Give it a title and i give you a cookie

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Submitted: August 1, 2006 Updated: August 1, 2006

ok heres the run down : lit story, based on lots of stories, had to do for school, plz comment, give title ^ ^

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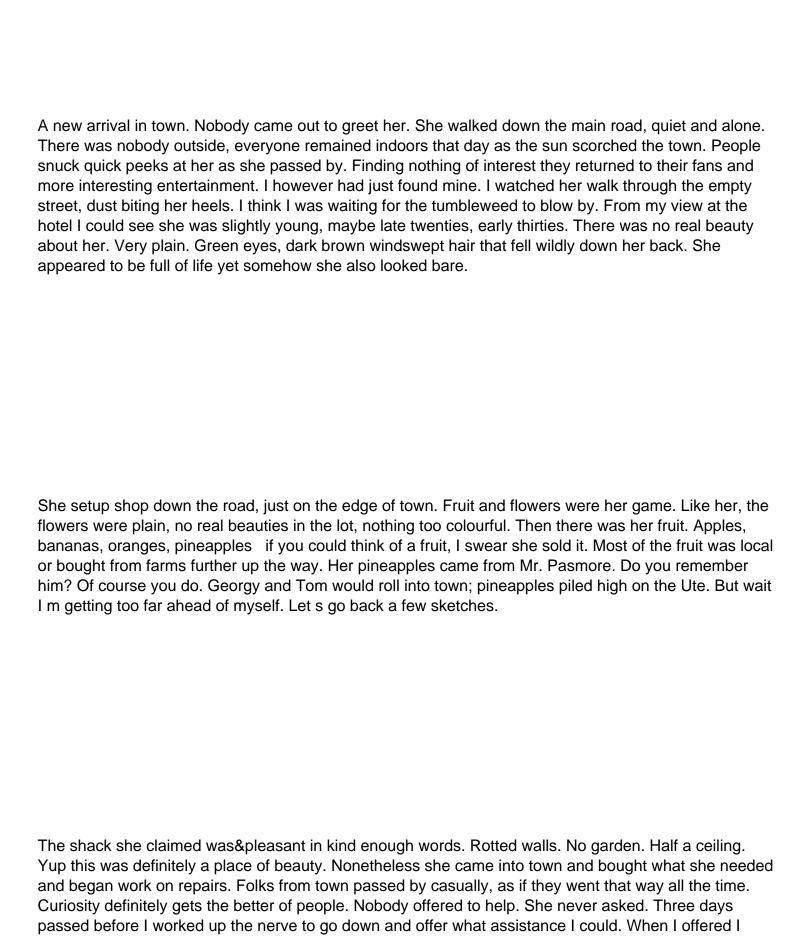
Chapter 1 - Give me a title!

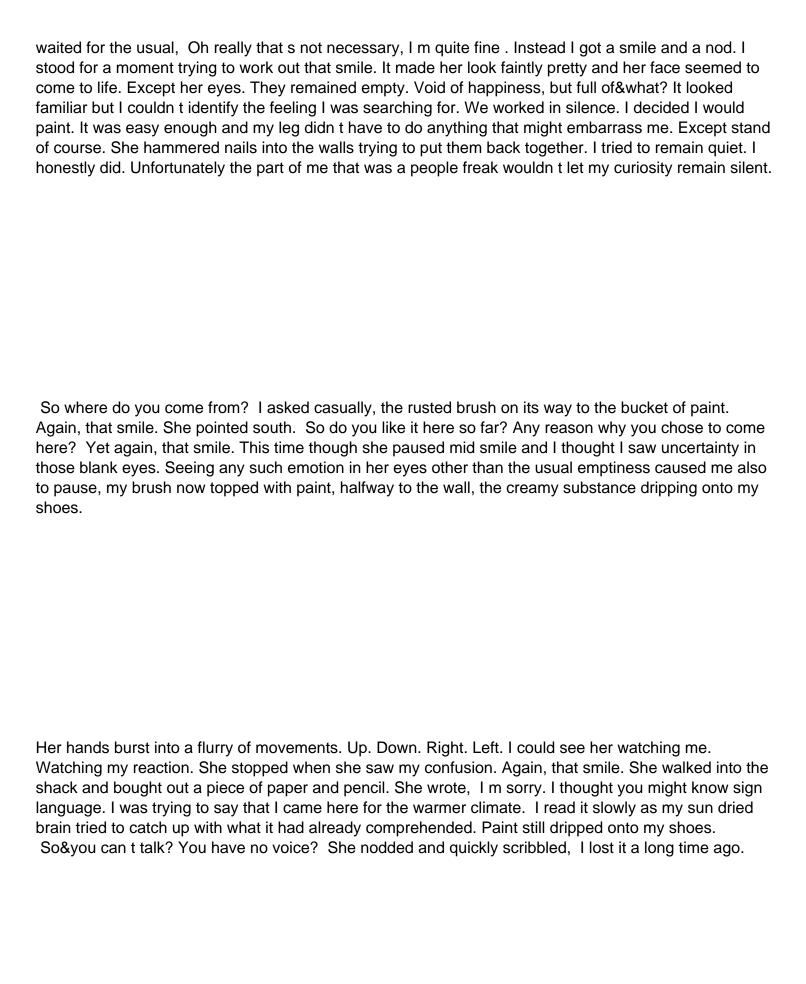
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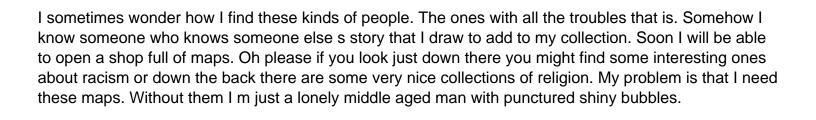
1 - Give me a title!

The eyes are a window to the soul. Willy Fourcorners told me that. Cannon Morrow also told me that only papists believed those sinful lies. It is hard to decide who I should believe but I think I m going to back Willy up in this fight. I just wish he was here right now to back me up in my fight. I m sitting at my desk at the moment looking at some lovely bills who want to steal all my money. Evil little creatures. You can t burn them or destroy them or they just send in reinforcements. They never stop coming until they have your money. Best to just give in and surrender to their demands but I do like to hold it out sometimes and see if I can win. So far no luck with that choice. If that doesn t work I tend do ignore them, choosing to find something else to occupy my thoughts. That is what I m trying desperately to do now. Nothing is catching my eye though until I look down and see my shoe. Black with creamy coloured specks. Interesting. I remember the day those creamy specks found their way onto my formerly clean black shoes. Remembering that day, I remembered her smile, but mostly I remember her eyes. Eyes that showed only parts of the soul, where the shutters that had been hiding it were starting to acquire holes. Yes victory! Something else to do rather than obey the demands of my bills. I m winning this fight for the moment but anyway&.

Let me draw you a map.

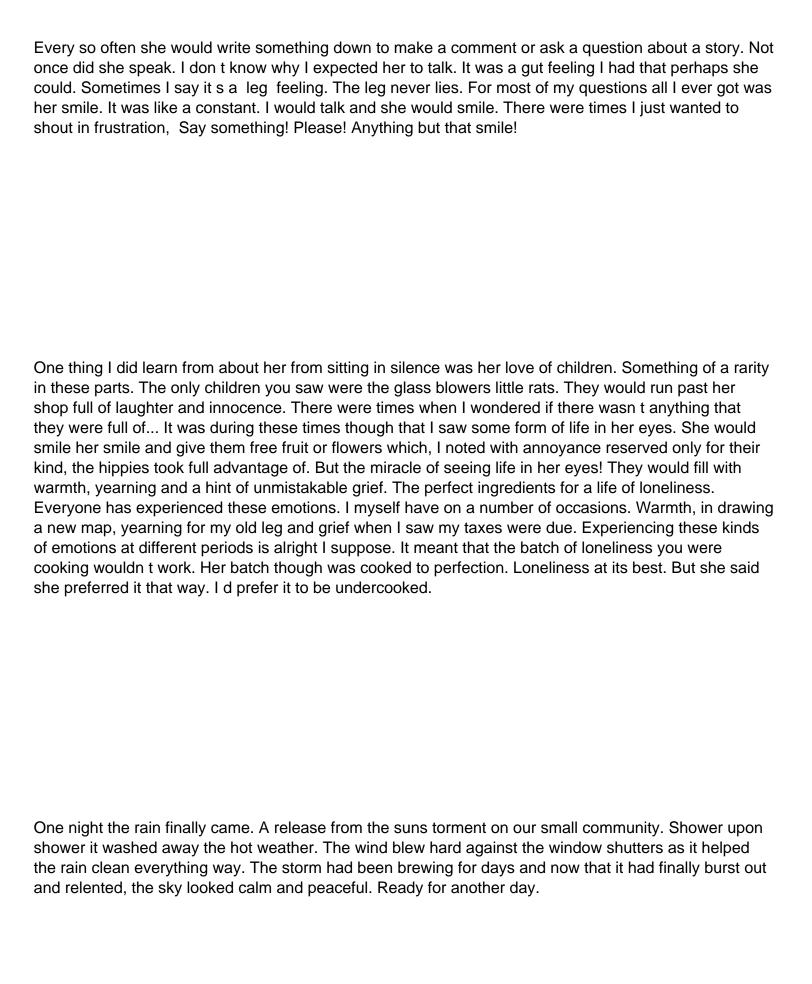


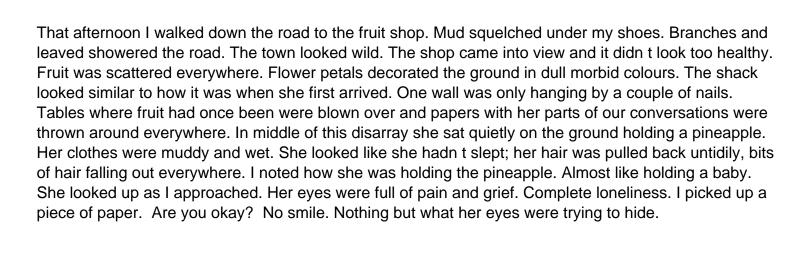




The rest of the day passed with no more surprises. The clouds began to form. Rain would soon be on its way. Hopefully, before we were fried. By lunchtime it was too hot to do anything outside so we sat down with pen and paper and she told me her story. As said before she came from down south. She was a city girl. She worked in a hospital as a nurse. She had never had friends. She wrote, I have always been alone. My parents died young when I was only a child. I don t mind being alone though, I prefer it that way. Sitting in my room that night watching the old box I pondered on our little conversation if you could call it that. I could finally distinguish that certain emotion that was in her eyes. The one I couldn t find. Loneliness. Blank, immeasurable forlornness. She had said she preferred it that way. Her eyes however drew another map. The same, but with different characters.

Slowly her shop became acknowledged and I began to spend more time visiting her and helping her with her customers. I would ve stayed at the hotel but it was too predictable. Too similar to every other day of life around here. I would sit and chat idly, talking about the weather or telling her a little about my own life. To fill in time I would draw maps for her. I told her about Willy Fourcorners and his misfortune with the lovely, conservative Clarice. I also told her about my encounter with Mr. Pasmore. I felt that it was my obligation to tell her about this eccentric individual. After all she was getting Pineapples from him.





I had a child once, she said. Her voice sounded rusty, not used to being used for so long. I almost fell over from the shock. Her voice was beautiful. Take away the rustiness and it was amazing. I couldn t believe that for so long she had hidden her most lovely feature. I waited in small hope, praying she would say something else, anything else. To my pleasure and slight pain, she did say something. She drew me her true map. The map her eyes had been so desperately trying to hide, but failing.

She had been a rebellious youth. Ignoring her foster parent s wishes and doing as she pleased thinkin she would be alright. Then she met him. She called him First Love. She didn t remember his name, sa it didn t matter. Her foster parents weren t accepting of her new found love which made her like him more. First Time. She thought they would be together forever. Then she felt the first signs. Morning sickness, aversion to smells. She told him the news; I could imagine the joy in her eyes. He ran away, moving back inland where his folks were. First heartbreak. After seven and a half months of pain and desolation, she came. First child. She was tiny, easily fitting into the doctors hands. Velma, a loving memory, held onto her mother s finger for an eternity. Then, First death. Everyone she loved had left her. Left her in her pain, her loneliness. Unable to cope with her grief she ceased talking. The one joy she had given birth to had been silenced and she with her.	_
I sat down and did the only thing I could think of. I held her hand. Not much of a sympathetic gesture be I think she got the drift. She began to cry silently, tears rolled down her face as she sobbed into my shoulder. Love. What a dangerous game. One of the reasons I rarely played. With my little handicap I knew I didn t stand a chance against the competition. I looked down and saw her eyes. No emptiness this time. Just pain, grief, loneliness and maybe a small amount of relief?	ut
I looked down at the piece of the paper I was holding. Seven simple words were written there: I lost it long time ago.	а

