

flashes, sending a multicolored glow through the dirty window which shines, mixing up with the other confused colors inside the room.

The dark-haired girl pats the tall man beside her on the arm. "I'm sorry. I really can't go out with you anymore. I've done some soul searching and realized that I'm really in love with this guy who's like my best friend. Not everyone would say he's the most amazing guy ever, but I love him. I don't know why I never noticed before."

The man's eyes narrow to mere slits. "You can't do this to me, Christa, lead me on like for

a month and drop this bomb on me."

She smiles wanly. "I didn't mean to. I'm sorry. It just kind of happened. He can play the piano like no one else that I know. My favorite song is a song he wrote just for me."

"Well how nice. What's it called? "The Trail of Broken Hearts?" or something like that?" he spats venomously.

She ignores his sarcasm and half closes her hazel-colored eyes and murmurs fondly, "The title? "Love Sings." Poetic, isn't it?"



—Sheree Whitelock, "Snow Day"