

'It's all over ...' her broken heart echoed, as she took another gaze at the Eden below her. Her liquid green eyes glistened romantically as the almighty sun shone her way. Her long, brunette, angel-curved hair flew in the wind behind her, as if to tell her to head back. However it seemed as though God had left signs everywhere. This began with the sun; the life force of our diseased planet – Earth.

The almighty fireball stood aflame in the romantically lit-sky. The sun had begun its journey to start merging with the euphoric azure-blue, crystal clear ocean. The amazing view of the sun setting was something to be shared with someone special. Around her, the animals were taking full advantage of this beautiful scenery. The tropical birds of the beach were resting in pairs on the thin trees around her. 14<sup>th</sup> February – Valentine's Day, and she ran broken-hearted to the most romantic place in the country – possibly the world. She fixed her grief stricken eyes on the powerful sun. She knew the danger and the risk of losing her eyesight for good. Why would she blind herself? Burning her Corneas would have been an earlier option. She would rather have gone blind than witness the heartbreak she had to endure. However, the sun was too far away, and was already beginning to dim. She was too late to even blind herself.

She completely blamed herself for the accident. Since she was a teenager, she was always late for everything - even her wedding. She led herself to believe that her lateness had caused everything to go wrong.

After the accident, she didn't feel human. She felt as if everything that had happened to her was far too unjust. She would frequently pinch herself, to make sure whether this was real, or whether it was all a nightmare; A never-ending nightmare. She was told that her husband had died. He was killed. She didn't know how, or what else. She had lost her memory and all recollection of her past. Her family had cut off from her.

Everything around her was too normal for her. She was far too supernatural – magical.

She looked away suddenly. This wasn't the way to end things. She knew if she wanted to do this, she would have had to do it properly. Plan her death successfully. Earlier today, she visited the hospital to donate her eyes. Tears ran down her beautiful olive skin. She fell on her knees, crying. She literally cried away all of the pain and hurt inside of her.

Zaara was unique. Destiny was always on her side. Why did God snatch all of this away? Her happiness had reached to full, and then it had all gone; in the blink of her green human eye. She had many questions brewing in her mind. Many unanswered thoughts. These thoughts now emitted some sort of powerful radar into the clouds above, growing more powerful. Questions crossed her mind.

As a consequence, the sun emerged from its hideaway.

The sun accelerated into the sky. Altering its brightness, like an Octopus changes its skin colour; from a calming orange, into a sharp alerting bright yellow. She raised her head a little, after noticing her shadow disappearing off the sand, to find herself being jolted upwards rigidly, a couple of feet into the air. The furious sun now shone down at her, awarding a holy spotlight that

unexpectedly brought out her soul; her anima; her spirit. Her eyes opened more than there were destined to.

Her heart sped up the process of pumping warm, loving blood in synch to the sound of her exotic, unique name; inside her cold, deprived body. Her name travelled through her veins, building up charge as they travelled through her lifeless body. 'Za-ra'. 'Za-ra'.

She was posed like cupid in mid-air, except for a bow and arrow.

She was without expression.

Her body was completely rigid.

She looked like a complete angel.

The scene could not have been any perfect.

She was posed in mid-air, posed as if Cupid. She remained inside the spotlight, her hair still blowing back in the wind. Everything was still calm. This definitely wasn't explainable. The sky was still a romantic orange; Calming, Soothing. The sea was gentle. The cascaded waterfalls that carry water from the hills into the ocean, carried to do so.

A magical force had intervened.

Her eyes were still painfully glistening. No tears.

No words were being said. Nothing. In her mind, many images had flashed.

Things from her past. Confusing things for her. Everything was just too much.

Like a Boa Constrictor, with every breath she took in, she felt even more suffocation breathing out. Her stomach was churning. Her insides burning.

She just wanted everything to... to... 'STOP!'

With that word uttered, she fell hard onto the ground.

She managed to get herself up, brushed the sand off of her skirt.

She wiped the tears off of her face.

Still confused.

She looked around her, and saw the sun just rising.

What just happened?

Was that an epiphany?

She stood on the cliff edge, feeling the sand between her toes.

She glanced down and peered at the ocean.

All of a sudden, everything came back to her.

It hit her hard. Very hard.

She felt for the back of her head, where she felt a bruise. As her fingers reached from the back of her head to the front, she peered down at her head to find blood.

She looked at her finger, peering down at her wedding ring.

She slid it off and found an engravement on it – 'Dylan & Zaara – for eternity'

'Dylan...' she whispered.

Even his name sent an intense, electrifying shiver down her spine.

'ZAARA!' Dylan screamed as hard as he could as he dived in front of her, pushing her out of the way. The torrential rain hardened, falling faster in the darkness of the night. The screech of brakes nearly deafened both of them. The wheels of the train sled on the track, as it tried to come to a halt. However the train had decided to brake too late. Dylan was hit. The force of the train against his body was colossal. He flew off of the track with a bang. Her head

hit the ground incredibly hard. As with nearly all love stories; there love story had come to an end. A hurried horrific end.

The only thing left for her to remember was the passion they once shared. The love they both had for each other was strong. The passion still burned inside of her even now. She could only remember waking up in hospital, after a heartbreaking miscarriage, of their first child. This was to be incredibly special. They both shared dreams; dreams of starting their own family one day. Their dreams were finally being fulfilled. However, they had made many unexpected enemies amongst their journey of love – Zaara's Family. Dylan and Zaara both belonged to separate castes. She was of a much higher caste. He was not. Dylan was an orphan. His parents were both killed in a car accident, and he was raised by a family of a lower caste. Zaara's family did whatever they did to kill Dylan. He was first bribed to break her heart. He refused. Many things were thrown their way. They were forced to leave their country. They married, and decided to start their lives in a happier country than the polluted city-filled country they then lived in. What was wrong in that? Why couldn't her family leave them alone? They were in love, happy. They did not care about castes, respect or even money. They had each other, and that's all that mattered.

For Zaara, it must have been complete torture, to find out that her brothers were behind that train that was aimed for all three of them. The train was made to deliberately switch tracks. Her family knew exactly what she was like. All of her old habits. Although they were cute, they cost her, her husband's life. She was late getting to their best friends' wedding. Since she was late they travelled on the alternative, faster, route. Their car was made to leak petrol. Mid-way on the tracks they ran out of petrol. They came to a halt. Everything was bad and the fact that her husband's body was so brutal, they couldn't bury it. Yet she somehow still found the willpower to live. Was it enough?

She tried to remember more, but couldn't. The grief of this brought her to tears again. She wiped her eyes, and turned around, walking away from the cliff. 'Zaara...' she abruptly turned around, in direction to the whisper. She saw what seemed to be a face in the ocean. 'Dylan..?' It couldn't be. Could it? Was it... It was! 'Dylan!' she straightened up. 'Zaara..!' She heard it again. This time it was sharper. Clearer. 'Dylan. Dylan? Dylan!' She moved around frantically, searching for the direction her name was being called from. 'Zaara!' Another whisper, but still louder than the previous two. Her face broke into a smile; something which she had forgotten to do. She walked back a few steps, then ran and jumped off of the cliff. She felt two large, loving arms wrapping around her waist. With that, she felt a kick in her womb. She looked downwards, awe stricken.

Zaara dived head first into the ocean.  
She saw Dylan's reflection on the water, staring back at her.  
She dived right into his arms.  
She did not resurface.  
It was all over.