**The Dream Maker***Everything just kind of went with the flow, as if he and the world decided to jump onto one large sail boat and float where the currents took them, towards the stars and the moon or maybe just the end of the world. He didn’t question anything. Everything just sailed into place.* 

*If you be my star  
I'll be your sky  
you can hide underneath me and come out at night  
when I turn jet black and you show off your light*

“Who are you?”  
  
“Well, they call us dream makers. I’ve been assigned to an Lee Sungmin. I presume that’s you?”  
  
“What are you doing here?”  
  
“I was told you aren’t happy with life...  
  
  
… it’s my job to bring you that happiness, Sungmin.”

*I live to let you shine  
I live to let you shine*

He had a girlfriend of one year named Sunny, a mother who worked a 9-12 morning to midnight shift, struggling to rake in a living for her and her son, and a father who ran off with another woman the day he was presented to the world. His life wasn’t the greatest, but he did what he could to *live* it.  
  
He lived in a shabby, small apartment, one bedroom, but his mother offered him the bedroom. As for herself, she tried to find as much comfort as she could on the creaky couch in the living room, the rusty springs almost brittle from years of pressure and the sound coming from them almost stale with age, dull and speaking of passed time. No matter how much he argued that she take the bed, *I’m young, my bones and muscles are healthy,* she would decline, *I’ve had fifty-one years of sleeping in a bed, don’t worry about me, Sungmin.*  
  
The old, wooden floor boards creaked in the night, contracting with cold then expanding with heat, repeat, repeat till morning. Sungmin thought it seemed as if the place was haunted, infested of ghosts with heavy footsteps, walking around while dragging their feet behind them, lurking in the shadows if they could, they *were* the shadows, but it was only common knowledge the reason behind the sounds, and he knew what it was without even consciously realizing it.  
  
At night, the subtle sounds of life were full of color, and it was the only thing that made him feel *alive*.   
  
  
  
  
  
  
“So, what exactly is your name, *dream maker*?”  
  
“That’s not important.” *I can’t say.*  
  
There’s a star shaped tattoo inked into the back of the boy’s neck, just at the lump where his head connects to his bony spinal cord, directly underneath his white-blonde hair, a target, two more at the back of each of his wrists, and Sungmin wonders if all the other dream makers have the same marks or if he was just one of a kind out of similarity.  
  
“Sungmin, what do you dream about?” But he already knows, he wouldn’t be there otherwise.  
  
“Things.” *Nothing.*  
  
And he knows.  
  
And suddenly there’s a twinkle in Sungmin’s eyes, and it reminds him of the stars, and the night sky, and the *moon*, and that twinkle, if anything, had that last bit of hope that Sungmin was desperately trying to hold onto. That twinkle held his smallest and only dreams, as if he threw a lasso around a star and was holding on with his fingertips, trying not to fall into nothing.  
And he knows.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He met Sunny during a music class he took in his freshman year of college. Everything just clicked at the time, and he was almost positive the world stopped then, but the clock was still ticking, and he was just being selfish to believe time would hold still just for them. He thought she was the *one* because of the feeling he felt in his body, too caught up in that feeling of *happiness* that was spreading like sugar throughout his veins, and he forgot about the lack of feeling in his heart.  
  
He was only dreaming.  
  
A year steadily ticked on by in its clockwise manner, and the feeling he had in the pit of his stomach, at the tips of his toes, in the palms of his hands, disappeared altogether, and all that was left was that cold feeling of letting go.  
  
She didn’t make him happy anymore, the feeling Sungmin had was only one sided, but it was unrequited on her part. He tells himself the only reason he isn’t ending it is because he wants her to be happy. But he knows he just doesn’t care anymore to even bother ending the relationship.  
  
It’s not like he minds, anyway. He wasn’t dreaming anymore.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He didn’t question his dream maker’s existence, nor did he question the fact that he even had another male living in his room without his mother’s knowledge (he didn’t even know if others could see Kyuhyun). Everything just kind of went with the flow, as if he and the world decided to jump onto one large sail boat and float where the currents took them, towards the stars and the moon or maybe just the end of the world.   
  
He didn’t question anything. Everything just sailed into place.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
Sungmin discovered that Kyuhyun never slept.  
  
He had woken up in the middle of the night, something in his mind turning on and bringing him back to his senses. The moon was shining brighter than ever and casting a white glow through a gap in his curtains. His vision cleared up from its static and fuzzy disposition, and the image before him blurred into focus. Kyuhyun was lying on his side facing him, and the sliver of moonlight caressed his face, making it glow in such a manner Sungmin thought he looked angelic. Half of his face was hidden in a very large, very navy blue scarf, and the blankets were pulled up to his shoulders. He looked so comfortable Sungmin wondered why he felt so clammy and cold rather than cozy and warm.  
  
He was surprised to find Kyuhyun lying in bed next to him, *are we that comfortable already?*, but he wasn’t the type to be surprised for long, and things settled into a normal feel again. He glanced out the window to gaze quickly at the starry night sky, felt as if they were winking at him and that the moon was smiling, but that probably didn’t even make sense to believe, and he was tempted to count each one until he fell back to sleep.  
  
His eyes trailed back to the dream maker’s sleeping form. His eyes were open, and they were starring straight back at him, such a direct gaze that made Sungmin go still, and his own gaze became glued to the other's. After a while, he felt exposed, as if the boy was actually reading every little detail about his life, all his secrets and thoughts, the dreams he used to have when he was younger. He felt like a window, one that looked out to the world behind it, exposing all its details, and he shyly looked down at his sheets.  
Kyuhyun sat up and tucked his chin further into his scarf. His hand reached out to grip Sungmin’s hand and suddenly everything went black.  
  
After that incident, he started waking up more often to find Kyuhyun “sleeping” soundly beside him. He started to wonder if maybe that was why the boy’s skin was so light, washed out, eye circles a little more prominent than normal, he was an insomniac, or maybe it was just the nature of a dream maker to not sleep. It made sense in a way. It was his job to bring dreams to those unable to do so, and people actually only dreamt when they were asleep.  
  
Sungmin didn’t have dreams, though. But he had somewhat of a small feeling of trust in his dream maker, and that was all he really needed. He was always hanging around on those feelings like a thread, anyways.  
  
  
The sky was especially starry that night, and the view from the roof of the apartment complex presented a map of outer space right before their eyes. There was a slight breeze, a cold wind, either way Sungmin was bundled up in too many layers to tell the difference. It was a sea of twinkling lights, the city or the stars, there was no difference, and Sungmin felt like he was in the center of the Milky Way, floating in space with his dream maker beside him.  
  
He closed his eyes and there were stars behind his eyelids, shining just as bright, twinkling from starring at the view for too long, as if he had stars tattooed behind his eyelids. But those stars eventually faded out into black, so he opened his eyes, and Kyuhyun was right there in front of his face starring right back at him.  
  
“You’re not human, right?”  
  
“Nope. You see those two stars right there and that gap in between them? That’s where I belong.”  
  
“I see.”  
  
It was so cold out, and they had obviously left their minds in the gutter to actually be sitting out there in the middle of winter. It was Sungmin’s idea, only he would insist of such a thing. He was drunk, but only figuratively, and he wasn’t thinking.  
  
*“Let’s sit outside on the roof. But it’s pretty cold, you might freeze to death.”  
  
He was getting ready for bed, his legs already tucked beneath his blankets, the soft fabric sliding against his limbs, and it made him more tired than he actually was. His dream maker was sitting on the window sill, starring out at the night sky, and the weather outside was too cold, making the glass frosty at its edges. Sungmin never actually saw Kyuhyun get into bed next to him, he only woke up in the middle of the night to his face.  
  
“Let’s go.”*  
 *And they climbed out the window, the cold biting at their warm faces, chewing at their ears and the tips of their noses, but Sungmin didn’t care to go back inside.*  
  
Somewhere from the sky, a small snowflake fell on Sungmin’s hand, and it was only then that he realized how cold he was. They climbed back through the window, and Sungmin quickly snuggled into the confines of his warm blankets. He was closing his eyes when he saw Kyuhyun kneel beside the bed and suddenly he felt insecure, his eyes not daring to close but not look the boy in the eyes either. His dream maker only smiled back at him and then his hand was grasped and everything went black.  
  
That night, he dreamt about holding hands, warmth, and snow, but it only lasted until he woke up to the stars and the moon and his dream maker sound “asleep”.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
One night he woke up with wet cheeks, and the remnants of his last dream slipped away into the night, and he forgot. He didn’t even know why his cheeks were wet, but he figured that he probably cried in his sleep.  
As always, Kyuhyun was beside him, this time sitting up and starring out the window, as if he were conversing with the other stars in the sky.  
  
Sungmin tried blinking the rest of the tears from his eyes, but he felt a hand gently wipe his cheeks dry, and his skin started feeling tingly and warm.  
  
Kyuhyun pulled his hand away, and Sungmin saw a glimpse of the star inked onto his wrist.  
  
“Are we friends?” *What are you? What are****we****?*  
  
“More than that, Sungmin.”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“We have a much stronger connection than that of friends. I’m bound to you, on this earth, until my job here is done. Kind of like a guardian, but I can only bring you your dreams.”  
  
It became silent for awhile, a relaxing quietness that gave Sungmin a moment to think and take everything in, and then the boy woke him from his thoughts.  
  
“It might not be the same for you, but your existence is very valuable to me.”  
  
And Sungmin wondered if it was some kind of confession, but he felt strange after hearing it, and he didn’t know what to say. All he knew was that Kyuhyun was bringing him dreams and helping him reach those dreams that had died away long ago.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
Sungmin was at school, and the clock was nearing six in the evening, and it was orange all over behind the windows of the building. He was at the library studying, and Sunny was there with him, as she always was whenever he was at school. With one pair of earphones separating into two different ears, they were sharing and listening to his iPod, and his nose was buried deep inside a text book, or at least, that was what he was trying to look like he was doing, being a studious kid at the library, pretending to drown himself in the contents and life of the inanimate object in front of him.  
  
He was scrawling in a spiral notebook, the metal pressing indents into his soft skin and leaving marks. Only a few pages were used so far, a log of his nightly dreams just in case he forgot them when a new night arrived, carrying new dreams as if God plucked one of the billion stars in the night, turned them into stories, and threw it down to earth.  
  
It was out of Sunny’s line of vision, and he hoped she wasn’t curious about what he was writing, hoped she wasn’t taking glances at his notebook. Out of his own curiosity, he looked over to see what she was doing, and as expected, she was scrolling through his list of artists on his iPod, her bony thumb sliding in circles over the scroll, switching clockwise-counterclockwise as she randomly browsed. He looked away, continued writing down the last aspects and remembrances over last night’s dream, short lyrical phrases that summarized his memory in a few lines and words, *a subtle smile on my face and suddenly, snow started to rain from the sky*, and something slid over his thigh that made his entire leg twitch in surprise and shock. He looked down to see Sunny’s hand dangerously close to his inner thigh, and he tried pulling it away, noticed her hands were clammy and cold and bony.  
  
“Come on, no one’s looking.” There was a mischievous grin plastered on her face, and if he were the same person six months ago, he would’ve found her innocent smile attractive. But six months later, it couldn’t have been more unattractive with her hand caressing eagerly at his thigh, and he felt the muscles grow tense with unease. He felt almost embarrassed and ashamed, and his heart was increasing with speed. He glanced around the room and unfortunately, almost everyone had left and gone home, only a few scattered here and there.  
  
“Hey, no, don’t…” His voice was suppressed and forced, like the muscles contracting beneath Sunny’s firm hand, but he tried to seem calm.  
  
Her hand trailed up to his belt.  
  
“Sunny…”  
  
She began undoing the tight strap of leather around his waist without listening to his protests, turned them into empty words with hollow meanings, and Sungmin felt like there was a hole in his voice, felt like his words just went through one ear, out the other, floated into the air and evaporated into nothing, no one listening and no one bothering to.  
  
His fists clenched, and she had already undone his belt. Then her cold hand flattened against his warm, flat stomach, and he flinched.  
  
*“Stop.”*  
  
There was a force behind his words this time, certain and straightforward, dangerous almost. Everything around him stilled, and the clock kept ticking, in its constant clockwise manner, and he got up, threw everything into his bag carelessly and left without anything else to say.  
  
There *was*nothing to say. The hole in his voice only felt as if it expanded.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
The cold night air whispered against his face, and he reached up to wipe away non-existent tears, only he was actually feeling his numb cheeks to see how cold they’d gotten in the past thirty minutes he’d been out on the school’s rooftop.  
  
He was on the edge, literally, his legs dangling off the side of the building, and he was aware of how dangerously close he was to death, how beautifully close he was to ending his life, and maybe he’d get to see his dream maker on the other side like normal friends. Maybe he’d get to put a name to his face, or maybe he’d end up on the wrong side, if sides even really existed. You only know what’s true about religion and beliefs until you’ve truly taken the journey of death.  
  
Sungmin stared down onto the ground and wondered how hard the impact between him and concrete would be. There really wasn’t much of a difference from hitting rock bottom and sitting on the rooftop; either way he’d be seeing stars.  
  
His legs were tingling from Sunny’s touch, and he just wanted to scrub it away until the memory washed out of his mind. He wondered what she was doing at that very moment, crying maybe or completely confused, he really didn’t care.  
  
He was ripped from his thoughts as he felt a familiar warmth settle at his side, and he watched out of the corner of his eye as Kyuhyun hung his own limbs from the school building, and he wondered if they looked like little boys from a passerby’s perspective. No words were said, and he was glad that Kyuhyun understood the comfort of the silence that enveloped them in an imaginary hiatus in time.  
  
He kept his eyes at the ground, switching gazes from the stars to the concrete, and he tried to suppress the urge to turn his head and glance at Kyuhyun, but after awhile, his curiosity began nibbling at the edges of his crowded mind, and it was then that they made eye contact, and Sungmin thought he felt the world shake.  
  
Kyuhyun’s eyes pierced through him straight to his heart, and it almost hurt. He was wearing a navy blue hoodie, so large that Sungmin felt the urge to just cuddle up to the other for warmth, and he regretted not bringing his own.  
  
Sungmin had broken eye contact awhile ago, but he could still feel Kyuhyun’s cat-like gaze on him, and it made him shift uncomfortably, the hairs on his arm standing on end, and he wondered why he was reacting in such a manner.  
  
“…you okay?”  
  
His simple words struck the shield of silence, but his words were quiet, reassuring and gentle in that way that said*I’m here for you*, and it reminded Sungmin of the feeling he got when he saw a shooting star dance like pirouettes across the sky. And that was all that it took for Sungmin’s stomach muscles to tense, and soft tears sparkled down his numb cheeks.  
  
He didn’t know why he was crying, the tears and emotions just hit him like a meteor from space, but he knew he hadn’t done it in awhile, and it hurt. His face scrunched, and he sobbed quietly, only audible enough for himself and the dream maker to hear. He hung his head, chin tucked, and the tears fell like raindrops into his open palms, pooled then trickled like spider webs down his fingers, but the cold wind would only dry it off moments after.  
  
Kyuhyun reached over and entwined their fingers together, palm against palm, and it sent small currents up Sungmin’s arm, like thunder. His hand reacted with a mind of its own, and it was almost like instinct in a time like this that his hand gripped the one in his with such a force he could practically feel every detail of Kyuhyun’s frail skeleton.  
  
Kyuhyun wrapped an arm around Sungmin’s fragile form, pulled him in and rested the other’s head on his shoulder to cry on. Sungmin’s breath came in very short, very repetitive and quick intakes of air, and Kyuhyun had a hard time breathing as well, almost as if he had offered all the oxygen to him. His side was warm and unfamiliar to such close human contact. It *had* been centuries since the last time he’d been this close to a human physically.  
  
Sungmin closed his eyes and controlled his breathing, Kyuhyun’s hand held tightly between his two, the star printed on the skin stained with tears, and it was the only thing keeping him sane at the moment. He turned his head and stuffed his face into the other’s shoulder, the soft fabric of the hoodie drying away the remains of his tears. Kyuhyun smelled like a mixture of salt and winter and Sungmin felt his head rest on top of his own.  
  
The moon was high up in the sky now, completely, and the stars joined it and cascaded across black, lighting up the darkness. There was something in Sungmin’s mind, a dream thought with strings attached to his heart that forced him to lift his head and kiss the corner of Kyuhyun’s mouth with trembling lips.  
He didn’t know why he did it, maybe it was a *thank you, for being there for me*or*for loving me for who I am*, he didn’t know, but he didn’t put much thought into it, before and after.  
  
The stars twinkled especially bright that night, and the next thing he knew, he was waking up in bed and starring at Kyuhyun in bed beside him.

He worked at an old family run Chinese restaurant on the weekends, just to earn a few more dollars and help out his mom with the bills. It was one of those restaurants with dirty carpet floors, wooden tables so old they had to be covered with white or burgundy fabric sheets, and the smell of fried rice and eggrolls hung in the air.  
  
It was so much work, cleaning up the tables, serving the food, taking the orders, and cleaning the dishes. He was the only worker there, other than the owner and his wife, so it was tough work on the weekends since they had a lot of customers, and he would always ask himself *why the hell am I working here*, and reality would sink in and he went back to work.  
  
That night had been especially busy, a bunch of business men coming in and drinking until their vision swirled and everything became a cluster of white smoke.*A bunch of old perverts*, he thought to himself every time he came with a new bottle of beer and one of them would grope him in some way, slurring senseless things like *a boy like you doesn’t deserve to be here, come home with me*, and he’d think *I know*, but instead, he would just smile and bow out of their way.  
  
It was a minute and forty-seven seconds left until closing time, midnight, and his eyes felt puffy and his eyelids were heavy, and some of the men were getting ready to leave, fingers fumbling with the buttons of their jackets, hands trying to steady themselves against the chairs, table, and whatever else that was in the way. A little more than half remained in their seats at the table, playing a game of cards.  
  
He piled a few more beer bottles on the brown tray, the heavy weight of the glass balancing on his shoulder, and he turned towards the doors of the kitchen, the hand holding the tray of bottles trembling from exhaustion. He quickly shuffled across the grimy carpet, and two feet from the table of men, his hand gave in and he dropped the tray, a series of loud noises and crashes following soon after and echoing into the night like gunfire, so loud it could have sobered the drunk phase the men were in. His ears hurt, and there was a high ringing in his head. Glass was all over the floor, shards floating in beer, the carpet even more soiled than before, and his heart sped up at the realization of what he had just done. Just as he’d predicted, the owner came out and took one look at the mess, trailed his eyes slowly to his face, and the ringing in Sungmin’s ears only became louder. There was such a long pause, and his nerves hurt his head, and he just wished he was at home staring at the night sky, with Kyuhyun beside him reassuring him that life was beautiful.  
  
All silence finally came to an end as the owner began yelling profanities in his face, *clean up this mess you worthless little shit, I let you have this job and you can’t even serve beer properly,* the smell of Chinese food reaching his nose, and his knees felt like jello.  
  
The owner lifted his arm high in the air, and he knew what to expect. The pause before the blow, Sungmin wanted to end everything right then and there, and he thought back to sitting on the roof the other day, how he should’ve just jumped, and then he remembered Kyuhyun. The hand came in contact with his face as the owner backhanded him with his burley arm, a painful *thwack* resonating throughout the small restaurant, so loud and clear its inanimate state almost become real. He fell to the floor, falling in the pile of broken glass, and he felt the pieces slicing through the soft skin of his arm, his palms, the side of his face, and he thought, *I should’ve just jumped.*  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He was closing up, the time now around one or two in the morning. The owner had thrown the keys on the floor, yelled at him to *get his ass off the ground* and clean the mess, then close up when the customers were done, and he stalked off to the back.  
  
His arm was trembling still, even more than before, and the pain had become a numb feeling. He wasn’t sure whether he’d lost the feeling or if he just got used to it. There was dried blood all over, crusting along his arm and face, in his hair, like red paint, but the cuts probably weren’t large and deep enough for the need of stitches, just something that would heal in a day or two. The smell of blood was intoxicating, and his nose burned from it. His lip was busted, he had a scratch on one cheek that resembled that of the joker, and he thought about how ironic it was. He thought about how ironic everything was in his life, but he didn’t want to dwell on the subject any longer, so he pushed those thoughts back into the crevices of his mind.  
  
As he turned to leave, a large figure cornered him against a wall, and the heavy scent of alcohol clouded his senses with an overwhelming affect that made him feel like he was suffocating, from blood and beer and his own oxygen. Sungmin looked up at the face, noticed it belonged to the man that tried hitting on him a few times back inside the restaurant, and he tried to break away from strong arms. His thin form stood no chance against the man, mouse against monster, and it grabbed at his small face, fingers pressing into his cuts, and he let out a shrill cry in hopes that someone would find him. Life was ironic though, and he knew no one would come, no matter how loud he screamed.  
  
His wounds became fresh again, and the side of his face throbbed and felt as if fire had been set on it, added with a splash of gasoline, and he thought he saw red clouding in on his vision. His mind wasn’t functioning properly, and he couldn’t tell if he was being attacked by a monster or a man. He felt lips being forced against his, a tongue shoved into his mouth like a snake slithering to its prey, and this man was a monster, he was its prey. The cut on his lip stung as remnants of the alcohol sank into it, and tears collected at the corners of his eyes, blurring his vision. His arms were too weak, but he tried pushing the man away anyway. Hips dug sharply against his own, and he cried into the mouth of the stranger. It reached for the button of his pants, and his arms and legs were kicking to get the man away.  
  
The man slammed Sungmin against the wall, and his head clashed with the brick wall behind him, everything before his eyes swirling into disfiguration, blackness blinking in and out of his mind like something inside his head controlling the switch, and he went limp.  
  
A rough hand reached down into his pants, and a second after, the body pressed against his own was gone, and he was left with the cold breeze drying his tears. Something soft and warm grabbed his hand and yanked him away. His legs tried keeping up, but his mind was too hazy to take in everything that was happening. The thing grabbed his arms and pulled them around a neck and picked him up, piggy backing his fragile body.  
  
The blackness crept around the edges of his vision, and he closed his eyes and fell asleep.  
  
  
  
Sungmin woke up to the feeling of disinfectant dabbing against his face, his lip, and it stung. He winced when it dabbed at his lip yet again, and opened his eyes, the light seeming brighter than usual, and he squinted. His head was hurting unbelievably, *he*was hurting unbelievably, and he felt as if something had sucked all the energy from his bones behind his back without knowing, caught him by surprise, leaving him practically unable to move.  
  
His dream maker was sitting at his side, cleaning his cuts, and his eyes looked tired, yet they were as sharp as ever, reminding him strangely of a fox with it’s sly and cunning nature. His oversized navy blue and yellow hoodie had Sungmin wondering if his wardrobe mostly consisted of oversized hoodies, if he even owned a wardrobe, and the black jeans he wore had such large holes in them they could pass off as shorts. Sungmin restrained himself from staring at the smooth skin of his thighs for too long, the milky whiteness contrasting beautifully with the black of the pants, and his finger gained back energy to twitch at the sight.  
  
He noticed he was in his room, sitting on the ground and leaning back against his bed, legs stretched out in front of him, shoes off, socks off, pants off, and he was left in his undershorts. There were first aid materials sprawled on the ground around him like a makeshift hospital, only without the machines and the tools and people in white coats that reminded him of the angels in the sky. Kyuhyun had already wrapped his arm in a bandage, and he noticed the large bandage sealed over his cheek, blood already absorbing into it and sprouting like roses across.  
  
Sungmin felt obligated to explain the situation, and he fumbled with the white carpet against the palms of his hands.  
  
“Um, I---“  
  
“You don’t have to tell me, Sungmin.” *I already know.*  
  
“…Yeah, okay.” He didn’t feel like explaining anyways.  
  
Kyuhyun pressed his hand against Sungmin’s bandaged cheek, and he flinched by instinct, his mind remembering the rough hands that grabbed him before he’d passed out. He turned his head so that they faced each other, and it was only then that Sungmin realized how much sorrow Kyuhyun’s eyes were holding, how sad he looked at the moment, how dark and opaque they seemed, and there was a pain somewhere in his chest he didn’t know of.  
  
Kyuhyun’s thumb gently caressed his cheek, careful not to hurt, and he started tracing his lips, carving the pattern mentally into his mind like Sungmin was a memory he wanted to snap a shot of, and he leaned forward and replaced his thumb with his own lips.  
  
It tasted like metallic and disinfectant liquid and ointment, but Sungmin thought it couldn’t be more perfect. His life was drowning in darkness, and the kiss couldn’t have been more fitting, and somewhere in his heart, there was a light that lit up the darkness, bringing back that dim light of hope.  
  
Kyuhyun’s tongue found its way across his cut, and he winced from the sensation, met his tongue halfway, and the texture of his tongue was soft and smooth. They pulled apart to breathe, and Sungmin nuzzled his face in the crook of Kyuhyun’s neck, arms resting awkwardly in the space that separated them, and the soft fabric of the hoodie created comfort against his face.  
  
He felt Kyuhyun wrap his arms around his frail form, and his pulse got distracted, just skipped a whole beat.  
  
Kyuhyun wanted to end everything then, pull his arms away and sit far away from Sungmin just to ease the pain in his heart of the reality they’d face, pull away and say *I can’t hold you*, erase everything and forget.  
  
Sungmin mumbled, “Tell me your name.”  
  
And he knew he had asked this a countless number of times, but he wanted to know,*needed* to know. There was a long pause, but Sungmin wasn’t expecting anything in return anyways.  
  
“…Kyuhyun.”  
  
His breath hitched for a moment.  
  
“What?”  
  
“My name is Kyuhyun.”  
  
Surprised his dream maker actually responded to his question for the first time, he didn’t say anything in return, and the name repeated itself through his head like a broken cassette set on repeat. He felt as though he was starting over and making a new friend, and the thought of starting over in the smallest brought the feeling back into his body, the hairs on his arm standing on end.  
  
He closed his eyes, and without knowing, fell asleep to the sound of Kyuhyun’s breathing.  
  
He didn’t notice the way the peachy color of Kyuhyun’s skin faded a shade, or the way the temperature of his body lowered and became just slightly colder than usual.  
  
It was the way a star would fade in the night sky.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He woke up at six thirty seven in the morning, in his bed, to the sound of rain, and to Kyuhyun’s absence, making him wonder if everything he was living so far was just a*dream*, and not reality.  
  
And he would remember everything that didn’t include Kyuhyun, and he’d think, Yeah, definitely reality.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
All the notes about his dreams inspired him to start writing lyrics, bittersweet words strewn together into phrases that expressed who he was. It wasn’t something new, though. He’d started writing lyrics in grade school, singing his own creations and melodies with soft vocals, but when things started going downhill, he tucked his notebook and voice away into the depths of flames from his living room fireplace.  
  
Sungmin stood up from his place on the bed, walked towards his closet and hesitated at the doorknob. Pulling it open, he spotted his guitar in the corner and brought it to his bed.  
  
There was a layer of dust on the wood, gathering with age, and he strummed his fingers into the instrument and pressed notes gently on the strings, the sound of a chord bringing life into the quiet area. He started strumming memories into the black and white, and the moments he lived when he was a teen spilled from his fingers and filled the room. They were broken and repeated noises, slips on the strings when he didn’t remember what was next, and pauses from hesitation.  
  
Pulling out his spiral of dreams and lyrics, he started to sing.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He had lost his job at the restaurant, he knew he would eventually, but he couldn’t help but to feel a sense of freedom because of it.  
  
Now, he worked at a small book shop that paid even less than his previous job, but he told himself that one day, he’d leave everything behind with no regrets.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
  
“Kyuhyun, what are you?”  
  
“What do you mean?”  
  
“Are you human?”  
  
“Am I?”  
  
Conversations with Kyuhyun usually resulted in endless questions asked back and forth. Sungmin asked too many questions, and Kyuhyun always beat around the bush and never gave answers. Sungmin didn’t understand why Kyuhyun never answered his questions, but he never wondered why either, and that was that.  
  
That night, though, he was serious, and he was determined to get his answers.  
  
“Really, what are you?”  
  
Kyuhyun noticed the change in attitude, sensed a serious talk coming his way, and he really wasn’t in the mood to rebel against the rules and open himself up to Sungmin, but he also sensed his heart giving way to willingly reach forward and spill out only to Sungmin’s ears, to come out of its hiding spot like the stars when the sun went to sleep. He gave in and responded.  
  
“I’m… not human.”  
  
Sungmin starred at him, waiting for an elaboration on the reply.  
  
“I… yeah, not human. I’m a star.”  
  
Something somewhere in his mind made him want to laugh, but he didn’t, and in all actuality, he wasn’t surprised. He already knew Kyuhyun wasn’t human from the start, and he had caught onto the little details that led him to this confession.  
  
But, in the reality of all actuality, situations like this meant insanity.  
  
“How old are you?”  
  
“You don’t need to kn---“  
  
“No, how old are you?”  
  
“*Dear god*…I’m twenty-one, okay?”  
  
It got silent after that, Sungmin shocked to see Kyuhyun lose his temper in just the smallest way for the first time (and at the fact that he was the same age as him). It was amusing, and he knew this was the moment he’d get closer to his dream maker, even if it was in the smallest way.  
  
“So that’s probably why I never see you in the morning.”  
  
“It’s not because I can’t, I just don’t. I’m only here to bring you your dreams. You only dream when you’re asleep.”  
  
He nodded his head and turned to face the door and away from Kyuhyun. He smoothed his hand beneath his pillow and shivered at the coldness of his room, an invisible energy of cold that prickled up his arm, creating tremors in all the nerves of his body and disorienting his mind just the slightest bit. The clock was shining one twenty-seven ‘o clock, and he was getting tired again.  
  
Exactly five minutes passed with silence until Kyuhyun broke it first.  
  
“I used to be human.”  
  
The stars outside began to dim, slowly and unnoticeably.  
  
“I was twenty-one then too, and I remember starring at the stars in my bed and wanting to join them, to leave the life I was living, then a stranger came in and somehow I lost my life. I like to tell myself that God had pity on me.”  
  
Sungmin turned back around to face Kyuhyun, just inches apart, and the face across from his own was just barely in the moonlight, the body across his own almost so close he was sharing its warmth.  
  
“I guess he assigned me this duty so I could learn that dreams are everlasting.”  
  
Sungmin flattened his hand across the flat, bony surface of Kyuhyun’s chest, over a steadily beating heart. Real or temporary, he still felt a connection to his own, and he didn’t notice the faltering of its pulse.  
  
All he said was *just keep shining, Kyuhyun*, kissed him on the mouth, and acted like he didn’t feel the trembling lips or see the tears he was holding back.  
  
“I would like to see you when I wake up,” *Hold me after this night ends.* “You’re always gone when I do.” *I’m sad because I feel like you’re not going to be there*, and then he closed his eyes.  
  
Halfway to sleep, he felt a hand sweep his bangs out of his face, fingers trail down his cheeks, lightly flickering over his mouth, and he felt the feather soft press of lips against his temple, tender enough to raise bumps on his arms.  
  
His body felt tired, and he wondered if Sungmin could feel his skin losing warmth.  
  
“…If it makes you happy.” *I’ll always be waiting for you.*

After a few days or weeks of not seeing her, Sungmin finally ended things with Sunny. He told himself there really was no reason for their relationship if it was only pity on his part. A relationship had to be mutual, he really didn’t know why it didn’t end sooner, and it was exactly what he told her when broke her heart.  
  
“Is it me? Is it because you found someone else?” *Why?* And her eyes were pleading tears and sorrow and panic. They reminded him of a new moon in the sky, dark and lonely.  
  
“I just…you’re not the one that’s going to make me the happiest boy alive. I’m still searching for that someone.” *And I think I found him*. “We can still be friends, Sunny…”*Bullshit.*  
  
“Sungmin, I’ll be better, please.”  
  
And he kissed her on the forehead, *you still have my number,* then he walked away, leaving the door wide open and giving her only the chance of friendship.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He spent his whole winter break composing songs, writing lyrics, singing and producing music, and his interest for it grew even greater than his interest in life. It *became* his life, and at his current age of twenty-one, he finally decided what he wanted to do with the rest of his years, and that was to become a musician and express himself and his voice, his words, to the world, to anyone who was willing to listen.  
  
Kyuhyun had only smiled when he told him what he wanted to do, stroked his cheek like he always did, and said *you don’t have to be a kid to have dreams to reach for.*  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He was at his desk, lazily playing his most recent song with his old, worn out acoustic guitar, a mellow sound with a ballad feel and complicated rhythms, and Kyuhyun was on the bed behind him. The window was open, letting in the cold whisps of January air, numbing breezes that made Sungmin’s toes curl and his muscles tense.  
  
It was only seven or eight in the night, but Kyuhyun was there with him as he’d promised,*if you want, I’ll hang around with you any other time*, and it made Sungmin’s mind soar since he wasn’t alone.  
  
He didn’t know what they were, no official title, just Kyuhyun and Sungmin, simple as that. They didn’t make things complicated, and in a way, they both knew they were just avoiding the situation altogether, but they didn’t mind. Kyuhyun just told him to *sit back and live in the moment, there’s no rush*, and he remembered thinking,*well, life isn’t too long, either*, but he shrugged it off, literally, and he had accidently bumped Kyuhyun’s head off his shoulder.  
  
Sungmin strummed the last few chords of the song and stood up, setting his guitar against the side of his desk, walked towards the bed where Kyuhyun sat criss crossed in front of the open window, starring out to the twinkling stars that littered the black sky. He climbed onto the mattress and wrapped his frail arms around Kyuhyun’s torso from behind, nuzzled his nose in platinum blonde, soft hair, left a light kiss at the star inked into the back of his neck. His body was bony and edgy, rough around the sides from protruding structures, and it made Sungmin wonder if that’s what a star felt like. The front of his hoodie felt damp and icy, but he knew it was just the cold night rubbing off on his clothes.  
  
Kyuhyun smiled and leaned back in between Sungmin’s legs, let himself be held with affection.  
  
“Let’s leave this place, Kyuhyun.” *Let’s leave this life.*  
  
“Where to?” *Alright.*  
  
“Let’s move to the city for awhile, to Seoul, leave all this behind.” I don’t want to live my life with regret.  
“If it makes you happy, Sungmin.” *Only if it makes you happy.*  
  
And Kyuhyun felt Sungmin nod his head, felt his body press closer to his back and tuck his hands into the pockets of his large hoodie, and he thought, *this is where everything changes, Sungmin,* then he tucked his own hands into the pockets to join smooth and bony hands.  
  
“… let’s leave tonight.”  
  
And Kyuhyun complied.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He had a backpack of his most important things, money in his savings box from his job at the restaurant and the book store, his laptop, and clothes for him and Kyuhyun to share.  
  
On the way out the door, he didn’t look back, but he looked into Kyuhyun’s eyes, who was trailing behind him, and he left with a kiss to his mother’s cheek, a hushed whisper against wrinkled skin, *I love you, mom*, and a letter on the pillow beside her head.  
  
*Mom –  
  
I’m leaving to the city for awhile, just to explore another life I could live one day. I’m not happy with my life here in the outskirts of town, and I think you noticed it too. Lately, I’ve been getting into music again, writing lyrics and singing with the guitar you bought me when I was little, and when I return, I’ll be sure to sing a song, just for you. Don’t worry, I’ll be back, soon or maybe later, just take care of yourself. Please. At least now there’ll be one less burden to have to work for ^^. I’ll be okay, I’m old enough now.*

*-Sungmin*

They took the subway that led straight to Seoul, Bus 365, but it would take a good few hours to get there, and they were both tired anyways.  
  
Sungmin led the way to the back and took the seat next to the window. Kyuhyun sat down beside him, hood up, just in case anybody saw him. It was part of his list of rules as well, to keep his identity low and not allow anyone to see him or recognize him, and it would be a complicated procedure to have to erase a number of people’s memories of his existence, anyway. He was Sungmin’s dream maker, and it wasn’t anyone else’s business.  
  
He was becoming human, something that meant he’d have to go back sometime soon and the end of his life on earth. He was spending too much time out during the daytime, spending too much time around humans and the public, and most of all, he was becoming too emotionally attached to his assignment. And it was all for Sungmin’s happiness. As long as he was happy, he was following his duties as a dream maker.  
  
The more human he became, the more energy he would lose. Kyuhyun was dying.  
  
The lights of the subway were eerie and white, making his dark circles even more prominent from its subtle nature before, and he looked almost ghostly from how tired he was, his face almost as pale as the moon. He had become an insomniac in the past nights from not being used to sleeping habitually, but he was slowly getting used to it, and everything about being a human was immensely new to him and hard to adapt to. His hands were becoming colder and colder, and his heart beat had become a sluggish pace that didn’t remain constant.  
  
He hid all his troubles, though, and put on a smile for Sungmin to see.  
  
His head was bobbing here and there, trying to stay awake, and he realized then that he was actually becoming tired. Sungmin pulled him down and rested his head in his lap, and Kyuhyun practically shivered from the comfort it gave him.  
  
“Since when do you get tired?” *Are you okay, Kyuhyun?*  
  
“Hm…just hanging around you too much makes me adapt to your ways.” *I’m fading, Sungmin.*  
  
Kyuhyun wanted to hear words of reassurance whispered gently into his ear, but he knew he was the one who was supposed to provide that role of comfort and hope.  
  
Sungmin had pulled the hood off his head. He threaded his fingers through his blonde hair, marveled in the feeling of the silky strands as if he were threading his fingers through clusters of stars, and it made his heart warm with happiness. Kyuhyun was that cold breeze through his window that made his toes curl and his muscles tense, and suddenly his heart wanted to burst, with words and emotion.  
  
He leaned down and pressed a kiss onto Kyuhyun’s temple, and the subway made a sharp turn, angled his head perfectly over his ear like fate, and everything fell to complete silence, the world shut down around just the two of them, time feeling like it had come to a complete stop for their existence, and his heart was humming in his ears, and he wondered if Kyuhyun could hear it too.  
  
“Kyuhyun…I think I’ve fallen for you.”  
  
And Kyuhyun’s breath stopped along with the world, his heart skipping beats here and there, *I’m not always going to be here to catch you,* and it was only beating for Sungmin. His body hurt, and his throat, so dry, felt like letting out a string of sobs, but he only nuzzled his face into Sungmin’s thigh and hoped his salty tears didn’t leave stains on the fabric of the jeans.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
Their lives became a part of the city, part of the crowded streets of people and the busy atmosphere that always seemed to be present.  
  
He was sacrificing everything to make sure Sungmin was happy, going out to explore Seoul and the shops they provided, pretending like he wasn’t tired or that his legs didn’t hurt when really, he could hardly walk five steps without wanting to rest.  
  
He loved seeing that smile stretched across Sungmin’s face, contagious and full of real happiness that Kyuhyun fed off of it to keep from fainting. Sungmin would hold his hand tightly in his own to make sure they didn’t split in separate directions, and every now and then Sungmin would simply gaze into Kyuhyun’s face, eyes full of love and affection for him, and it made him feel like he was still shining, brightest out of a sky of stars, and their roles had switched almost entirely.  
  
He remembered standing in a packed crowd of people, all watching a group of boys break dancing and trying to earn money, and he saw the spark of inspiration light up in Sungmin’s eyes, and he turned back to watch the scene before them. It was always so packed, and now that they were in the crowd, he was practically neck to neck with the man beside him. He remembers Sungmin’s being closest to him, remembers him pressing lips against his ear, and the soft breath that cascaded across his neck and his face, the words*I love you* being whispered, so quietly no one around them could hear, but loud enough for his ears only. And he remembers smiling and feeling his heart bloom in so many directions it could have touched the sky.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
They were lying on the floor in front of the small television before them, on the ground as well, and their living room lacked furniture and decorations, only the small sofa that came with the room which was positioned in the center of the apartment.  
  
Sungmin was lying on his stomach beside Kyuhyun who was lying on his back. All the windows were opened to let in the cool night air, anything to get the heat off their bodies and dry the sweat that pooled at their necks.  
  
Sungmin traced the star on Kyuhyun’s wrist, marveling at such a simple mark that seemed so perfect, and he pressed his face against the cool wood beneath his body.  
  
“…Sungmin?”  
  
“Yeah?”  
  
“If anything happens to me, you can’t take me to the hospital. I don’t actually exist on this earth as a human.”  
  
He sensed the foreshadowing behind Kyuhyun’s words, and he never wanted to admit that his dream maker would have to leave one day, back to his place in the sky with the rest of the stars. He didn’t want to think about when that day would come, and even now, he struggled to push it to the back of his mind, struggled to keep tears from surfacing.  
  
“Kyuhyun, don’t leave me…”  
  
“I’m not leaving you Sungmin, not right now.” *Not yet.*  
  
And Sungmin felt like his emotions would run out of control any moment, tears so close to spilling, his cup of tea filled so close to the brim, and he pressed his lips against Kyuhyun’s thin wrist, against the star, so light like a butterfly’s wings fluttering against skin.  
  
His skin was so sticky and moist when he pressed against Kyuhyun, and his lips became so moist when they met in a desperate kiss. His body was shaking, and Kyuhyun was trembling, and their hands were entwined so tight above the boy’s head, the wood floor beneath Kyuhyun hard against his back.  
  
It was getting even warmer, the sounds of moist skin against moist skin filling the room with whimpers and moans here and there, and he kissed Kyuhyun, noticed his cheeks were wet, and for the first time, he wasn’t the one crying.  
  
When he reached his climax, there were stars behind his eyelids. He opened them and saw Kyuhyun.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He woke up late in the night, this time Kyuhyun was beside him, and Sungmin’s arms were around his body, truly asleep. He listened to his heart, beating with struggle inside his small chest.  
  
He cried silently to himself that night, as if asking God to leave Kyuhyun right where he was, in his arms.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
They were walking eagerly and anxiously to a large building located somewhere near the subway station, the audition place to get into SM Entertainment as a trainee under their company, and the excitement and determination Sungmin was feeling radiated off his small body with such energy everyone walking by took a second look.  
  
It was cloudy that day, the sun hiding behind the fluffy puffs of white, and Sungmin wondered why it couldn’t just come out for a moment on a special day like this, *of all days*. Kyuhyun couldn’t have found it more fitting.  
  
The building was crowded, large windows decorating its sides, and very intimidating, as if to say *we only take the best of the best*. It towered over their heads, tall and black, so many windows it looked as if the whole thing was made out of glass. With his guitar slung over his torso and Kyuhyun’s hand in the other, he walked with his head held high through the automatic sliding doors of the building, the cold air conditioned breeze hitting him in the face along with the view of hundreds of people waiting in line to audition.  
  
They waited minutes, hours, one person after another, and Sungmin’s hands were sweaty and his leg bounced up and down continuously. Kyuhyun would whisper encouraging words to him every now and then, *you’ll do great, Sungmin*, and he’d feel that spark light up again that seemed to have died down when he watched as several people leave with disappointment etched onto their faces.  
  
Kyuhyun could hardly see where he was walking that day, his vision so dim he let Sungmin do all the leading, and his head whirled in circles, trying to focus on what was in front of him. His body was drained, the energy in him practically gone, and he found it difficult to act as if he wasn’t hurting. He knew his time had come, so close he could have died right then and there on the ground before a crowd of people, but he held on, just for Sungmin.  
  
They got to the door, Sungmin was next, and suddenly he felt as if the wait had been just a few minutes. Kyuhyun kissed him on the forehead, his lips lingering just a few seconds longer, and he held Sungmin’s hands in his.  
  
“This is the moment you’ve been waiting for for so long, and it’s what I’ve been working to help you achieve this whole time. It’s the reason I’m here. This is your dream Sungmin, don’t let it slip away. Give it your all, and I know you’ll do great. *Just shine for them, Sungmin.*”  
  
And he kissed him on the mouth, whispered*I love you on* his lips, and watched Sungmin enter.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
Sungmin was auditioning, and he waited outside patiently for him to finish. The air was getting cold, and it was in the middle of summer, and he knew the skies were giving him signs telling him to end things soon.  
He kept his head down to avoid eye contact with anyone passing by, and he watched as shadows slid across his feet and continued along the pavement. It was already dark out, the sun almost completely beneath the horizon, and he thought of how fast life actually moved when you were paying attention.  
  
His vision blinked in and out of focus, black then he’d see the sun setting, then black again, and the sun was gone.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He didn’t know how long he sat waiting, he wasn’t even keeping track of anything, but when he noticed a pair of shoes stop before him, he looked up and saw the boy he’d fallen in love with, smile so wide it outshined the stars above him, and it literally sucked all the energy out of him when he couldn’t help but to smile back.  
  
“They told me to call them back tomorrow, sometime after noon.”  
  
And Sungmin let out a satisfied and happy shout, leaned down and wrapped Kyuhyun up in his arms tightly, whispered*I made it*, Kyuhyun, and he let out the sigh he’d been holding, for years maybe or just hours.  
  
After a few minutes, they stood up, ready to walk back to their apartment, and he felt incredibly dizzy, all the blood draining from his head and rushing to his toes, a dull *thump*sounding in his ears repetitively.  
He grabbed Sungmin’s elbow to stop him from moving.  
  
“Hey, I’m really tired. Can we…sit...for a mom---“  
  
And everything went black as he collapsed to the floor.  
  
  
  
  
  
  
He was on Sungmin’s back, and it reminded him of the time he saved Sungmin from the man, reminded him of how he had to carry him on his back all the way home, the heap of warmth on his back, but mostly, it reminded him of the kiss they first shared on that night, and it made Kyuhyun’s heart clench sharply in his chest.  
  
His body was completely limp now, bones like jello and muscles like rubber, so full of exhaustion he could hardly move, so weak he felt like a rag doll being thrown around. His eyes were half lidded, an unknown weight trying to force them closed. But he wouldn’t allow it. Not yet, at least. He knew what would happen if he gave in. *Just a little while more*, he kept telling himself, *just until the time is right*.  
  
Although Sungmin was walking at a leisurely pace, he wasn’t paying attention to his surroundings, and it was so dark out, looking around wouldn’t help much anyway. When he carefully helped him off his back, he finally took in where they were, his senses spiking from what he saw.  
  
As completely and utterly simple as it was, Kyuhyun felt his throat clenching and his mouth going agape. They were on a hill, one that overlooked the entire city of Seoul, a night sky full of so many stars he had to squint to look at them, and the city lights below a reflection of above.  
  
He was sitting upright, and Sungmin sat down, pushed himself against his side and wrapped a possessive arm around his waist. He rested his head on Sungmin’s shoulder, and it was then that he realized that the time was right, and things would be all over soon. He knew why Sungmin took him here, and he knew Sungmin was aware of what was going to happen soon.  
  
Tears fell like twinkling stars from his eyes, shimmered down his cheeks, dropped and puddled on the inside of Sungmin’s palm, flowing into the creases of his hand, and he smiled, thought back to all the memories he experienced while on his assignment to bring happiness to Sungmin. Just a few months, but it was enough. He wanted to stay, forever maybe, but he knew things didn’t work like that.  
  
“Why are you crying?”  
  
He looked into Sungmin’s face, so breathtakingly beautiful and eyes full of experience, wisdom, and knowledge of the world. *He was shining more right then*, brighter than any star in the galaxy, and Kyuhyun felt happy that he succeeded in bringing that smile back onto Sungmin’s face. Now, he was finished. His business on earth no longer needed. Sungmin was the star now, a star that would bring happiness and inspiration to people through his voice, and Kyuhyun’s job was done, his energy fading to a dim glow, having passed everything from his heart to Sungmin’s and enlightening all the dark crevices.  
  
“I love you, Sungmin.” *I hope this moment would last forever.*  
  
“Me too, Kyuhyun. Always.”  
  
He leaned forward and pressed wet, tear stained lips against Sungmin’s, salty and bittersweet, tasting of final goodbyes and lingering old memories. He felt the smile against his mouth, felt the hand gripping his waist and the closeness of his body, felt *Sungmin*and his heart beating against his, and he didn’t regret a thing.  
  
And then he smiled himself and shed his last few tears, gripped Sungmin’s rough, hardworking hand, and in an instant, he felt the body go limp against his side, head falling on his shoulder as he fell asleep, a dream being brewed and almost ready to be played in his mind any moment.  
  
Kyuhyun, with one last kiss to Sungmin’s forehead, closed his eyes, said goodbye to the world and the precious boy in his arms, and everything went *black.*  
  
  
  
  
  
  
Sungmin woke up the next night, his room dark with a strip of moonlight lying elegantly across his covers, reaching just the tip of his fingers, and he sat up, looking at the empty spot beside him.  
  
A small pocket-sized glass jar lay directly at the center of the vacant pillow, and the moonlight draped directly over the object on his bed, as if to say *look at this*, and Sungmin thought if inanimacy could talk, they'd be speaking with a subtle rushness at him.  
  
Sungmin held it in the palm of his hands, as if he were holding the world and its fragility in them. The jar was filled with powder, shimmery, pure, and full of beauty. He grabbed at the small folded paper attached on a string around the neck.

*Pray that we meet again  
Think that the world was jealous of us  
Even if we’re far away from each other let’s keep our love  
In your small heart, in our small hand don’t leave a scar  
In your small shoulders, in your pretty eyes promise to not see the dark future  
Pray that we meet again*

The back of his throat strained, his eyes threatening to spill tears, and it hurt. He was so lost in his own heartache, and he didn't realize his wet cheeks, or his shaky breathing, and he didn't want to believe it, never did want to admit it, but Kyuhyun was gone.  
  
He looked out to the night sky, no missing spaces and everything in its right position, and he saw a twinkle, one of the stars winking at him from the night, and he smiled, wiped drying tears from his red cheeks.  
  
Clutching the jar tightly in his hand, he held it against his heart, *can you hear this Kyuhyun*, and he closed his eyes, falling asleep alone for the first time in months.  
  
He dreamt about falling in love and stars and fox-like eyes that night, silent tears falling from his eyes, but Kyuhyun wasn't there to wipe them away.  
  
His dream maker wasn’t gone completely, he would visit him in his dreams, and Sungmin looked forward to each night when he got to escape to his fantasy world of sleep.

*You can sky-rocket away from me  
And never come back if you find another galaxy  
Far from here with more room to fly  
Just leave me your stardust to remember you by  
Stardust to remember you by*

It had been three years, three years since Kyuhyun left and three years since he’d been a trainee under SME. He’d met Leeteuk, a kind hearted person that was always smiling at life and enjoying himself in the moment, happily going from one person to the next introducing himself, the person he’d grown to accept as a good friend, and the person who had been there with him through thick and thin.  
  
He had also met Ryeowook, a young and innocent boy, always cheerful and still too young to understand life just yet, and nine other trainees that were just as fun and exciting, each with vivid characteristics and personalities that made all these years worth it with no regrets.  
  
These were the friends he would be pursuing his dream with, the friends he would be debuting with, and he couldn’t have been more satisfied with the President’s choice.  
  
They all waited in the practice room, telling jokes and messing around, waiting for their new member to arrive, *to make a group of thirteen*, as the President had said, *there isn’t enough with just twelve*, and *he’s a talented kid*, and Sungmin was thinking, *this is enough, though.*  
  
Leeteuk was in the middle of talking about food when the door opened and soft footsteps echoed throughout the practice space, and everyone stopped talking to turn and look at the person who had just entered, who had just intruded on their conversation.  
  
And Sungmin stopped breathing.  
  
“Hey guys, I’m Kyuhyun, your newest member.”  
  
And the world stopped moving and time stopped ticking.