

Fire  
& ICE

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*This book is a work of fiction. The characters and situations in the story are imaginary. No resemblance is intended between these characters and any real person, either living or dead.*

Fire  
& ICE

by Moni Monsoon



## Dedication

*This book is for my two wonderful sisters, Dana and Maxene. Hope you find your 'ones'.*

*And, for every girl and boy out there who has (or is going to) read this! I love y'all! Hope you enjoy it and Remember: You rock! Find your angel/biker-boy (biker-girl). Fall in love and do all the rest of that gooey-mushy stuff that is just far too corny for me to write down.*

*Lotsaluv*

*The one, The only,*

*MoniMonsoon*

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# PREFACE

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When you fall in love, you can't help who you choose. Your heart decides for you. And once its decision is made there is no way, no process or technique you can use to 'trick' or change the decision. It's made. I thought about this as I ran towards Montrose Park. The place where my life had begun

–not where I had been born, but where I had seen 'the ones'. The one that had brought butterflies to my stomach and the one that had yanked my heart from my chest and twisted and crushed it with no sympathy at all–. This was the same place where my life would end; I was sprinting towards my death. For if I was wrong I would die, there was no doubt about that. But, for some reason I wasn't afraid.

No, I wasn't afraid at all.

## CHAPTER ONE

### Eleven Months Ago

---

I was sweating, more like leaking water from the inside. This was what happened to me when I went running on Saturday mornings. Every Saturday, ever since I was twelve and my mom died of cancer. (That's four years and I haven't broken the routine once.) They had said she had got it because she was unfit, but how would they know? No one knows the reasons for cancer. I mean, I read in the magazine a few days ago that one type of chip caused cancer. (Total bull if you ask me.) But that doesn't change the fact that after my mom died I scared myself so much by thinking: 'If you are unhealthy you will get cancer.' That I started running. Then once I started I never stopped.

I've lived on 31<sup>st</sup> Street for my whole life. My mom loved D.C. So when she met dad the first thing she made him do was buy a house in Georgetown. Every Saturday morning I would wake up, get changed and run to the Montrose Park.

I was red, not a pale red. A 'Hello-I-can't-breathe-because-I'm-killing-myself-from-exhaustion' red. But I enjoyed this. I had my earphones in my ears and was listening to some pop music. The fast bang-bang of the base motivated me. My feet slapped the sidewalk. Each time one foot hit the ground it lifted off the floor again. The force propelled me forward and I felt the wind fanning my hair out behind me.

As I entered Montrose Park the sweet scent of flowers wafted to my nose. I looked around and smiled. Small bashful, cosmos flowers blushed a shy pink, while the ruby roses showed off their

flawless petals. I turned off the main path and headed into a more isolated area. Here the trees were larger so they hid me from everyone else. The path stayed more or less in one direction and I could see no one coming towards me. *Ok, how hard can you push yourself today Natasha?* I challenged picking up speed. After a few seconds I was rocketing down the path.

**Slap-slap.** My feet hit the ground then lifted again, faster and faster.

**Slap-slap-slap.** I kept my eyes on the pathway and blocked everything else out. In that one moment it was just me, me and my speed. And then the path veered to the left, snaking behind one large bush. In one second I was running on brick and the next on rocky ground. I tried to slow down slamming both feet into the uneven earth. But I was going too fast. Then the ground sloped downwards. I tripped over a root and fell, head first down the rocky slope.

“Ugh, help!” I cried out as I rolled over the rocks and sticks. I tried to grab for something but my hands clutched soil.

**Wham!** I landed on hard ground. I remember putting one arm in front of me and I must have landed on it because I heard something snap and then my arm gave way. The pain was excruciating and I could feel the sharp point of bone trying to push through my skin. I screamed, pulled my eyes open and gasped. Out of panic I shoved both arms on the ground and I fell back onto my right arm. Tears rolled down my dirt coated cheeks as the pain worked its way up my arm. With my last ounce of energy my left hand weakly pushed me up and onto my back. Slowly the pain ebbed until it was endurable. I lay on the ground for a while and tried to slow my panicked heart.

After a few deep breaths I turned my head to the side, there were thousands of brown trunks everywhere. I had landed in some sort of forest. I listened for the sounds that should have been around me, but there was nothing. No sirens, no worried voices. Nothing seemed to have changed. So, obliviously, nobody had seen me fall. Slowly I sat up and winced as the movement jostled my arm.

“Are you okay?” sang a voice. A voice that sounded like bells ringing. No, not just bells, silver chimes clanging together in perfect harmony; *Aaareee-Yooouuu-Okkkkayyy*.

“Hello, can you hear me?”

Feet landed on the ground behind me with a quiet thump. I turned my body to look for the thing that was talking.

“Jeez that’s really bad.”

And that’s when my eyes focused on the thing that was making the noise:

There was a face but I could just make out the chocolate eyes. The colour surrounding the pupil looked like, like impossible to describe. Like chocolate that melts over the sides of a pot, oozing delicious brown liquid. Like when the sun dances off the hair of a perfect, perfect brunette with coffee-brown curls that have a rich, stunning texture. And that doesn’t even begin to illustrate the brownyness of those exquisite eyes. The thing that made the noise had an intense golden light seeping out of its skin, (if it even had skin) and blocked anyone from seeing what it really was. But, I knew. It was an angel! And even though I couldn’t see the body belonging to the bell-voice, and the brown eyes, I knew it was an angel. I wanted to see more closely, I – Without warning my body slumped, hands were there in a second holding me before I could collapse onto my broken arm. My head throbbed and I felt like all my energy had been drained from my body. I was suddenly

exhausted and all I wanted to do was sleep. My eyes closed.

“Don’t worry,” the angel sang. “I’ll take you somewhere safe.”

I took an uneven breath. Then the light surrounded me and strong arms lifted my bruised body, holding my arm out carefully so it didn’t hurt. I could barely feel the angel’s hands. I could barely feel anything. Could angels be made of air? The angel stood up and then started running. Where? I had no clue. And I really didn’t care. All I wanted was to sleep. It was tiring thinking about anything but the pain that seemed to slash my arm at a particular area on the elbow joint. So I let myself fall into a relished, deep slumber. One that welcomed me with open arms.

When, I eventually woke up I saw the eyes.

“Finally,” the angel sang. I smiled feebly.

“That’s it; now c’mon, perk up.” It said.

And then I grimaced. The pain was getting worse.

“Right, it must hurt. I’ll fix your arm now, so don’t be afraid.”

Some light moved towards my arm and I felt a finger circling round my elbow and the inside of my arm again and again. A tiny buzz worked along my bone and it felt wonderful. I sighed in content and then the hand moved away allowing me to stretch my arm.

“You had quite a fall,” the angel said. I didn’t answer. I was too amazed that I could move my arm without the pain.

“It feels weird at first, but it will get better,”

“Thank you,” I whispered

“Are you sure anything else isn’t broken?”

“Nothing else, I’m sure.” Nothing was broken; my bones just felt like jelly.