

## Short Story

He sat down on the lush green grass next to me, brushing the dirt off his worn jeans.

"Seeing that you're not like other girls," he stated, giving my make-upless face and neon-colored stockings a curious glance, "I bet you never liked horses much."

Feeling his eyes watching me, I tossed the large daisy I had been clutching into the quick stream. It seemed to fight the flow of the water, violently tumbling over rocks being torn apart by small waves. I watched until it floated out of sight, nothing but a mangled stem.

A small breeze began to blow as I glanced back at Trevor, gently tossing his long, light brown curls across his emerald eyes. His simple white T-shirt stretched across his stomach, showing off his taut muscles & contrasting with his tanned arms. I leaned towards him, until our noses were almost touching.

"Never," I whispered. "I ride unicorns." I put my hands on his strong chest and pushed him back. I then got up and walked away, back to where I can come from, through a field of flowers, each trying their best to be the most beautiful, until they all faded into a dizzily colorful carpet.

And I didn't look back.

Submitted by Shelbi R.  
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