

Dear Olivia,

Dear Olivia,

By : Andraya

I looked at his face and I knew that this was it. That this was the day that I would die. I grabbed Noah's hand and whisper, "If I die, i wanted you to know that-" "I love you", he says. I nod and let one small, warm tear slide down my face. No matter how many times I have cheated death, how many times I was left with one foot in my grave, I couldn't defeat this one. This is it.



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Andraya

Copyright © Andraya, 2014
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Dear Olivia,

Dear Olivia,

Preface

My mind was racing as I waited for my killer to reach me. I stood in shock as he ran faster and faster to reach me. I look to my left and see Cody ready to fight. On my right is Olivia, growling. Why is she growling? Her face is turning red. In the cold, I can see steam rising off of her. Her hands are getting hairy. The hair is spreading up her arms, onto her face. I can see her feet becoming tick with hair. No, her feet are actually growing. I watch in horror as her feet grow to be monstrous. I look back up at her face to find a real shocker. She just wasn't human. Her face had changed and it resembled a wolf. I couldn't look at her. This little girl, my baby sister, was a werewolf. It took the same amount of time for me to realize this; my killer had almost reached me. Cody grabbed the back of my dress and threw me into the sky full of stars. I could feel the mist in the air touch me, feeling cool against my overheated skin. I hear someone scream and I think, "Oh my god. Olivia must be dying down there."

But then i realize, I was the one screaming the whole time. all i could hear was olivia down there growling at whatever it was that was trying to kill me. My heart was dying along with her. My mind was thinking about a million things per second. I couldn't let Olivia and cody die. Cody could save himself. he was strong and beautiful. I mean, he could stop a herd of angry buffalo with the touch of his pinky. And i loved him. I could feel the air around me getting warmer as i fell closer to the earth. I finally got my thoughts straight; if cody didn't catch me, then the world could kiss me goodbye. But before i could say goodbye to my mom, cody caught me. i stared into his eyes as we ran into the forest. I heard Olivia scream as i realized, we were leaving her. My little, hair-brain sister was being left to die. I can't let cody do that.

"OLIVIA! HOLD ON! I'LL COME BACK!" cody! we have to turn around! she will never survive on her own! she is just a kid! Please!" all he did was stare straight ahead.

"CODY! STOP!" and I whispered as I watched the killer rip her head off, "she's dying."

Chapter 1 Meet Isabel

I woke up to the sound of rushing water. Soothing yet, frightening. My eyes fly open and I'm staring at a crystal blue sky. I sit up and while my eyes adjust, I stand. I look down at my long legs. I see my normal clothes; black petticoat, deep violet ties, and blood red velvet underneath. But my legs well, they were different. You see, my legs used to be tan. Like i was just at the beach. Like i was right on the verge of burning. BUT it was my natural color. It looks almost the same as Olivia's but she was always slightly darker.

Oh yeah. It's just me now. No more Olivia. She was my little, 13 year old sister. But she had a secret. A big one. And even though we were best friends, she couldn't tell me. Away from that subject and back to my legs. Why am i so pale? I look like snow. I mean, why don't you just start calling "snow white" ? Go ahead. Do it. I dare you. I'm really sorry. Ever since i was little i get angry when im hungry. Olivia used to help me with that. But she can't now. She's probably off having some party with the angels. Damn she is lucky.

but im still hungry. I look at my arms and see something that surprises me on my wrist. teeth marks. I have a scar on my wrist in the shape of teeth marks. But the scariest part is, that the scar healed to be very sparkley. What kind of animal would leave a scar like that? I sat in thought for a moment, wanting to wait until i knew what bit me. I stand for around 5-10 minutes just thinking back, looking at my surroundings. The rushing

Dear Olivia,

Dear Olivia,

water had come from a river. I stood so still, without getting uncomfortable, a butterfly comes and lands on my hand. I lift my arm up very slowly to let her fly away.

But i still dont remember what bit me. But then i remember the rumors of a creature that looked human, but fed on the blood of others. That a man of pale, ivory skin, with a beautiful face, would lull women into thier grasp so they could feed on them. They were like lures on a fishing rod. It bites you in the end. When they were hungry, they would know. The throat would burn like fire. They had speed and agility greater than the best athlete.

My throat burns so bad, i moan. I feel the sun's rays dancing on my cheek. Until i start hearing crackling. My cheek doesnt feel like its there anymore. I run to the part of the river that is in the shade.

Dear Olivia,

Dear Olivia,

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2014-03-08 01:13:31