building!”

“You've seen it a hundred times, Mia,” I answered. “Why are you so excited?”

“I wanna see the inside!” Mia said.

I laughed. I loved how little kids had so much enthusiasm. Yes, I love a lot of things. So please don't try counting how many times I say I love something. It'll just be a waste of time.

The school Mia goes to might seem a bit odd to you. It looked somewhat like a college campus, and it had all grades, from preschool through twelfth. There were eight buildings, the first 7 having two grade levels in each, and the last one for combination classes. The school kept kids closest in age together so

that it was most comfortable for everyone. This year, we were moving to the third building. And this year, I'm going to find myself a bit distracted, I believe. Especially during the third and fourth periods.

The buildings are arranged so they mirror each other. The first building is a bit longer than the others, which is for the preschoolers and kindergarteners. Behind that building is a small playground down the center with three buildings on either side, the first ones horizontally right behind the front building and two vertically side-by-side behind those ones. In the back is the eight and largest building, which we call the Rec Room. Every day, there was at least one combined class, where one of the older grades has a class with a younger one, basically helping them do something a bit above what their age is normally able to do. It is actually a really good exercise for their brains.

And, like the four years before, Mia's class has one of those combination classes. And guess what grade is helping them? Ninth, the grade I should be in. They had never had a combination class with the grade I should be in before. And, the ninth graders also have a recess this year. Its unusual, but I guess they just lost a class and needed to fill it with something. That's the period right after the combination class, and Mia's class has that recess with them as well. And to make things even worse, the third and fourth grade building is right next to the playground, and the ninth and tenth grades are in the building straight across from Mia's. If the blinds are up, you can see clearly through the windows into the classrooms.

And there's one more thing. I was never really able to get a good glimpse at any of the older kids in that class before. It has only been the first day of school and still, one of the ninth graders caught my attention. Bright crystal blue eyes, windswept light brown hair, and a gorgeous face. God must have taken his time when he made him. He's a beautiful work of art, and I have never in my life seen anything like him before. You would probably think that wouldn't be saying much, but I have actually seen a lot of people in my lifetime, including a lot of good-looking guys. But no one I've seen compares to him.

Walking home after the first day of school, Mia was a complete chatterbox.

"I love that building! It looks so much cooler than the last one!" she said for the tenth time.

I nodded in agreement, even though I was thinking, Yep. Because when it looks exactly the same it can look so much cooler.

"Did you have a good day?" She looked at me and I noticed her eyes decided to be gray today. She was so cute!

"Yeah," I replied. "You know I love going to school with you."

"You would much rather be in your own grade, though, wouldn't you?" Mia asked.

"I guess. Its not like its a pain being with your class, though. You know I love kids." I smiled.

"I know. I just feel bad for you sometimes. I mean, you've never been able to be with kids your age. And I heard my teacher talking with the principle, saying that kids your age should be with other kids your age and that its unhealthy for you to have to be with kids six or seven years younger than you all the time.

"Don't worry," I answered. "I'm perfectly fine." I smiled again, to reassure her.

She threw me a weak smile back. "All right," she tried to act like she tossed it aside, but I could tell she was still concerned. She had such a huge heart for such a little kid.

Nothing special happened after we got home, just the usual; her getting to play while I had to do chores all over the house, occasionally getting a shock or two because I didn't do something quick enough or something. But enough of that. I don't care about that. I wanna talk about Bright Eyes (That's what I'm calling the gorgeous boy for now, until I find out his name).

The next day at school, there was an assembly at the beginning of second period. It seemed to last forever and I was about ready to pray for it to end before third period started.

They let us out of the assembly just a minute or two before the bell rang, and I was very thankful. I didn't want to have to miss a single second in class with Bright Eyes.

Mia hated staying in one spot for a while and was practically running to the Rec Room with me on her tail. I was happy to see that Bright Eyes had already beat us into the room.

A few minutes into class, when the ninth graders had gotten Mia's class started on today's brain exercise, I thought I saw Bright Eyes come over and stand next to me. But I thought it was impossible and was a trick of the light, so I didn't pay attention to it.

"So," said a voice, and a wonderful-sounding voice at that, "why is it that someone like you, who looks to be about the same age as me, is in a class of third graders?"

I turned to look at who was talking to me, thinking it couldn't be him, but sure enough, he was standing there, staring right at me with his brilliant eyes. "U-um," I stumbled. No one had ever asked that before, and I never thought I would need an explanation. "She's my little sister. Our mom just wants me to keep an eye on her because... she has a bit of trouble taking care of herself. So she pulled me out of my classes to take care of her," I said, not even thinking before I spoke.

"Then why is it I didn't see you here before she would have been here?" he said. His voice was really getting to me. It sounded like a beautiful symphony and it sucked me in and wouldn't let me go, like one of my books. "I would at least think you would have been in classes before that. How old are you?"

"I just recently turned fifteen," I said, now embarrassed at my own thoughts about him. "A-and we didn't come here until Mia started school."

"So that's her name. What's yours?"

I had been avoiding his gaze, but I decided to look straight at him. His eyes were entrancing. "I-I'm Seline." I found myself blushing, although I'm not quite sure why. Was it his voice? Or his eyes? Or was I somehow embarrassed at my own name? I'm not sure. I haven't understood anything at all since he started talking to me.

"That's a pretty name. I'm Jason. Its nice to meet you." He held out his hand for me to shake.

I slowly reached out my hand and grabbed his. I somewhat regretted it. His hand was very smooth and strong, and my hand seemed to fit into his almost perfectly.

I looked up at his face again and saw his smile. Was there anything about him that wasn't perfect?

And I thought I wasn't able to love anything else. Boy, was I wrong, big time.