The Beauty of The Beast

By : Tasha Knight

Mark has an horrible past, and has scars to prove it. He doesn't speak, keeping his words for himslef. He is all alone, because he doesn't let no one in. He lives in fear, fear of losing what he loves. But then everything changes, when Shayna moves into town. She is a strong, hard headed girl, with a great determination and a will of her own. And will stop at nothing to become friends with Mark. Will Mark let her in? Will he be able to let go of his past?

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Table of Contents

The Beauty of The Beast Chapter 1

The Beauty of The Beast : Chapter 1

Prologue:

Mark

Heat.Smoke.Flames.

I open my eyes, but I had to close them back again because the stinging of the smoke was too strong. I tried to move, but there was something weighting me down. My face was in fire and it was wet with something, and I painfully lifted one hand and touch my forehead. I open my eyes, and this time I could keep them open. My hand was cover in blood, and the coppery smell made me dizzy.My sight was unfocused, but I tried really hard to make out what was the thing that was pinning me down,and when I finally did, I froze. It wasn't something holding me down, it was someone, someone I knew very well.

ï¿½

"Mom?" my voice was just a whisper. I put my hands on her shoulders and shook her, but she didn't move. I looked around and notice the flames coming from the kitchen and were slowly making their way to the living room, were we were.

What had happen?

And then I remember, Mom, Dad, the fight, the bottle, the stab. It all came back to me, all crashing down at once. I shook my mom again, there was still no response. I brush her hair out of her dark brown hair out of her face and I scream. My moms eyes stare back at me, fear written all over them. They were as lifeless and the body that belong to it. I scream again, calling out for her, shaking her, but still she will still just lie dead in my arms. And then I saw it, protruding from her back was a piece of glass from a broken bottle. It was dug deep in her back, possibly piercing one of her lungs. I couldn't move, the shock numb my body, making me feel cold even with the blazing fire...

I looked around the fire had reach the living room and the ceiling, and it was about to collapse any minute now. I looked at my moms body, lying on the carpet, unmoving and unfazed, by this burning hell that was consuming our home. I wasn't going to leave her. I took and arm under her back and one under her knees an lifted her up. I ran to out of the living room and was about to reach the door when the ceiling gave away and some concrete fell in me. I dropped Mom and fell to the floor, my sight becoming even more unfocused now.ï¿½ I couldn't move, the concrete had my legs pinned down. I could only see fire, all around me ,and my mom, lying on the floor. Slowlyï¿½ the fire touch her and I watch as it consume her piece by piece. I couldn't speak, I couldn't move, I could only watch as what once had been my mom, became ashes right in front of my eyes. I knew I was going to die too, so I just lay there waiting for my death, waiting for fire to claim me too.

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