

## September

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Smashwords Edition

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Cover by Julia Averbeck

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I wanted a challenge for September and so I thought about writing a drabble every day of this month.

For all of you who don't know what a drabble is, here is the explanation: A drabble is a story, which is told in exactly 100 words. It is not as easy as it sounds.

To have an inspiration for each day, I have randomly selected words from the book "No Humans Involved" by Kelley Armstrong. It's a great book and the first of her books, which I read. I've drawn a word every day and written a drabble that came into my mind. The words, which I have drawn, are in bold letters.

Some are probably better than others are but I hope you enjoy all of them nonetheless.

## September

It is September now and you can see the first **hints** of autumn everywhere. Leaves change their colour from green to red, orange or yellow and mist rises up from the earth in the mornings.

The days and nights get colder but you still hope for sunshine, so you can spend your days outside to enjoy the colours painted by nature.

Now is the time when you can eat apples directly from the tree or pick blackberries from the bush. It is harvest time, the time before nature prepares for the long sleep of winter, before everything sinks into darkness.

## Fingernails

What is it about people and their fingernails? Can't they just cut them at home and then everything is fine? No, they have to go into town and get a **manicure**.

You have to sit there in front of a woman whom you normally don't want to meet and want to forget as soon as possible afterwards and have to hold your hands still for what seems like forever. When you come out there after an eternity, you have fingernails which look like talons and aren't able to do anything with your hands even if you wanted to.

### **Dreaming**

The sky outside is grey and I am sitting by the **window**, dreaming of places far away.

When I close my eyes, I can hear the sound of the ocean and feel the sun on my face. There is the sound of wind whispering through trees and the smell of fir needles. I feel like a bird flying in the sky and I want to run with the wolves as fast as I can.

The sounds of the city bring me back to reality and I'm still sitting here, staring out of the window, wishing to be somewhere else.

### **Those eyes**

When I met him, his eyes intrigued me. They had a strange colour, which I hadn't seen before. His iris was blue but the colour became darker and darker the more you looked to the middle of his eyes, almost like a black hole.

I was drawn into those eyes and before I knew what was happening, I sat next to him at the bar and we started to talk about different things. When we parted, he gave me his **card** but until now, I haven't called or seen him again although I can't forget these strange eyes.

### **Priorities**

What is your **priority** in life? Everybody has them but is your priority really what you want? Is it the thing you are living and breathing for or is it just something your parents wanted for you?

Sometimes we don't get what we want but what we need. Do you live your dreams? Is it possible to live your dreams or is that just wishful thinking? Have you thought about your priorities before? Is that really what you want to achieve in life because life often twists into a direction you haven't expected. What will you do then?

### **Forever**

When he steps outside, he can feel the weight of **centuries** on his shoulders. He sees the people coming and leaving, hurrying from one place to another and finally be lost in time. Nothing matters for him anymore because he has seen it all, done it all and has been everywhere he wanted to be.

There is nothing new for him but he can't leave. Some people would think he is lucky but for him it is just a curse. He is doomed to live forever, to live until the world ends. The only thing he does now is waiting.

### **Mugs**

Maybe you know the problem of finding a birthday present for someone you haven't seen in a while. You really don't know what to buy. Normally you will end up with something that feels safe, like **mugs**.

That is probably the reason why I have a strange collection of mugs, which don't fit together. There is one with a bear, several Christmas mugs and some with abstract patterns. I don't really mind because I like the change when I drink my tea. It's almost like choosing a mug that represents your mood at that moment.

### **Stuck**

I know there is this saying that you should always look **forward** into the future and not back into your past but sometimes that is just not possible. Sometimes your memories hold you back and you can't see anything else.

You are stuck in a world that is long over but you don't have the energy to struggle free and there isn't always someone who takes your hand. When you don't get out of this situation alone, you need someone who holds your hand because you need a light in the darkness, which guides you back home.

### **Words**

The most powerful weapon on earth are **words**. Words can make you smile and they can hurt you. They can make you happy or they make you sad. You can do everything with words from building your dream castle to sending the whole world into a war.

Words are powerful, words can be gentle but often words are cruel. We use words to hurt other people, to let them suffer. Who are we to decide who should be punished and who not? When you hurt someone with words, you're not better than the people who hurt others with guns.

### **Don't go**

No, please don't go. Don't leave me alone here. Why do you have to leave me now when I need you the most? Why are you going my love?

Please, don't let go of my **hand**. You have been there for me most of my life but now you just vanish. Have I done something wrong? Don't you love me anymore?

You promised to stay with me forever, in good and in bad times but now you are gone. You promised to hold my hand for all times but now my hand is empty without yours.

### **Dark beauty**

His beauty was obvious to people who knew something about horses. He was as black as the night with no hint of white anywhere and his mane cascaded down like a waterfall. You could see the muscles **shifting** under his skin when he moved around the paddock with so much grace.

Then he was in front of me and suddenly time seemed to stop. He just stood there without moving and stared into my eyes. I couldn't move. I was just able to stare back into the black depth of his eyes until he turned away from me again.

## Pain

**Down.** I'm falling down into darkness and I can feel nothing inside me. There is just emptiness and nothing else. You left my life and now I feel empty inside. I know it was better for you but that leaves me here alone.

I know the pain will come back but I would prefer to feel nothing. Feeling nothing is better than feeling this pain inside me. It rips me apart deep inside and I can't bear this pain anymore. I have no more tears to cry and I can't believe that I will wake up tomorrow without you.

## Empty

"This house feels so empty," **Jaime** whispered not daring to raise her voice. Everything around her was silent and there was no movement. She stifled a cry when the clock suddenly announced the full hour. It seemed like the sound echoed inside the dark corridor.

She checked the note again but it was the right delivery address for the parcel. The front door had been open when Jaime arrived and now she was just standing there. The only thing she wanted to do was run as fast as she could and she did exactly that after the clock struck again.

## Over

I could hear him call my **name**, calling for my help but I couldn't help him anymore. The storm around us got stronger and dark clouds hid the sun. I was standing in the darkness, my lifeless body at my feet and I felt nothing.

Nothing was important, nothing mattered and his desperate cries washed over me without stirring emotions. Once again, I looked down at my broken body, registered how peaceful my face looked and turned around. I didn't know what would come now but I knew it would be better than everything before, even with you.

## Reality

Sometimes it is easier just to feel than to see. Our eyes can show us things that are not real but how can we know the difference? We need to feel them and tell ourselves that they are real.

When I close my eyes now, I can feel the sheets beneath my fingers. They are **soft** to my touch and they have a fine texture. I know nothing about their colour but I know that they are real. However, can we really know what is real? Are our senses telling us the truth or are we just living a dream?

## Over you

When the phone rang, she looked up from her book and waited for the answering machine to pick up. **Surprised** her eyes widened after the first words the person on the other side of the line said. She hadn't expected to hear Adrian's voice again after he dumped her two weeks ago.

After two weeks, she still started to sob occasionally when she thought about her relationship with Adrian but with the help of her friends, it was getting better. She didn't listen to his message and just deleted it from the answering machine, which felt surprisingly good.

### **Loss**

Most of the times life is not fair but we don't know that from the start. That's the reason why **Paige** doesn't know yet, how hurtful a loss can be. There are people you like and then there are people you love.

Until now, Paige hasn't lost someone she loves but someday she will and then she will know how much it hurts. It feels like you can't breathe properly and every thought of your loved one pains you. After a while, you will learn to live with the pain but it will never vanish totally.

### **Life**

I think you can say, that **life** doesn't give you what you want but what you need, most of the times. Sometimes you wish for something to happen but a totally different thing comes along. I don't know if this has something to do with fate but there is no possibility to proof fate.

You probably just have to deal with the cards life gives you and make the best of it. Be happy with what you get and take the chances that come your way. Don't regret your decisions and try to be who you are.

### **Violence**

The only thing she could do was scream. She just felt pain from the caning and tried to get away from him. He was standing over her and she couldn't **wiggle** free. Everything she could do was try to evade the blows and wait for him to stop.

After a while, she couldn't move anymore but he didn't stop and the only thing she wished for was that he would kill her and stop the pain this way. She didn't feel anything when he stopped beating her and she was glad that it was finally over.

### **Mirror**

What do you see when you look into the mirror? Are you seeing yourself or is the mirror like a window into a different world? Can you see oceans and mountains **through** it? Places you have been and places you always wanted to go?

Sometimes a mirror can show you your dreams when you know how to look at it, when you know how to use the power in it. And sometimes, only sometimes, the mirror will transport you into your dream world and you can't believe that this is reality. But sometimes nothing happens and you just see yourself.

### **Freedom**

The only thing he wanted was to be left alone but he never had a moment for himself. That was the dark side of being famous. **Reporter** were following him everywhere, taking pictures of everything he did. He couldn't go out of the house without facing cameras.

After a while, he got used to them but he had to pay a high price for being famous. His freedom didn't exist anymore and he wished he had taken a different way in his past. He wished, he could turn back time and take back what he said back then.

### Old love

**“Jeremy.”** His name tumbled out of my mouth; I just couldn't suppress it. I hadn't seen him in ages and now he was standing here right in front of me. You could say that I was quite surprised and didn't know what to say to him.

When he spotted me, he came over with a smile on his face. Then he just moved close and kissed me on the lips as if no time had passed at all. I closed my eyes and thought that the kiss felt like back then when we were together. “Hello, Sweetie.”

### Way back

What can you do when you have lost your **way**? When you can't find your way back home? Do you have someone to guide you? Or are you on your own?

I just hope you will find someone who takes your hand and guides you back to where you belong. It is often not easy to find your way back when the only thing you can see is darkness. A darkness that surrounds you and you just hope you will find a light so you know where you are. You wish you could see the light, which guides you home.

### Running

He didn't want to run anymore but he wouldn't have a chance to defend himself when they found him. They would shoot him down without asking questions. He was innocent but they didn't know that. They just obeyed orders.

He was sick of being on **guard** all the time, even in his sleep. There was no place, where he could feel safe, where he could hide longer than a day or two. He was afraid to approach people because they could be killed because of him. Sometimes he wished it was over and he could stop running.

### Growing

Have you ever watched something **grow**? You can watch a growing plant and see how it develops from a tiny green thing to a beautiful flower. It feels a bit like a wonder when you can watch this. There are other things, which can grow as well.

When people meet and like each other they develop a friendship, which will grow with time. Sometimes friendship can become more and it can grow into love. Love is like a blooming flower or watching a plant grow. It starts as a small being which gets bigger, stronger and turns into something beautiful.

### Milk

I like to drink many different things but one thing, which I can't drink, is **milk**. I really do not why but I always feel like it tastes strange. When I have flavoured milk, like strawberry milk or something like that, I have no problem with it. I also use milk with cereals in the morning and I like it that way.

Maybe the reason for this is that I haven't tried fresh milk, only the one from the supermarket. I really don't know if that makes a difference or not but maybe, I have to try again.

### **Old friends**

He was gone for such a long time now and her **hopes**, that he would come back, were very low. She had spent her whole life with him and one day when she came home, he wasn't there anymore. Later she found an open window through which he had left.

He was already quite old and she didn't know if he would survive outside. She missed him already, missed his warm weight during the night and his welcome when she came home. Now she only had a picture of him, standing in front of her on the table.

### **Lips**

She couldn't believe that she felt this way again. It was only a **kiss**, she tried to tell herself but the butterflies were fluttering in her stomach and her heart beat faster. His lips were so soft on hers and she nearly forgot to breath.

A lazy smile spread over his face when he withdrew a bit and looked into her face. He could see her flushed cheeks, feel her fast breath on his cheek. From the moment he had seen her in the lobby, he knew, he had to kiss her. He just couldn't resist these lips.

### **Regeneration**

**Time.** I don't have time anymore. There is still so much to do but I don't have the time. I'm standing here at the end of all things and the only thing, I can think about is, that I don't have time anymore.

There were all these plans, all the places I wanted to see and all the people I wanted to meet. Why do I have to go now? My time is not over but I can feel the energy building up inside me, the change of my body. I don't want to go.

### **Free as an eagle**

She followed his graceful flight with her eyes. He circled high above her, riding on the wind. Her heart jumped, when he shot down towards the ground but caught himself just above the trees. The sun glistened on his feathers and let him look like a being made out of fire.

His **cry** sounded far over the mountains and you could hear the joy of freedom in it. The sun started to set behind the horizon and she could see him circle one last time before he flew back to his sleeping tree for the night. King of the sky.

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