

Meaningful or Meaningless

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*You know...just for when I want to randomly write something...maybe something on my mind. *shrugs**

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1 - Break the surface of my fear

Look into the mirror beside
Hiding what you had inside
Is it you or is it me
Alone in the world I have been
Running and hiding away myself
And the way I truly felt
Wanting it to end
Seeing no one who really cared
Knowing I was truly scared
But there was a voice that called to me

As the weeks pass
I feel like I've already passed on
In such despair that I had been treated that way
Having him lose my trust
He thought I forgot about him and found a new
My life light's have gone dim
As he calls the end
But...I hear that voice

And finally at last
A gentle hand came down to grasp mine
The words were spoken as if I were important to him
As I look up into the sky
Feeling water rush past me
I break the surface of my fear
Being held in the arms I've wanted so dear
His smile shined
Like the light I have always seen in the distance
He held me tighter as I shivered in the new world I was in
He said he'd stay with me forever and never let me go
His voice was the one I have heard

Months and months go by
And I have finally lived in the clear skies
His hand stays in mine
Just like the love we have should
No matter what they say to us
No matter what stands before us
My fear is gone
My love is here
His voice is the only thing I hear



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2 - Confession of Love, The Death of Sam? (Part 1)

The sun was setting down overhead, yet the air was frigid; letting no light warm the cold surface of the earth. A young man was rushing by on the sidewalk, eager about something or another. A stainless white jacket was buttoned up securely to the upper portion of his body, and barely showing underneath was a blood-red shirt. As he jogged slightly, huffing in the cold air, his black colored bangs flew around in his face, along with a bright red scarf beating against his back. His cheeks were slightly pink and his shining green eyes looked cool like the earth surrounding him.

"I've got to hurry," he whispered to himself. The goggles strapped to his head slowly began to slide forward into his eyes from the wind. He sighed and jeked them back on to their rightful place. "But..." his steps hastily stopped as his gaze casted to the ground, "but who will I ask?" He looked back up in thought and continued on, walking this time. "If I ask Vikki, Lane will murder me. If I ask Kiva..." he smiled slightly and thought of the blue-eyed girl. He slowly brought his hand up and ran his fingers through his chocolate brown hair all the way down through his ash black bangs. "Kiva," his thoughts beat inside his mind.

"Hey, Sam!"

The boy looked up, breaking his thought and stared at the girl running towards him, followed by a taller boy telling the girl to wait.

"Oh, Vikki, Lane. Hey," Sam mumbled loud enough for the two to hear.

"So?" Vikki said in a high pitched voice, "Who are you asking to the dance? You know this is the biggest dance ever! Only the finest ninja are going to be there." She smiled over at Lane and then took his hand.

"Well, it's not going to be you," Sam thought to himself as he timidly looked into Lane's deep brown eyes. "I...I" Sam studded nervously. He looked at the young blonde and eyed her large hazel eyes. "Well," he began with a more firm voice than before, "I was thinking of..." he stopped to lower his voice level, "I'm going to ask Kiva."

Lane smiled at Sam with a look of satisfaction. "Really now?" He said with a hint of doubt to his friend's plan. "Are you sure you'll actually have the guts to do it?"

Sam lowered his gaze, but glared upward at the tall brunette. "Yes," he grumbled, "Of course I'll go through with this. I...I love her." Sam's heart seemed to stop within him. "Love her..." The words beat over and over inside him like a penny being thrown into an empty cave.

"Whoah, Sam," Vikki had a look of worry in her eyes and she leaned slightly forward to get a full look at Sam. "Are you sure you're ready to say you love her? I mean...that's a huge step that no one can take lightly."

Sam knew she was right. It was nothing to take lightly as a joke, or not to be a certain decision. To love someone was meaning you were ready to sacrifice everything and anything for them. Ready to spend the rest of your life with them no matter what happened. "But you always say that you love Lane...how is it any different if I say that I love Kiva?"

Vikki looked at him with a hint of defeat in her face. She remained silent and looked straight forward.

"That's because," Lane began, "I we actually do love each other. There is no doubt anywhere. You've even seen it for yourself."

"Ya, like when I caught you two making out?" Sam cut in with a mocking tone.

Lane looked hatefully serious at Sam. His eyes seemed to have a glowing red tint in them, and the air became slightly cooler around us. "No...the fact that countless times she's saved my life. She shows

me love that way, the fact that she's always beside me, and that..." he closed his eyes and the air suddenly became warmer as he held on Vikki's hand tighter, "and that she already agreed to marry me."

Sam's eyes grew wide and he stopped abruptly. "I knew about all those things...all except the last one," he thought with shock, "she...she agreed to already? Does she know what kind of commitment she made? Does Lane know what kind of commitment he made?"

Lane seemed to have read Sam's expressions and answered his spinning thoughts. "Yes...we both know what we were saying..and meant every word of it."

Sam smiled and began walking ahead. "Well then," he said with a slight choke. He held his head back, trying to stop the tears from flowing down his flushed cheeks. He looked behind him at his two friends and smiled widely. "Well then," he repeated while spinning images of the times he had saved Kiva, the times she had saved him, the time that Vikki had told him what Kiva thought about him, that same kiss in the pitch-black from the blue-eyed girl, "I mean it, too."

(End Part1)

3 - Confession of Love, The Death of Sam? (part 2)

(sorry, I'm putting this story from my perspective now...)

Rain dropped from my window and I sighed, looking into the deep colored sky. "I wonder why it began raining all of a sudden?" I mumbled to myself. I yawned and stretched my arms out. "It's making me really tired." I then stood up and walked into the kitchen and open the fridge widely, being engulfed with the cold air the ejected happily from it. I reached into it and pulled out a container filled with a dark brown fizzy soda. "Ahhh," she sighed happily and brought the bottle close to my mouth as if to kiss it, "Dr.Pepper. The best thing ever!"

There was a loud knocking at her door and I heard Lane calling her name eagerly.

"VIKKI!!! VIKKI!!!"

I ran quickly to the door and swung it open revealing Lane standing in the rain, small droplets dripping off his body. "Oh, Lane, come in now! You'll get yourself sick!"

"No, no," he mumbled and walked in, "I'm fine, but here," Lane handed me a letter elegently embrioded with a golden lace pattern. I flipped it over and ripped the envelope with my fingernail and gently removed the paper that rested within, so careful no not harm it at all. "It's from the...the Ninja Tripudio hosts," I whispered in slight disbeleife, "What do need of me?"

"Just keep on reading!" Lane said happily and very eagerly for that matter.

My eyes skimmed through everything, then my eyes caught a veary significant sentence where they were asking a very important thing of me and some others. I let out an excited scream and dropped the letter as soon as I finished reading what the hosts had written to me. "They want us to perform during the dance, Lane! Me, you, Sam, Kiva, and even Abeo all together!" I hugged him tightly and felt adreniline pumping through me. Now the last thing I needed was that Dr.Pepper, but I opened it and drank some anyways.

"I love you," Lane wispered in my ear, then began laughing at how hyper I had become even in the weather condition, and smiled warmly at the fact that I wouldn't let him go even though her was soaking wet.

Sam sighed and fipped onto his stomach on his bed. He lazily stared at the clocked then glaned over at his large window and closed his eyes. "Gloomy day, and a boring one for that matter. So bored!"

"Well, then call one of your friends and have them over, brother," Sai said coolly then stood up and threw the phone to his older brother. "Maybe you can have Lane, Vikki, and Kiva here." The Sai left the room with a smile and a wave.

Sam then stared at the black phone in his hand, not knowing what he wanted to do with it. He hand seemed to shake as he began to dile my house phone. ____

Ring ring! Ring ring!

"I've got it!" I shouted loudly.

"Not if I get it first!" Abeo shouted back leaping off the stares. He grabbed me around the waist and lifted me into the air. "Hello?" He said, smirking at me with his childish victory. "Yes. She's right here," Abeo lowered me down to the ground and handed me the phone. "It's for you. Sam's on," he said softly then sat over on the loveseat.

"Yes?" I answered. There was a pause. "I guess we can. No I don't think Lane would mind....no. Abeo has work to do. Kiva? Oh!!! Really? Oh, sorry, sorry. Okay, we'll be over soon. And yes, we'll keep dry. Thank you, Sam. Bye."

Click.

"So, What's up?" Lane asked me, taking the phone and placing it back where it had originally been.

"We're going over to Sam's. He has nothing to do and is bored. He's also having Kiva over," I said with a smile.

"Alright, you two keep dry, okay?" Abeo said, standing up swiftly with the letter I had received in his pale hand.

Lane and I both nodded and began walking towards the door. Lane grabbed an umbrella and opened it over the both of us as soon as we stepped outside into the falling rain, ready to see our friend and deliver the news we had just heard.

Sam let out a shaky breath as he set the phone down after talking to Kiva. He layed back with a flop and curled up slightly. "Did it," hs thoughts mumbled inside of him.

"Hm," Kiva sighed and stood out of her desk chair, "Sam called and wanted me over with Lane and Vikki, too?" She caught herself blushing and shook her head, causing her red streaked hair to fly about. She bundled herself in a black jacket and stepped outside, staring into the crying sky, walking with swift steps to her destination. "Sam," she wispered. Her thoughts began spinning and she caught a tear that fell from her cheek and watched it mix with the rain. "Don't be silly," she mumbled to herself and coaxed her thoughts to stop telling her such silly things, no matter how much she wanted to beleive them. But for all she new, what she thought was a fantasy to herself, were all hopes and dreams awaiting to become a realitly to the both of them. And the awaiting was about to come to an end.

(End of Part 2)