

Darkness. All I can see is darkness. Not much to see to be honest with you. My limbs felt all sore as if I hadn't moved in months. Urging myself to move I opened my eyes. They were so heavy as if they held the weight of the world. Finally managing to open them at last, light flooded my vision. And now all I could see was gold.

The warm light filled me inside and my eyes opened wider. I saw the sky. A gray sky, but not the kind that foreshadowed the rain. It was the kind that you knew was always kind of there. The kind that you knew no matter what you did would always stay there. A soft breeze blew across my cheeks and I reluctantly sat up.

My long black hair danced gracefully as the wind picked up. I examined my aching body. There were no cuts or bruises. I was somehow completely unharmed. Finally I looked up to see tall rows of grass all around me. Just rows and rows and rows of never ending grass. And that's when I realized I had no string.

My red string was gone. The same string that had been with me since the day I was born. That string was rumored to be tied by the gods themselves to your soulmate. And I had lost mine. It was gone forever now.

I brushed myself off and decided to look around instead of mourning the loss. Suddenly my foot was pulled from underneath me and I was back on the ground. Looking around for the cause I spotted a red string. That string might show a way out of this place. Out of this... this field of grass.

I stood up once more turning in the direction of the string. I stopped and waited for another unknown force to grab my foot, but it never came. I began to follow the string through the grass. The tall lush golden straw pushed against me as I walked through the middle of them. I saw no end to this string, but yet again I didn't see an end to this field either.

My legs began to ache more than they did in the beginning when I woke up. But finally that's when I see something in the distance. It looked red and blurry from here. Excited I picked up my pace sprinting towards it. It was a gorgeous tree with it's branches intertwined with the red string. The same string that led me there.

Underneath the tree was a boy. He sat calmly beneath its trunk with the strings dancing above him in the wind. I approached him.

He had sandy brown hair that looked as fluffy as a cloud and skin that looked sun kissed. His clothes were well worn but not what one could call poor. He looked up at me with a crooked smile. He offered me his hand.

"Hi. What brings you to The Field?"

"This place has a name?" I countered.

"Why of course all places have names."

"Then what's your name?"

"I don't have one. And you don't either", he said readying to stand up, "Not here, not now. I think we're here for a reason and I don't think it's to make friends."

I nodded my head in agreement. He began to walk toward the tree and swung up into a branch. I followed.

It was an odd place to be. A place where no names existed and time forever held its breath. It was forever twilight. The stars and the moon and the sun waltzed in harmony beyond the gray clouds.

Some nights he and I would just watch the sky. We would talk as if we knew each other for a lifetime. Some nights he would hold me close in his arms while I fell asleep. I didn't want to leave. It was so peaceful, so calm and comforting. But wasn't I trying to leave.

"What's on your mind?" He questioned.

I had never felt the need to lie to him. He was the only one here. I trusted him with everything I had. Even my heart.

"I... I came here to leave... to leave and find a way out," I began to stutter as I felt a lump grow in my throat.

He sensed the change and came to my side, "Now listen to me. In the beginning I told you that we were here for a reason. Your reason might be to leave"

"But what if it isn't," I cried out through tears, "Would if I leave you for no reason."

"And that's okay too," he said calmly wiping my tears, "We'll see each other again some other time some other place. I don't want to hold you back."

And with that he stood up and pulled me up with him, "You see that star all the way down there."

I nodded.

"I think it's calling you. I think this tree was just a pit stop for you and that string."

Then he let go and pushed me out from the shade of the tree. He retreated back to its trunk looking at me. I took a step forward and then another. I looked back but he was already asleep just the way I had met him.

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I woke up with a start. My hair stuck to the back of my neck and sweat beaded on my forehead. The beeping and whirring of machines surrounded me. I looked down and saw tubes and IVs hooked in with stiff blankets to surround them. I then felt an abrupt tug on my finger. Looking down I saw my string had returned.

Turning my head in the direction of the force I see him beginning to stir in his own bed with machines. His eyelids fluttered open. At that moment I knew he had been right.

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All the while death watched over from above. He saw the two and was reminded of his own heart break from when he was human. His string had never connected to her's.

Seeing how these two would fall in love, but never connect, he cut their strings and retied them. He made sure that they wouldn't have to suffer what he had.

He remembered how the two had been killed by a crossing train just to see each other. He remembered how he had brought them back unlike how in his story he had died and it ended. Their story though, had only begun.

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