

A Night's Wonder (Preview)

“Happiness can never exist without content with struggle.”

“I liked it, it was a good movie. I liked the”

Ignored. She's either trying to be too positive or a fool. That movie made Keanu my new favorite actor.

breathing out and in, I can only muster, “Hmmm” as a response.

“Don't tell me you didn't enjoy it. I had fun!”

There is some fun in watching bad movies, but not paying for them.

I only breathe because the effort it would take for me to explain why I just lost an hour and forty-seven minutes of my existence seems like a waste in and of itself. I like her. And I can't help but to think... my unstoppable habit. She's so cool, but.... I care for Charlene as much as I could for any human, but I also know that we are in two very different worlds. And with that alone, I am restraining the growth of this relationship.

As we stroll through the cloudless night, the dark seems to blanket us on the pavement. A serene beauty without bright skies, chirping birds, or colorful rainbows, this is my mind painted onto the earth. The breeze is helping to create a calm to my breathing that always keep my thoughts ungrounded. It blows a smile from my mind to my face. I might be happy in this moment. I never knew true happiness or content,

but I think I have a godlike understanding of what it is. The lovely silence that surrounds us gives this night a surreal but movie scene-like aura.

“What’s on your mind? *Us.*

Why are you so quiet? *I’m always quiet.*

Did you like the movie? *Hell no.*

Are you thinking of someone else?” *No need to repeat to myself, but no.*

I blink, this time for over a minute. I don’t have to use my eyes to tell you what is going on. Besides her habit coming up as usual, she has noticed my distance throughout the entire August night. Her big bright brown eyes and beautiful *skinfacesmilearmslegsass* began to show her anxiety. Again she tries to enter my mental maze.

“Damien are you gonna talk to me?” *I need to calm her. Because I’m not ready to talk. I’m good with, but I’ve never been big on words. Anyway she won’t understand and I won’t force my destiny on her. Ignorance is...*“

“I don’t know yet.” *...bliss. And I can’t steal anyone else’s happiness. I removed my own.*

“I haven’t decided.”

Her insecurities have been apparent to me since our first phone conversation, which kept both of us up until the sun rose. I described what I saw that night as the sun began to purge the night’s mystery, I told her about the slow change from a dark to an ice bluish atmosphere, then the gradual appearance of the golden god as it began its 12 hour campaign on the weakened darkness. We talked about our family lives, and

our dreams and future ambitions. She learned about my personal pledge to be truthful. I also gave her a sample of how my mind works, by discussing things she has never heard of and sharing with her some of my... ideas. I learned about her past trauma, she trusted me with her vulnerability. I'm not sure if I'm vulnerable, or maybe I forgot how to be it consciously. She enjoyed my poetic tongue that night and the night after we enjoyed each other's. We got to know each other.

“I'm just thinking... and it's not about anyone else.” Two months and she's worried about someone else. I guess she doesn't know me as well as I thought. First, I will never cheat, and it breaks my personal respect code.