

Vote for our contest!

Which story should win? Story 1 or Story 2?

Story 1

Cold Waters

The Titanic was supposed to be the most remarkable ship in the world. It was the most fantastic thing that had happened to me in years. I was finally leaving England with a middle-class ticket on the Titanic. I was heading to America to get away from my controlling family.

Finding a job was my greatest priority. All I would inherit was my family's pawn shop in England, paying a low price for things and only being able to sell them for a small profit. I wanted my life with as few regrets as possible. Not taking this opportunity seemed like the chance there was of changing my life's course.

What really should have changed was the ship's course.

April 10th, 1912

Tipping my hat to all the ladies on the deck, I searched for the entrance to my cabin's level. The second and third-class women smiled back, but the first-class ladies scoffed and turned their heads. I found the staircase to Level E.

The room was much larger than I had expected, with bunk beds and large closets. There was a big leather couch and a bathroom further down the hall. The room was empty, but tickets, even second-class ones, were expensive. I doubted J.P. Morgan would miss a chance to pocket a few thousand. I wasn't going to wait around for my roommate, so I decided to view the amenities available. I walked down to the library.

It was a grand room, with many shelves full of books, most of which matched the same titles I would assume were available in the upper-class library. As I perused the titles, a young man in a hat approached me.

"Mr. Graham? Theodore?"

I turned to find an old friend of mine, Edward Van Horn grinning behind me.

"Mr. Van Horn. Edward!" I said, turning the heads of the people around me. "I haven't seen you in ages! When was it, 07?" He laughed.

"Must have been. The living rooms are supposed to be quite empty around this time. Should we go catch up?" Edward asked, already headed to the door. I would have preferred to stay in the Library and take a book back to my room, but I couldn't say no.

"Ah... sure," I said. "Let's go."

We walked down the halls, passing more people than I could have ever thought fit on this ship. The living rooms were just as grand. We walked to dinner afterward, and I can't lie; I was glad to have some quiet at dinner when Van Horn decided to sit at a different table.

I ordered the spaghetti, and it rivaled the few restaurants I had ever been to, although that wasn't exactly surprising. Nothing on the Titanic ever ceased to impress. The flow of only second-class people was incredible. Hundreds of men, women, and children- I was surprised this ship was still afloat!

I had forgotten about my roommate when I clicked the door open. But there she was, sitting on the leather couch and writing in a journal.

"Hello." She said. "I'm Ruby Waters. Who are you?"

Why was there a girl in my room? She must be in the wrong place.

"I'm Theodore Graham. Are you sure you're in the right place?"

She frowned. "This is E110, is it not?"

"Let me see your ticket." She handed it to me, seemingly annoyed, and crossed her arms. "Satisfied?"

She was right, her ticket said Room E110.

I turned red. "My apologies, Miss. I forgot about the never mind. How are you?"

She closed the notebook. "Fine. And you?" Miss Waters said, straightening her skirt. It was yellow with white flowers that matched her blouse.

"Good." I glanced around the room and started taking the clothes off of my bed. Her eyes followed me around the room as I collected my things. She looked confused.

"What are you doing?" She asked as I stood awkwardly in the middle of the small room, holding all of my clothes.

"Uh... tidying up?" I asked, for some reason unsure of my answer.

"Which bunk do you want?" I questioned.

She swung her legs over the arms of the couch. "I don't care. You can pick." She said, smiling politely. Something in my stomach twitched. What woman says this?

I gave her the top bunk so she could use the storage on the wall next to it. I hung my clothes in the closet and left. I walked down the hall to the shared washroom and took a bath. When I came back half an hour later, Miss Waters was asleep with the lights off except for a candle. I quietly climbed into the lower bunk, trying to stay silent when I accidentally hit my elbow on the ladder. I blew out the candle and closed my eyes.

I woke up at about 7:00 am to a relaxing but still loud melody. Ruby stood in the corner opposite the door, playing an intense violin solo that calmed as I sat up. Her dark wavy hair was in braids tied together on top of her head, with not a single piece moving as her arm jumped back and forth, running the bow up and down to play a soft but striking theme. She smiled.

"I was beginning to think you'd never wake up. Are you all right?" She said, with a bright smile. I felt blood rush into my cheeks, but I wasn't sure why.

"I'll go to breakfast and let you change. See you tonight." She said, selecting something from a small tray by the door, and, walking with a bounce in her step, continued down the hall and out of my line of sight.

I like that bounce, I realized as I dressed and headed to the bathroom to wash my face. But why?

The second-class sitting room that morning was filled with men playing chess. I joined them; won a few times, but lost to a man named Harry Potter.

It was about 11:00 when I left the sitting room, surprised at the fact that I was bored. How could there be nothing to do on the grandest ship in the world?

I decided to go to the bar, which I hadn't gone to before. I walked up to the bartender, and Ruby turned her head to look at me from a table near the counter.

"Theodore!" She called, surprising me with how loud she was.

I switched my direction and walked over to her table, pulled out a chair, and sat down.

"Hello," I said.

"Hi." She said, tucking a strand of hair that had finally broken out of her updo behind her ear. "What have you been up to?"

It took me a minute to answer, to wonder if she was making conversation or if she cared. "I went to the sitting room and played chess with some other men. What about you?"

She waved her hand. "Not much. I grabbed a few books from the library, then came here."

We sat in silence for a few minutes, the awkwardness rising as each second ticked by. "So... tell me about yourself. Where are you from? How old are you? That sort of thing."

I paused to try to find anything particularly interesting about myself and failed.

"Uh... well, I'm 21. I was born in Bath. My parents own a pawn shop. I was supposed to inherit it, but the margins were horrible and I was bored so-"

I stopped. I was probably boring her to death. But she looked interested. Her glass-clear blue eyes looked at me expectantly. She had a line of freckles on the bridge of her nose.

"Why did you stop?" Ruby asked. "I'm listening."

"I know," I said. "I just thought you might want to tell me something about yourself?"

She thought for a moment, biting her lip, and then said, "Why don't you keep talking, and I'll talk

when you are finished.

I continued. "All right. Well, I had two sisters and a brother, Eliza, Alice, and Fred. Eliza died of pneumonia when I was ten. Alice married off at sixteen. Fred's in jail. He was quite a blotto, and deserves his circumstances, in my opinion. So I was left to care for the store and my arrogant parents."

I took a deep breath. "Your turn."

Ruby opened her mouth to say something and then shut it.

"You know what, I have some friends who are expecting me. I'm ever so sorry, but I must go."

"Are you sure?" I asked, not wanting her to leave.

"I am afraid so," she said, tucking another strand of rich mahogany hair behind her ear.

"Will you join me at dinner tonight? 7:00?" I asked, praying for her answer.

She thought for a moment. "I would love to, but I may be a little late. Is that all right?"

"Perfectly all right."

I sighed with relief and she raised an eyebrow at me.

"Mr. Graham," she said playfully, "Surely there are many women who would request dinner with you. Are you sure I am the one you would like to say yes to?"

I may or may not have forgotten to answer.

She smiled. "Very well. 7:10 then? Or perhaps 7:20. Only come looking then.

She began to walk off and I found my voice again.

"Miss Waters, wait!" I called after her. She turned.

"Yes?"

"Here, take this. So you know when it's 7:20 so I don't come looking for you."

I unstrapped my watch and fastened it on her wrist. Her cheeks were red when we met eyes again.

"Thank you," she said, looking me straight in the eyes. She had to stare into my mud-brown ones while I got to gaze into a flawless blue pool. She smiled and ran off, the wind from the cool sea untucking her blouse from her lavender skirt.

That night, I stood near the restaurant, in case whatever she was doing finished earlier than expected. And without my watch, I couldn't tell exactly how late she was. It seemed at least ten minutes past 7:20, and she said to start looking for her then, so I did.

She wasn't on the outdoor deck. Or any of the other decks. I began to get worried. I asked a few women to check inside the bathroom, but apparently, she was not in there either.

Even more concerned, I asked every person I saw if they had seen her. Finally, an old man said that he might have seen her going down a flight of stairs about an hour ago. I asked what stairs, but he coughed and said he did not know.

However, the only stairs I had not nor would think to check would be the stairs leading to the engine room. I could not think of any reason for her to go there, but I decided to check anyway.

As I opened the multiple heavy, steel doors, I shrugged off my coat. It was boiling!

When I opened the last door, there she was. Her blue dress spun as she turned to see me. Her hair was in dark waves instead of her updo from before. Ashes smeared her left cheek, and she greeted me with a bright smile.

"Theodore! What are you doing here?" she asked.

"You were late. I came looking for you. Someone said they saw you going down there, and I didn't believe them, but I had to look and-"

She interrupted me. "Theodore, it's only 7:05."

"Really?"

Miss Waters nodded. "Look," she said, showing me my watch, still safely tight on her delicate wrist. I took her hand carefully and looked at the tiny metal hands ticking steadily in a circle.

She was right; the time read only 7:05.

"It's perfectly fine, we can go now. I was just curious about how these engines work. "

She leaned against the railing. "So, do you want to-" she took her hand back gently, but the pin connected with a thread on my shirt. She pulled lightly, but somehow the watch came undone and disconnected from the thread and flew over the railing.

"No!" she shouted, extending her arm to catch the watch on the tip of her finger. She flung it

back, and the engine attendant behind me caught it.

She tried to turn around and tripped on her skirt. She fell over the short railing and was holding on only with one hand.

"Help me!"

I reached over the railing, praying that my hands were not already slippery with sweat from the hot room. I took her hands and tried pulling her up that way, but it was pulling on her arms too hard. I grabbed her waist and pulled her back up that way. I steadied her and took her hand so she wouldn't fall.

"Thank you!" she said, barely being able to catch her breath.

"Of course."

We stood awkwardly for a moment, and then Ruby suggested that we should go to dinner. I gave a small smile and agreed. She still had a smudge of ashes on her cheek.

Two days later, after dinner, Ruby and I sat in the sitting room playing chess. I moved my white pawn two spaces forward. She moved toward it.

She seemed good at chess from the way she paused carefully before each turn. I moved a knight forward.

"Are we going to sit in silence," she asked. "Or are we going to have a conversation?"

I looked up from the board as she mirrored my knight's position. "You never told me about yourself yesterday."

"I didn't learn much about you either."

I shifted a pawn and she threatened it with her knight.

"I don't have much more to say."

Ruby smiled quietly. "I'm sure you can find something. What have you been doing for the last few years?"

I rolled my eyes. "Working at my parents' shop. Making no money at all. Being constantly berated by my parents."

"Oh," she said, taking the pawn she threatened. I had been too distracted to protect it.

"I find it impossible that you have no interesting stories about yourself."

She took another of my pieces. "My name is Ruby Evelyn Waters. I'm 19 years old. I have no brothers or sisters. No parents."

I looked away from the game. "I'm sorry."

She shook her head. "Don't be."

We played in silence for a few minutes.

Ruby took a deep breath. "Any other questions?"

One more. "Why are you on this ship?"

Her face turned red and she missed an opportunity to capture my queen. This surprised me.

"What?"

She stayed silent for too long.

"Ruby?"

I gave up on hearing her answer, and we continued playing.

"Chess is all about forethought. You must consider every action, every decision, and its consequences."

She fell silent again.

"I'm leaving England because I was in jail."

I dropped my bishop.

"For murder."

A strangled noise escaped my throat, and I began to stand up.

She stood too. "I didn't commit it! I swear! The judge ruled in my favor, that's why I'm here!"

"Then why were you in prison in the first place?!" I said, collecting my things, and ran out of the room.

I was sharing a room with a murderer? And how in the world could she have done that? I started packing up my things. I saw her notebook on the couch. I resisted the urge to open the red leather

cover and then gave in. Newspaper clippings spilled out, and I rushed to stack them and return them to the book.

'Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Waters Missing, contact Sergeant Davidson to contribute information.'

'The Disappearance of Daniel and Anne Waters continues to baffle authorities.'

'New Update: Foul Play Suspected in the Dissaperance of the Waters'

'Four Arrested as Possible Suspects for the Murder of Daniel and Anne Waters.'

"Daughter Ruby Waters Arrested for the Murder of Parents."

The stack ended there, but I kept flipping. I felt awful, invading her privacy like this, but I needed to know if the girl I thought I loved killed someone.

The papers had been stacked in the middle, so I flipped back to the front to see what she had been writing. But it wasn't writing at all. They were portraits, not of people, but buildings and landscapes. They were beautiful. But toward the middle, after where the papers were put, the portraits started being fewer and far between, and they were replaced by messy writing, sentences stacked on top of each other so I couldn't read them. It seemed to be a diary of some sort, but I wasn't sure. More clippings fell out.

'Mr. and Mrs. Waters Return! Daughter Released.'

'The Authorities Searched While the Waters Vacationed in the English Countryside.'

'Daughter Ruby Waters is Paid Hundreds of Dollars for Unwarranted Jail Time.'

Oh no, I thought to myself. She wasn't lying. I felt terrible, for not believing her. And not only that, but her parents disappearing must have been awful, let alone the parents themselves. How could they leave her, most likely knowing she could be imprisoned?

I tucked all of the clippings and drawings back in the book and fastened the strap. I began to run down the hall, desperately trying to get back to Ruby before she became too upset with me. I glanced at my watch and realized only then that it had been nearly an hour since I abandoned her at our chess game.

When I got to the sitting room, she wasn't there. I checked the library and the deck, but she wasn't there either. I went back to our room, and sure enough, there she was, on the couch with her closed sketchbook.

"Why, Theodore?" she asked, a tear falling down her cheek and silently landing on the cherry-wood table in front of her. "Why would you open this?"

"How did you know?", I blurted without thinking.

"The fastener was closed. I didn't close it because I trusted you enough not to open it! But you didn't trust me enough to believe that I wasn't a criminal, so I guess there isn't much trust between us. "

I felt like she slapped me across the face. "We only met three days ago, how could I be sure?"

She paused to think about that. "You're right. We did only meet three days ago. Three days is not a long time, surely not long enough for me to consider you anything more than a friend. How could I, if haven't known you a week?" She asked, her tears stopping. I realized she was arguing with herself, not just being sarcastic.

"Ruby, don't say that. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," she said, not being arrogant, but instead, understanding. "I would have been suspicious too, Mr. Graham."

It hurt, although it should not have, for her to use my proper name.

"I forgive you, although you should be forgiving me. I failed to give this information to you, and I am truly sorry. Would you forgive me, sir?"

"Of course. But you've done nothing."

"I know. But you aren't interested in a girl who's been to prison, nor should you be. " She looked up at me. "You told me a lot yesterday, about your family and your life. And I said nothing. I know you noticed, and I know you were on the make. But you should find another girl."

Before I opened my mouth, the floor shook underneath my feet and a loud boom could be heard.

Ruby tripped and fell into my arms. I hadn't noticed how small she was before. She only came halfway up my chest, and I wasn't very tall anyway.

"What was that?" she asked. She sounded worried.

"Probably just the ship trying. I'll see if anyone knows."

I stepped outside. No one was in the hallway. I knocked on the door of the room next to us. I heard shuffling inside but no one came out. Perhaps they were already asleep. I glanced at my watch. It read 11:30. Some people will still be awake. I knocked on another door and a tall man answered. He seemed to be a few years younger than me, about 17. But he was at least a foot taller and almost hit his head on the doorframe when he answered. "Yes?" He said impatiently.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but did you hear that?"

He furrowed his brows. "Of course, I heard that. Do you think I'm deaf?"

I stuttered. "No, of course not, but do you know what it was?"

"How am I supposed to know? Do I look like the captain of this ship?"

He slammed the door in my face. I went back to the room and took Ruby by the hand.

"Where are we going?" she asked, struggling to keep up with my long strides. I slowed so she could follow more easily.

"To the main deck," I responded. "To ask what that boom was."

She looked confused. "Why? I thought you said it was the ship turning?"

I hadn't been on many boats, and, thinking of it, the boom was not as loud as it seemed. Distant, like it came from the other side of the ship.

When we got to the deck, only a few people were out there. Even fewer of those few were there to inquire about the noise. Some people thought that we had collided with an iceberg.

"Don't worry, lad," a middle-aged man said to me when I inquired further. "I think we've collided a bit, but the ship is unsinkable. 4 whole compartments can flood; this ship won't go down."

The Titanic was unsinkable. But if something can float, then it can skink too. I knew that we would be alerted if something like this happened, so Ruby and I start to head back down the stairs toward our room. Crewmen walked by, muttering quietly to each other.

I don't hear much, only a few words here and there. But this was not the case for Ruby. She stopped dead, looking frightened, but then kept walking.

"What is it?" I asked. "What did you hear?"

"Lifeboats." She said. "That the damage was too extensive, that the watertight doors can't hold the water in." She looked up at me. "It's in five compartments, Theodore. Only four can fill."

Oh no. Oh god, no! "What are they doing about it?" I asked, trying not to panic. We couldn't tell anyone. Over two thousand people were aboard this ship, and if they all knew it was going to sink, they would panic. No one would survive.

"Like I said, lifeboats. They launch the first one at 12:40. We need to stay here so we can get on!"

You can, I can't. I glanced at my watch. 11:45.

"I won't be able to," I said. "But you can!"

"You must come with me." She said. "I can't leave."

"Of course, you can," I said, hurrying her down the stairs back to our room. "You have to."

"You really think it will sink?" she asked, hurrying behind me. "They said God himself couldn't sink this ship."

"If God can make it float, He can make it sink," I responded, opening the door to our room. She grabbed a coat and her sketchbook; I grabbed my wallet, although I wasn't sure how much it would help me.

I looked at my watch, and at the clock on the wall. Fear rushed through me. My watch was late. Very late. Twenty-five minutes late.

"They've already sent the first one out!" I cried. "We need to go!"

Ruby was sitting on the couch, flipping through the sketchbook. "Theodore, it's not flooding. Help will come, and we'll be transferred onto that ship. They probably will put some people in lifeboats in case there isn't enough room on the rescue, and another ship will come for them later."

She laughed lightly. "And I would rather be on the other boat, not in a rickety piece of wood and metal in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, don't you agree?"

I understood. I understood that nobody else would understand.

"Ruby," I said loudly and clearly, opening the door. "Put on your coat and come with me. This boat will sink, do you hear me?"

She did. But then crewmen blocked the staircases, telling us to stay in our room.

"We need to get through," I said, trying to push past him.

"Go back to your rooms." he said angrily.

He was trying to stop the panic, although, over something horrible like this, it wouldn't be stopped.

"We need to get on the boats." Ruby pleaded.

"Only first class at the moment, Miss." he said.

The gears in Ruby's head started turning.

"How many people can each lifeboat hold, sir?"

"Sixty-five."

"And how many boats are there?"

"Sixteen. And four collapsibles."

"And," Ruby questioned. "How many people are on this ship?"

"Approxiamtley 2,400." He whispered.

I struggled to do the math, but Ruby whipped out the numbers faster than I had expected.

"65 times 20 is 1,300. That means 1,400 people are going to die tonight."

The crewman looked down at the floor and we took our opportunity. We raced past him, struggling to get on the deck. And to our surprise, the deck was now filled with people. We had taken more time down on the E Deck than I had thought.

And we couldn't get through the crowd. I pushed as hard as I could, but lifeboat after lifeboat was sent out until only the collapsible boats were left. The panic was building. My watch read 1:00. Twenty minutes beforehand, Captain Smith fired the distress rockets. But no one had come. Perhaps they believed as we all had, that the Titanic truly was unsinkable.

We counted each lifeboat as it was lowered. 17 had been lowered, and Rbuy was not on a single one of them. We began to push harder, and it worked. W began moving towards the front. The panic was escalating by the second. People knew that time was running out to get on the last few lifeboats. Nineteen. One more. We were so, so close. We got to the edge just as the ropes began to lower the boat into the ocean.

"We can jump." Ruby said, trying to get closer to the edge. But it was being lowered quickly, the ropes starting to be cut instead of released so it wouldn't drag the ship down with it. If we jumped now, we probably had less than a one percent chance of making it. We would plunge into the icy water and freeze to death, but did we have another option?

No. We didn't. She grabbed my hand and we approached the edge of the dock. We were shoved back into the crowd, hard. Ruby tried to push back forward, but she couldn't. The space between her and the edge of the ship was getting greater by the second, filling with angry people who, just like us, were unable to get to a lifeboat.

We stayed on deck, the water rising higher and higher until it was up to the nameplate. Ruby and I were among the first to get to the middle of the ship to avoid the icy water coming at us from all sides.

We stayed there for what seemed like ages. Ruby peered at my wristwatch every few minutes, reading the time aloud so people could hear. At 2:15, the ship began to tilt. Slowly at first, and then faster and faster.

"It's finally sinking." Ruby said quietly. She hadn't said a single word quietly since the moment I met her.

She was wrong though. It was not sinking; just tilting. Soon it would be straight up in the air. As the crown realized this, they ran like cheetahs to the end of the ship. We started to follow them. A large woman knocked into Ruby and she fell over. The rush of people coming from both directions started to separate us from each other. It was a minute before I finally took hold of her hand again, and when I did, I buckled my watch on her delicate, cold wrist. 2:18. Then we followed the pack of people.

We started moving too late. The ship did not begin to sink, it began to crack. It sounded as if thousands and thousands of pieces of metal, wood, and glass were being broken and scraped against each other. A large crack split the ship down the middle. It started as only damage to the floor we stood on, but in a matter of seconds, the ship was two pieces. I was on one.

And Ruby was on the other, my watch reflecting the moonlight onto her face, revealing her horrified expression.

"Move back!" I screamed, desperate for her to hear me over the other shrieks and yells. Bodies started sliding past me as the half I stood on began to stand vertically again. Then I saw it. Ruby was standing in front of a massive pipe that let out steam from the engines. And it was cracking fast.

My ears heard and my eyes saw it crashing before my brain could process what it meant. I didn't scream; a scream could not explain the swirl of crushing emotions rushing through my blood and mind- because there were none.

I was numb, even before I let go of the railing, and slipped soundlessly into the icy waters below.

Story 2

Two Twins

Two Twins

There once were two twin brothers. Milo and Aryan. One day, on their parents THIRD whale watching trip THAT MONTH, the two were playing tag. Milo, doing his crazy moves, accidentally hit the side of the boat and fell into the water. Aryan could not do anything. "Help!" The boat and the whales were too loud to hear Milo's scream. The crashing waves pulled Milo under the water. A few seconds later a shark came close to Milo. A black clone of Milo appeared underneath Milo and whacked the shark away. Aryan calmed down after seeing that the magical clones would protect his brother from danger. It was after the three got home for the parents to realize that Milo disappeared.

A little girl and her mother were collecting seashells on the beach. That was when the little girl spotted Milo laying in the sand close to water. The little girl went to see if he was okay. He wasn't breathing much. So the mother and girl took Milo into their house and on a bed. When Milo woke up the little girl was relieved. The little girl introduced herself. "I'm Sakura. My friends call me Saku." Milo sat up and asked "Where am I?"

"You're in my house silly." Said Sakura "I'll ask my mom to make some food for you. You must be starved." Milo stayed in bed for a week till he got used to being with the two. He ran errands for The tiny family.

One day, when Milo was out on an errand, he saw his twin brother. Aryan. It looked like he was looking for something... or someone. Knowing that someone Milo ran up and clinged on to Aryan's arm. Once Milo release It was of immediate seriousness. "You need to come home." Said Aryan. "But I like it here!" Said Milo. "You've been gone for two years!" Aryan said brutally. Milo was shocked. "I washed up here a month ago." The two were silent. Then Aryan took Milo into the forest. "You need to come home." Aryan said. "Okay, let me tell Saku."

Milo ran to the house. "Saku! I need you to come with me." Milo said. "Uh, okay." Sakura replied . The two ran into the forest where Aryan was. "Saku, look at me." Milo started. "I have to go home."

"What do you mean? This is your home." Sakura said. "To my original home." Sakura started to cry. "But Milo, I want you to stay. Please come back." Sakura said sadly. "I will. I promise." Milo said softly. A few minutes later, the two twins arrived at the beach. "How are we supposed to get from here to all the way over there?" Milo asks. Aryan tells Milo about the clones. Suddenly, the black clones appear once more as a ride. The two hopped on the surprisingly slow ride. When Milo looked back he saw Sakura was waving goodbye. So he waved back. "Is there a way to make us go faster?" Aryan asks. "I guess so." A huge wave comes from behind them allowing them to travel all the way home.

When they reached home their mother ran up to Aryan with a hug and said "Why do you look so

happy? Did you find him?" Then Aryan looked behind himself to see if Milo was there. He wasn't. Knowing what his brother is up to he said "I think he has something to show you." Just then a wave appeared. And Milo was on it. When Milo got to land his Mother gave him a really tight hug. Then they went inside.

"Please don't wash these sheets mom." Sakura said firmly. "Why? you'll make them dirty." Said her mother. "I know. But..." Sakura said sadly "What if he doesn't come back!"

"He kept his promise." Said her mother. "How do you know that?" Asks Sakura. Her mother pointed outside the window. Sakura looked to find Milo and his brother. The two brothers came in and Saku gave Milo a tight hug "I have an idea." Milo says. And the two got to work. They made two bunk beds. One for the brothers and one completely for Saku. When Saku realized that she was sleeping in front of Milo she gave him another big hug and said "Thank you Milo." Milo replied to her "Your welcome, Sister"