

# *The Mystery Man...*

by Tanvi B.

It was a nice, sunny, Sunday morning. Clove had no intention of going anywhere. She was too busy daydreaming about the love of her life! She felt heavy in her lungs. The urge of wanting to be picked up and twirled into her unpredictable future was overtaking her. All she wanted was to live her dream life! Oh how badly she wanted that. Why couldn't she have that, why? She snapped back into reality when her mom called her down.

She sighed and slumped down the endless spiraling stairs. She entered the kitchen and saw her mom holding a crisp envelope with a pink, S wax seal. Her mom had a smirking grin on her face. "What's that?" Clove asks. "It's an invitation to the shetty's party!" Her mom (Nay) exclaimed. "You know their son Zahir is going to be there." Her mom said. Clove rolled her eyes, knowing what was going to happen next. "Oh come on Clove, he's a nice, handsome, SINGLE guy!" "But-" her mom cuts her off. "LISTEN, this is the perfect opportunity! Don't waste it." "Ugh, Mom would you just stop it for once!" Clove exclaimed, "I'm not gonna do this again." She ran back to her room and slammed the door shut. She was tired and fed up with her mom trying to set her up with Zahir. It was just never going to happen. Clove was done.

The next day she woke up to an infuriating eternal beeping noise of her alarm! She tried to go back to bed but it didn't work out. She slowly opened her eyes. The sun was peering in through the blinds shining on her smooth brown dewy skin. She mustered up the energy to finally get out of bed. She looked at herself in the mirror. She was gorgeous, like her mom, with brown hair, chocolate eyes, and poppy-red lips. But in her eyes, she thought she looked like a beast. She was so insecure. After a brief moment of criticizing herself, she went to get ready. It was spring break so Clove really didn't plan anything that day.

Though her mother reminded her that it was the day of the party. Clove dreaded going but she had no say in the whole situation. That night Clove had gotten ready. She wore a simple Indigo dress paired with black heels her mother insisted she wears. Then when she went down to meet her parents, and the compliments were over, they drove off.

When they reached Clove didn't want to be seen so she went wandering off into the mansion corridors. As Clove strode through the corridors she grazed her hands against the wall, when she felt something- a BUTTON?!

She felt around more and accidentally pushed this "button." Then the wall shifted and opened! "What just happened?" Clove had asked herself. Suddenly, unlocked a secret passageway! Out of curiosity Clove of course went in. There were stairs leading somewhere, into the unknown. She looked around, down the musty passageway steps. It was so dark. She got out her phone flashlight and wandered off. She didn't think, she just followed the light. She was getting deeper through the passageway when she stumbled on something. Before she could fall she caught herself. "Whew!" She sighed.

She looked around. She found herself in a musty room. There was a bed, some paintings, and a lot of artifacts. She then went to get a closer look at the paintings. She slowly picked up one and dusted it off. She observed the picture thinking back to when she saw this picture. She knew she had seen this picture! She looked at the other paintings and realized they were all portraits of the same person. Marie Antoinette! The last queen of France. Clove looked

around more. There were many items, jewelry, and artifacts. A Lot of the items belonged to Marie Antoinette, the last queen of France. What was this all about? Clove looked through some boxes and found some letters written to the queen. Clove delicately ripped a letter open and read it. *“Oh, my sweet Marie. Thy peach lips, blonde hair, and light blue glistening eyes. Come back to me my dear, I yearn for you. Thus I may never give up on capturing thy love.”* What was this- “ It looked like she had a secret lover or stalker.

Suddenly She heard some shots firing and screeching screams. Then there was another shot and everything went quiet. Clove was still. She held her breath as sweat dripped from her face. It all happened so fast Clove couldn't think!

Then a tall muscular man came in. He had snow-white skin, Charcoal hair, and midnight eyes. All her attention was on him now. “What was he doing there and would he please put a ring on my finger?!” Clove thought to herself. The Man inched closer to her. She could feel his warm breath against her skin. Clove was mesmerized. She was trapped in his eyes. He then picked Clove up like a feather and took her away. Clove didn't know what was happening, all she knew was that he was her soulmate. She was locked on him.

The mystery man took Clove to his car and shoved her in the back. “Hey uh- what's your name?” Clove awkwardly asked. “King.” The man had said in a deep voice. “Woah! That's cool my name is Clove.” Clove was blushing so hard. He already had stolen her heart. Then the man put on a mask as a mysterious fog seeped throughout the car. Clove slowly dozed off. And the man drove off. The man stopped the car picked Clove up and laid her down on the porch of her house.

After a few minutes, her parents got home and found her sound asleep in front of their house. Her parents woke her up as tears rolled from their eyes. “Oh my god! Dear, we thought we left you - we couldn't find you!” Her mom Cried. Clove woke up and looked around. How was she at her house? What happened? She forgot everything!

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