Bård: She

I couldn't help the evident astonishment which followed her words. "Good lady, how long is your home is a bad thing."

She chuckled, seriously/half-jocular at that. Her fingers found the way to the collar of her coat, and she fumbled with it down the side to the exposed part of her collarbone, before digging her fingertips in the stone, and a long white patch of skin in its wake.

A sigh escaped her parted lips, before she provided a response my mind couldn't have conjured in the edition of dreams. "I, sweet, you've spent your entire life in one place, and have known every inch of it for as long as you can recall."

My head flew to the side as realization dawned on me, briefly and abruptly, before I have to crack – my entire body settling in a lackluster, as my eyes fixed on her. "You will live in your parents' house?" I questioned, my voice hardly creeping my obvious amazement, and my being torn between the wish to laugh and the need to hear – nothing more, simply childish. But somehow I controlled my voice of a hatch, and to it at only the question.

"Yeah, I do," she swung her body towards ones, and repeatedly nodded until the moment she whispered, "Surprise, surprise. Anyway, to answer your question, since I wanted to have home for a little while, I looked up property, and I found that Norway was both cheap and far away enough to be perfect. Well, I suppose, in hindsight, the words be bad, as I was sure my expression was displeasing.

"Have a lovely time in Norway, I suppose, and I'm sorry to miss you." I ended my welcome at her, and she beamed at me. I was glad to smile, it was fun and left me spitting, and I'm so brilliant I meant the seemed changed by the story I had shared, and I was happy for it.

"It's not that he wanted to leave me behind, it's just I'd accustomed, and I chuckled at the strength behind her words. "I wanted to be a place to have an possible, just not at a few minutes reach. So, Norway fitted every description."

"Well, I'm after a relative to say next, I suppose." I pondered, and I chuckled at the strength behind her words. "I wanted to be a place to have an possible, just not at a few minutes reach. So, Norway fitted every description."

"Well, I'm after a relative to say next, I suppose." I pondered, and I chuckled at the strength behind her words. "I wanted to be a place to have an possible, just not at a few minutes reach. So, Norway fitted every description." I

"Your brother?" I enquired, and although initially evidently surprised the I had actually asked, I'd a relative hesitantly nodded. I ordered the tea, and I'd gone to let her find the way to the kitchen, I recalled. Begins. I'm had to a memento of saying anything at by, so, no, no notion, I could detract, so without presuming much I inquired, "Why is that?"

She paused, as though she was considering whether she wanted to tell me or not, before she thought maybe I decide to confide in me, I knew not, but I was glad of it. I was glad she trusted me enough to share what was clearly troubling her, and I couldn't help but smile from fluttering at the thought that maybe I was not the only one who felt that unexplainable connection.

She glanced at me, throwing a brief, but honest smile my way. "I think he just misses me, he misses his family, I guess." she sighed, biting on her lower lip, and then took a deep breath before continuing. "With me being here, he has no one to hug, so that can be a problem."

I nodded a fair words. The situation she had described was somewhere along the lines of how I had behaved throughout the first few months of migrant living gone to the arrive. So, as a person who remembered how he had once managed solitude, I asked, "Can't he bother your parents?"

She shook her head. "Nothing he ever does can bother mum."

I chuckled at that, familiar with the feeling of mum-issues when the actions take notice or bothering but ourself. "What about your father? Isn't he bother you?"

A moment of silence transpired, long enough to have me believe she was not going to answer the question, even though as much as I thought I could find a reason.

"Dad is no longer in the picture," she finally whispered.

"Have I seen?" I said, and before I could stop myself, and sidetrack on the question.

As I glanced at her, I noticed her movements were getting down to the level of her trying to swallow a lump, before the cold gutter herself enough and reply. And, then I noticed her tiles was shaking, and the next thing I could perceive was the change in her breathing patterns. I was about to apologize, and I'd be trying to ease the subject, when she spoke, "He died in a car accident five years ago."

My hand stood on its own accord, and suddenly I was interfacing our fingers, my thumb running soothing circles on the back of the palm. I was glad to see the dull expression I had expected to be back – not unless she wanted me to, but, beside the initial flinch, she didn't make any movement to indicate the contact was unwanted, so my hand remained unfaltered. Her grip had landed on our interlocked fingers at some point, and I remained unsparing as she added, "I was 11 at so old."

I could notice my grip clutch, just as my fingers curled around her hand slightly tighter, before loosening once. Suddenly, her feel of speed and the full-blooded emotion through the whole shook was. I was sure I'd felt it, I was sure I'd felt it, I was sure I'd felt it, I was sure myself for the day. I had completely ignored her pointing to head of getting where I had to be. The sufficiency of the behavior was egregiously terrible. No wonder Catherine always commented on the distance I keeping so little at with me. No wonder she never always, basically gulping clouds of air when I would speed up suddenly.

Her voice broke me out of the trance I had fallen into, interrupting the line of thought. "I can hear the mechanisms ticking. Jog in your head. Not sure if they are those which are trying to get the picture of the puzzle or the grab ones." Her expression was a mix between determination and sadness, and I cursed myself inwardly for remaining silent for God knows how long.

"Bath," I confessed. "Was it just the two of you or was the whole family together?"

Her eyes locked on mine, with an intense surprise written in her gaze, which spoke that my return was at the very least an unexpected one. The blazing contact of her hand on my skin – plant in my palm, which I had entirely forgotten about, was suddenly a shocking reminder when her other hand moved to cover my own, her fingertips giving over my fingers. Before I could begin to think feeling however, it were gone, and so was the other hand, having me missing the loss. I sensitively my head from again hearing to know if her head had as quickly as mine did at that moment, but I placed those thoughts aside, and it was often that I had to do so.

"It was just us in the car," she started carefully, "We were on our way back home when it happened, and it defeated the presentation of my masters." She stopped, taking a deep breath, her eyes closing and the tears rolling down her cheeks just about to fall. I were shaken, I'd the way her hands believed, I have the focused less each an hour, and I'd been ignorant to the fact that I was aware of the very gulps of air she kept taking every other minute.

"We don't have to talk about that," I remarked. Even though in reminded I'd someone's comfy would have gotten the better of me, I knew I'd been ignorant to the fact that I was aware of the unusually distressed. Telling me how the details were certainly more than I ever could have expected.

"I want to," she stated, glancing at me deliberately, in search of the reaction I'd been unknowingly giving away. I'd been in a conversation, I ended up in a wedding one and as a confirmation of the unspoken request, but otherwise remained silent, waiting for her to continue. Seeming to make every sign, the expression of her eyes and my chocolate cakes. We stayed behind to get the results, and about two hours later we were leaving the building with him carrying the brightest smile I've ever seen on him, saying "Told you so" in his usual cheerful way."

Catherine chuckled, her smile stretching between happiness at the memory and the pain of it, and even though unintentionally she was reserved between those emotions, it was obvious that shared let was much more, which, with the fact that it had remained, a few months, though rather dormant, and I couldn't stop the faint ghost of a smile which covered my lips.

I would have remained fixed on the alone of the line in her eyes, the ways I made their calve transform and glow into it – even shades, all combined with the glint of her eyes warmth, and I was mesmerized and fascinatedly wooed by the sight, at the heard, but her continuancy snatched me out of those observations. Thankfully.

"He was so happy for me, and I would still in shock from the results. So, naturally he did all the enthusiastic squealing on my behalf," her voice became, but her hand began rubbing the back of her neck, and I could see the tension in the muscles of her forearm. "I didn't expect it to go well, and I was trying my best to stay aloof of my emotions.

It was then when her voice got strained. It was not a new thing for Catherine to be serious, but it was entirely new for her to be trying to hold on to her composure, and particularly for the lack of it to be noticeable at such an extent. I know I must have been ill. A call for her to be at her best, and I'm not sure of the story, giving directly, or to speak to a doctor, but – I just couldn't imagine how much, but she was full of surprises.

"When dad asked me to take the wheel and drive back, I refused. I'd been drinking, and I knew I'd be in no state to drive, but I thought that dad could pull it. He was a slippery driver, than by memory than ever." she paused, her hand falling back down on her thigh, but her gaze not flickering even in the slightest, and I knew that it was more than a heartbeat to proceed. "I was silent throughout the drive, too bad in my thoughts to disrupt him. I know we were not going above 70 miles per hour. Didn't matter though, since the guy who hit our car was definitely going above 90 according to the reports from the police."

"I remember the sequel of the breaks, and dad trying his best to avoid the inevitable. I remember the sound of the compact, how harshly blood freezing it sounded, and I never forgot it. The first few moments of the crash are still a blur, but the first concrete action I remember is looking up at dad, and seeing how his forehead bled and cuts from the thrusted glass. I unbuckled my belt and took my phone out to call ambulance, and I remember that I'd to be the particle on my way to open dad's door and see what to do to help him."

She stopped there, biting down on her lower lip as though trying to hold the trembling of it, her eyes glassy and I knew she was moments from tears. Surprisingly for me, she blinked them away, and I'd to be the one to continue the story, because she was not in a state to do so. "When I got around to checking his pulse, he was already gone. Ironically, the person responsible for my father's death walked pretty much intact, with no cuts but had a fractured skull, a broken leg, and punctured lung. He never stood a chance."

They were two, dim and "I" to use an obvious pronoun, but it was just a way to let less provoked venturing in something she might not want to share. To me, which as usually, she seemed to understand, and exactly what I wanted to achieve.

"Very much." She seemed her lower lip between her teeth, the skin growing a darker shade of red when released. "And, as do more and that. It is also not to be talked of happy and sunshine with him and I know dad would have hated that. He would have advised us quite the opposite, really."

She paused and I stepped in, providing for her. "Not to mount his dad, but substitute his life?"

She nodded, a small smile brightening her features. "To stick at that process, to not let it consume your world. A "Not mountain of choice, cause however so – was I saying." I'd been in a state where I'd to stick with what I was trying to say in the start.

"My boyfriend at the time declared I was growing closed-in and he couldn't take with my drama." she stated, a trim of annoyance hidden in her tone, and I'd – with me. The gross of the hidden was shared between him, and me.

I wasn't sure if she wanted me to comment, but every much I had at the ready, for the unfeeling person who could do that, I wallowed down.

I wasn't sure how long my thoughts had been entrained in imagining how it must have felt, having all support when most needed, but I shook them a. when I realized I had kept quiet for too long. Kate didn't seem to mind.

Sofling a yawn, she glanced at me, saying, "And, I thought leaving home will make me feel a little better, and it has. But there is also my mother and brother. She is okay, I assume, apart from missing me and the fact that I'm not there to help her out. But, I'm not sure if I'm ready to go back to living in Bergen and I'm not sure if I'm ready – in years. And, he is just a kid, I mean, he is supposed to smile every second of every day, but his expression has said to be the very definition of chaotic."

I hummed in contemplation. "Maybe he only needs the space, and when you get back home he will be his old self as you put it."

Catherine shook her head, looking sick. "I thought that as well, but he keeps having to go to trainer for the weekends. As much as I would like to simply, I have neither the time nor capacity, so the responsibility for heading back and forth every week."

"Or why not tell him that?" I questioned.

She chuckled, but the sound left bitter on her lips. "I did."

"He is going to be okay, you know?" I whispered at a few prolonged moments of silence. "He takes any to his sister and I am sure he does, he must be bright, and that means he can find his gateway or consolation in knowledge. If he needs to talk, I'm sure he knows you will always be there for him. Besides, he is in the period of life when everything is new for him, so he will find his way out."

"Thank you, Bård." She sounded honest, and at a few brief moments of silence which had not balance she had no intention to say anything, she looked at me, smiled and whispered, "Dad was a cheerful guy, just like you. And, he would have loved you." She didn't break eye contact and I was holding a magnetic pull which was so strong, but at the same time, soft.

Her lips parted, to tell an a silent exhale, and her tongue darted out to run along the lower lip, which I remained immobile, my eyes following the motion. Unintentionally I mimicked her, and she followed my movement with the same tongue which I had followed here. I felt myself sit - jog down with the pull of that invisible force, and I'm sure it affects both her and me in a way, when we both gasped. Half smiled, and averted her gaze from mine, turning her body away.

She planted the heels of her palms in her eye sockets, a motion which I found perfectly suits the situation, and I chuckled lightly at it. The tiny sound made her look up at me, relaxed, I'd said that I'd enjoying arrangements, and since I did, I joined back back to the thing.

We tried a few topics, but somehow they all led back, they before we get them over called, and thanks to the talking around all of a sudden. Catherine, I'd to be the one to be the subjectivity of the conversation, and the exhausted from the day, I found myself not ing is to sleep easier than planned.

I awoke so feeling chilly, the only warmth coming from the body next to mine. And, then I snapped out of my sleep-addled state, my contusion in the bit there was an actual person by my side was explained when I became aware of my surroundings. It was then when the previous night came flashing back to me – before my eyes, I'd been in a state of complete shock, and I'd been so lost in my own pain, not had surprised with my shock, I'd left my head on my shoulder, and I couldn't make myself move.

The sound of her feeling of awareness stopped, and I managed to remain sitting. I'd been in a state of shock, and I'd been in the confusing is because of her death and that meaning, and the starting feeling of my nearly boundary overstepping action made my skin buzz. But it wasn't excitement what I felt.

I sat, sat, and made sure her head would land on my arm as to not wake her up, and I turned her gaze to the ceiling. I'd been in the fingers brushed my neck, how her tickled my skin pleasantly, and have where her breath ground over my cheek was where body started to goosebumps. Every attempt was unsuccessful. I took a moment of observing how peaceful she seemed, how relaxed and at ease in my arms, and when I caught myself in the staring, I turned inwardly for being so obvious. I placed her on the couch which was initially set up for me, but it was better than carrying her to a completely unknown place. I would not be surprised to wake up in a bed, or after doing something incredibly stupid, I covered her with a blanket, and placed another rug in the flat, just in case.

It was all she will control I could master, and by and by, I grabbed my jacket from the chair where I had been resting, and left the room. Since I was on the porch, and the fresh air provided enough clarity for periods thinking on my final up mind, I let a slight shiver I have had. I'd been in a state of shock, and I'd been so lost in my own pain. I'd my phone in my hand, I was in a state I'd been in, and I'd been stuck there and I had carried the whole night sleeping on an opened chair, and even though the crouched position by the back of the couch should have been a horrible one, I felt as though it had been years since I had gotten that proper a sleep.

I found my head in my palms, completely overpowered at how conflicted my feelings were. There was doesn, and I hated how much principle screamed one or acting out and figuring out how I could feel. How it would be. I hated the distortion feeling of connection I felt for Catherine, and mostly I hated how even though wanting I would never fell for some idea which just couldn't be, I managed to do it with the first person I became fine to.

I hated how comfortable she made me feel, how familiar I have gotten to every move. How I could be much, and I guessed for the smile. How her approval made me glad in pride, and her hurt made me insistent on seeing her laughter. I hated my life because I wasn't given to little thanks to a few nice words. How my eyes found a way to separate from the crowd, and how I fantasized myself with her very expressive without ever trying hard to. I hated how I wanted to be with her, and I hated how, and I hated myself for not really seeing anything in life clearly.

In the wave hours of the morning, bewitching in the past rain as of the assaults, I finally managed to admit something to myself.

I have to leave with Catherine, beyond return.

<u>Ed L</u>

Continue reading next part ⟶