

3:49 AM

The cul-de-sac is dark except for a bright light shining through a narrow second story window.

Inside, a girl, wide awake, feels like the purple walls are crashing down on her.

She stands barefoot in the middle of a trophy filled room, holding an ice-cold penny in hand.

Her scarred knees tremble as she throws the copper coin in the air and watches as it plummets to the floor.

Nervously, she slowly starts to look down, she stares at Lincoln's face for what seems like forever.

Surprising relief evident on her face, her tensed body relaxes for the first time in weeks.

As she walks around the room picking up the many shiny trophy's, the purple walls lift.

One by one she places them in a box labeled storage.

The cul-de-sac is dark except for a bright light shining through a narrow second story window.

Untitled

He had hurt the one's she loved the most, so she'd spit fireballs at him or pretend he wasn't there.

He would apologize and eventually everyone would forget.

But not her.

She had seen him for who he really was.

So, she replaced her pink little purse for a cape and a sword.

For he had hurt the one's she loved the most.