Chloe Evans

Humanities-1/2

14 Sep 2013

**Just Fiction**

The first time I met him I was thirteen.

It was a bad time,

His best friend didn’t remember him

But then again, he’d never actually been there.

They were all fake memories,

Given away like free lemonade.

The wars we fought together

They were madness

Destruction rained down like ash after a fire.

He thought he loved others, but that was short lived.

For they always turned him down

He didn’t know I loved him.

He could create fire, so easily

In his hands

Like a beacon in the fog,

The fire stood for hope.

But it was hope,

That he couldn’t see.

He thought he was worthless

Something left over on the sidewalk.

The one out of seven, that didn’t fit.

The losing number

But in fact he was the million dollars.

He is Leo Valdez.

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