



Not All Ghosts Are bad

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Retold Fairy Tales

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By: Ashley McIntyre

It was a slow night, not many things were happening. The usual hustle and bustle of college students coming in and out, running rampant trying to cram for their final exam of the year, doing everything they could to keep from bursting into tears. I continued to float around the library and then I saw her. The girl I knew needed love more than anyone else in the world. Those brown eyes that were golden in the right light, the brown hair that gently fell over her shoulders and grazed the top of her collar bone and that gentle smile that could make someone's bad day better.

I gazed at her, watching her flip her Chemistry 101 book open and put her headphones into her ears. Knowing that it might take a while I continue to drift around the library. I know she needs love, but I have to find the perfect guy to give her that. As I absentmindedly floated around the library I found myself staring at a Physics 202 book and wondered how in the world that happened. Before I know it, the book in front of me is closing and a bookbag is being brought up to my face. I look around in a hurry and realize that I floated into him. The perfect guy that would fill the void that the beautiful girl needed.

As soon as I saw him I knew it was a match made in heaven. The tall blonde boy would be the perfect piece in the perfect pair that was going to be made. As I followed him to his dorm I noticed that the girl was walking in the same direction but just a good distance away. Seeing that they were the only two on the street that night I knew this was the perfect chance to cause a reaction. I picked up the biggest rock I could find and aimed it right behind the girl. With a shove and a grunt, (everyone else thought it was a gust of wind) I heaved the rock

across the way. It landed loudly right behind the girl followed by a loud “Crack!”. The boy looked up from his phone, taken off guard by the noise, and ran over to make sure the girl was okay.

“Are you okay?” asked the kind hearted boy with raspy but reassuring voice.

“Yeah I’m fine but it just scared me a bit, I just-”

“Don’t know where it came from? Yeah, me either!”

As I watched the scene unfold I thought to myself “Would you look there, they’re already finishing each other’s sentences.” As the conversation dragged on for what felt like forever, I perked up when I heard names being exchanged followed by phone numbers.

“Well Nicole, I’m glad to see that you’re okay and that rock didn’t take your head off.”

“Thank you for checking on me Anthony, it really meant alot” the beautiful girl paused for a second as her eyes drifted away. Anthony knew she was thinking about something important so he cut in,

“Are you okay?”

Nicole snapped out of her trance as she stumbled over her words, “Yeah, I’m, uh, fine. I was actually just, uh, wondering if you’d want to, uh, get breakfast tomorrow?” As she waited for a reply a smile grew across Anthony’s face as he gave a quite and gentle,

“I’d love to, let’s meet here around 7:15.”

Once they agreed to meet up in the morning on main campus I knew my job was done for the night.

I cautiously drifted throughout the campus as each hour of the night dragged on. One A.M, two A.M, four A.M, and then finally seven A.M. rolled around and I knew I would be seeing those two sooner rather than later. I watched the passerbyers trip on the same rock that I initially chucked at Nicole the previous night, giving myself a slight chuckle each time someone new would fall.

Before I knew it, Nicole was walking up to the same bench I was floating near and took a seat as she waited for Anthony to arrive. With each passing minute came another squeeze of her hands and another bead of sweat rolling into the center of her palm. After 5 minutes of the squeeze and sweat routine, Anthony walked up with the whitest of smiles.

Nicole quickly wiped her hands on her pants trying to rid them of the wetness that had them covered. Anthony approached quickly and swiftly, he greeted Nicole with a “Good morning”, and a quick peck on the cheek.

Nicole’s face burned red hot and I immediately knew that this was going to have a better outcome than I ever thought possible. As her face burned hot, Nicole finally choked out a short and sweet, “Good morning

Anthony.”

Knowing how nervous Nicole had seemed Anthony led the conversation as they began to walk towards the coffee shop in town. I had to float far enough away where the two wouldn't feel my presence but close enough where I could hear the conversation. Their conversation dragged on as I did my best to dodge the oncoming foot traffic and constant commotion of the small college town.

Nicole arrives at the crosswalk a second sooner than Anthony and pushes the walk button. As they wait to cross the street I catch the tail end of their conversation. Nicole's face grew sad when she began, “Yeah, well my mom never really recovered when my dad left. She was always in a constant panic, worrying about me and my sister, making sure we had everything we needed.”

Anthony looked awestruck when he told Nicole, “Now I know where you get it from.”

“Get what from?” Nicole said as her face grew offended,

“No, no, no,” Anthony said as he quickly began to explain himself, “I meant I know where you get all your strength from.”

As my eyes began to water I knew I had become overwhelmed with the spark that these two shared.

When the light finally changed the two began to cross the street and I debated whether or not to follow. I knew these two would make it work and I knew I would check in on the two periodically.

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