

Hopeless

Love

By

Jonathon Waterman

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DEDICATIONS

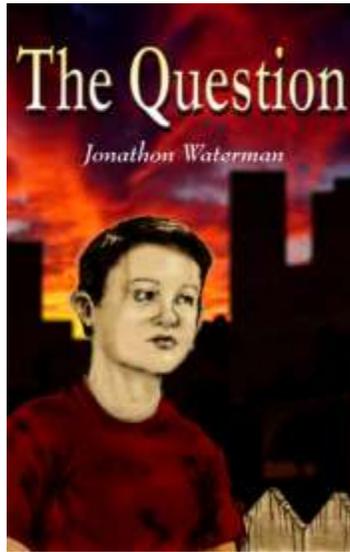
Hopeless Love is dedicated to the real “Maria” in my life, for the many wonderful years we shared together.

J.W.



Other novels by Jonathon Waterman include:

The Question



Being a young teenager in today's world is hard enough. But can you imagine what it would be like to have been raised in a big city like Hollywood, Florida and through no fault of your own you are suddenly forced to reside in the rural backwoods of North Carolina?

E-E-K!

And if that wasn't bad enough. What if just shortly before school starts you discover: Not only are you going to have to attend a K-12th school, your mother is going to be the school's new guidance counselor.

HEAVEN FORBID! - THAT'S WORSE THAN BEING A PREACHER'S SON.

Come join the non-stop, unpredictable adventures in thirteen-year-old Paul Pontiac's world as it gets turned completely upside down because of a single careless answer to:

The Question

Plutonium's Revenge



Krypton Software has learned of the Nationwide software contest their biggest competitor is sponsoring. And with Paul Pontiac and Tim Hegler being not only co-developers of the best-selling PC Game Titan Industries offers, but also members of Gibsonville High School's Computer Club – the executives at Krypton are out to steal Gibsonville's entry - NO MATTER THE COST!

Come join the exciting corporate espionage adventure within the pages of:

**Plutonium's Revenge – Where Death, Deception,
and Corporate Espionage Meet!**

Overheard Conversations

Prologue

This story begins in the early 1970's –

In Arica, Chile S.A.

Gazing into moonlight reflecting inside Maria's dark-brown eyes, José felt his eighteen-year-old heart literally tearing itself into pieces as the words spoken from Maria's lips dashed through his vibrant soul like a razor-sharp, bloodstained sword.

"Please tell me it isn't so," he pleaded, firmly wrapping his thin, muscular arms around the only girl he had ever cared about since that glorious day the two of them met — that very special day, not long after the two of them started middle school, they discovered each other during their first period class.

"I thought we had plans. We were supposed to be attending the University of Tarapacáe together—and not long after we graduated with either our Bachelor's or Master's degree, we would both get a job and eventually marry."

“I know,” Maria replied through her trembling lips, as an individual tear slowly coursed down her cheek. “... and we still can. We’ll just have to wait until a year from now, when I return.”

She then turned so the two of them could watch the foam-topped waves crash along the gray, sandy shoreline and listen to the seagulls' doleful cry, one final last time together.

José displayed a small crooked smile, and gave her fragile, smooth hand a gentle squeeze.

“How can I be sure that you’re not going to replace me with some American you happen to meet while you’re in Miami? After all, a full year ... twelve full months is a long time, and we both know that Florida is a mighty long way from Arica.”

Maria grinned at José’s concern, and responded to his fears by giving him a soft peck on his sun-tanned cheek.

“Do you actually believe I could possibly forget about you and the love we share?” she asked as an abnormally large wave abruptly crashed along the shoreline – causing at least thirty feathered scavengers to take flight.

“I certainly would hope not.”

Maria looked at her boyfriend and smiled.

"I'm pretty sure you would never forget about me, José. ... But I do have to admit, there is one item that has me worried. Without me being here, physically present, here in Arica that is - how do I know that Michelle isn't going to snatch you away from me the same way a fox swiftly gobbles up a defenseless prey? It's definitely no secret how she's been wanting you to be hers ever since we were high school sophomores."

José could not help but glanced at Maria and chuckled "That's undoubtedly true. ... But with your combination of brains and looks, you know that for the past three years, the girl's never had a chance. ... You do realize that, don't you, Maria?"

"Yes. But things are going to be a lot different now. I'm not going to be around to keep her away. ... Like I already told you, my mother decided weeks ago that a trip to the U.S. would be a good learning experience - so she's not giving me a choice about leaving."

Maria then turned and began to gaze into her endearing boyfriend's mysterious dark eyes. And soon afterwards, the two of them tightly wrapped their arms around each other in a romantic embrace and

shared a long, passion-filled kiss which both wished could magically never end.

“So, you’ll wait for my return to Arica?” Maria asked the moment the two of them started down the grayish-white seashore toward the front door of the Vargas' three-bedroom residence.

“Of course I will,” José said, giving her both a loving grin and a single wink. “But I really wish you didn’t have to go. How am I going to survive without you near? My life is going to be so incomplete.”

As Maria contemplated her response, her archenemy's best friend, Carman, and accompanying boyfriend unexpectedly came up from behind, and quickly passed the two of them without speaking a word.

Oh no, Maria thought as she watched them suddenly change direction, and start heading toward downtown. No doubt, she’s overheard our conversation ... and will soon be telling Michelle about my leaving.

A Time For Goodbyes

Chapter One

Taking one last scan around the parameters of her cozy bedroom, Maria instinctively reached for her favorite item – a four-inch white and pink ceramic unicorn, which sat mere inches away from the brass study lamp on her simulated walnut desk.

Unfortunately. Well, at least from her viewpoint. The day to leave Arica had finally arrived.

“I’m going to miss you, José,” she whispered, clutching the small creature he had given her the previous Christmas, against her heart.

In looking downward toward the top of its head, Maria’s lips trembled and a single tear slowly coursed down the front of her slightly reddened cheek.

“Mom keeps saying that we’re only going to be visiting Lisa for a year. But, what if she’s wrong? Things do sometimes unexpectedly change. ... What would happen if the U.S. Department of Immigrations for some unknown reason decides not to let us come back?”

Just the thought of this occurring truly frightened her. However, despite those fears, Maria somehow found the strength to wrap the fragile ornament inside of a pair of cotton socks and stash it in the center of her overstuffed suitcase.

Soon afterwards, her focus changed when she noticed the metallic framed eight by ten-inch photo of her boyfriend.

“José,” Maria said, while staring at his cute, passionate grin. “With Michelle now knowing I’m going to be gone, what’s going to keep that fiend’s paws away from you?” she asked with a sigh, before going into a short daydream about the night before. “You did promise that you’d wait for me. But I cannot help but wonder, when I do return ... are you really going to be there?”

Maria unconsciously held her breath, and a mental image of José nodding yes, instantly materialized.

“Are you ready, little one?” Victoria asked, when she peeked through the doorway into her daughter's room and caught her youngest apparently once again lost in romantic thoughts. “Your father is in the car, waiting.”

Maria promptly flashed her dark-brown eyes open and gave her mother a nod, before stopping to make sure the stainless steel latches securing her suitcase were fastened.

"I guess this is it," she whispered, displaying a frown and giving the photo a small kiss, before setting it down and starting toward her bedroom's doorway.

Upon entering their living room and taking a short glance around, Maria could not help but recall the long-gone wonderful days when she was just a small child sitting on her father's lap – watching a black & white, translated version of the American TV show, Captain Kangaroo, each weekday morning.

Next to the family's twenty-five-inch color TV, on the third shelf on the built-in, dark walnut bookcase, an ancient black-and-white photo of some German soldiers in action stood next to her favorite book of childhood nursery rhymes.

Even this day, it would take only a brief glance at the partially faded photo to make her smile.

How handsome my Father used to be back then, she thought, taking the picture frame in hand and staring at the cracked photo within, as if doing so would create a permanent mental photograph. *It's no*

wonder that Mom fell head-over-heels in love with you.

“Maria. Please hurry,” her mother’s voice soon echoed from the front door, interrupting her moment of remembrance.

“Coming mother,” Maria replied, and gently replaced her father's photo back on the shelf.

Upon exiting the front door of the only home she had known since birth, Maria gazed toward the sidewalk. Beside it, her father had deliberately parked their black 1957 Chevrolet there this morning.

In seeing him inside the vehicle, patiently waiting behind the steering wheel – a broad grin spread across her lips.

If there were only one person in this world who could remain at attention, while being in a sitting position – it would have to be my father, Rudolf.

“So how long is the flight to Santiago?” Maria asked her mother as she assisted her in stuffing their matching leather suitcases inside the car's gaping

trunk. "And once we're there, how long are we going to have to wait before catching our flight to Miami?"

Victoria glanced at her inquisitive daughter and released a slight chuckle.

"Always full of questions, aren't you little one?" she stated, as a twinkle deep within her dark-brown eyes revealed not only the intense love she felt for her youngest, but how much she loved to playfully tease her.

"Of course I have questions, Mother," Maria said, opening the rear passenger door. "How else can I learn?"

Victoria looked up and was about to reply, when an unshaven, street vendor unexpectedly materialized from around the street-corner – pushing a large wooden cart.

"Pescados," the mid thirty-something yelled in a voice so loud; it echoed off the surrounding residences. "Come get your fresh pescados. These delicious salt water beauties were caught off the pier, I guarantee, just shortly after sunrise."

Rudolf swiftly turned to look at the man and then snorted, before twisting the key to start his Chevrolet's 283 Super Turbo V8.

The drive to Aeropuerto Chacalluta International would only take a few short minutes since Arica's (Northern Chile's Regional airport) was located merely a few miles away – down Ave. Tucapel.

“Well ... If you must know, Maria,” Victoria said, continuing their earlier conversation as she grabbed her purse, so she could locate their airline tickets. “After boarding LAN Chile, the flight should only take about forty minutes. However, upon arriving at Aeropuerto Internacional de Santiago, we'll very likely face a long delay – which may be a good thing. The airport at Santiago is much larger than Arica's, so we'll probably have a difficult time finding Delta airlines boarding gate.”

Maria looked at her mother as if in shock, and raised an eyebrow. “What? You have never been there?”

“Only once,” her mother answered. “And that was several years ago when your father and I were returning from our honeymoon in Paris.”

With Arica's main airport quickly coming into view, Victoria began to focus her attention to the numerous documents she had placed inside her bag.

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