**THE FREEDOM OF LOVE**

Her eyes – they were as deep as sea could get, as dark as the most massive black holes mankind has ever discovered, as pigmented and textured as a wolfs fur… Her eyes were divine and mysterious, they were secretive and inviting. They seemed to shine through the room all the way to his seat, flowing in the air, tempting him to fall right inside her unconscious gaze. The lashes framing her eyes were defined and ink black. He glanced at her discreetly. No one could have noticed unless they were looking for it.

He has been in love with the fair girl ever since she has walked into his class. The only problem that he liked to think of as a temporary obstacle, rather harmless than a potential threat to his dream come true, was that she didn’t really seem to notice him. It would have been harder if she liked someone else, but she lived in a secret world no one could break into without a key. She was broken, he could tell. All she needed was someone to save her.

“She is all alone, and that’s not right.” he murmured under his breath. He had to talk to her right then, not later. His whole body was tensed and aching to talk to her. To hug her and make her feel okay. He bought a rose when returning home that day and when he came home he mixed colors until he created the gentlest, softest purple color he could create. He painted the flower carefully, like it was made of glass. He ducked it into the snow before he went to school next morning. He then slowly walked towards school and searched for her wavy dark hair to appear. He saw her when he was only a few feet away from her. She sat on the ground looking deeply embarrassed. Her cheeks were that fiery red color they always got when she ran.

“Are you alright?” he asked her, offering her a hand. She nodded, silently and stared at the ground and whispered: “It’s really slippery today.” Then she looked up at him and then grasped his palm. When she stood safely, he clumsily gave her the flower.

“I painted it – I figured you are something special, and I guess you don’t like normal things.” He said. She smiled then slowly and answered: “I like unusual things.”

“Good.” He said. “Good” She agreed. He touched her hand slowly, not sure how she would react. Her fingers were icy cold. She squeezed his fingers a little.

“I’m cold…” she said looking up at him. He laughed and hugged her around her shoulders. They started walking. “Where are we going?” she asked.

“The class starts in half an hour. Do you want to go to the woods?” he responded. She nodded and they walked in silence, but the feeling was nice, like they needed nothing but each other, no words. “What would you do if you had no fear?” he said. She looked at him confused.

“I mean if you were as free as a bird, what would you do?” he asked.

“I would shout. And I wouldn’t care who heard.” She laughed.

“Do it.” He said looking at her, in her eyes like a hundred times before. She questioned him with her look. “I mean it. Just do it!” he said meaning it. She raised her eyebrows in doubt, but then realized he was right. If ever, now was the time. No one could hear her. She was free.

“I’m free!” she shouted. It felt so good. They barely knew anything about each other and he set her free, and it was so imperfect for uncountable reasons, but she wished the moment would last forever.

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