

DANIEL

By
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It all started out about six years ago. My heart had been stolen by a boy named Daniel. When we were together in town, his glistening green eyes and sandy blonde hair captivated me. Every Friday night we would go to an Italian restaurant. If I can remember correctly, “Enjoy” was the name.

One afternoon we got involved in an argument. No matter how much we tried to get over it, we couldn't. My heart was a battlefield. Fought, then destroyed. *It's over.* I thought to myself. Unfortunately, I was correct.

Every night and every day, my mind was filled with images of his smile, the fight, and then the tears. When I wasn't thinking about Daniel, I was thinking about love. So much like glass, it is. So fragile and delicate, yet so strong. But then if a tiny pebble hits it, it shatters. Yes, it shatters so hard that it is impossible to mend the pieces together once again.

Last weekend, I went to the restaurant named “Enjoy.” I sat in the booth that was our designated spot. *He won't be here,* I thought. *Face it. It's over.* Yet, I was desperate. Caught up in my thoughts, I hadn't realized a man was standing beside the table. He charmed me.

“Is this seat taken?” he asked me.

For some strange reason, there was something familiar about him. Maybe it was the glint in his glittering green eyes or the sparkle in his smile. Before I could reply, a thought overcame me. It was Daniel.