

## Chapter 1

15 years ago...

A young girl is sitting at Malibu Palisades high school and looks around the cafeteria. She looks at the cheerleaders (they are so pretty, she thought). She looks across the cafeteria and sees the football players (some of the players are cute. What would it be like to date them or be popular)? She continues to read her book when out of nowhere a football lands in her lap.

Oh, I am so sorry, the guy said to her. No problem. People don't notice me. They act like I am not even there.

He smiles and says, well I know you are here. Hi. My name is ddub, but my friends call me Donnie. What's your name?

My name is Kiki. My real name is Quiana but my friends call me Kiki. Nice to meet you.

Nice to meet you, too... Kiki. By the way, I think you are pretty.

He smiles and goes back to his friends on the football team. She thinks, what just happened. Did a guy just talk to me? She silently blushes and goes back to reading her book.

Denise, Kiki's best friend is walking down the hallway towards English class when Donnie approaches her.

Hey Denise.

Hi Donnie. What's up?

What can you tell me about Kiki? I mean, Quiana.

Well... she is nice, friendly, and sweet. She is really smart. You can probably catch her reading her book or at the library reading to the kids during story time. She likes helping people.

I think she is pretty. If she just takes off her glasses, let her hair down a bit, people can see how pretty she is.

Wait, a minute. I just remembered something. A while ago, she was writing a note inside her math book because I lost my notes for algebra class. I was leafing through her notebook and stumbled upon a note she written:

I often wondered what it would be like to be on a date. I was never lucky to have been in a serious relationship. I haven't been lucky enough to get a guy to even look in my direction. I often come to school wearing a plain blue skirt, blue sweater and flat shoes. Same glasses, same lunch, same normal day here in school. I wonder if I change my hair color, lose some weight or change my outfit... things could be different. If I could tell a guy how I feel about him-what

would happen? Will he notice me or will he be like the others and walk away without looking back? I guess I will never find out...

Can I hold on to this, Donnie said as he held out his hand, hoping that Denise would give him the note?

I don't know... it is her note.

I just need to make a copy of it and she will never know it is me that has a copy.

Okay. Let's go. Denise hesitated but thought, this could be what Quiana needs. To be able to smile again- she has been through so much. It's time for her to have some kind of happiness. Denise remembers not long ago consoling Quiana when her parents died. She had to stay with her aunt. Her cousin got angry that she was coming around. Her aunt thought that she was doing drugs but Quiana never did any. Her aunt kicked her out and she became homeless. She couldn't go back to her house, the house became foreclosed. She had been shuffled around from shelters to transitional houses for the last three years. She needs to be happy and it is up to me to do it, Denise thought.

15 years later....

Quiana is sitting in front of her computer typing the next chapter in her romantic novel through skylight publishing called A whisper for love. She looks around and sees the awards that she has received for her last novel, Love across time. She checks her blog to see the comments that appear on the website and all of the comments from the sneak peek of a whisper for love was welcomed by positive reviews. She goes back to typing when she hears a knock at her door.

Who is it?