


Solstice Publishing

Rebirth
By A.A Schenna



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“As long as we are strong, everything will get better. I am sure things will change. Have faith my love, try not to give up,” I could still remember her words and, for a moment, I felt my heart bleeding.

I walked down the street while I kept thinking of our future. As much as we had tried, we could do nothing to change things and retain our hopes. In a few months, we had managed to lose everything we had struggled to achieve.

I never liked being a loser but I also knew the sooner I would accept the freaking situation, the faster I would get out of this chaotic position.

I needed to get past the nasty facts and get everything out of my mind immediately, so I stopped near the huge rocks on the edge of the hill to catch my breath because I felt like drowning in the ocean of depression.

I stared toward the countless, beautiful lights as the puny air, along with the heat, made my spirit eager to fly above the city of angels, pushing me to dare making a new beginning. Although the dark had wrapped up my whole world, the shining stars looked incredible, spreading their glow to despaired souls like mine.

“I love this place,” I murmured. The view was really amazing.

I looked behind me and the presence of the large, coconut trees across my sight stole my attention and made me think of the past. I could still remember the first days at Green Hill in California.

I had recovered from the heart attack and I was told by everyone to be careful. My beautiful wife had decided to abandon her dreams to take care of me and see me healthy and strong as usual.

My partner always dreamed of being a successful actress and I was sure she would achieve her goal, but she could never betray her heart since she loved me and, with no doubt, I was definitely the luckiest man on earth. I would never forget her sacrifices, her loyalty to me and her limitless love.

Samantha was talented and I knew that success, independency, and a great career meant everything to her, until the moment we met in New York.

People usually call it love at first sight; I would call it earthquake at first sight since her gaze had managed to shatter my world, my mind, and my soul as I was seeking, almost begging for her attention.

Before our first meeting, I thought I would never get married since I liked being single and having fun all the time, but she was special and I didn't want to lose her. Samantha was exceptional, she was a real lady and I would do anything to see her happy. And I did it. I risked my career and we both lost our futures.

Now, we had no money and, moreover, we would have to sell our house and forget the luxurious way of life. But I never regretted getting married and sharing my life with Samantha. I would never lie to anyone about this and I could cross my heart to convince everyone who could say the opposite.

I was a professional producer and my effort to make a successful movie with my promising, aspiring actress, meaning my wife, came across failure after failure. I had denied working with a diva, a very famous actress and, out of the blue, the system kicked me out of almost all the big studios of Los Angeles. Soon, I found out that all the doors were closed. We had lost everything, but at least we had one another.

I remained silent and kept wondering about our life in another state. I was living the worst period of my life. *"How was I supposed to go back?"* I questioned myself and, although I couldn't find any answer, my mind persisted. *"How was I supposed to go back?"*

I stretched out my arms and, after a while, I felt her hands in the pockets of my bright, blue pants. She knew I loved strolling around the beautiful neighborhood and since I was late, she wanted to make sure that everything was okay.

"What did we do to deserve this?" I murmured.

"It's called bad estimation, but we will make it," I said. Every time I needed someone to support me, Samantha was there.

I turned back and I could see her standing in front of me, spreading her optimism, and showing me her pained smile.

My lovely partner hid in my hug and, then, she held my hands while trying to make me move my legs to dance with her under the moonlight, forgetting our worries.

"There is no music," I whispered.

"I can hear your heartbeat, can't you hear mine?" she said.

Whenever I felt ready to give up, Samantha was there for me. I had screwed up our life. I had destroyed her dreams. I had destroyed my career and my future, but she didn't leave my side nor did she ever intend to dump me.

"I will never leave you, John, you are my man, and you are also my handsome husband," my wife whispered.

"I am so lucky," I murmured while caressing her back.

"As long as you love me...", Samantha hugged me tight as I looked up at the sky.

My wife had managed to blanket my soul with her optimism and, that moment, I felt ready to leave all the nasty facts behind and move on.

Samantha was the best person I had ever met and I was lucky enough to earn her trust and love. We fought very hard against fate but we were both determined to protect our love by any means, keeping away anything that could threaten her survival. "I will always love you," I smelled her long, blonde hair, rolled my eyes and realized that I had come back to reality.

Ten years were enough to turn a beautiful house in the countryside into ruins. All this time, the wonderful Victorian house remained closed and that house was the only property we had. It was our precious shelter, our last place to accommodate our dreams.

"We will make it," Samantha said, but I wasn't sure about that since the house was empty, cold and, without doubt, we needed a lot of money to fix all the damages.

Samantha glanced at me and smiled. She was trying to be cool, but I was sure that she was looking for my support since nothing was going to be easy. We were not in college anymore and, moreover, Minnesota couldn't be compared with New York. We had to change everything and, of course, our way of life.

For once more, my wife had decided to stand by my side, ignoring her needs, her dreams, and desires. Although she could leave me to move on with her life and chase her luck to the industry, Samantha chose to follow my plan and kept sharing her life with me, a husband who had gotten used to letting her down.

But I never gave up trying to make her feel proud of me and reassuring her instincts about her choice.

"In your late thirties it's difficult to make a new beginning," I thought, but I never confessed my opinion to my wife.

Instead, I got rid of the insecurities and became stubborn again. At the time, Samantha was the personification of motivation along with determination and counted on me, I regarded that I had no right to betray her trust. I ought to make it work and, since we had no other option, I had to strive to change everything.

“Of course we will make it,” I sounded confident and I could still see that she believed in me.

In less than three months, we had a new home. Our farm was the best achievement we had ever come across. There were no words to describe the moment I tasted the honey of our bees through my wife’s lips. I could still remember the taste of perfection and the glow in Samantha’s eyes.

“Are you happy?” Samantha asked.

“What?” I was surprised.

“You were a successful producer and look at us now,” My wife said.

“I am very happy. Are you happy?” I asked and she nodded at me.

I smiled and then Samantha came closer.

My wife leaned on my chest, placed her fingers on my belly, and started making circles on my blue shirt, while I carried on thinking of her question. *Yes, I was very happy since the fame, the money and the extremely, sexy nights I had experienced could offer you nothing other but vanity.*

We were sitting on the grass, under the shadow of the large pine tree, while the intoxicating smells of the nature fought against the seductive thoughts of the past and were doing their best to make us feel lost in paradise.

When I looked around me, I ran into the zone of the truth and real happiness. I loved the color of serenity while I also adored her eyes, the leaves of the poplar trees and the surface of the lake in the middle of our farm. Everything was green and I could feel the blossom of nature affecting my whole existence.

Then again, the sound of the colorful birds was incredible. The entire scene was magic and, yes, I was really, really happy because I was located in paradise, holding my lovely wife.

I had the support of a woman who had dared to leave all the comforts she used to enjoy behind her and, now, she dealt with nature while helping me do all the hard work that our farm demanded. I was the luckiest man on earth.

“I am pregnant,” she said while I couldn’t swallow.

“Take it easy, that’s okay now, you can breathe,” Samantha laughed and put her fingers on my jaw.

I was living the best moments of my entire life.

As days passed by, I realized that, no matter how hard you work, you can’t fight destiny. Unfortunately, our achievement was gone, our small business was over and our bees along with our equipment were stolen. In a flash, our dreams vanished and the despair decided to settle in our life again. And, soon, we would run out of money.

I felt I was cursed, but my wife was pregnant and I had no right to let her down. I had to be strong for both of us and I needed to see her believing in me to overcome the obstacles which kept hiding us the road to success and harmony.

“Would you like something to drink?” I asked.

“I am fine, John,” Samantha held my hand and waited to see me smiling.

“I love you,” I said, and kissed her lips.

“I love you too.”

We laid in our bed and continued talking about our baby while teasing one another. In two months he would be with us, and we looked forward to staring and smiling at him.

“What is this smell?” Samantha asked.

“I have no idea,” I said vaguely.

“It smells like smoke,” My wife said.

The fire had already burned the mountain opposite our farm and, as it seemed, it would destroy everything. Unfortunately, our predictions were true since, in a few minutes, the flames wrapped the beautiful valley and burned everything. There was nothing we could do but abandon our house and our dreams.

Despite the destruction, and the loss of everything we had, I could still see her smile.

Samantha was covered by the ash and kept offering her positive energy to me.

“You never gave up on me; you are still here while you could be a successful actress in Hollywood,” I said.

“I don’t care, I love you,” she said and that’s all I wanted to hear to make a new beginning again. I guessed I had to get used to flirting with failure after failure.

“It’s my party...”

When I heard Samantha singing, I laughed and went closer to her side. My wife was holding our son in her hands. Oh gosh, she was so beautiful.

Our baby looked like an angel. He had my hair, my eyes and his mother’s nose.

“Black hair, dark eyes and a beautiful nose, at least he took something from me,” his mother said with a little laugh.

Samantha stood in front of me and softly bit my lips.

“I love you so much, both of you,” Samantha intoned.

“Did you hear what mom said?” It was my turn to take our baby in my hands.

Samantha raised her eyebrows and placed her hands on her hips waiting to see me singing. When I opened my mouth, she laughed at me. She would never stop teasing me.

Fortunately, things had changed and the bad luck had stopped chasing us. We had managed to retain our faith, regardless of the dark paths fate had put us in, and we never stopped hoping for the best.

The birth of our son had made both of us experience the rebirth of our life.

“As long as you love me, baby,” Samantha was the personification of love, indeed.

Thank you for your time!

A.A Schenna