

THE DARK FABLE EXTRAS

CHARACTER ESSAYS: WHY I JOINED LA FABLE SOMBRE

(A Tradition Created by Vero Jordan)

MADRIGAL JONES

Why did I join La Fable Sombre? For the thrill. Because Ciaran was convincing. For the cash. For the adventure. Because I needed a family.

I wanted to find my mom when I came to Los Angeles. Never did find her. I found Priest, who gave me money and food, and not in a creepy way, but in an I've-been-there way. I found Jase and Vero, who became friends while I was living out of my car. They were enough. Then Ciaran appeared. I didn't trust him. He was too gorgeous and too slick. He approached me a second time, when I was alone, standing in front of a theater that was playing *Metropolis*. He told me I could be as powerful as Robot Maria (and that floored me, that he knew about silent films.) So I said yes. And I asked him how he knew about my ability, the ability to levitate. And he showed me the Door to a place I always wanted to visit—London. His hometown. He told me we were the only ones so far. Only we weren't. Because I knew Jase and Vero had something in the specialness arena: Jase could step through a silver pentagram, to other places. Vero could find anything valuable that was lost. That's why we were drawn to each other; we knew we were different.

Jase was . . . first kiss. And more. And not all noble like he is now. Vero was my best friend/sister before Queenie. So, Vero and Jase became a couple and it was okay with me, because Jase was too high-maintenance in the morals department. Rich kids can afford to have morals.

Ciaran . . . he's my other half. Like maybe we'd been twins separated at birth, only I hope not because, at first, I lusted after him, and that would be weird. So it was me and Ciar, then I roped Jason into LFS, and he lured Vero in. (*Drama note:* Jase and I got friendly *after* Vero and Ciaran hooked up. It's complex and don't judge us.) So, Ciaran and me—we're equals. I mean, there's nothing he does that he doesn't consult me first. I don't know how it happened, how I became his lieutenant. We talk when the others aren't around, about each Strike, the dangers. He was crushed, like we all were, when Vero was killed. He's risked his life for each of us at some point.

Dev he arrived between Jase and Vero. He was a talker, a trickster, and braver than he lets on. The tigers on his arms represent his soul, I think, because he's fierce. He's a charmer, but he's not easily charmed. There's the heartbreak fallout from his girls and boys—only one a year, because he doesn't give away his heart easily. He can't use a weapon to save his life. He's the brother who I can tell anything to and that accent in his voice is lovely.

Queenie is the brainy, big sister. Nothing fazes her. I mean, she and Ciaran are from the same space, clever-wise. She never complains, just gets things done. She tried to teach me how to not kill my plants, then just bought me a cactus. I still have it. His name is Valentino. Queenie also taught me how to love shoes and why fashion is like wearing hunting fatigues.

And now there's Evie, a shadow girl, my opposite. She kind of scares me. She's a cocktail of ingenue and femme fatale. Ciaran, I can tell, is smitten with her. It's awe-inspiring, because I've never seen him smitten before. As much as I love Ciar, his intellect is a little edgy, like I never *know* him. Evie also has a heart problem—as in pretending she doesn't have one. We all do it and we get on just fine.

Okay, on to Father Silence and Mother Night. Papa and Mama. They're magnificent. They are the king and queen. The sun and the moon. The Rudy Valentino and the Theda Bara. I always picture them in black and white. Mother Night bought me my first gown, a pink satin and tulle Versace that made me magic. Father Night gave me my first switchblade, something shaped like an owl. Mother Night sang me a lullaby when I was brutally ill one winter. Father Night bought me a car for my eighteenth birthday. Where would I be without them? I owe them everything.

As for my owl spirit, my Strix, my familiar . . . she is the spirit version of me. She soars when I fall. I hear her wings when I'm sleeping. She sings lullabies to me in Russian. She is heartless.

I joined La Fable Sombre because it's where I belong. I don't want to be anywhere else.

DEVON MORRIS

Why did I join La Fable Sombre?

Well, it was because of Ciaran. He's dead gorgeous. He's also very convincing, and when he opened that Door to Los Angeles . . . it made what I could do look like skipping rope. We walked down Hollywood Boulevard and he told me why he needed me. No one ever needed me.

I can charm locks. And tech. And people. I can deceive them. It took me a few break-and-enters before I realized I'd better do something about the surveillance cams. (That Youtube video of the sexy black guy in the tiger mask abracadabra-opening a bank vault in Liverpool?—that's me before I got savvy.)

My only family now is my gran and my little brother and sister. They have no idea. Our dad had been a geologist and we'd take the train to Scotland to hike in the Highlands. He was an interesting man, my dad. After he passed, my mum went to Heaven years later because her heart had been broken so many times.

The Tiger. So, when I was a kid, we went to the circus and I saw a tiger in a cage. I met its eyes, saw a soul, and began to cry. It just wanted to be free. Part of me felt like the tiger, desperate to escape that cage, sneaked its soul into me. After being locked in a closet by my potential stepdad—terrifying for more than the obvious reason—I wasn't so sure that it *was* a tiger spirit that had attached itself to me, only something disguised as one. Nevertheless, dear reader, whatever it was saved me.

Ciaran had seen the Youtube video. I don't know how he tracked me, but he claimed it was the Doors that led him to us. Mad and Jase were already with him. Mad was a firecracker. She was lovely and dangerous and straight out of a silent film. She's crazy in a good way. It's not just a mask . . . she really is like that. But she's also thoughtful and shrewd and my crush on her became absolute adoration. I'd found another sister.

Jase was cinematic, brooding, obviously a good guy slumming as a criminal. Only he wasn't slumming. He was fantastic at it. He was a gentleman, like me, and he taught me about the finer things in life. Just casual shit, like which ties and which shoes looked good together, how to tip at fine establishments, what key words to use with wealthy assholes.

Queenie joined and I didn't think a girl could be more appropriately named. (Well, there's Mad.) Queenie is brilliant. She can't play chess worth a damn, despite that big brain of hers. But she can whip up a mean alcoholic elixir or a supreme tea. She tells me all those formulas for the whizz-bang chemistry come from the black hare, the form her power has taken. I've seen her kiss that crimson rabbit's foot she wears around her wrist, like it's a talisman. But we both worship fashion and we have the best taste in music, so she's my sister in spirit.

When Vero joined us, she raised the level. She and Ciaran . . . they were thief royalty, the pair of them. I'd never seen him want someone. Of course, it complicated things and I had trouble

keeping track. Jase and Vero had been an item. Then it was Ciar and Vero. Mad and Jase crashed against one another. A whole incestuous ouroboros. And I wasn't left out of it. I fell for Vero too. I gave her my heart . . . and then she fell and broke into pieces.

Then there's Evie. Evie's a difficult young lady to read. I suspect she's viciously clever, judging by the way she plays chess. She has very big eyes and looks like a teen Louise Brooks (That's a silent film star. I know because Mad and I are fans of silent films.) I know that she loves to wear black. She's a living masterclass in art history—how have we not had one of those in our crew? She's secretive and Ciaran has it bad for her. He has his tells. This worries me for some reason?

Shall I talk about Mother Ni and Father Si now? Abject terror. Oh, they have their niceties. Mother is gorgeous and loves to cook for us and taught me the finer dances. Father likes to gift us with shiny weapons and taught me how to play rich people sports—except for polo, because I wasn't going near a horse. He gave me a revolver that I know how to use but don't care to. Mother and Father look like they've just stepped out of a history book about kings and queens who lead armies. I wouldn't ever want to cross them.

That's it. Ta for now.

VICTORIA OLANNA NULIAJUK ST. JAMES (QUEENIE)

La Fable Sombre. The Dark Fable.

Why did I join them? I had a future, didn't I? Straight As. Valedictorian. Despite everything falling apart after my dad was deployed to Afghanistan and never came back. Two years later, the taxi plane my mom was piloting went down in Alaska. Both gone. They were U.S. Airforce before they were Inupiaq, my Grandad says. Does that make sense? It didn't to me. But they were nomads, and I can kind of understand that. I still have my grandparents, and I visit them when I'm not feeling wicked. They raised me during those crazy years. I always, *always*, send money to my community.

My black rabbit, my imaginary friend, came before the deaths. She was the black hole that opened up inside of me, eventually. Her name is Pyewacket and she protected me one day from two human coyotes. Pyewacket doesn't make me feel wicked. She makes me feel like I've opened one of Ciaran's Doors and found a secret world. She whispers formulas and spells to me while I

sleep. Everything I read about chemistry makes sense. I can see between the lines to the hidden information. The biological world has secrets. I'm learning them all.

Ciaran. So he found me in my hometown in Alaska. I was a loner. I went to school and lived with my grandparents. I was dying, slowly, inside, and I don't know why. I wanted more. My grandparents knew it. They tried to save me. It was Ciaran who saved me. I was standing in a blizzard when he came walking toward me. Ciaran Argent, all in black, with the snow glittering in his hair. He said, "You're like me." He knew about the boy I'd dropped with pixie dust I made from nightshade, snake plant, and poppy. He knew about the boy I'd paralyzed with neurotoxins from algae and mandrake . . . always with those symbols and glyphs that I see like golden swirls in the air. They were the two coyotes I was talking about. They deserved what they got.

Ciaran needed me. Then I found my family.

Jason. If Ciaran was the king, Jase was the king's general. He was the one familiar with the bougee world and he's the one who gave us intel. He was a pro, sharp and smart. He was like a Disney prince gone bad. So I had a little crush on him, (not the mad lust I'd once felt for Ciar before I realized how dangerous *that* ride would be.) Jason had a code of honor, and he had my respect. I'd never met a real gentleman before, aside from my grandfather. And then Jason left us. Traitor.

Then there was Dev, who was all charm and one hundred percent heart. His tiger stripes are hidden, but they're there—he's a master criminal and really should have begun his own cult by now. Following Dev's code of ethics wouldn't be a bad thing. Even though we flirt, we're twins in spirit. I couldn't ever imagine my life without Devilmaycare in it.

Mad is the sister I never knew I needed. I don't like risks. I don't do stunt work. But she's got me jumping across rooftops and swinging from chandeliers. And I would trust her with my life. Jaipur, India was the first job I had with La Fable Sombre, and what an initiation *that* was. I wasn't supposed to be more than back-up, but ended up on the front lines of a tangle with the Basilisk (whom I'm sure we'll all learn more about later.) Mad saved me. Mad will never leave us. She'll never betray us.

So. Mother Night. She isn't like my mom at all. My mom was plaid shirts and boots and getting to the point. Night is French. Aside from Ciar, she's the most glam person I know. She bought me my first pair of Louboutins, my hunting shoes. She's an empress.

Father Silence. Not like my dad, who was quiet and had common sense and taught me hunting and fishing. Silence is a shadow king. He's interested in science and gave me a first edition copy of Isaac Newton's *Principia Mathematica*. So, he knows me.

Evie is our newest recruit. I want to hate her. But she's lost her mom and dad and I'm pretty sure it was some horrible murder. She and Mad are like twins separated at birth, despite being total opposites. Dev likes her, so I should too, right? Being as he's the best judge of character I know. And Ciaran . . . damn. The way he speaks to her says it all. She's got him bewitched. So, naturally, I don't trust her. She reminds me of Vero.

Vero wasn't a sister to me. She was my best friend. She made me laugh. She and I could glam it up and swan into any nightclub and rob them blind. She was my confidante and one of the smart girls. The way she died . . .

This is my family. I would die for them. And I probably will.

EVIE WILDER

La Fable Sombre. The Dark Fable.

Why did I join them?

I had three jobs that didn't pay enough to cover rent, food, and public transportation. I worked so I could eat. My friends were just acquaintances at my jobs. I had no plans for the future, because I was too tired to plan. I was just falling down a well.

I didn't know I was fading in and out of reality before *they* came and revealed reality isn't all that it's supposed to be. And when a group of beautiful people tell you you're an asset to their enterprise, what's a girl to do? Free travel. Comped accommodations. Adventure. A family. It was meant to be.

Mad was the first one I met. She's the muscle, despite resembling a punk Tinkerbell. If I'd ever had a sister, she would be the one I dreamed up. Yes, she's kind of a lunatic, but she's someone I can talk to because she isn't capable of deceit. All my worries vanish when I'm with her. She doesn't care what people think of her, so she doesn't need to lie about anything.

Dev is the heart. You'd think he'd be a good liar with that supernatural charisma he has going on, but he has tells. He's fiercely loyal and I wouldn't want to cross him because his dislike

would be devastating, seriously. Anyone trying to pull one over on Dev would have to be diabolical because he can read people like books. He's like the twin I never had.

Queenie is the brains. Her brain is a tool, and has downloaded insane knowledge from her own familiar. Chemistry and botany, she's made them her cauldron and her magic wand. Her ability to cut to the core of complicated matters translates to people too. She knows if you're someone to be trusted or not. Queenie is like a sister too—one I'd constantly be at odds with and trying to impress.

Ciaran. Did I fall for him like an idiot? Kind of. I mean he literally takes your breath away and it isn't just his looks. He carries himself like a warrior prince, like he isn't afraid of anything. It's that natural glamour that makes him so dangerous. Ciaran is the type of person who can look at you like you're the sun and the moon and stab you in the heart while doing it. But who doesn't love dangerous things? Like, if a dragon walked up to you and made you its best friend instead of its meal, wouldn't you feel special?

Mother Night and Father Silence. They're not violent scary. They're serene-but-mess-with-them-they'll rip-your-face-off-scary. Maybe that's where Ciaran learned it from. Sometimes, though, when they look at me . . . it's like those statue exteriors of theirs are just masks and, behind them are two human beings with feelings.

So how much of Night and Silence are *them* and how much are the entities who give us power? My power is a girl with snakes for hair and glowy green eyes. I don't know what she is. She should terrify me—demon, right? But she's a comfort. Especially when I was a kid, at night, in strangers' homes and cold institutional buildings. She always had my back.

I don't know what the others' spirits are like. I don't know what we are. But they're my family now.

Oh. Jason. The private eye. The brooding gumshoe. It's like he just stepped out of a black and white film, with his hair and his nice threads. He wants to take Night and Silence down, and maybe even Ciaran and the others—because of Vero, the girl I never met, the girl some of them compare me to. A girl who was killed during one of their heists. Jason wants to save me, and I wish he would stop. Before he's the one who needs saving.

JASON RA (Before becoming a private eye)

Why did I join La Fable Sombre?

I was in private school in Los Angeles. I was pissed off at my dad, who worked for Interpol. I was best friends with a beautiful and interesting girl named Vero.

Then we met Mad, who was living out of a car. And Mad, it turns out, could levitate like the possessed. So I revealed what I had learned I could do with the assistance of a demonic unicorn—step through portals—although I'd only done it the one time. Yeah. It turns out Vero, too, had tricks up her sleeve: she locate find things, like a psychic bloodhound. Especially if they were valuable things.

Then Ciaran found us, because whatever we have apparently burns like a sun—to him, at least. Ciaran was our divine guide of crime for a while.

Might I remind everyone how angry I was with my father?

Vero was my best friend in private school. We had a lot in common—dead moms, boredom, a love of risk, an admiration of historical items. I will always love Vero.

Mad is like a girl from another world. Nothing rattles her. She's fearless. She risked her life for me and Vero during our first heist together. I was drawn to her like she was the sun and I was a man standing in the darkness. We burned out quickly. We'll be comrades forever.

Dev from Liverpool is poetry and grace and we wouldn't have gotten through half of our social hurdles without him. He has a way with people even when he isn't using his gift. I would trust him with my life, even though we root for different football teams. He's heard a lot of my doubts and secrets and has never revealed one of them.

Queenie is the one with common sense. The *only* one of us with common sense. A level head isn't a necessity in LFS, but it's a crown jewel, and that's what Queenie is. Not only is she an ace at outwitting people, she's a genius. Even without supernatural assistance, she can figure a workaround for any problem.

Ciaran is my best mate. Which is scary since he isn't exactly an open book, yeah? But the devil knows how to keep us alive and thriving. Even with Night and Silence, it's Ciaran who finds us a way in and we always have an escape plan. He will never tell us his past and I've given up trying to chisel at it, instead collecting fragments and trying to piece him together.

Night and Silence believe they're gods, so I don't trust them. Also, they run a criminal empire, so there's that. As for my Zeppelin, a shadow shaped like a unicorn that came to me when

I found my mother dead among those yellow roses . . . he's more than a manifestation of my darkness.

And Evie . . . I haven't met her yet, as I'm writing this. But if my future self were to speak of her, I would say this: She is a storm. She is the danger you never see coming. She's just a girl. If I'd met her while in LFS, I would have tried to save her.

CIARAN ARGENT

Why did I join LFS? I didn't have a choice.

I wasn't the first. There had been other La Fable Sombres, as far back as when people wore armor. But I was the first recruit with Silence and Night. I was the one they found to begin it all.

And what were my beginnings? I won't tell, and how would you know whether or not I was lying? We've all got tragic tales, else the principalities of the Wild Dark wouldn't have been able to find us. Whether I was a rich man's abused son or a poor woman's neglected kid doesn't matter. What matters is that I've always strived to be more, to not settle, like. Maybe there was some dark event in my past that kickstarted the revolution, a twist that made me different.

I'll never tell.

I was thirteen, and I was running from something or someone, when I opened my first Door. I found myself in a storybook world. I fled the fuck out of there, until I found another Door in a hedge and was back where I belonged.

Now, being thirteen, and clever for my age, I experimented with those Doors, even brought objects back from the real-life places I visited. Then I got caught. And authority needed an explanation. And, like a sucker, I told the truth. So went a few of my best and brightest years, in an establishment for young people who didn't see the world the way everyone else did. That's where she found me, Mother Night, walking through that shiny white place that reeked of ammonia. She was like the Madonna in a ray of sunlight. She pretended to be my aunt and spirited me away. I was fourteen then. Once the candy the docs had given me wore off, I met Father Silence. He taught me how to use the Doors, how to keep away from the fictional places because they could fry my brain.

Then Silence and Night sent me out to create La Fable Sombre.

Mad. The Girl who Could Levitate. She was my first. Ah, I fell in love with Mad when I saw her do the Tinkerbell trick. Our first Strike together was in Prague, posing as man and wife. We got the goods, the little saint statue that wept blood. We didn't get into one another's intimates. Mad and I are the same. She's my other half. So, we keep our clothes on.

Jason. The Brother who Became a Traitor. If Mad and I were comrades-in-arms, Jase and I were brothers in spirit. Every Strike we were in synch. We could rely on each other. He could be devious, he could. Then he turned against us.

Dev. The Trickster who Can Unlock Anything. Dev instantly bonded with me and Jase. He's a scouser and loves football. He falls for anything pretty, but he's also quick on his feet. He's a master of polite society. A chess champion. A piano player who excels at the classics. And, yeah, he gets us into vaults. The three of us being Brits . . . it was meant to be.

Queenie. The Empress of Alchemy. Queenie is the one who makes me feel inferior. She and Vero got close, glam sisters. After a while, I figured out how she works, like one of her chemical equations. Queenie loves fashion and cosmetics, because those things keep strangers from seeing the clever girl who can survive in the woods and prefers books over people. And we look stunning together.

Vero. The Girl who Could Find Things. She was our dark star, our bit of class. Vero could be the girl-next-door or a goddess in Yves Sint Laurent. She loved martinis, football, and knew all the good Elvis and Bowie songs. Then she was thrown from a window twenty floors up.

Evie. Our Lady of Shadows. It's as if some bit of me got loose and formed into a girl, a darkness that's still caught in her eyes. She doesn't know that I know her story. I wish the Doors had led me to her sooner. Also, because of that habit of hers—studying things and sensing things—she's dangerous. I appreciate that.

Mother Night. The Duchess of Darkness. She was like us once, a kid who lost everything. I'm certain she's done some dodgy things to rise above the shit. You wouldn't know to look at her. But we all come from Bad Places, else we wouldn't be here. From her, I learned the finer parts of life and how to be a gentleman.

Father Silence. The King of Crime. He is that, isn't he? He and Night rule the crews and keep us in line. He taught me all that I know, including how useful guns and knives can be. However, I prefer subtlety when it comes to vendettas. He also gives me things, the way a good dad would encourage a son to strike out on his own.

As for Python, my spirit, the Dweller on the Threshold . . . he's taught me secrets in the Wild Dark . . .

CHARM

I joined La Fable Sombre because of Ciaran. Ciaran told me he needed me, that he knew what I could do. I didn't know what I could do. I began guessing when I was in boarding school in Switzerland. I think Ciaran also knew who I was when he found me in that museum I went to for refuge—he didn't fall for my story of being a runaway from drug-addicted parents. His Doors had led him to me. I didn't refuse him, but I didn't join right away either. I'd been breaking into houses in Paris just for the fun of it.

So. Before. Because *Before* is important. I traveled a lot. I was with a friend on a thrill ride, when he was shot. And then my friend was dead and I was spinning into hell and the skeleton horse came . . . I began knowing things afterwards, lucky outcomes and fortunate paths. I began hanging out with the wrong crowd and became a thief. An excellent one. The next time Ciaran asked me the question, I said yes. He was beautiful and fascinating, like a demon prince. He was trying to break a spell the rest of La Fable Sombre had fallen under.

I met Dev. Dev spoke to me like I was some kind of skittish animal. He has the kindest eyes. I eventually learned his story, which made me angry for him. I know now why he's afraid of enclosed spaces. We play chess because it's like a conversation. We argue because it's like playing chess. I know his talent is charming things and people, so I have to be careful.

Mad is a trickster goddess. She's like a hidden part of me brought to life. Mad and I have discovered a love for silent films and Rudolph Valentino and Clara Bow and Charlie Chaplin. She has something in her that broke, I know this, but I will never ask her.

Queenie is my idol. She's smart and beautiful. Her chemistry experiments, when we're roomies, are loud and fragrant. It's sometimes like living with the daughter of Doctor Frankenstein. I just hope she never attempts to raise the dead. Her familiar is a scary black rabbit.

Evie is the shadow girl who bewitched La Fable Sombre, according to Ciaran. I don't believe it. She is like some dark, divine creature sheathed in a human form. I can't read her. She is secretive, but she isn't wicked. She is trying to keep all of La Fable Sombre safe.

Jason is a prince. One with a dark heart. He's the angel to Ciaran's devil. The pair of them are formidable, but their friendship seems skewed, something beautiful that fractured. I would never distrust Jason. I did not like lying to him. He and I know a lot about culture and society, but we're both a bit lost, *sans dec* . . .

I did not know Knife. But I've heard stories. He appeared to be menacing, but he was gentle to cats and girls. He could throw darts like a pro, bowl like a champion, and was like a knight when he was with them. Queenie misses him the most. Mad told me she and Knife used to prowl around each other and, now there will never be a Queenie and a Knife and the universe is the worse for it.

I will not speak of La Silence and Le Nuit. Or the Basilisk. I don't like to talk about monsters.

KNIFE

I'm not going to tell you I joined LFS because I wanted a family. I still have a dad. He was going to be a musician once. Maybe that's why he fell for the nightclub singer who was my mom, the one who left us and went back to Brazil.

When I first joined LFS, they were a mess. I didn't care. They were fucking La Fable Sombre. And I could be myself. I didn't have to hide what I was. My spirit is a man with a lion's head or sometimes a lion with a man's head. I call it Myth. It came out of the blood of the man I stabbed when I was a kid, the man who nearly killed my dad when he was a cab driver.

Mad. When I saw her levitate, I knew we were all unholy. Not that I'm religious or anything. Whenever my dad took me to Tsz Shan Monastery, I'd have my earbuds in listening to Iggy Pop or My Chemical Romance. Mad's the kind of fun that in Cantonese we call *chi sin*. She's also pretty in the way those little fancy tarts are, like spun sugar and pink frosting with poison in it. I'm scared of her.

Dev. The lock-breaker and heartbreaker. He's a scouser. He can charm anything and anyone. Except me. There's nobody else I'd want beside me during a heist, though. He makes me laugh. Note: I don't laugh. Mad says the only time I smile is when I'm threatening someone.

Jason. I don't know enough about him to care. But he seems to switch sides a lot. He has it bad for Evie, the two of them practically devour each other with their eyes when they're in the

same room. What's wrong with them? Evie is a catch. Jason seems like one of those self-sacrificing types. He'll be all right once he chooses the right side.

Evie. She belongs in a movie, with those big black eyes and that look she gives you, like she can see your soul. She can become invisible. That's a sneaky power. She's been through the bad stuff, I can tell. She's sharp as a razor and she'll cut you. But she's trying. She took LFS from Ciaran fucking Argent. She's a badass.

Ciaran. You take a young Moriarty and mix him with James Dean and you've got a dream of a villain. I never trusted him. He's probably killed a lot of people or manipulated them to their ends. Sometimes I think Father Silence—who was the devil—and Mother Night—who was that evil queen from Sleeping Beauty—just created him from the darkness of their souls. Oh, wait. They didn't have souls.

Queenie. I first saw her in Jaipur. She was sitting on some stairs in a plaid shirt and jeans and I wanted to know her real name. I didn't know she was smarter than all of us combined. When I saw her in a gown like crushed diamonds, I understood her name. But she loves basketball and drums, so she's the perfect girl for me. Only I don't think she knows it.

FINI