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Creative Writing Third Story
CRWR 305
October 19th, 2023

Shining Stars

The streets of LA were as lively as ever, but no place is as lively as the Warmheart Cafe. A local but popular joint, the lunchtime regulars were already pouring in. Roxie and Gabriella, an excitable chef and the boss of the cafe respectively, are working hard in the back preparing lunch for the many customers at the cafe. Roxie was taking her scheduled break, scrolling through her social media while a post made her eyes light up and gasp the surprise.

“Gabi, did you hear? Sullivan Mortem has been MIA for two weeks now. Starlight Entertainment is scrambling to find him and fans have been clamoring for answers!”

Roxie said this all so fast that Gabriella could barely catch every word. She looked up from the chicken piccata she was preparing for a customer.

“So? Sullivan normally goes on soul searching trips like this all the time.” said Gabriella.

“Yeah, but even the members have gone on record to say that they don’t know where their leader is either. There isn’t even the usual update on his socials!” said Roxie.

Gabriella finished the meal and placed it on the counter for one of her servers to deliver to the customer.

“Hmm, interesting.” said Gabriella.

“That’s it?! I thought he was your favorite, Gabi.” said Roxie.

Gabriella’s eyes wandered over to her phone case, where Sullivan sat inside, his radiant smile frozen in time.

“He is, but I have other concerns more important than him, mainly whether you’re ready for tomorrow or not. Your father has been blowing up my phone in excitement.” said Gabriella.

Roxie’s expression immediately grew serious.

“I doubt that its out of excitement, knowing him. He just wants to…” stammered Roxie.

Gabriella rubbed Roxie's back to soothe her.

"Roxanne, ever since you started staying here with me two years ago, you've done nothing but work hard. I've seen your passion and determination. I know how much you want to work here. Now you have to know it too." said Gabriella.

Roxie's nerves still boiled within her, but she tried to not to show it to Gabi.

"Ok, Gabi. I got this." said Roxie.

"Alright, now help me with the rest of these orders. Someone just ordered a gumbo and I trust you to make it." said Gabriella.

At the mention of gumbo, Roxie's face brightened and a bit of confidence entered the anxiety bubbling in her stomach.

"Ah, my speciality! Don't worry, Gabi. It'll be done before you know it!" said Roxie.

Gabriella smiled as Roxie put down her phone and joined her by the stove to start cooking.

Sullivan Mortem pulled his hoodie up tighter around his head and continued his walk down the LA streets, carrying his notebook and phone with him. His phone in his hoodie pocket was buzzing with messages, some from his agency, a lot from his fans, and some from the fashion brands that he was endorsed by. But, the most important messages were from his band members.

"Sullivan, where are you? Can you at least tell me where you are?" said Kiera.

"Sulley, are you ok? What's wrong? Everyone's worried about you?" said Hikari.

"Sullivan, please consider what you're doing. You're delaying everything! Please come back." said Minhyuk.

"Leader, I don't care where you are, even if you don't come back to the label, please just let us know that you're ok. We all love you." said Eli.

Eli’s message hurt his heart, almost making him want to buy a plane ticket back to New York and apologize for all of this. But, he can’t. He can’t face them like this, not right now, not when he couldn’t even find the strength to pick up his guitar and sing.

A lovely smell caught Sullivan’s nose. He followed it to a small cafe called Warmheart Cafe. The cafe was brightly lit and beautifully decorated. Sullivan stepped inside and went up to the hostess.

“Good afternoon! Welcome to Warmheart Cafe. Where would you like to sit?” said the hostess Alima.

“A booth in the back please,” said Sullivan, trying not to look at her.

“We have one available. Please follow me.” said Alima.

Sullivan followed Alima while trying not to attract anyones attention. The atmosphere was warm and lively, the sound of everyone's voices talking was music to his ears. Sullivan took his seat and took out his notebook to start writing. Soon, his server came up to him.

“Welcome to Warmheart Cafe. My name is Selena. I’ll be taking care of you this afternoon. Do you want an appetizer or just a drink for now?” said Selena.

Sullivan quickly hid his notebook from view.

“I’ll just have hot cocoa for now,” said Sullivan.

“Sure, coming right up!” said Selena.

Sullivan opened his notebook again and continued to write in it. He didn’t even see the hot chocolate placed on his table until the smell hit his nostrils. He took a break to sip his drink and put his notebook down. Sullivan sighed and fatigue suddenly hit him all at once. His eyes started to close and with little resistance, Sullivan lay down in his booth and fell asleep.

“Hey, are you alright?”

A small voice stirred Sullivan awake. His eyes adjusted to see a young black girl with dark brown hair tied in many pretty braids. He groaned and the girl's eyes widened. Sullivan knew that look, the one of recognition and love that fans have whenever they see him. It felt more oppressive than normal. But before Sullivan could say anything, another voice echoed through the cafe.

“Roxie, can you clean up in the back?” called Gabriella.

Coming from the kitchen was an older girl with long, light brown hair tied into a messy bun. She carried a plate of chicken piccata and a radiant smile. Her eyes looked at Sullivan for one second before turning over to the girl called Roxie.

“Really? Now?” said Roxie..

“Yes, I have to feed our guest. The kitchen isn’t going to clean itself.” said Gabriella.

Roxie tried her best to hide her frustration and went over to the back of the kitchen. Gabriella looked back at Sullivan with a smile and placed the food in front of him.

“Here, the cafe is closed already, but I don’t leave anyone hungry,” said Gabriella.

“It’s closed?! I’m sorry for the trouble, I should leave.” said Sullivan while trying to stand up and leave.

Gabriella grabbed him by the arm.

“You’re not bothering us. Sit, eat, and then you can go.” said Gabriella.

Sullivan sat back down and dug into the plate. His face immediately lit up in happiness. It was so good that he almost felt like he was flying. Gabriella smiled across from him in the booth.

“It’s good,” said Sullivan.

“My pleasure. What’s your name?” asked Gabriella.

“Theo, name’s Theo.” said Sullivan.

“Ok, where are you from? You’re a new face around my cafe.” said Gabriella.

“I’m from New York. I wanted to be a songwriter. But, I’m in a bit of a slump right now. There’s a question that’s been bothering me.” said Sullivan.

“Oh, what is it?” asked Gabriella.

“...Why do stars shine?” said Sullivan.

The cafe was filled in silence as the question was posed. Sullivan had asked this question to many people while traveling in LA. Everyone he’d ask this question to had either looked at him in confusion or spit out a hesitated answer. Gabriella, Sullivan had noticed, was the first person to take this question seriously. After this silence, Gabriella clapped her hands together.

“Alright, I think I have an answer,” said Gabriella.

“Really?” asked Sullivan.

“I’ll tell you, if you help me out tomorrow.” said Gabriella

“Huh?” said Sullivan.

“Tomorrow is our annual charity day. All day, the restaurant operates as normal while half of everyone’s bill goes directly to homeless shelters across LA. Then, from 5 to 10, we invite the homeless to eat for free. It's all hands on deck and I’m running out of hands.” said Gabriella.

“I don’t know how to cook,” said Sullivan.

“Theo, I’m not putting you in the kitchen. You’re just going to help serve and you’ll be paid for your time. Please, I’m just desperate and I don’t want to overwork my other servers.” said Gabriella.

Her eyes told her desperation well enough to Sullivan. She truly wouldn't have come to him if she had anyone else. And besides, Gabriella even allowed him to sleep in his restaurant and gave him food past closing time.

“Alright, I’ll help,” said Sullivan.

“You will?! Thanks, Theo, you’re a lifesaver. Now, the cafe is closed and I’ll see you bright and early at 7. ” exclaimed Gabriella.

And with that, Gabriella pushed Sullivan out the cafe door and locked it.

“She didn’t even give me a chance to pay.” said Sullivan

He looked back at the cafe door. How did he even get into this situation? Sullivan walked away from the now dark cafe towards his hotel, which now seemed less luxurious than he first thought.

Meanwhile, Roxie was finishing scrubbing a pot when Gabriella walked into the kitchen.

“Gabi, you did know who that was, right?” said Roxie.

“No, what are you talking about Roxie?” said Gabriella innocently.

“That was..” started Roxie before Gabriella shushed her with a raised hand.

“Theo. His name is Theo and he’s helping us out tomorrow out of the kindness of his heart. He isn’t anything special and you need to treat him as such.” said Gabriella.

“How am I supposed to do that? Gabi, tomorrow is going to be really stressful for me. With him here and my dad here, how am I supposed to act like I’m ok? ” started Roxie.

“Roxanne, I’ve run into many people like Theo in my time. Some of them are terrible human beings, while others shine like stars that they’re supposed to be. Just treat them like human beings and how they treat you isn’t something you can control.” said Gabriella.

Roxie stayed silent, her mind pondering Gabriella's words. Then, she went upstairs into her room in the loft. Gabriella sighed and followed Roxie up. She changed and right before she went to bed, she pulled up a picture of Roxie, Gabriella, and Roxie's father, a father that didn't deserve to be called one.

"Roxanne, I hope you took my words to heart." said Gabriella.

Gabriella crawled into her bed and drifted into a dreamless sleep.

It was 2:00am and Roxie was wide awake in her bed. Her mind flashed back and forth between memories. The day Gabriella took Roxie into her home because her father was too drunk to take care of her alone, her father had made a deal.

"I'll come to the Warmheart Cafe in two years' time. If I'm satisfied with Roxanne's performance, then I'll see about helping her get into culinary school." slurred Roxie's drunken father.

"Deal. Trust me, Mr.Edwards, I'll help her become the best chef you'll ever see." Gabriella had said confidently.

"I'll believe it when I see it." said Roxie's father.

One year later, to congratulate Roxie's success, Gabriella took Roxie to her favorite band's concert, the Chainbreakers.

"Trust me, these guys are the real deal. You'll love them as much as I do." Gabriella had said as she bought her a band T-shirt.

"Ok, Gabi. I'll see if I like them." said Roxie.

Truthfully, Roxie hated the majority of celebrities. They always act like they're better than everyone else when in reality 95% of them came from more money and had more luck than

Roxie would ever see in her life. But, when the Chainbreakers performed that Saturday LA night, Roxie felt something different than them. The way they talked to their fans and the lyrics they sang were better than the majority of stars out there. Furthermore, their songs were actually good. She became a casual fan, but she refused to go too deep into them.

“I don’t want to be proven right. That their shine is all for show. I want to believe that they are good people.” muttered Roxie.

Roxie finally drifted off to sleep, her dreams occupied by stage lights and electric guitars.

“Hey, Theo! Good to see you bright and early!” called Gabriella.

Sullivan tried his best to stifle a yawn as he walked into the Warmheart Cafe at 7:00am. The rest of the servers, their silver name tags reading Alima, Selena, Jack, Rebecca, Stewart, and Melanie, were all smiles. Roxie, however, was shifting nervously next to Gabriella. She was trying to hold back tears, although no one noticed but Sullivan.

“Yeah, good morning. Happy to be here.” said Sullivan

“Not used to waking up early, Theo?” asked Jack with a hint of concern.

“Nah, its just been a while since I’ve had to.” answered Sullivan.

“Small talk aside, what’s the game plan, Boss?” asked Rebecca.

“Glad you asked, Becca. Customers are coming at 8am and they won’t stop all day. But, before they come in, we’re going to clean up the place and make it look perfect for our customers. Your break schedule is posted in the kitchen. I made sure to space it out accordingly.” explained Gabriella.

Gabriella’s tone then shifted into something more serious.

“I told you this already, but I have to remind you that Roxie is going to be in charge of hosting this year. I’ll still be in the kitchen helping, of course, but I am not in charge. Treat her with the same respect you give me. Understood?” said Gabriella.

“Yes, Boss!” Everyone echoed.

“Good. Stewart, tell Theo where the cleaning supplies are so he can help. Roxie and Alima, come with me to the kitchen to help with meal prep.” said Gabriella.

Roxie slunk behind Gabriella and Alima to the kitchen while Sullivan watched with pity.

“Come on, Theo. Let’s get to work!” said Stewart with excitement.

“I’ve never seen someone so excited about cleaning.” Sullivan thought to himself as he followed Stewart and the others to the cleaning supplies. He grabbed a mop and started cleaning the floors alongside Jack while Rebecca and Selena started cleaning the tables and Melanie and Stewart the windows.

“So, Theo, what made you want to volunteer with the Boss? Not many people would take this opportunity?” asked Jack.

“The cause resonated with me. Plus, Gabriella asked for me sincerely, and I couldn’t turn her down in good conscience.” said Sullivan.

Jack nodded his head and smiled.

“You’re kind, Theo, and you see the same thing in Boss that we all do. She’s a star, a bigger star than all those celebrities on TV.” said Jack.

“Why do you say that?” said Sullivan with his interests piqued.

“Well, her light and warmth isn’t fake, for starters,” said Jack.

“Fake, you say.” said Sullivan.

“Isn’t it obvious? Once celebrities make it to a certain point, their shine goes to their heads and you wonder where the real person is in all the light they emit.” said Jack.

Sullivan grew silent and continued mopping the floor. This wasn’t new information to him, the members of the Chainbreakers being too aware of losing themselves in the limelight after watching many of their peers do the same. But as time went on, the personas that they presented to the audience consumed themselves without them meaning to. At first, it was easy to maintain as fans willingly bought into the delusion, but now, as cracks began to emerge, the concern of the fans and their pressure on the company became overwhelming. Every member of the Chainbreakers had their own way of handling this pressure. Hikari turned to playing his classical piano, Eli gathered everyone over for a homemade meal, which always had everyone’s favorite dishes, Minhyuk spent more time at the gym, and Kiera picked up his paintbrush and created masterpieces on his canvas. Sullivan used his soul searching trips to heal, a rare chance to spend some time away from his brothers and to see the world at his own speed instead of only spending one day in a city for a tour. Sullivan would normally come back rejuvenated, but now the thought of music scared him and…

“Hey, Theo! The cafe’s about to open. You can put the mop away.” called Roxie.

Sullivan snapped out of his thoughts and put the mop away in the cleaning closet.

“Sorry,” said Sullivan.

“It’s quite alright, Theo. No one’s rushing you.” said Roxie.

Gabriella came out of the kitchen with a warm smile on her face. Roxie walked over to the front of the restaurant where the many regulars were gathering and flipped the sign to open.

“Alright, I’ll be in the back. You got this, Roxie!” said Gabriella.

“Ok, Gabi.” said Roxie.

And with that, Gabriella went to the kitchen. Roxie faced the customers with a wide grin.

“Welcome to Warmheart Cafe. Please take your seats and we’ll be with you shortly. Your patience is appreciated.” announced Roxie cheerily.

The customers smiled right back and filed in to take their seats. Sullivan made conversation with everyone he served and everyone was cheery and happy. Gabriella, alongside Jack, Alima, and Selena when they weren’t serving, managed to take care of everyone’s orders.A lot of the customers who entered the cafe were all regulars, so Sullivan managed to learn more about the cafe and Gabriella.

“This cafe has been here for 5 years and the food is always delicious. I daresay you won’t find a better cafe in LA.” said an older lady.

“Gabriella has helped many people hosting these events and she doesn’t even need to. She’s a real peach.” said her friend after sipping her third cup of coffee.

“She really deserves the success that she has now and I don’t say that about a lot of people.” said an older gentleman eating an omelet.

“It’s hard to believe that she came from where she did and still managed to maintain her kindness,” said another younger regular.

“Huh? What do you mean?” asked Sullivan.

The friend of the regular elbowed her in the shoulder.

“That’s not our place to tell.” the friend said.

Sullivan was curious but he continued working the cafe , taking care of customers, and enjoying the food on his scheduled break. Roxie was doing incredibly well, her spirit infecting the restaurant with warmth. She wandered throughout the restaurant confidently, even making time

to make food when she wasn't so busy. Every time she talked to someone, their faces immediately lit up and Sullivan could hear the regulars talking about how well she was doing out of Roxie's earshot.

"Roxie's working hard tonight, isn't she?" said a regular eating a bowl of pasta.

His friend ate a bowl of gumbo and smacked his belly heartily.

"I'll say! This is the best gumbo Roxie's ever made. She'll make it to culinary school and take over the cafe. If only her father wasn't such a…" said the regular's friend.

"Hey, be polite. Look over there." said the regular.

It was already 5pm. The homeless were entering the restaurant, but one man was getting more attention than the others. Unlike the other homeless who had more casual clothes, this man had a dirty suit and tie and hair that was untamed like a lion's mane. Roxie took one look at him and her confident demeanor crumbled instantly.

"Daddy." said Roxie in a shaky voice.

"Roxanne, I could finally make it tonight. I wanted to see how well you're doing. If every bit of money I've poured into your worthless dream was worth it." said the man.

"O-of course. I'll take you to your seat. Right this way, sir." said Roxie.

Roxie sat her father down and he didn't even look at the menu before he spoke.

"You know what I want, Roxie. I expect it to be perfect." said her father.

Roxie nodded and strode into the kitchen with haste, tears in her eyes. Sullivan almost wanted to check in on her. He knew stage fright from a mile away, but this situation felt out of his control. So, Sullivan continued his work silently until Gabriella came up to him looking extremely worried.

"Theo, come with me to the kitchen. We have a situation." said Gabriella.

She didn’t even wait for a response before dragging Sullivan into the kitchen. There, sitting on the cold floor, was Roxie. She was crying her eyes out while a pot of gumbo was simmering on the stove.

“Help me comfort her. I have some things to finish cooking here.” said Gabriella.

“But, I don’t know what to say to her,” said Sullivan.

“That’s right, you don’t.” said Roxie.

Roxie looked at Sullivan with familiarity and rage, a look that in his years of being a celebrity always terrified him.

“You know nothing of what it’s like. How hard it is to shine without being handed everything on a silver platter. You don’t have to try hard to get people to love you. Even when you mess up, you have a whole army to fall back on. You don’t know what it’s like to have nothing!” yelled Roxie.

“Roxanne. Apologize this instant!” said Gabriella

“Not this time, Gabi. I won’t apologize for speaking my mind anymore!” said Roxie.

Sullivan and Gabriella were stunned into silence while Roxie barreled past the two towards the back door.

“Theo, I-“ started Gabriella.

“I’ll be right back, Boss. ” said Sullivan.

Without waiting for a response, Sullivan followed Roxie out the front door. She sat alone outside the restaurant, wiping her tears on the sidewalk floor. Sullivan sat down next to her. It was quiet and Sullivan felt out of his element.

“I won’t apologize for what I said, you know.” said Roxie.

“I didn’t come out here for an apology. I wanted to make sure you were ok.” said Sullivan.

“...Whatever you say.” said Roxie.

More silence filled the LA streets. Roxie looked up at the stars.

“You want to know why stars shine, right?” questioned Roxie.

“How did you know that?” asked Sullivan.

“I overheard you talking to Gabi. I have an answer, but I don’t think you’re going to like it.” said Roxie.

“Let’s hear it then,” said Sullivan.

Roxie sighed and looked at Sullivan.

“I hate the stars,” said Roxie.

Sullivan was shocked. He really didn’t expect that answer.

“They aren’t that special, really. If you break it down, they’re just super hot balls of gas. I don’t know why people like them so much. Just because they shine? If that’s really true, we can just have airplanes replace the stars. Besides, stars can never come down to earth and be with humans. They’re too far away to understand us and even if they could come to Earth, I don’t even think they’d want to.” said Roxie.

“That’s not true!” Sullivan said

The outburst surprised both of them. Sullivan covered his mouth.

“I’ll prove that the stars are special,” said Sullivan.

“Oh, how are you going to do that?” said Roxie with a raised eyebrow.

“You’ll see. I’ll be right back.” said Sullivan.

Sullivan got up from the sidewalk and sprinted to his hotel. Roxie lit a fire in him, something he hadn’t felt in two weeks. A cloud of emotions and inspiration as he burst into his hotel room and looked for his guitar case and notebook. His hands hovered over the case for a fleeting moment

before he grabbed it and made the sprint back to the cafe. Sullivan flung open the door right before Roxie came out with the bowl of gumbo.

“Everyone, how about a little music to go with your meal?” announced Sullivan.

Sullivan pulled up a chair and made his position near the service counter. The cafe goers looked at him as if he were another plate of food that they had to pay for. Pretending to be calm in front of their expectant gazes, he took a deep breath and began to sing a song he had been working on from his notebook. It was a song that was meant for his fans, that he had been working on before he left for LA, a promise that he would always be by their side no matter what happens. A promise that he would support their dreams, even if they had to break impossible chains to do so. Sullivan’s fingers instinctively strummed the guitar and his voice naturally inflicted the perfect emotions into the words. For the first time that night, the Warmheart Cafe was completely silent. When Sullivan finally finished, the cafe goers cheered and clapped. Gabriella and Roxie were trying not to cry, but it was tears laced with a dash of joy. Roxie wiped them quickly before placing the gumbo in front of her father. Roxie’s father took a bite of the meal and marinated with it for a while before he spoke.

“Roxanne, I don’t think this is good, do you?” said her father.

“I think it is. I’ve practiced for ages on the gumbo and it’s the best I can make.” said Roxie.

“I haven’t been searching for jobs and living on the streets just for “the best you can make”. I want perfection, no more no less!” said Roxie’s father.

Sullivan was about to open his mouth to say something to this bastard but Roxie, caught up in raucous fury, beat him to it.

“ALL I WANTED WAS TO SUPPORT OUR FAMILY!TO GET US OFF THE STREETS AND FOR A BETTER LIFE. WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE MONEY I SENT YOU? BUY

MORE ALCOHOL INSTEAD OF BEING A DECENT HUMAN BEING. WELL NO MORE! I DONT NEED YOUR HELP TO ACHIEVE MY DREAMS AND I NEVER NEEDED TO. NOW GET THE FUCK OUT AND I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, YOU BASTARD!" yelled Roxie.

Roxie's father stared at her in shock and rage before getting up from the table and slamming the door behind him. Sullivan got up from his chair and went up to Roxie.

"Good riddance. He deserved everything you said." said Sullivan

"I'll say. Roxie has been doing awesome tonight." said one of the regulars behind Sullivan.

"I agree. She's going to take over quite well." said another regular.

"Aw, stop it." said Roxie, blushing.

One of the homeless, a young child in a ripped white shirt, walked up to Sullivan with light in his eyes.

"Excuse me, sir, but can you sing again? I really liked it." he said.

"Of course. I'm not going anywhere." said Sullivan.

For the rest of the night, Sullivan sang and strummed with fervor and passion. He even took requests, much to the delight of the homeless who had missed the simple joy of music. Roxie turned to Sullivan while she was working and smiled at him.

"Thank you." she mouthed and she turned away.

Sullivan smiled back and continued strumming on his guitar.

10:00 soon came quickly and everyone left the cafe in good spirits, especially Roxie, who was shining like the sun. Gabriella had called Sullivan outside to chat. The evening was warm with many stars peppering the night sky. There was a bit of silence before Gabriella spoke.

"Stars shine to give others warmth. That's my answer." said Gabriella.

Sullivan looked at her in confusion.

“Curious of my conclusion, aren’t you? Well, would you believe it if I told you that I used to be on these streets?” said Gabriella.

“Seriously?” said Sullivan.

“Yes. It was an awful period of my life, but the previous owner of the Warmheart Cafe took me in. He was an older gentleman who taught me everything he knew and then left me this place before he died. That’s why I do what I do and why I help the homeless, including Roxie, who also wants to follow in my footsteps. That man was only one star in my life.” said Gabriella.

“Oh, who was the other one?” asked Sullivan.

“You, Sullivan. You are my other star. I can’t really thank you enough for all the happiness and motivation you give me.” said Gabriella.

“If you knew who I was, why didn’t you…” started Sullivan.

“Because I know something about the stars that not a lot of people want to admit. These days, seeing real stars is rarer than ever. Lights of passing planes fill the sky now with their false light and we don’t even bat an eye because it looks the same. Seeing a real star is at night a luxury now that we are so desperate for that light. And yet when we do see the stars, we don’t keep them in our memories that often, only remembering how many there used to be. We only really talk about real stars when they supernova, leaving their scattered dust and gas behind.” said Gabriella.

Gabriella paused and smiled at Sullivan.

“But you,Sullivan, are better than a star. You are a person, someone who will be remembered. You and your kindness will be remembered by everyone who you touch with your words. Your

songs will outlast because someone, somewhere in the world is made happier by it. You have a gift and everyone around you can see it. It's about time you see it too." finished Gabriella.

Sullivan broke down into tears. No one had ever treated him this kindly, this warmly. Through his tears, Gabriella became a star in his life. He wiped him on his uniform and looked back at Gabriella, who was holding a check in her hands.

"Your payment. I did say you would be compensated." said Gabriella.

Sullivan ripped the check in front of her and smiled.

"You've given me something greater than money, Gabriella. I won't accept it." said Sullivan.

"If you say so. Where will you be going now?" asked Gabriella.

"Wherever it is, it will be my choice," said Sullivan.

Sullivan started to walk to his hotel and as soon as he got into his room, he dialed Eli's number.

"Hey, I'll be home tomorrow evening. I'm sorry for everything." said Sullivan.

Today was the Chainbreakers fifth anniversary, something that Gabriella pestered Roxie incessantly about. Roxie was scrolling social media on her break while Gabriella was cooking another meal when she found an article on Sullivan's latest song, Shining Stars. When the interviewer asked about the inspiration of the song, Sullivan had this to say:

"On my travels, I met two extremely kind and hard working people who helped me with some inspiration troubles. They brought to my attention the value of stars. This song goes out to all the stars out there. I see you, I feel you, and I hope you rest once in a while, because true shining stars are something that we all must treasure."