

playing with fate

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By : [thearkproject](#)

mandy is a painter who lives in new york. one day She finds in her gallery that she has painted some interesting paintings some that surprise even her.

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Mandy Hunt lived in brooklyn she was twenty fives years old she had black hair and green eyes quite disturbing to look at. she wasn't scary though, sometimes misunderstood. Mandy loved to draw and paint. She had a gallery full of her paintings and drawings that she had made. She especially loved a painting of a bright red rose with a backdrop of stars, the picture hung on the eastern wall.

one day while She was browsing them mandy started to notice something strange. the first picture showed a girl very beautiful with brown hair and green eyes, she was reading a book on a park bench with knees pulled to her chest she looked so vulnerable and so vivid Mandy thought it looks almost real, Mandy also noticed a shadow on the pavement. beautiful she thought and She moved to the next one, it was the same girl holding the hand of a tall man, the man was tall and very handsome glasses blonde hair and blue eyes. Mandy started to notice the pattern. the next picture was a shared kiss between the girl and boy Mandy was scared but thought the picture is beautiful and knew that she hadn't painted it. The next picture showed two shadows one masculine and one feminine with upraised arms and she knew that the shadows meant they were arguing. the next picture was the girl walking away and the boy crying in the background. Mandy was crying now very sorry and trying to remember when she painted these. then in the next picture she saw a door and a masculine shadow with a flower in his hand, the last picture is on the eastern wall she stared at it and notices the shadow of the girl. she leaned on the back wall and sobbed.

Mandy realized that she had painted a entire story but who's story. was it hers no it hadn't been hers she had been in isolation for six solid months then what or who rather had she painted. Maybe she had just painted random pictures but there was never ever going to be that big a coincidence. she got up and approached her paint supplies and pencils and started drawing suddenly she shivered once. Mandy didn't remember anything after that, two hours later she saw what she had drawn. The picture was the boy and girl holding hands on the park bench.

Melody and Jason were sitting on a park bench looking into the distance and were just acknowledging that they had gone through a lot the past weeks and now were deeply in love. He looked at her she was 21 now her birthday was two days earlier. she had lovely brown hair and was very quiet. She had the greenest eyes and was very nervous he could feel her shaking. He smiled and squeezed tighter and thought it is like fate deemed us to be together, like someone created our destiny.

Mandy was really scared and realized that what she had painted was someones story. Mandy thought she had ruined someones life and promised never to paint again she left her apartment and walked down the street on

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her way to the local coffee shop and saw two people holding hands on the park bench across the street. She thought that they looked familiar but kept walking thinking it a coincidence.

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