

The Young Girl



Aldivan Teixeira Torres

I wanted to know
what that strange
voice in my thoughts
meant.



The night was cold and the insistent voice remained in my mind. There was a kind of strange connection between us.



I had already walked a few feet outside of the hut but it seemed to be miles by the fatigue that my body was feeling.



You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>