

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)

In a sunny classroom, rows of desks in line, Dustin sat by Ellen, and their eyes would shine. 'Pass the crayons, please?' Ellen asked with a grin. Dustin laughed and slid the box right in. They doodled dragons, giggled through the day, best of friends in every single way. When the bell rang loud, they packed up their things, not knowing what the future brings.



Then autumn came, and moving trucks arrived, Ellen's family left, though their friendship survived. 'I'll write you letters,' Dustin bravely said. Ellen nodded, though her eyes turned red. They waved goodbye beneath the maple tree, promising to remember, whatever they'd be. The years rolled on, like leaves upon the breeze, carrying them far past childhood's ease.



Now grown, in a city bright with light, Dustin walked past a cafe, warm and white. He glanced inside and paused, his heart did skip, seeing a blonde head bent, a coffee at her lip. 'Could it be?' he whispered, stepping near. Ellen looked up, and her smile grew clear. 'Dustin?' she gasped, standing from her chair, joy and wonder mixing in the air.



'It's really you!' Ellen laughed, so glad, remembering the crayon days they'd had. 'You still doodle dragons?' Dustin teased with delight. 'Only on Tuesdays,' she winked, holding tight to memories tucked inside her heart for years. They talked of old times, of laughter and tears. 'Sit with me,' she offered, patting the seat beside, and Dustin sat down, his heart open wide.



They wandered through the park as evening fell, sharing every story they had to tell. 'Remember Mrs. Gray and her strict, loud voice?' Ellen giggled, making a silly choice to mimic her tone, and Dustin laughed out loud. Pigeons scattered from the sudden, happy crowd. Hours passed like minutes, sweet and light, two old friends rediscovering delight.



Beneath the streetlamp's soft and golden glow,
Ellen said quietly, 'I missed you, you know.'
Dustin reached and gently took her hand, warmth
spreading like sunshine across the land. 'I missed
you too,' he said, voice soft and true, 'somehow, it
feels like I never lost you.' Their laughter mixed with
something new and deep, a friendship blooming
from a gentle sleep.



They flew a kite together in the park, its colors bright against the sky, stark. 'Hold the string tight!' Ellen called with a cheer, as Dustin ran, the kite soaring near. They fell in the grass, laughing side by side, watching clouds drift on the summer tide. 'This feels like home,' Dustin softly confessed, and Ellen agreed, feeling wonderfully blessed.



Hold the string tight!

Now every evening, they'd meet at the same old bench, sharing stories, never far a stretch. 'We found each other,' Ellen said with a smile, 'after all this distance, all this while.' Dustin squeezed her hand, and softly said, 'I'm glad our paths crossed again,' he confessed. Together they walked beneath the setting sun, two hearts, two friends, forever one.



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