

Maria

Eyes:

Maria walked by the community gas station, head held high and a smug expression on her face. Her glossy dark hair shone in the golden light of dawn. Her amber eyes might have been warm on another's face. Maria's eyes could only be described as solid. You could never see through her eyes into her mind. She never let them become soft and clear. She was afraid of what might be behind them.

Crinkling her nose at the rotting gas station, Maria tried to pass it as fast as possible. She could've sworn the rotting smell was odorous even from where she stood, far, far from the building. The only reason she even came here was to meet her Dad. It was Friday, and that's when she went to his house. Maria much preferred it there. Her mom's house was a dump compared to her father's mansion. She wished she could just spend all of her time there.

Maria waited and waited for her father to arrive. She was going to be late for school. Where was he? Maria felt a pang of pain in her chest, but like always, she made sure it didn't reach her eyes. She had gotten very good at hiding her emotions by now. She needed to appear strong. Always.

After many long hours of waiting, Maria took a seat on one of the ageing wooden picnic tables. She concentrated on not thinking too hard on why her father hadn't arrived yet, which resulted in her concentrating on why her father hadn't arrived yet. She didn't even care that she would be late for school. She took a deep breath and tried to keep the emotions at bay just a little longer.

Just then, she spotted a girl walking by the gas station.

She looked like a wreck, with mascara, eyeshadow, and foundation smeared down her face. The girl glanced in Maria's direction and gave her a sad smile. Why did the girl smile at her?

The girl approached Maria and extended her arm. Maria hadn't noticed before that the girl was holding a daisy. What a ridiculous thing to carry around with you. Maria looked into the girl's eyes. She was not good at concealing her emotions. Maria saw right through her. She was just dumped by her boyfriend, that was why her makeup was smudged. There was something else too... sympathy. Why was the gi... no. No, no, no, no. Maria checked her own expression and it wasn't the familiar, cold face she was used to wearing. She snatched the flower out of the girl's hand and told her to leave. The girl gave her a fiery look but spun on her heel and left.

As soon as the girl turned away, Maria tore off every petal of the flower she had received. Then she ripped the stem in half and threw it on the ground. She never wanted to see it, or the girl who gave it to her, ever again.

Before she left, the girl that had the flower turned back to see her flower destroyed on the ground. A tear slipped out of her eye before she stormed off. This time, she didn't look back.