

# Lilith

Geoffrey Sneddon

December 25, 2009

# Chapter 1

The first day at a new school is always a challenging one, but in Michael's case was unusually so. Thrown into a foreign world where everyone already knows everyone, and you know nobody, *everyone* stares at you when you walk past. Who said school was easy, anyway?

Still, I'm missing my point. This isn't why it was exceptionally hard for Michael, no, nothing related to what might be expected of starting at a new school, but the inevitable consequences of him being a teenage boy: obsessive love. Boys, as far as I can tell, tend to fall in love more or less without control, and very deeply in love, unable to break off even if the relationship fails (if it ever starts in the first place, that is). Being a girl does avoid a lot of this, but there again, I guess our passion is just different in how it portrays itself; my romantic ideals will never die, no matter how often others tell me they will when my heart is broken... again.

Well, maybe what I said above isn't strictly true: the staring, at least in one specific case, *may* have been a fairly major problem. The first time I set my eyes upon him is a sight I will never forget: walking through the herds of school children marching from classroom to classroom, going around in small circles, lost, dodging the thousands of shorter children who dotted this way and that to their next lesson, for he stood clearly above almost our entire school, his height must have rivaled that of many of the teachers. But it wasn't just his height that was exceptional, the features he bore on top of that tall, slim, body were quite extraordinary. His angelic face was riveting, with dark black eyes whose very glance would leave you mesmerised for minutes after (whether it was piercing or beautiful his stare I still can't decide), and a mouth that looked so delicate that I always just wanted to reach up and touch it. It was late on his first day that I saw him meandering through the corridor like this, and I was powerless to do anything but dreamily stare at his beautiful face. And he noticed.

In my daze, I didn't even realize he had noticed at first, until I saw where his eyes were looking: *mes petites yeux*. Dark black into light blue, light blue into dark black. If only we were closer...

## Chapter 2

Three years later, and it was my year's final day of school — ever. The air was electric at the thought of not having to come back and be locked up in classrooms for six hours a day. Freedom, here we come!

In the canteen at lunch, just as I was getting my (probably quite bad) sandwich, the boy I (along with the rest of the female population of our school) had had a brief infatuation with several years prior, and in drastic contrast to his normal completely-calm-and-softly-sweet voice, said nervously, “I thought, after all these years, I ought to give you this”, passing me a book-sized, wrapped in brown paper, package. “I didn't really want to give this to you before, because, uh...”, glancing down at what was now lying in my hand, “you'll see”. He turned and left, looking very, very, very awkward. I stared between his gift, if that was the right word to call this... thing, and his back, confused.

Emily, seeing me dazed by Michael again, said something to me; I didn't quite catch it in my amazement at what had just happened. He never spoke to anyone outside of his group of friends, what could possibly be the meaning of this? The most handsome guy at school, who, as far as anyone knew, had never had a single girlfriend in the three years he'd been here, just came up to me, an almost complete stranger, and handed me a package, looking very uneasy, all on the last day of school. What could he stand to gain by giving me this?

“Come on, snap out of this!”, Emily stared again, “Nothing is ever going to happen between you two! Just sit down and eat!”. At least it seemed she hadn't yet noticed what I was tightly holding on to.

I don't think I've ever been as anxious to get home from school as I was on that day ever after, wanting to open the package that now lay in my schoolbag, but not daring to do so with others around. The fact this was our last day at school had become totally meaningless. I just wanted Michael's precious package.

After an eternity had passed, the bell sounded for the final time I would ever hear, and I jumped out of my seat, mentioned something to Emily about seeing her tonight at the leavers party, and ran home. I couldn't care less about the people celebrating while waiting for the buses to come, even if what appeared to be the whole school did. I had all I needed, something from Michael.

## Chapter 3

I ran upstairs to my bedroom even more quickly than usual, already closing the door as my mother screamed up, “Good day, love?”, as she did every day. Mumbling something as I closed the door, I threw my bag on my bed, then leapt on it, digging out the precious object contained within.

With the brown paper soon discarded, I left staring at its content: a leather bound notebook. Opening it up, I found the cover page carefully inscribed with:

To Lilth,  
Who taught me how to be happy and to love.

Suddenly the whole thing started to become clear: this was going to be one long, likely elaborate, declaration of love.