

"and,... smiles"

"Quick." he thought while running thru the streets. It is 4 AM and the inhabitants of this boring little town somewhere in Italy are sleeping. the sun would set in an hour. He had to hurry or else he'd lose her. She is heading for the highest mountain around here. Thru the streets, the woods and the fields he followed her without her noticing.

Under her left arm, she carries a book. A little green book with cursive lettering in gold saying "what to love" on the cover. In her right hand exactly two things: a wooden pencil and a carmine red petit marker.

Her dark, almost black hair put up into a bun, showing her comely face. There is no emotion in her eyes. You can't say she is happy neither can you say she is sad.

He is confused and amazed. The girl swept him off his feet the second she set foot into town.

Every morning he had seen her walk by his window at 4 AM when everyone but them was sleeping. Never to know where she goes, he watched her walk by day after day.

And today he decided to find out... what is it she does?

A second he didn't pay attention. He got too close. She only was a few steps ahead of him. Suprised he jumped back, stepping on some branches and falling backward. She spins around. Her short summer dress flys around. "Can't you be a litter quieter, I'm doing something at the moment. You have to be quiet, boy." More confused than ever he says "Yes, I'm sorry." He gets up and runs after her. She went on. Not minding what he was doing. At 4 AM in the woods following her.

They walk for a while. He finds her even more beautiful from up close. "Okay." she suddenly says as if someone had just asked an important question. He didn't pay attention to their surrounding. He only had eyes for her. He turns around and looks around.

Flowers. A field full of flowers, what beauty catching his eye in this moment. She sat down. On a spot only covered with grass, there was space for two.

In the morning sun, her mesmerizing green eyes compel him to only look at her. "You are beautiful." No emotion in her eyes, still no emotion. "You seem like a nice guy." She almost whispers staring right into his puppy eye. Into his soul, you might say.

She opens the book, takes her carmine red marker and begins.

First the eyes. Brown like coffee, wide open but tired and sad.

The soft rosy lips.

The dark eyebrows.

The blushing cheeks.

The crazy hair.

The flowers all around him.

The setting sun in all her grace with the clear dark blue sky turning yellow, orange, purple and colors you can't imagine without seeing.

Then they laid in the meadow, happy. No words needed.

She tilts her head towards him and,...

smiles.

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