

Zaccheo was glad to be back around her. Even as he was pulled into a hug just a little to tight. His heart felt light and he could feel his face flush until she would let go. She was safe still in Jioni and he was safe in Shupavu's new home territory. Yeah moving again was a pain in the tail. Gosh he hated moving but he managed to find her in the chaos that was the circus. Maybe this wasn't so bad. Defiantly was a good idea to return even for a moment after the fires subsided.

All that mattered to him was this moment. Getting to practice near the girl he couldn't get out of his head. He strummed the bass with enthusiasm as she tapped her foot to the beat. He was in a trance as Patch sang to the music he played. All that he could hear was her and the guitar. This was what made music his passion. A wide smile on his face as he took in the sound. Then, the moment just ended.

He felt himself reach out as Patch squeaked out a sorry then ran from him. He wanted to call out, say anything but his voice seemed to freeze. Then, she was gone.

He sighed smiling as he caressed his bass guitar. His heart pounding in his chest as he took a deep breath in then exhaled. Was that a.. nah couldn't be. She may of just got caught up in the music but then..

The young lion did all he could do then and continued his practice. The bass guitar strummed to a beat. His voice echoing through the tent as he just played and sang.

*I miss the sound of your voice
And I miss the rush of your skin
And I miss the still of the silence
As you breathe out and I breathe in*

*If I could walk on water
If I could tell you what's next
I'd make you believe
I'd make you forget*

*So come on, get higher, loosen my lips
Faith and desire and the swing of your hips
Just pull me down hard
And drown me in love*

*So come on, get higher, loosen my lips
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All he could do now was hope she too could hear him.

If one asked him about chasing the dream? Eh it was just a dream for him. Not at all as important as the new dream filling his head. All he wanted was her attention. Her near him. The music, meant nothing to him if she wasn't coming back.

He kept singing, his beat still playing as he felt the world slow down. Ignoring all the eyes on him as they passed by. He just sang to his hearts content. If gods where real he hoped to please them with his

music. Let them grant his wishes. He wouldn't stop playing if it meant moment's like these. With the girl running and him knowing, she'd be back.

He'd be waiting. As long as he was breathing, oh he'd be waiting.