

Euphoria

His smile was as bright as the sun, but not many could witness this beauty. He always made it seem as if he was the sun and warmth I needed in life. I felt as privileged as I was damaged by this young boy. It had gotten to the point where I couldn't see or comprehend the intensity of the emotions that ran through me. I was happy. Was I dreaming?

Everything seemed to be dull when he was around me. Everything seemed to be transparent, as if only him and I existed in this disastrous world. He always had been my priority. I often feel like I had lost my breath, however, at the same time I felt that the air that I was breathing was pure, uncontaminated. Nothing was as it seems, that I knew for sure. Since the war, our little town now became part of a bigger district. We always had to work for the richer, but he never lost faith. He always knew that someday we would be free.

We were hiding in the woods, and the light had hit him in the most perfect way. He was shining. I hear the ocean from far away. I feel as if I, myself, is getting clearer. I could only stare and wish for him to stay forever, in the forest with me. I knew that it wouldn't be possible. He was like a bird, caged, in need of freedom. And me? I was just an admirer of the bird. One that would follow if I was asked to run away. The one that could and would open that metaphorical cage. We both longed freedom, but this sense of binding and burning, that bond and sense of home that this place gave us was all that we had.

I'd listen to his insane plans about escaping for hours. He was as passionate as a wild horse was, when it came to being free. I never rushed him, for I enjoyed admiring him, admiring everything. We soon came to understand that we couldn't be us, not one without the other. We

were an inseparable pair. He had found me wandering around town, dreaming of a better life. My dreams were erased with the sole purpose of work, and he knew that I had been brainwashed. He knew that us being together, it was different from the typical definition of destiny. It was more. Both of our pained eyes, looking towards a future that we once thought inexistant. Oh, how I wish we could please stay in dreams.

However, now we were free. We had broken the chains and escaped to the forest, where we had stayed hidden and rested. Obviously, both exhausted from the run. Fortunately neither of us were wounded. Guns have been shot, things have been thrown and our village was poor enough to not afford hounds, so our escape was pretty simple. He breathed in, with that dazzling smile, letting the sound of the distant ocean sink into his soul. We were so close. He knew that even if the sandy ocean floor splits in two, even if someone tried their best to destroy this world, we would be together.

He had caught me staring at him, bringing me momentarily back to reality when I heard his laugh. He laid his hand out, for only me to hold, and I can assure you I did not resist. I grasped his hand and stood up, looking at him confused. I felt his grip tighten, while he stared into my eyes. We were two rebels in love. He held my other hand, mumbling "*Take my hands now*". My heart shook at the serenity of his voice. I was then, quickly pulled into one of his bear hugs. Those that made me feel that I could be at home, no matter where it was as long as it was with him. I felt emotions run through my body, sparks appeared all around us and finally, freedom. Both emotional, we smiled, gazing into eachothers eyes. I wouldn't have changed a single thing about that moment. Our lips met, just slightly brushing against each other, as if we were both about to break. I didn't want to break away, but he had more to say. And me, being

addicted to his voice, I was willing to listen. I could listen to him on repeat, for the rest of my life. As we waited for the rebellion to come and get us, he smiled, whispering just for me to hear:

“You are the cause of my euphoria. When I’m with you I’m in utopia.”