

Disclaimer: nothing is mine, neither the song which belongs to Evanescence, nor the characters who were created by Algesiras. I only own this story and my imagination.

Summary: David, jealous of yhe relationship that exists between Paul and Julien, and convinced that his friend don't see him, decides to pack up and leave France to go back to Germany. While he waits for the taxi which drives him to the airport, he tries -in vain- to write a letter justifying his flight.

A/N: according to FFNet rules, I don' t let the lyrics in this song-fic. The song is "Missing".

For those who don't know "Candelabres", it's a French comic created by Algesiras. The story takes place in France. Paul, a young boy who was paralyzed, regains the use of his legs after he had met Julien, a fire spirit. Paul doesn't know what kind of people the Candelabres are. He starts a career as a ballet dancer in the same compagny as his childhood friend, David. But David doesn't understand Paul because he can't see Julien. Paul and David have an argument. 4th volume of this comic will be released in february.

A/N 2: don't be too harsh with me. It's my first translation...

Rating: T for what is not said but only implied.

The confession.

by Anne-Sophie Fraïchet

I'm sorry, Paul, but you will find this letter, I'll be gone back where somebody really waits for me. Where I am not invisible, where I exist for good in somebody's arms. I go back to Germany. I'm fed up.

Excuse me for all. I should have realized that everything was only a dream. One of those which hurt on waking and leave a bitter taste in the mouth. An illusion in which one I believed while I didn't let myself hope.

It's too late. You can't do anything. There are all the words exchanged, but also those which haven't been. There is what you said to me while we were at the laundry, before the lesson.

Did you only notice that you were jealous, even if you don't want to admit it? Did you realize that you only said that because it was Maxime I held in my arms, and not you? At that time, it was still put right. But you refused to open your eyes once more. And it was the time too much. The one I couldn't stand.

So I prefer to go. It's better for everybody. For you as for me, even if I'm not convinced that it will make you reacting.

I am leaving, and there is a part of me which whispers to my heart that my leaving won't touch you, that I am quite right to leave my place to Julien.

Julien. Let's talk about him! Why could I never see him, the one you sacrificed me for? I could have struggled against a woman, but I cannot do this against a man, especially if I can't see him. Especially against Julien. In a way, you're the one who forced me to give up. By being with only him, it's him you brought to light and me you pushed away into the darkness.

Did I compt for very little for eight years? Have I been anything else than your foil for you and for the others? These questions often crossed my mind without me ever asking them. I do this today, even if my mind whispers to me right now an answer and it hurts.

Fred has been open with me about the right reason of my coming to France. At least he has been honest with me. I thought you would be too, since we knew each other. It was not the case.

Don't try to make up things. Don't even try. You will be unhappy, and you will make me unhappy too. It would be no use. And in a way or another, I would feel as if I show myself in a bad light.

I was honest with Fred too, in a way. I would have sold my soul to the Devil for you belonging to me. If he asked me the same question today, I would give him the same answer. With more certainty, and in spite of my heart shred in pieces.

Why do I go as I've just said you that? Because I'm alive, Paul. I am more alive than I think. Because there is another

thing that a river between us from now on. Julien belongs to the land of the Candelabres and me to the human's one. And here you are, in the middle, moving all along this border like the brittle tightrope walker you are. I know that your heart already tipped the scales in favour of him, and mine forbade me leaving before you really know what I feel.

Home will be empty. Empty of my presence. But full of Julien's one. I'm convinced of that. I tried to erase all the proofs of what our life could have been. I don't dare to say of what our life should have been.

Will you forgive me to run away while I should have preferred to stay? Will you forgive me for not being strong enough to stand up to somebody who is nothing more for me than a ghost, for choosing desertion instead of fight? Will you forgive me for having put an ultimate end to a situation I couldn't stand anymore without asking your opinion?

My hand shakes on the paper. I can't help. Last remainings of a loving heart, probably. The one of somebody who gave up in front of another one.

Memories turn in my head quickly, as if I was going to forget them while leaving. I see you again in this wheelchair, then up and torturing your body through hard re-education and trainings. Your progress, as lighting as unexpected. Was it me that you tried to impress, or was Julien already here, in the shadow and seeing you? There's something inside me that tells me he's always been there, watching over you like a guardian angel, more brilliant than me.

I say goodbye to you, Paul. Goodbye to the words that you let out and which hurted me more than you can even imagine. Goodbye to missed opportunities to be finally yourself and open your heart to me. Goodbye to the hopes that you would be more than a friend and which prevented me from doing what I do today for a long time. At last, I say farewell to the future Candelabre you are, because I see any future somewhere else than in Julien's arms. Because he's the only one who attracts you, even if something hold you back there.

Don't worry about me. I'll cope. I don't know how much time it will take, but I will get over it. I will just find someone. I will finally manage to make go away the pain I am feeling, even if the dreams I make about you will never go.

I will live, with or without somebody. I will live without the Candelabres. I will have a life. I will have the Life. But you'll never answer to my last question.

Will you miss me?