

Station of Mind Over Matter

By Nick Millini

"I'm sorry guys, but the city's calling for me," he said, "I can just feel it!"

It had been a week since he had uttered those words to his former band Station when he had received an invite to join with one of the well-known record labels up north. Niall Everhart took a look out of the bus window, watching the snowflakes fly by. There was no uncertainty to him; this was his time.

"We will now be making our midway stop," the bus driver said, bringing the bus to a halt, "We're gonna take about fifteen minutes, so if you're not back by then, too bad."

Niall stood up and moved slowly through the line. When he got out, he was greeted with the sight of a thin sheet of snow covering the ground and an empty looking gas station. He took a deep breath and with an exhale he recalled exactly how he told his girlfriend the news. After a good day of arguing with her, he tried not to regret the opportunity that he had taken. This was going to be a day of new beginnings, despite what had held him back before.

The streets were illuminated as the bus made its final stop in the city, as Niall looked outside of the window. This was going to be his new home, different from the quiet life of his home town. As he got off the bus, Niall could see that the snow had stopped and the sun had already hid behind the backdrop of buildings, ready to make its grand exit. However, Niall's day was only just beginning, making his way to the nearest hotel.

The city of the east had many things to wonder about it, but as far as Niall was concerned, all he cared about was making it to the building where he had to meet his new "boss". First and foremost, though, Niall needed a place to call home, even if it meant taking up an apartment with several other people. While contemplating his options, he bumped into another person. He looked up, seeing the lanky man next to him. Besides the black trilby sitting atop his head, Niall observed that the man's jacket was missing its right sleeve, and had several holes cut into it.

"Nice hat, isn't it?" the man asked Niall.

"Pretty cool," Niall responded.

"You from here?" the man inquired, "Name's Blair, by the way."

“No, I just arrived,” Niall answered, shaking Blair’s hand, “And the name is Niall, don’t wear it out.”

“Funny name,” Blair stated, clutching ahold the top of his hat, “But I assume you’re good people.”

“Thanks,” Niall said.

“Anyway, you’re new here,” Blair said, “How about this: I invite you over for a little party my pal’s having. Sounds great?”

“All right,” Niall accepted, “I could use a little time to settle with the people around here. When is it?”

“Actually, it’s tonight,” Blair told him, “In this hotel. This is probably why I’m here.”

He laughed, though to Niall it seemed like there wasn’t anything really to laugh at. However, he put that aside; people did have their quirks, after all. Niall thanked Blair, and after settling down his suitcase in his hotel room, went to the party that Blair’s friend was holding.

It looked to be a quiet party, at least that what Niall thought going in, but when Blair noticed him, the party had become livelier with the addition of Niall’s presence.

“Glad you decided to come,” Blair said.

“I wouldn’t think it would be good to turn down an offer like this,” Niall responded, “You got any drinks here?”

“Plenty,” Blair answered, “But please spend some time around here! Surely you have an interesting story to tell.”

“Not a chance,” Niall said, grabbing a cup from the nearby table, “The only thing bringing me here is an opportunity that I took.”

“But that sounds interesting!” Blair exclaimed, turning to the people behind him, “Don’t you guys think so?”

Everyone else in the room agreed, as Blair took a seat on one of the chairs.

“You gotta listen,” he began, “It doesn’t matter what your story might be; at the end of the road, we all come to the same ending. It’s just a matter of what you do until then. Take that extra mile, make the unlikely a reality, and do whatever you can.”

“Sure,” Niall said.

“But you need to know this,” Blair explained, “We are capable of many things. All that needs to

happen is a trigger that will fire up what you are set to do. Even when it doesn't seem like you can, your mind will beg to differ."

"I guess that's true," Niall replied.

"Anyway, have some fun," Blair stated, "Meet some people. The night is young tonight."

The party continued, as Niall explained his story. Blair immediately took notice and informed Niall that he too was a musician looking for a new opportunity. Blair had been organizing a band, and conveniently enough he was looking for a singer for his band. Niall thought about it, and decided that he would at least give his band a try.

"Yeah, and you can go up to the manager and tell him the whole deal," Blair said, as one of the other members of his band walked up to the two, a woman with black hair and wearing an open jacket.

"So this is going to be our singer, huh?" she asked, "My name's Aidyl."

"That's an interesting name," Niall observed.

"I wasn't a fan of my old one very much," Aidyl said, "Blair here recommended my new name, and I just thought it was great."

"It was a fun time," Blair added, "Just the two of us back then, right?"

"Yeah," Aidyl said, laughing.

"Great times," Blair reminisced, "Anyway, Niall, you said you were gonna meet these record label guys tomorrow?"

"That's what they told me," he answered.

"Think I could come with you?" Blair asked, "I might know one of the fellows there; we could get a good deal going."

"If you think you can do that, then I have no problem with you coming along," Niall said.

"Amazing," Blair said. He stood up and shook Niall's hand, congratulating the partnership between them. There was going to be a lot to do tomorrow, Niall thought, so it would probably be the best if he had all the help he could get.

The inside of the building looked like any regular office, a familiar feeling to Niall before he founded Station. Today, though, he wouldn't head back to work; this was only to settle a deal between him and his label. This would prove to be a meeting of two different worlds coming together, as Niall, clad in his shirt

and jeans shook hands with the highest man at the label, dressed up in a grey suit.

“Hello Mr. Everhart,” the business man said, “My name’s Thomas Frost. Please take a seat.”

Niall took a seat on the other side of the desk while Blair strolled in, not making one bit of sound as he took a seat next to Niall.

“I see you’ve brought an interesting friend,” Frost said to Niall, “Hello Blair.”

Blair lightly waved his hand and proceeded to pull down the brim of his hat. This rare silence intrigued Niall, but in the end he didn’t give much thought to it.

“Nice to see you too, Blair,” Frost replied, “Anyway, Mr. Everhart, I’ve heard a lot about you, and I think that this is the start of an ideal partnership.”

Niall agreed, and stated about how much it was his dream to come to the city and be part of something big; that he wanted to be what everyone thought of when they thought of rock music. Of course it was a big task to take, but to him, Niall felt like he was up to the challenge.

“Then I guess we have a deal,” Frost said, shaking Niall’s hand, “This is a man that really gets it, Blair.”

Blair sunk further into his seat, trying not to pay attention to Frost.

“Or you can continue to ride on the coattails of others,” Frost said, “After all, it is Mr. Everhart that I’m talking with; you’re just coming along for the ride, with not a care in the world.”

“Same can be said of you, asshole,” Blair responded. Frost answered with a simple laugh, and turned his attention back to Niall.

“If you ever need any help, just let me know,” Frost told Niall, “Be it musicians or whatever you can think of, I can help you accomplish your goal.”

Niall looked at Frost and nodded. “Thanks,” he said.

“You will do fine with Blair,” Frost guaranteed, “It just takes him a little longer to actually realize what it is he should be doing.”

Blair got up, leaving the room the same way he entered it. Niall looked over at the door, but Frost reiterated his point.

“Let him go,” he said, “What is important now is that this deal is done.”

Niall and Frost shook hands, congratulating the deal. After that, Niall exited the room to go find Blair and found him sitting by one of the nearby doors.

“Are you okay?” Niall asked.

“I’m fine,” Blair said, standing up, “Let’s go celebrate your newfound success!”

“Uh, sure,” Niall said, “But what about the party last night?”

“That was then,” Blair answered, “This is the present; something like this is a thing that must be celebrated.”

“You think people would really want that?” Niall wondered.

“People like to have fun,” Blair explained, “And if I am able to bring that fun, then it’s only right that people would come to me for a party, right?”

Niall tried responding, but Blair reassured his position. The two proceeded to leave, with Blair ready to set up something “special” tonight for this event. However, Niall had no idea why Blair was so ready to throw a party after what went on just a few minutes ago; on the other hand, it could have just been an isolated incident, and Blair was just feeling a little shaken about being in an environment like that. Whatever it was, it didn’t seem like a problem in the long run, as the two of them set way to prepare for tonight’s celebration.

It looked no different than last night, with Blair taking the center stage and handing it to Niall; and just like before, it was packed inside the room. Niall had no other feeling than the feeling of being excited about all the new things that are coming to him. Blair patted him on the back, and congratulated him.

“Welcome to your new world,” Blair said, “I’m just glad that I’m a part of it.”

“No,” Niall said, “I think if anything, this is a moment that all of us can be a part of.”

Blair laughed and took off his hat, placing it close to his chest. “I guess that what you said is true,” he remarked, “But this is only the beginning. Soon, everyone will know the name Niall Everhart, and they will want to be as great as you are.”

“I’m not sure that I’m that great,” Niall said. He chuckled at the comment Blair said, basically putting him as some sort of king or deity that everyone looks up to. It seemed very puerile as a complement, yet Niall had a feeling that this was how Blair thought of everything regarding this whole deal.

“Well, buddy, whatever you want to think, I’m fine with it,” Blair replied. He put his hat back on his head, and went to talk with a crowd of people. Niall sighed, and took a seat close to the wall.

“Blair really seems to have taken into you, it looks like,” Aidyl stated, taking a seat next to Niall.

“Well, he’s only trying to help out,” Niall said, “Though some of it is unnecessary. But I appreciate the gesture he’s offering.”

“Yeah, he’s always been like that,” she said, “Especially these past few years Blair always wanted to be a part of something.”

“Like what?” Niall asked.

“Well, he’s always trying to throw a party,” she answered, “Even if there aren’t that many people, Blair always getting himself involved through these means.”

“Wouldn’t most people have a job?” Niall wondered, “What about him? Doesn’t he work?”

“The last time he had a job was about two years ago,” Aidyl said, “Since then, he’s mostly doing all these sorts of odd jobs for people.”

“Probably how he’s managed to invite so many people here,” he said.

Aidyl agreed, and moved on to talk with Niall about his interests and what he wanted to do in the band. He mentioned about how he could play the bass and she noted about how she was the guitarist, and also included the fact that Blair was going to play the drums.

“It’s sort of like we took out two birds with one shot,” Aidyl explained, “So we could probably set up a jam session tomorrow. “

“Sounds good,” Niall said. Finally, he was going to be able to produce the music that would help him become well known and it would all begin tomorrow. For Niall, it marked the beginning of what he hoped to be the rest of his life.

When he arrived at Blair’s apartment, Niall took notice of the chaotic atmosphere. Throughout the various clothes and garbage littered sat Blair’s drum set, which looked like it was years since it had last been used.

“Hey Blair,” Niall called out, “Are you here?”

“I’m here!” Blair answered, “Give me one second.”

Blair walked out, wearing just his hat and a pair of shorts. Niall looked away, not sure what to make of his new friend’s disregard for clothes at this time of day.

“I thought you were getting clothes on,” Niall said.

“I did,” Blair answered, “Nice, comfortable shorts.”

“Can’t you get a shirt on?”

“You’re not offended, are you?”

“No, it’s just that I thought we were going to go and jam,” Niall answered, “At least that’s what Aidyl said to me.”

Blair scratched his head, presumably trying to remember. “Oh yeah,” he said, “She did say something like that while we were in bed last night.”

“In bed?” Niall asked, “Is she here?”

“She’s asleep,” Blair answered, “She just looked so cute after it, so I didn’t bother to disturb her.”

“And yet I think even she would be awake when you yelled through this apartment,” Niall said, causing Blair to laugh.

“She’s a much better sleeper than I am,” he stated, “I’ll go wake her up and we can go do our thing. And by that, I mean jam.”

Niall agreed, and waited for Blair to get Aidyl ready for today. He took a more detailed look at the room around him, and beside the drum set and clutter there was a framed picture of a man and what looked to be his son standing next to him. Upon further viewing, Niall could see that the kid in the picture was Blair, so Niall figured that the man was Blair’s father. So what exactly was this picture doing stuck in the middle of all this chaos? There wasn’t much time to think about it, as Blair came back out from his room all dressed up and ready to go out.

“Give her a minute,” he said.

“Sure,” Niall responded.

Niall proceeded to wait with Blair until Aidyl was ready, and then they set off for the designated music room over at Aidyl’s job. For them, there was nothing better than the chance to collaborate on something amazing, and today would be the time to do just that.

Right at the start, the chemistry between the three aspiring musicians clicked immediately. Blair’s drumming cooperated amazingly with Niall’s bass, while Aidyl’s guitar held its own along Niall’s singing. There was nobody out of sync within the band as they finished practicing their first piece of music.

“Wow, Niall, you’re really something,” Aidyl commented, “I could never hold a note as long as you did there.”

“It’s nothing,” Niall said to her, “All those years in choir really helped out.”

“It’s amazing,” Blair added, brushing through his bangs, “I was almost about to stop my beat for a

split second while you did that.”

“Pretty good,” a familiar voice said. The man from the label made his way in, clapping his hands slowly at Niall’s performance. He shook hands with Niall and Aidyl while Blair just watched in wait for his turn, which looked like it would never come.

“Thanks for stopping by, Mr. Frost,” Niall said, adjusting his bass onto his back, “I didn’t think you would have the time.”

“Are you kidding?” Frost questioned, “Listening to all of your demos again told me that you were something special. I wasn’t going to turn a deaf ear to you after you invited me.”

“You really are generous, aren’t you, Tom?” Aidyl asked rhetorically.

“This man is going to be something, Lydia,” Frost told her, “It is lucky for Blair that he bumped into Niall.”

“I’m right here,” Blair said with his voice nearly unheard.

“Why are you giving him trouble?” Aidyl asked, “He may not be the hardest worker, but he is the most thoughtful!”

Frost laughed. “You really think that, don’t you,” he scoffed, “I understand. Love is a blinding thing, after all.”

Aidyl went silent, but her anger was on display for everyone to see. Blair looked down at his drums, pulling his hat down to obscure his face. Niall didn’t know what to say, given that this man did give him this opportunity. But it didn’t seem right for Frost to go and put down his band members like that. Conflicted with decision, Niall chose simply to keep quiet in order to prevent further jeopardy.

“Anyway, it was nice to see you again, Mr. Everhart,” Frost said. He turned and headed to leave the room the same way he came in, when Niall stopped him.

“Mr. Frost,” Niall spoke up.

“Yes Mr. Everhart?” Frost asked.

“Call me Niall,” he said.

Frost smiled. “Whatever you say, Mr. Niall,” he told him.

With that, he left, leaving Niall as Blair and Aidyl consoled each other. The silence felt like it wouldn’t go away, even though there were still things to do. Niall looked aside and thought to himself about how this life had replaced his old one, wondering if everything would turn out fine eventually.

“Are you guys okay?” Niall asked to Blair and Aidyl.

"It's not your fault," Aidyl said to him, "In case you were wondering."

"I want to know if it's alright," he answered.

"We're fine," she said, "That man can say whatever he wants, because I don't care."

She reached out her hand to Blair, trying to get him to look up at her. Niall turned away and remembered all the times back with his old band when they jammed together. There was something special about those times, hanging out with his old friends whenever they played at the local venues and restaurants. He wondered if these new experiences that he would have with Aidyl and Blair would ever match up to the great times he had back in his hometown.

"Hey, Niall," Aidyl said, interrupting Niall's thoughts, "Let's go get some coffee, okay?"

"Sure," he replied. He left with Aidyl and Blair, as they left behind their instruments. She told them that they would come back later and play some more, but now they just wanted to relax.

Down at the local shop on the bottom floor of Aidyl's job, the three talked about the name of the band and exactly how many songs they wanted to do for their first album. For the most part, there was not much disagreement on the band name; it was Niall's band, so Aidyl and Blair didn't mind having the band named "Everhart".

"You guys are in this too," Niall said.

"Then how about this," Blair suggested, "Everhart and the, um..."

"Mind Over Matter?" Aidyl attached to Blair's question.

"That sounds like a good idea," he replied, "What about it, Niall?"

Niall took a sip of his coffee. "I have no problem with that," he said, "We're a band, and that's almost like family to me. Thank you guys."

"You don't need to thank us," Aidyl said, patting Niall on the back.

"Just saying," he answered.

"You say a lot," Blair said, "But it's alright. We've done a lot already, all because of you, man."

Niall eventually agreed. They had a lot already planned out and had a great chemistry in their music. To Niall, there would be no problem when it came to producing great tracks, as long as he had Blair and Aidyl to help him out. He took another drink of his coffee, being sure of his belief.

A week and a half passed, as the band had already gotten three tracks written down. Niall put down his bass guitar, taking a look at one of the sheets of paper lying on the nearby table. He wrote down a few notes, putting down the finishing touches to a bass line for a song that he was writing. As he was about to put the paper back down on the table, he heard the sound of drums crashing to the ground, which caused him to turn around. He could see that Blair was upset, but what it was about he didn't know.

"Blair, calm down," Aidyl said to him.

"I'm sorry, but I can't," Blair replied, kicking one of the drums around.

"Look, I already told you," she said, "I don't know if this is what I want to be doing with you."

"I'm not hearing this!" Blair exclaimed, pulling down his hat.

"I just think we need some time to think about it," she told him, "I mean, what we have is wonderful, but I'm not sure if it's the right choice for me."

Blair crouched down, his hat pulled over and his hands on his ears. Niall, being the onlooker, wondered if this had anything to do with the band. However, he couldn't find himself to interrupt their dispute.

"Blair, listen," Aidyl started, as she was trying not to cry, "I love you, but we need some time to think about this."

"What about... what about Niall?" Blair asked.

"This isn't about the band," she answered, "This is about you and me."

"But what about producing music?" Blair wondered.

"We can still do that," she said, "But as for us, Blair, I think it's time we thought about our futures and if we want to do this thing any longer."

Blair screamed, as he proceeded to storm out of the room as loudly as he could. Aidyl put her hands to her face, covering up her obvious display of emotions. As for Niall, he walked up to Aidyl, wondering what was wrong.

"What got into Blair?" Niall asked her.

"I don't know," she said, her voice muffled by her hands. Niall moved her hands from her face, seeing how badly she was taking this turn of events.

"Do you want me to talk to him?" he asked.

"If you want," she answered. Aidyl turned away from him and walked out of the room. Niall shook his head and took out his cell phone. He dialed Blair's number, but despite how many times the phone rang,

no one picked up, sending Niall straight to Blair's voice mail.

"Blair, if you're getting this, please call me back," Niall said to the voice mail system. He proceeded to hang up, putting his phone back in his pocket. Right now, Niall had no idea what he should do. He had no idea if this would delay their progress, but he felt like he had to do something to make sure everything would turn out well.

Niall went back to Blair's apartment, hoping to find the man who dashed out of practice. Unfortunately for Niall, he wasn't able to find Blair. He sat down on the nearby couch and wondered what to do next. As he was trying to think, Niall suddenly heard a knock on the front door. He got up and headed to open the door, discovering that it was Aidyl.

"He's not here?" Aidyl asked.

"I looked around but I didn't see him," Niall answered, "What's going on between you two?"

"It's just a problem," she said, "Blair and I have been around for a long time, but now, I have no idea."

"About you and him?" Niall asked.

"No," Aidyl said, shaking her head, "It's more about that man."

Niall thought about it for a couple of seconds, thinking that she was probably talking about Mr. Frost. "You mean that guy who came by practice the other day?" he asked her.

"I can't stand him," she stated, "Everything is always about money to him."

Niall tried to say something, but he couldn't think of a good response to that statement. He thought about how nice Mr. Frost was during their first meeting, and wondered if that was all just business as usual for that man.

"Blair isn't the type to keep secrets," Aidyl said, "So a week ago, he sort of proposed to me."

"Like what, with a ring in his hand?"

"Nothing like that," she replied, "It was that he just brought up his intentions to me in a conversation."

"What does this have to do with Mr. Frost?" Niall asked.

"Well, it has a lot to do with him," Aidyl began, "Before this band, Blair and I were in another band. His stepfather, with greed in his eyes, wanted total control of the band."

“So what happened?”

“After a while, I couldn’t deal with the tyranny, so I stood up for Blair,” she said, “It didn’t take well with Thomas, who was threatening both of us.”

“I’m so sorry,” Niall said, thinking to himself that he had inadvertently brought this man back into Aidyl and Blair’s lives.

“You didn’t know,” she said.

Aidyl walked into the apartment, taking a seat on the couch. Niall followed suit, taking a seat next to her.

“What do you think he’s doing now?” Niall wondered.

“Probably somewhere thinking his father,” Aidyl responded, “Brett was a good guy. He was the one who got Blair into music.”

“What happened to him?”

“It was an accident,” Aidyl answered, “That’s what I heard from Blair, at least.”

“That’s terrible,” he said.

“Yeah. It hasn’t been the same,” she said, “It’s been almost fifteen years, but it seems Blair is still suffering from the bad luck.”

Niall began to understand all the circumstances regarding Blair. He thought about it, and perhaps there was still time to get things back to normal again. Niall took out his cell phone and dialed Blair’s number, hoping that this time it would be successful. After about three rings, the other end of the line picked up.

“H-hello?” Blair asked, his voice shaking.

“Blair?” Niall asked, “Where are you?”

“It-it’s okay,” he said, “You’re with her, right?”

“Aidyl is here,” Niall said, “Please talk with her.”

“I c-can’t,” Blair rejected.

“Blair, you need to set things right,” Niall told him, “I know you’ve been struggling, but you have to stand up for yourself.”

“I’m in trouble,” he said.

“It’ll be okay,” Niall assured, “Just come back to your place. We’re here waiting for you.”

Niall waited for a response, but Blair had already hung up. Dejected, Niall put his phone back in his

pocket and turned to Aidyl.

“Niall, I’m sorry about how we’ve gotten you into this,” she said.

“You don’t need to apologize,” he said.

“No, Niall, I really am sorry,” Aidyl said. She stood up, heading for the door.

“Are you coming back?”

“I don’t know anymore,” she told Niall. With that she exited the apartment, slamming the door behind her. Niall looked down, as he started to regret taking this opportunity. He wondered if he could ever go back to his home and meet with his old friends again. Originally, he wanted to have his girlfriend move up with him to the city, but as the way things ended between them, Niall knew that that was not going to be a possibility. All he could really do now was talk to Mr. Frost, hoping that something could be sorted out.

After a couple of days, Niall found himself within a new studio complete with a new backing band and producer. He tried making conversation with his new band mates, but it was pretty obvious to him that they were just there to serve as the backing band and nothing more. They recorded a couple of songs within the first couple of hours, after which Niall opted to take a break. He went into the hallway, taking a breather away from the rest of the band.

“Doing well in there, huh, Mr. Everhart?” the producer asked.

“I guess so,” Niall responded.

“Well, if you’re going to leave, we can call it a day,” the producer told him, “We’ve made a good move toward completing this record of yours, so you deserve a little rest.”

He patted Niall on the back, congratulating him on his success. Niall sighed and left the studio, getting himself acquainted with the cold outside. As he got to the bus stop, his phone began to ring. Niall picked it up, wondering who it was.

“Hello?” Niall asked.

“Niall, I-I can’t believe it!” Blair exclaimed.

“Blair! What’s going on?” Niall asked him.

“It’s-it’s real bad,” Blair said, “I didn’t th-think it could happen.”

“What happened?” Niall wondered.

“C-can you keep a secret?” Blair asked.

“Just tell me,” Niall said, “I won’t tell anyone, I swear.”

“Come here,” Blair said, “I-in the office at record label.”

Niall agreed to Blair’s conditions and made his way to the label. At the end of the day, Blair was still a friend to him, so Niall couldn’t leave him hanging.

By the time Niall made it to the front of the door, it had started getting dark. Niall pressed the buzzer by the door, and made his presence known to the security. He opened the unlocked door, and headed straight for Frost’s office. Initially, Niall thought the maybe Blair was in need of some cash, but when he got to the office, the sight he discovered was unbelievable to him.

“Blair!” Niall yelled. He looked at the desk in front of him, which Mr. Frost was laying on. Upon further inspection, it appeared that he was both motionless and not breathing. Niall walked forward and tried to see what happened until Blair stumbled his way back in.

“Niall, don’t!” Blair exclaimed. He collapsed to the floor with a shortness of breath as Niall ran up to him.

“What happened to Mr. Frost?” Niall asked, though to him the answer was very obvious.

“I-I did it,” Blair said. He wiped his eyes, trying not to let Niall see him cry.

“Why?”

“I was called here by him,” Blair said, “When I got here, he was rushing for my throat.”

“And you did it then,” Niall said.

“There was a metal vase by his desk,” he stated, “I was going around trying to hide it when you got here. I just can’t believe I did it...”

“But why did you do it?” Niall asked, “This... this isn’t right. What about Aidyl?”

Blair sat up, looking face to face with Niall. “She’s gone now,” he said, “I did everything for her. Even this was something of a gift to her, I guess.”

“No,” Niall said, “There may be some crazy things to do for love, but this isn’t one of them.”

“He said something to me before I did it,” Blair said, rubbing his eyes, “He was going to make sure she would never marry me.”

“But you could’ve talked with her and sorted things out,” Niall said, “You and her could’ve lived a happy life without him.”

“Yeah, but I couldn’t,” Blair said.

“Why not?” Niall asked.

“Because I wanted to help you,” he answered, “She did, too. We’re musicians. We always help out those who want to pursue that dream, even if it meant taking a few bumps in the road.”

Niall was about to answer when they both heard the sound of sirens blaring loudly. Niall helped Blair up and told him to confess his crime to the authorities. Blair agreed as the two headed to the front door, exiting to find themselves out in the cold.

“Niall, I got to let you know something,” Blair said.

“What’s that?”

“I’m really sorry about this,” he answered. He then proceeded to shove Niall out of the way, and sprinted as fast as he could from the building. Niall looked shocked about the reaction and was about to go after Blair when the police showed up. He didn’t want to get into any trouble, so Niall cooperated as fast as he could with the police coming up to him.

The morning after, Niall walked out of the police station after they found out it was Blair who committed the terrible act. Apparently, they had received the security footage that had proven Blair’s actions. Niall sighed, wanting to do away with this, and headed back to his hotel room. When he got there, however, he found a note taped to his door and proceeded to read it.

“Niall, if you get this, then I’ve already gone,” Niall read to himself, “Me and Aidyl have gone to somewhere better, where our love will never die. The Blair you know may be dead, but my love for her and for music will never die.”

He thought to himself about how Blair stated that he was “dead” and didn’t want it to be true. Niall folded up the note and stuffed it into his pocket as he opened the door to his room. Taking a seat on the bed, he wondered what would become of his life now that he was all by himself.

A year had passed since that day as Niall looked out the window of the tour bus. The land out there was vast and covered in snow, with the bus cruising along the highway. A lot had changed since then, such as Niall’s first album being considered a “smash hit”, which led to several award nominations from the press. It was nice, but Niall had wished it was at least with people that mattered to him.

“Mr. Everhart, we’re gonna make a stop here to fill up the bus,” the driver said, “Just remember that

we're leaving in fifteen, okay?"

"No problem," Niall replied. He stood up and hopped out the front door of the bus, heading for the convenience store nearby. When he entered the store, he saw a familiar face behind the counter. The hat may have been gone and the jacket no longer on his back, but Niall was convinced that it was Blair standing before him.

"You need any help?" the guy asked.

Niall hesitated for a second, trying to figure out what to say to him. "I just want to wash my hands," he answered. It was probably a coincidence, he thought to himself.

"The restroom's right in the back, sir," the clerk said. Niall thanked him and headed straight to the back of the store. He looked in the mirror, observing the man he became. Back then he hoped that this was the right decision, but now that it was just himself, he thought that it wasn't the same. However the melancholy feelings within him would have to stay behind here at this lonely restroom of a convenience store. As he walked back to the bus, Niall thanked the man behind the counter and headed out. There was a path to take, regardless of whether or not he had support. The only question Niall had for himself now was if it was worth it; however, he had already known what the answer was for twelve months, and the reason was obvious.

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