

Moon Rise

By maydayparade364

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When tourists arrive in Anchor Cove, no one knows what else might come with them. Sylvia Forrester befriends a very odd, yet attractive, outsider.

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1 - Sylvia 1

I couldn't quite remember as to how I had gotten on the floor in the first place. All I knew was that I needed to have my floors carpeted if falling out of bed was going to become a habit. I slowly pushed myself up and sat on the edge of the bed. The sun was shining through my thin curtains I had hanging from my window.

I stood up and stretched before I walked towards the window, threw back the curtains, and opened the window. The sound, sight and smell of the ocean were the first things that caught my attention. I closed my eyes and filled my lungs with the fresh, beach air. I looked out across the horizon where the sky and the ocean met. Sea gulls swooped in and out of the ocean waves retrieving their breakfast. Loads of people played in the water. Many others sat on the beach taking in the summer sun.

I smiled as I sat on the windowsill and listened to the ocean waves crash down into the water. It was most definitely the most beautiful sound in the entire world. The cool morning breeze felt welcoming against my arms and face. Sylvia! Watch out!" I heard my neighbor, Andrew, shout. In a flash, a quick, red blur came and hit me straight in the forehead. Once again, I was on the floor. "Crap!" Andrew cried; or at least that's what I thought I heard. Andrew leapt over my fence and climbed through my open window. His dog, Dexter, followed gleefully behind him.

Andrew placed his hand under my shoulders and helped me sit up. I held onto my head as my vision began to normalize. "Sylvia, I am so sorry! I didn't mean to hit you. I was just playing with Dex and I threw too hard. Gee, I'm sorry." Even though I could barely see him, I knew he had that same deer-in-headlights look on his face. "It's fine, Andrew." I moaned. "Here," Andrew helped me stand and took me to the kitchen. I leaned against the counter as Andrew rummaged through my freezer. He pulled out a handful of ice, dropping a few pieces, and wrapped them in my drying cloth. He tied off the ends and gently sat it on my forehead. I winced at the pressure, but it soon eased. "I'm really sorry, Sylvia." He began apologizing again. "Andrew, it's okay. Okay? Better me than the window." I took hold of the rag ice bag. I could see the fuchsia dots on my tiled floor. I looked up at Andrew. I was right; he had that deer-in-headlights look. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked me.

I looked at the melting ice cubes on the floor. "You can pick those up and put them in the sink. Get some paper towels to get the water off the floor." I pointed. Andrew quickly did just that. Dexter ran his big head into my knees and jumped on me. "Hey there, big boy." I smiled scratching behind his pointed ears. In response he licked at my arm. Andrew shoved his hands into his shorts pockets.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay?" he asked. "Besides this bruise that'll send my dad berserk, I think I'll live." I nodded. "Okay." I could see the muscles in his shoulders and arms relax. He let out a long sigh before he started talking again. "How've you been? Haven't seen you since you got back from the states." Andrew said. "I've been better, but I can't complain." I shrugged.

"Yeah, I know what you mean. So hey...to make up to you for nearly giving you a concussion, how about I take you out for dinner tonight?" he offered. "I can't make any promises. I'm not sure whether or not I'll be working tonight. You know how my dad is about that restaurant. Business is always up and he needs as many workers as he can get." I replied. "Well, if you can't, I can totally understand. " Andrew bit his lip and nodded. "I should get going then."

He began walking towards my bedroom. All of a sudden I heard him yell and groan. I quickly rushed to the window. Andrew was laying flat on his back in the sand with his face screwed up. "That makes two of us then." He pulled himself up. "Andrew, you do know that I have a front door, right?" I asked him. "Mother always did tell me to leave the way I came."

He dusted himself off. I giggled at him and shook my head. "I'll see you later, Andrew." I said. Dexter jumped out the window and landed on his feet. "Lucky." He cried. He jogged back towards the fence. I stepped on the Frisbee that tried to kill me. "Hey Andrew!" I yelled. He turned around. "Catch!" I threw the Frisbee to him. "Thanks!" he smiled.

He jumped over the fence, but his foot got caught and he fell face first in to the sand. Dexter jumped over the fence, grabbed the Frisbee out of his hand and took off for the house. I laughed at him as he got up and blushed. He ran after Dexter and disappeared into his house. Andrew Connelly...my best friend and the clumsiest guy I've ever known.

In the bathroom mirror I could see the bruise perfectly. It was a big purplish-blue spot. I tried to see if my long, chestnut locks would cover it. That's as good as it gets, I thought to myself. I quickly changed out of my silky nightgown and into a tank-top, shorts, and sneakers. I tied my hair back into a ponytail; making sure that some of it was still covering my forehead. I grabbed my iPod from the kitchen table and walked out the house. I locked the door and slid the key into my sneaker.

I stretched a bit to warm up. A middle-aged lady walked out of her house with her Chihuahua in her arms. She put the Chihuahua on the ground and put her hands on her hips. "Good Morning Mrs. Ingram!" I waved at her. "Good Morning baby! You 'bout to go runnin'?" she asked. "Yeah, gotta keep fit." I jogged up to her walkway. "Well, you be careful runnin' up and down them streets, all these tourists and cars 'round here." She said. "I will. Have a nice day." I jogged down the sidewalk. "You too baby!" I heard her respond.

I ran past eighteen houses before I ended up in the city side of Anchor Cove. Anchor Cove was probably one of the most tourist-filled places in all of Canada. Anchor Cove was also probably one of the less populous places in all of Canada. Anchor Cove housed fifty families, but rented houses to over five-hundred families a year. Anchor Cove was a small rural community.

Our major organizations were two schools, the boating dock, the bait shop, the library, and the restaurant that my family owns. There are several other minor organizations around Anchor Cove as well. People primarily came for the fishing, the boating, and all the seafood you could eat. After about a week of that, some would leave, but as soon as they left, more would come back. So it kept Anchor Cove busy and popular. I didn't mind it though.

Most of the tourists were really nice and came as far as Texas just to taste my dad's amazing sushi. It was cool seeing all the different kinds of people packed all in one itty-bitty area. But I've come to the conclusion that they're not all that different. They all came to Anchor Cove for the same things. An hour of running around Anchor Cove had my heart acting like a jack hammer. I stopped at one of the entrances to the beach. I held onto my knees, forcing air to go into my lungs. I looked at the ocean. I slowly walked onto the beach and collapsed on a lump of sand.

My heart was beating normal again. Up in the sky was a jet plane with a banner streaming behind it. Find Your Summer Sweetheart! It read. I scoffed and rolled my eyes. Summer Sweetheart my butt, I thought. I mused over the thought of actually having Summer Sweetheart. Tall, handsome, muscular. Eyes that could see through me. A smile that could make my heart stop. Arms that could hold me tightly at night. A voice so dreamy that I could melt.

I shook off the fantasies. That wasn't a man I was thinking about...it was cartoon character that just pops up out of nowhere to satisfy my loneliness. But I liked that cartoon character. It gave me hope of finding someone like him. I still had hopes of finding him. It would just take some time. I looked at my watch. I needed to head back. I had work to do.

2 - Cimmerio 1

So this is Anchor Cove, I thought. I held a map in my hands trying to make out where I was. I was lost in the smallest place in Canada. Go figure. I brought the map closer to my face and looked around. Cox Street! I'm on Cox Street! I discovered. I looked at the map. "But where is Cox Street on here?" It was useless to figure out the whereabouts of anything in the community myself. There were tour buses driving around, but I didn't have that kind of time. I had to get help one way or another.

Beside of me was a large Anchor Cove merchandise shop. I made my way through the crowd and into the store. There were tourists buying T-shirts and hats that read I HEART Anchor Cove and other ridiculous things like that. There was a small line at the cash register. I hurried over there before it got bigger.

After the first few people in line had made their purchases, it was my turn. "Excuse me? Is it possible that you can help me?" I asked the lady behind the counter. She was digging under the counter. She looked at me with a friendly smile. "Of course. Hang on." She rummaged some more before she stood straight.

"I need to find the lighthouse, but I don't know where is where." I said handing her the map. She quickly pointed to a line on the map. "This is Cox Street here. It's right outside. If you keep walking north you'll come across a four-way. Turn left on Yale Avenue and then make a right on Singletary Avenue and then another right on Voyeur Road. Keep going and you should see Anchor Cove's lighthouse." She made a few marks on the map with a blue highlighter.

I stood with a baffled look on my face after hearing the quick directions she had given me. "I have tourists coming in everyday asking where to go. It comes naturally now." She said. "Right." I nodded. "What's your name?" she asked. "Cimmerio James." I replied. "Cimmerio...you don't hear that name often. Matter of fact, you don't hear that name at all. Do you have a nickname?" she arched her eyebrows.

"Rio." I said. "Rio..." she trailed off in thought. "I'll be right back, Rio." She disappeared into the back and returned with a bracelet that had Riot on it. She pulled out a hammer from under the counter and smashed off the "t". She motioned for me to hold out my arm. She fastened the bracelet securely on my wrist and smiled.

"Wow...thanks." I said. "How much do I owe you?" I asked looking at her. "Just a smile." She replied. I couldn't help but smile at her act of kindness. "By the way, do you know where a good place to eat is at?" I asked turning the bracelet about my wrist. "Yeah, Sea Shack. You'll pass it on Grove Street, which is on the left of Yale Avenue. The food there is the best. Their lobster, the main attraction, is to die for." She pointed on the map.

"Thank you so much." I laughed. "You're welcome. Better go find that lighthouse." She returned the laugh. I thanked her again and was on my way. I was on Singletary Avenue by 7:30. It wasn't that got lost again, it was I stopped to admire the scenery every now and then.

Anchor Cove was a fascinating place. It had great smells everywhere. I was really interested in seeing the lighthouse. I traveled all the way from Florida just to stand on it. I don't know why I held it so high in admiration, but I just did, and I have for years. The lighthouse looked so big. The light was bright and rotated ninety degrees left and right.

The walk up all of the stairs would take my breath away, but it was definitely worth the climb. I checked my cell phone for the time. I needed to hurry before I got too much excitement in my system. I needed to be away from civilization soon. I pushed open the door to the lighthouse and began my climb.

3 - Sylvia 2

“Sylvia! Clean off table five and you can go home early.” I heard dad say through the square kitchen window. Victory! My mind cried. I rushed over to the table and picked up the dishes and cups and sat them on my trolley. Veronica, my coworker/best friend, rested a hand on my shoulder. “You really wanna go home tonight.” She chewed her gum like a cow. “Is there someone special waiting for you?” she asked. “What? No. I just want to see the, uh, the lighthouse view.” I replied wiping the table clean. I pushed the trolley back into the kitchen, pulled off my apron, and grabbed my side bag from the cubbies. “Sure, Sylvie, tell me anything.” Veronica crossed her arms. “I’m serious. You want to come with?” I offered. “Now I know you’re not lying. I can’t even if I wanted to. You’re daddy won’t let me off early.” She shook her head.

My dad more than likely overheard her and replied, “If you actually brought your @\$\$ to work on time maybe you could get your @\$\$ home earlier.” Veronica sneered at him. “Watch it old man or I’ll break your hip.” My dad laughed as he maneuvered around the kitchen. “Already broke it once and I’m still getting to work faster than you.” I laughed and yelled, “Bye dad!” “Bye sweetie!” he yelled back. “What if I break your entire body? See if you can get out of the bed faster than me!” I heard Veronica cry as I walked out of the restaurant.

There were a lot of stars out. The full moon lit my way to the Overhang Lighthouse. Appropriate name, seeing as to how it was located on a cliff. The view from the top was amazingly beautiful. I leaned against the railing and smelled the ocean. Ship horns were faint. The buoys rocked back and forth in the water making their tops look like giant fireflies.

There were lines of red Christmas lights along the fence that marked the beach. Anchor Cove at night was beautiful. A seagull landed beside me. It stayed for a few seconds before it took off again. I was preparing to leave when I heard the cry of a man. Curious, I walked around to the other side to see what was wrong.

A young man was on his hands and knees beating the floor with his fist. He was laughing, but it sounded more like a dying animal. “Excuse me, sir...are you alright?” I asked keeping a distance. He didn’t respond but instead, he jumped to his feet and onto the railing. He wiggled a bit, but caught his balance. “I’m fine! I’m just about to jump off!” he replied laughing. I ran towards him. “Oh my God! Are you crazy? Sir, whatever it is, you can work it out! I’ll help you work it out as much as I can! People somewhere must care about you. I know that right now I do.” I cried.

He kept laughing and looking over the edge. It was at least a fifteen-hundred drop from the lighthouse to the ground. The ground that was under the cliff that is. “I’m fine lady.” He cried. “Don’t do it! Think about it! You have your whole life ahead of you.” Nothing I was saying was getting through to him. “I have thought about it. I’m going to jump and then I’m going to get something to eat!” he kept laughing. “Get something to eat? You’re going to be dead!” He clearly was disturbed by something, but I was now involved in his suicide attempt. “No I won’t.” I met eyes with him. “I’ll prove it!” Before I realized what was happening, he grabbed onto my arm and jumped off the railing.

The feeling you get when you ride a rollercoaster was now what I was feeling, but it wasn’t like a rollercoaster. There was no car or seatbelt! I screamed as I clung onto him. This is it, my mind cried. I’m going to die a virgin! The last thing I remember was seeing the moon and feeling an exceptionally large amount of fur on my face.

4 - Cimmerio 2

For someone so tiny, she sure was heavy. I had to carry that girl all the way from the lighthouse to her house. 303 Snead Street was very far away from the light house and it took me forever to find it. Once I found the house I had to find a way in. She had fifty million keys on one ring so I had to go through trial and error before I finally found the right key.

Sylvia Forrester was her name. She was 24 years old and she was an organ donor. Who knew a driver's license could tell so much about a person? I laid her out on her bed so she could regain conciseness. I intended on leaving immediately, but something about her convinced me to stay. It wasn't her innocence, and it definitely wasn't her loveliness. So what was it? Was it her head injury? Or was it the fact that she said she cared about me? I thought it over for a while. She really didn't mean that she cared about me. She was just saying that to keep me from jumping. So if it was just a way to keep me alive, why does it make me feel so warm inside? I pushed back my brown hair and looked at her.

She looked so peaceful in her unconscious state. Her dark, chestnut hair surrounded her round face. Her thin, pink lips were partially open. The expression on her face was as if she were having a nightmare. Her eyebrows would constantly scrunch up and then relax. She would groan a few words like, "No.", "Don't.", and "Stop."

At first, I wanted to wake her up, but I decided that it was best for her to wake up on her own. She lay on the bed like a sleeping angel. Her skin looked soft, warm, and inviting. I couldn't help but skim my fingers over her face and down her arm. Her arms were small, but very muscular. That was what made her heavy when I carried her home.

Time passed slowly as I sat in the corner of her bedroom waiting for her to wake up. Every now and then, I would walk around her house just to see what kind of person she was. She, undoubtedly, loved the color pink. Her bed sheets, her curtains, and all of her towels and rugs were a dark shade of pink. On almost every square inch of her walls were pictures, posters, or other artsy objects. Near the back of her house, she had one room dedicated to her exercise equipment.

It was all heavy-duty looking. She had the pound marker set on four hundred pounds. I could smell her in the room. I could smell her in every room. I liked the way she smelt. It was like a mix of Kate Jasmine flowers and Irish Spring body wash. Her kitchen was absolutely amazing. She had big counters and two ovens stacked one on top of the other. Her refrigerator was stocked with Gatorades, water bottles, and a lot of fruits and vegetables.

She had a wide variety of spices and oils. I picked up a can of Lawry's, my favorite spice. I was in love with her kitchen already. I wondered if she would be interested in tasting some of my homemade vegetable soup. I had to admit, I was a pretty awesome cook. Cooking was something I adored more than anything.

Without a second thought, I began pulling pots and utensils out of there safe keep and placed them on the stove. I pulled an armload of vegetables out of the refrigerator and sat them on her large counters. Potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, onions, squash, and okra. She had all of the key ingredients to my vegetable soup.

After about thirty minutes, I had everything in a large pot boiling on the stove. It smelt just about as good as Sylvia did. Sylvia! I just started to remember her! I quickly jogged back to her bedroom to find her slowly moving around on her bed. She groaned something and held her head. "Oh my God, what a bad dream." She said. She scratched through her hair and yawned. She stood up, met eyes with me and

began to scream. "Who the hell are you and why the crap are you in my house?"

She fell back on her bed and scooted towards the headboard. "My name-," I started. She grabbed something from under her pillow; a baseball bat. She lunged towards me with it and began to beat me. "Stop! Sylvia! Please! Ow!" I cried as I fell to my knees. "Hey!" she dropped the bat. Her eyes were wide open. "Hey, you're that guy from last night! Yeah! You're that crazy guy that jumped off the lighthouse!" she pointed at me as if I had committed the biggest crime in the world. "Guilty." I grunted holding on to my aching shoulder. "Wait a minute! If you jumped off the lighthouse, that means you're...and I'm...Oh my God I'm dead!" The fear in her eyes was more frightening to me than anything else.

She bent down and grabbed onto my shirt collar. "I'm dead! You're dead! We died at the same time and now we're forced to live out our spiritual lives together! Why does God hate me?" she shrieked. "Sylvia, if you just let me explain." I tried to loosen from her but she had one hell of a hold. "Oh, why me? Why did I have to go and try to help you? Why did I have to die a virgin?" she started to cry her head off.

Although I felt bad because she thought she was dead, I found it quite amusing to watch her freak out. This is what they meant by all women are lunatics. I grabbed onto her shoulders and shook her until she met eyes with me. "Sylvia, you're not dead." I told her. She screwed her face up again and cocked her head to the side. "What?" she asked. "You're not dead." I repeated.

Her face soon began to relax and she let go of my shirt. She leaned her head against my chest and sighed. "So, I'm not dead?" she asked. "No, you're just shaken, that's all." I replied. She pulled back and looked at me again. "Wow, I feel so stupid; how embarrassing." I could see her cheeks grow bright red. She sat down on the edge of her bed and held her head again.

Then out of nowhere, she began to laugh. She was laughing so hard that tears started coming out of her eyes. I frowned at her. "What?" She held up her finger and shook her head. "Am I being Punk'd?" she asked. I raised an eyebrow in confusion. "If I'm being Punk'd, then I think I should let you know that I HATE reality TV shows. Who put you up to this? FRANCIA! Come on out! You too Ashton!" she cried. I knelt beside her. "Um, Sylvia, it's just us. No one else is in the house." She shook her head and laughed again.

"If I'm not being Punk'd then how do you explain us both surviving a fifteen hundred drop from a lighthouse? Explain that to me." She demanded. "You wouldn't believe me even if I had the most serious face on." I said. She looked really pissed and confused just then. "Why are you in my house in the first place?" she looked at me with disgust. "I wanted to make sure that you were alright and also I'm a tourist and I don't know my way around." I answered trying not to look at her angry eyes. "There's a hotel on every street, though. And why wouldn't I be alright? I mean, it's not like I fell off of a lighthouse and died or anything like that." I could tell exactly what she was trying to do. She was using her manipulative woman powers to make me feel terrible inside.

"How did we survive?" she crossed her arms. "I landed on my feet." I looked at her carpet and her carpet only. "Mmm-hmm. That's impossible." She scoffed. "Humans can't survive a fall like that unless they have a parachute, a harness, or a giant trampoline at the bottom. I'm still waiting for that explanation." She tapped her foot. "You won't believe me." I sighed. "Try me." She grabbed my face and caught my eyes.

"Alright." I stood up and shoved my hands in my pockets. "Still waiting." She said. How annoying, I thought to myself. "We survived the fall because I landed on my feet. I landed on my feet because...because I'm a...because I'm a werewolf." I didn't want to see her face after she heard what I had said. She started laughing again. "You expect me to believe that? What are you three? Werewolves don't exist." She stood up laughing her butt off.

"I told you that you wouldn't believe me." I frowned at her. "How can I? You're telling me that you're a

werewolf? Ooh! Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? Not me, you stupid psycho! Get out of my house!" she yelled. "Let me prove it to you." I needed her to believe me. "Prove it? Fine. Prove it." I started to walk towards the bedroom door. "And don't even think about turning into a wolf. They have to follow the lunar cycle." I turned and shot a hurt look at her. "I wasn't going to try. I was a wolf last night."

I scratched my head and thought. What if I jump from the lighthouse again? "Come with me." I said. I could hear her scoff and laugh behind me as we left her house. "I still don't know my way around, so you'll have to help me find the lighthouse again." I told her. She, obviously, was amused at seeing me fail at my attempt to prove to her that I was a werewolf, but I would have the last laugh.

Tourists wouldn't dare climb the stairs of the lighthouse at four in the morning so we had all the privacy that I needed. Once we were at the top she shouted at me. "Now, prove to me that you're a werewolf and if you are, I'll let you live in my house for the rest of your life." She crossed her arms and gave me a smirk. She was so insistent on proving me wrong. I shook my head at her and smiled. "Ready to chicken out?" she asked. "Ready for a new roommate?" I retorted.

I looked below to see if there were any tourists nearby. None. They were all on the beach. I climbed on the railing and stared at the flat rocks far away. Maybe a stretch of twenty-five feet. I sure hoped I still had my excitement built up. "I'm waiting?" She said in a sing song manner. I took a deep breath. The early morning sun created a few beads of sweat on my brow.

I could feel the excitement dying off so I had to be quick. In a move as quick as the flash of lightening I found my self gliding through the air. I couldn't wait to see the look on Sylvia's face when I got back. I landed hard on the balls of my feet as I tried to catch my balance. I turned around to face the light house. Sylvia was now a tiny little stick standing on the top of the light house with her little stick arms on top of her head.

Even from a far, I could make out the dumbfounded look that overcame her normal expression. I took a minute and walked around spreading out my arms as if to say to her, "What then?" I couldn't waste anymore time standing around bragging to her. I had to jump back to the lighthouse before I had to walk back.

I had more space out here so I decided to play with her. I took off in a slow jog. After a few seconds I picked up the pace. I was moving so fast that the ground below me seemed to vanish. I came upon the lighthouse in just seconds. I leapt for the base and as soon as my hands felt the brick-like material I forced my self to climb up. It felt so great to be free like this but it would only last for a little while. I neared the railing and in one more attempt to impress her. I grabbed onto the bottom bar and flung myself up so I could land back on the top of the railing.

I jumped down on to the floor with a loud thud. My chest was an inferno. It was like someone had to beat the air down into my lungs. I was completely covered in sweat now as I held onto my knees trying to breathe. I looked up at Sylvia from under my stray strands of sweaty hair. "So," I said. I straightened up and used the back of my hand to wipe the sweat from my eyes. "When do I move in?"

5 - Whit 1

I laid my head on my arm as I watched the bubbles in the gold alcoholic beverage float to the top of the glass and pop. I was so bored and bored wasn't good. Not for me anyway. Let's go to Anchor Cove. It'll take your mind off work, Lou says. Hmph, work was more fun than this. It was four-something in the morning and the bar was full. I sat up and stared at the drink. The little gold liquid was so tempting, but I had to stay sober. Even one drink would have me bouncing off the walls. So why did I order it?

I sighed and sucked one of my cheeks in. Just then, a big hairy hand grabbed my drink. I swiftly turned around and watched as some fat, tattooed biker dude drank my beer. "Hey." I said jumping off my stool. The man looked at me and slammed the glass on the bar. He wiped his mouth, which was hidden somewhere under a nasty looking beard. "You got something to say me, pretty boy?" he asked. I automatically knew I had made a big mistake. I think I can take him...I hope. He belched and stalked towards me. His big gut stuck out from under his tiny T-shirt. "I asked you a question, pal. You got something to say to me?" He was about half a foot away from me. The smell of...well, he smelled like...he smelled so bad that I couldn't even think of what he smelled like.

I turned my head slightly to the side as I tried to escape from his eye-watering stench. "Sorry, I don't roll that way." I blurted as I turned back around on the stool. Something told me that that guy wasn't happy with his answer. Was it his stench that was getting closer to my nose that told me that? He slammed his giant, hairy, dirty, ugly hand on my brand new clean polo shirt. That shirt would never be the clean again.

"What did you say, pal?" he asked me. His teeth were even ugly. How could a person so...so...so...so ugly, live a normal life with citizens? He looked like he had been in a chemical explosion. Then again, he possibly got it from his mama. It was a good thing that that dude couldn't read minds. I'd be toast.

"Nothing, It's just, phew, you smell really bad. I mean, hobos smell better than you. Dude, scrub yourself down. On second thought, take a bath in Clorox." I called to the bartender for my bill. "Not so fast pretty boy." The man said.

"We are just about to have some fun." I turned my head and looked at him. "Oh sorry dude. I'm happily married. To a female. You know, a girl. Humans with boobs. Have you ever had one?" He laughed, it sounded like he was trying to cough up peanut butter. He coughed up something because it hit me on the face. He snapped his chubby fingers.

All of a sudden, the stool disappeared from under me and I fell backwards on the floor. It hurt like hell. It was like nothing was going on because no one even turned around to see if I was okay. Where was Lou when you actually needed her? The big guy grabbed me by my collar and said. "Let's go." I tried not to puke. "Are we going fishing?" I asked.

Before I knew it was shoved outside right into a light post. "You think you're pretty funny don't you?" the man said. Behind him were three other biker dudes. They all had twisted expressions on their grim faces. "When you say funny, do you mean as in funny ha-ha, or do you mean funny as in unusual or homosexual? If you mean the second one, I think you're pretty funny, too." I smiled and patted him on the shoulder.

The man threw his thumb at me and chuckled. "Funny, right?" he called to his minions. The others chuckled too. He turned back around to me and his gigantic fist rammed right into my gut. I was glad I didn't eat dinner. I clutched my stomach and fell to the ground. I spit up some blood and started laughing. "You haven't learned your lesson yet?" the man pulled me to my feet by my shirt.

"I've learned my lesson alright. Don't make a gay man mad." I smirked at him as I watched his fist ball

up. WHAM! Right in the jaw. I stumbled backwards back into the light post. My jaw was searing with pain. I was no longer bored. "Is that the best you got? You suck!" I laughed at him. As I expected, he came charging at me. I was ready for him.

In swift movements, I was able to dodge his charge. He slammed head first into the light post. He held his head and cried out. His minions only stared. "What are you standing around for?" the man shouted. "Kill him!" Three of them and one of me. What to do, what to do....

For the first one, I used his slow attacks to my advantage. A knock in the head and a blow to the stomach was enough to make him fall on the ground with his gang leader.

The second one had huge eyes. They were so big that they bugged out of his head about fifty inches. Poing...poing...I hoped he didn't need those eyes just then. The last one was such a joke. A young man about my age. He stood in front of me shaking as if I had shotgun in my hands. I could take that to my advantage as well.

Just as I was about to attack, POW! The man fell on the ground knocked out. Standing over him was Lou. In her hand was a hard bottom Prada bag. She tossed back her volumized brown hair and smiled at me. "Having fun?" she asked. "You know me, babe. I'll find a way to beat boredom." I replied. I turned to look at once dangerous looking biker crew. Hurt, miserable, and pitiful. "Babe, let's go. I think we've had enough fun here." I took Lou's hand in mine and stepped over the man who had started it all. "By the way," I said facing him. "I still think you're funny. As for me, I'm just lucky." The man rolled his eyes and continued to rub his head.

6 - Sylvia 3

I couldn't believe it. He was...he was a werewolf? No, he was using some kind of illusion to mess with my head. But how did he do that? I didn't see any harnesses or anything like that. It was all real. It was all so very real. I peeked from around the corner into his room. He was already unpacking his things and putting them away neatly. He must've sensed that I was watching because he laughed and said, "I like your house Sylvia. It has a lot of unique touches."

I swirled around and slid down the wall. I was in for it. I had a freaking werewolf living right down the hall from me. How much weirder could it get. He walked out of his room and stared at me. "Are you ready to eat?" I forced a smile at him. "Yeah, what are we going to eat?" he replied. "Well, someone tried to be a chef and make something in my kitchen while I was knocked out." I retorted.

"Oh right! My soup! I left it on boil. It should be done now." He raced past me and flew down the stairs. I took my time walking down the stairs trying to convince myself that what was happening was all real. By the time I had gotten into the kitchen, he had already set up two bowls of soup and two glasses of water. "Have a seat and enjoy." He said pulling out my chair. Annoyed, but flattered, I walked past him and pulled out a chair and sat down.

He looked at me with confused eyes and then shrugged and sat down. I took my spoon and stirred it in the soup bowl. He greedily ate his food as if it was the best tasting thing on Earth. "You going to eat that?" he asked gulping down water. "Eventually," I replied. "What's your name?" I let the spoon clatter against the porcelain bowl. "Cimmerio James." He sat his cup down and belched. "Excuse me." He said before eating again.

"What kind of stupid name is that? Cimmerio?" I teased. His spoon clattered against his bowl as he glared at me. "Well what kind of name is Sylvia? It sounds like some kind of pain medicine." He pointed at me with his long fingers. "Well how about Cimmerio? Sounds like a freaking infection!" I cried. "And for your information, I was named after my Grandmother."

He scoffed and replied, "I was named after my Grandfather." I rolled my eyes and picked up my spoon. Unaware that it had been in his soup, I stuck it in my mouth. Just as I did, the most amazing taste wrapped itself around my tongue. I swear it was the most delicious thing I had ever tasted. "Oh my God!" I cried. "What? You want to insult my soup, too!" he replied. I shook my head and scooped up a bunch of vegetables in my spoon and ate it.

"This...this is the best thing I've ever tasted! What did you put in here?" I asked. My eyes were wide and my mouth was chewing away at his delicious meal. "Um, it's a family secret. I can't tell you." he said. "You made this? How did you make something so awesomelysupersensationalistic?" I picked up the bowl and scooped everything into my mouth. "Awesomely what?" He squinted at me.

He smirked as I finished off the soup. I licked around the rim of the bowl waiting to get more. "I want more!" I shouted at him. "There is no more." He replied. "What?" I felt my heart stop. "You ate it all. Well, we ate it all." He said. "But there was a big giant pot on the stove." I whined. "Yeah, but I only put in a few things. All the extra space keeps the flavors mixing." He leaned back in his chair.

I wanted to smack him in the head with my chair and demand where the rest of the soup was. It probably wouldn't do me much good, though. Who knew? Werewolves can cook. I'm learning new stuff everyday.

Cimmerio had washed all the dishes and cleaned the kitchen. I was in the living room sitting on the couch hoping that I could talk to him. He sat on the sofa directly in front of me. We were separated by a

coffee table and air. "So." I clapped my hands together. "You're a werewolf? How...you know...how did you...um," I was so confused that I didn't know how to say it. "How did I become a werewolf? That's an easy answer. I couldn't keep my friend down there in my pants." He crossed his legs, placed his hands under his head and leaned back on the sofa.

"You can actually do that?" My eyes would never return to their normal size again. "What sex? I thought everyone could do it." He squinted at me. "Not that but transfer the curse thing like that. I didn't know it was possible. I didn't know that any of this was possible." I scratched through my hair trying to believe it all.

"Yeah. You could think of it as an STD." he replied. He seemed completely calm with the fact that he was a werewolf. But he had most likely spent years coping with it, so it didn't bother him anymore.

"When did you, you know, get it on with a werewolf?" I swallowed the lump in my throat. "The year was 1587. I was 17 at the time and I was also very naïve." He answered. "1587? Why does that year ring a bell?" I questioned myself. I closed my eyes to think of the answer.

"They now use the term the Lost Colony to tie back to the year 1587." He answered the question for me. "You were part of the lost colony?" He was like a walking history book. "Yeah." He nodded. "Well, how did the Lost Colony become the Lost Colony?" I was on the edge of the sofa now. He sighed and rubbed his head. "Um, I think they drowned." He finally said after a minute.

"Drowned? Well that's not very interesting." I pouted. "Well, put about 115 people on a plot of land, let them run out of food, and then see what'll happen." Cimmerio laughed. "How can you laugh about something like that? Weren't you with your parents?" I seemed to have struck a nerve because he automatically stopped laughing and bit his lower lip. He twirled a small lock of his hair around his finger. He was looking at nothing in specific; just staring into space. His eyes didn't even blink. I snapped at him. Nothing. I whistled at him. Still nothing. "Cimmerio? Cimmerio?" I called to him. He just sat there. I stood up and slowly walked beside him. I sat down and rested my hand gently on his shoulder.

"Cimmerio?" I called softly. He woke out of his trance. "Huh, what?" he turned his head and looked at me.

"You..." I trailed off as his large, innocent brown eyes glistened with sadness. He was...extremely attractive. His oval shaped face was complimented by a set of full, luscious lips. They looked so tender and kissable. His high cheek bones made his manliness jump out at you. He had just a light touch of bristle hair on his chin. He had straight locks of brown hair coming down reaching his neck. He had a middle part made, but he had it pushed back. He was gorgeous. Just like an Abercrombie model. His skin had just a spot of tan covering it. His shoulder was firm and muscular. His arms looked strong. His body itself was a wonderland of muscle.

My mind was like scrambled eggs. I couldn't think. I just realized that I wasn't breathing. I met eyes with him again. "You, um, you spaced out a bit." I said quietly. His eyes never left mine. "Yeah, I don't like to talk about my parents a lot." I nodded my head understandingly. "No problem." Was it the animal that was attracting me? Whatever it was, I liked the feeling.

7 - Cimmerio 3

I stared at the large picture frame in my hands. It held a photo of Sylvia and four other people. They all stood in front of a restaurant called Sea Shack. I concluded that the picture was old due to the fact that Sylvia was short and had big, bulky braces. She had her arms wrapped around a younger girl and around her a young man's arms. The two other people, a man and a woman, stood hand-in-hand behind them. Sylvia's family, I guessed.

She looked just like her father. The hair color, the eye color, they even had the same dimples in their cheeks. Even in her younger days, Sylvia was still...attractive and very innocent looking. I liked that about her. Her large grey eyes were so full of concern that night on the lighthouse. She really didn't want me to jump. I'm glad that I did, though. I'd probably had never met her if I hadn't.

Behind me I heard soft footsteps. I shot my head around and saw Sylvia. She was standing in the doorway of her bedroom wearing a bathrobe that was the exact same shade of pink as everything else in her house. She had her long hair pinned back out of her face. She walked beside me and peered at the picture. "Hmm," she laughed softly. "I was thirteen. We had just renovated the restaurant and my dad wanted to get a picture."

She pointed at the man with a kind smile on his aging face. "That's daddy. That's my momma." She slid her finger down to the young man. "That's my older brother Sebastian. He was twenty-two; and that's my baby sister Francia. She was nine." I smiled at the silly face that Francia was making at the camera. She took the picture frame from my hands and held it.

"I love this picture." She said aloud. She carefully put the frame on her nightstand. "We were actually all together." She sighed and crossed her arms. "Did one of them pass away?" I asked her. She shook her head. "No. It's just that we don't spend so much time together like we used to." She replied. I knew how that felt; to be away from your family a lot. It wasn't the greatest feeling in the world.

I cautiously laid a comforting hand on her terrycloth-covered shoulder. "Do you have any family left? I mean are there any family members like you?" she looked at me.

"I'm the only one left of my family. I only had my parents. They were killed when I was sixteen." I answered. Her eyes sparkled with more concern and empathy as she grabbed my hand in hers. The feel of her soft, clean skin was enough to make my nerves jump. "I'm so sorry." She squeezed my hand. "I am too." I hung my head a bit. Before I knew what was happening, Sylvia had wrapped her arms around my neck and hugged me.

I hugged her back. It was like nothing else mattered. It was just Sylvia and I standing in an embrace. She pulled back some and gave me a weak smile. "I haven't been hugged in years." I told her.

"Really?" her eyebrows crinkled as a bigger smile played her with her lips. I nodded. "I like they way you hug. You make me feel...happy." My attention suddenly turned to a large bruise on her forehead.

"What happened?" I gently touched it. "Um, my neighbor, Andrew, hit me with a Frisbee yesterday."

She laughed. "Are you alright? Does it hurt?" It was my nature to be the doctor in situations like that.

"Yes and no. I can't really feel anything up there anymore." She traced along the swollen edges. I heard the doorbell all the way upstairs. "Can you get that? I don't normally answer the door half naked." She walked towards her closet.

"Sure." I bounded down the stairs and opened the front door. "Good Morning Sylvia! I-," the young man stopped in midsentence. He had curly blonde hair and small green eyes. "You're not Sylvia." He said. He had a look of disappointment on his face. "No. I'm Cimmerio James. I just moved in today." I offered him my hand. He hesitantly shook it. "Are you her boyfriend?" he cocked his head to the side.

"I'm not. I'm just a friend." I replied. "Oh, well, any friend of Sylvia's is a friend of mine. I'm Andrew her neighbor." All I needed to hear were the words "Andrew" and "neighbor". I grabbed him by his neck and lifted him off the ground. "So you're Andrew, the guy who hit Sylvia with a Frisbee." He was already turning red. He was jerking and gasping out words. "It was an accident!" he cried.

"Sure it was. So is this!" I shook him around. "Cimmerio, what are you doing?" Sylvia rushed down the stairs dressed in a T-shirt and jeans. "This is the guy who hit you. I'm just returning the favor." I said over my shoulder. "Oh, Cimmerio, he didn't mean to. It was an accident. Drop him." she demanded. Although she didn't really mean for me to "drop him", I just wanted to see him suffer. He fell to the ground.

"Andrew, are you okay? I'm sorry." She said helping him to his feet. "I'm fine. Hey man what's your problem?" he pointed at me. "You hurt Sylvia." I crossed my arms and glared at him. "I told you it was an accident." He rubbed his neck. "And I said sure." I didn't like him; not one measly bit. "Andrew, this is Cimmerio, he's my new roommate." She stood up and took my arm. "Cimmerio..." she gave me a terrifying look.

I sighed and crossed my arms again. "Sorry Andrew." I muttered out rolling my eyes. "It's fine. Anyway, Sylvia, do you have to work today? A few friends and I are going to the beach later and I was wondering if you wanted to come along." Andrew asked her. He had that gleam in his eyes like a thirteen year old boy did when he had his first crush. It was so easy to decipher the fact that he was trying to ask her out.

I couldn't let that happen. "Actually, she's got previous engagements with me." I said stepping in front of him. "She was going to show me around a bit, then we were going out for lunch, and then we'll go wherever the wind blows us." Sylvia cleared her throat and said, "Yeah. He's new so I just wanted to help him get used to living here."

"Oh." Andrew sucked in his lips. "We'll do something some other time, then." He shoved his hands in his pockets. "Yeah. I'll see you around." She smiled at him. "Alright, see you." he walked down her porch steps and looked over his shoulder at me. I gave him a quick smirk before Sylvia dragged me into the house.

"You had better be glad Mrs. Ingram didn't see that. She would flip the crap out." She said walking back upstairs. "Who's Mrs. Ingram?" I asked following her. "My other neighbor. Native American, mid-forties, has a Chihuahua that will bite you when it feels like it. She's nice to me and she likes to make sure that I'm alright. But when you go around strangling people you're already giving her permission to shoot you in the butt with her shotgun."

I sat down on her bed as she brushed her hair. "Note to self: Keep Mrs. Ingram happy at all times." I said aloud. "You're lucky that tourists don't come down here. The cops would be here any minute." She looked at me in the mirror. I stood up and leaned against the wall beside the mirror. "Why didn't you tell Andrew that you didn't have any plans?" I asked her. She raised her eyebrows a bit and replied, "Because I did have plans. Remember? I was going to show you around town, treat you to lunch, and then we were going to go wherever the wind took us."