

Memories of Your Love

By : [Naminesfriend](#)

A young woman learns to deal with the death of her fiance. I wrote this a few months ago, for NaNoWriMo, a writing competition in November where writers must write a fifty page novel by the end of the month. I couldn't finish, but I had a good run. However, this is why there are so many mistakes on here. I'm editing it though. Also, the plot and characters were inspired by a song called "Holiday" By Megurine Luka. I was gonna base it off the PV, but instead I made it my own. Like, I turned the bench into a log, and the main character isn't so innocent and simple. Feel free to check it out on youtube though!



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Memories of Your Love : Chapter 1

The streetlights changed colors as I became the one waiting this time. Red. Green. Yellow. Red again. Green again. Sigh. I hated looking at the lights, and I also hated to be the one waiting. It felt wrong. Not only was he not there waiting for me, but I had to stare at the colors change in the way I hate. Red, green, yellow. I don't like that order. I showed up as soon as it started at Red. If I could change the universe the way I wanted, I would have wanted to show up when it was green, then red, then yellow. It's an odd combination, but I like my colors that way. Instead, I was looking at the usual streetlight order, sitting on the log, tapping my foot. I stared at the clock on my cell phone, jittery as all get out. Despite this, there was still a calm feeling brought on by the familiar settings, giving way to automatic thoughts of memories. We sat here everyday our senior year. I was always late, he always worried. But now that the tables have turned, I guess I understand why he was so worried. Still, I find it to be so annoying, being worried. He was always worried, always asking if something was wrong, and then so happy when I told everything was fine. His emotions always changed so quickly, it must give him whiplash. Lucky for me, I didn't do that. I stayed constant, either happy, sad, or bored. But there were no in-betweens. Except when concerning him.

It might just be because his haywireness rubbed off on me. Or it could be I just spent too much time with him. I bet it's both. The memories, and all the things I learned about him, are just affecting me too much. There was that time on St. Patty's day where he gave me that stupid green cell phone charm, and I threw it because he knew I hated Honeydew. I had just told him the other day it was the one food I despise due to it's sweetness. Yet still, he just bought and gave it to me with this big toothy grin. I figured throwing it would show my disdain, but in a funny way. Instead, he just got upset, all of a sudden, turning his back on me and saying silly things like "I got it just for you!" and "Not everything I do is just to bother you!" What a kid. A crazy kid. If only he hadn't had been so odd. Then maybe I wouldn't have looked for that stupid green charm in the vast field of lush grass that was the same exact color. And maybe it wouldn't still be on my cell phone.

He's still not here, and I needed to go home and shower. From where I was sitting on our usual log, I could see the playground was clearing out from beyond the field I resided in. Little girls and boys were holding hands as they searched for their mommies, chatting away in a loud tone. The girl's hair was as long as mine was, but not as thick. I remember the first time he told me he liked a woman's hair short, laughing at how my bangs went to my chin and "It's like your head is an octopus!". I pushed him down the small hill for that. "I am officially keeping my hair like this so long as I am associated with you." I calmly told him, and went home. How on earth did we become friends, let alone a couple?

A strong wind passed, and almost knocked my journal off of my lap. That journal was also due to him. Then again, everything in that field had to do with him. Under the tree where he told me he liked me. A journal to chronicle all my "adventures" that he gave me, and one at home he writes in. the patch of bare land on my right where we ate lunch during high school. And the log I'm sitting on, where we talked about everything, where he told me that I don't express much but "When you get angry about the silly things I do, it makes me happy." and I for some reason agreed to go out with him. It all had to do with him, and I remembered every single detail from the place it occurred to what he and I were wearing. I'm apparently very good at chronicling these adventures of ours. But at 21, working part time and going to school, I barely had time to see him, let alone write in a journal. Much of that time spent was sleeping instead of chronicling, but because of that I remember all the little things I didn't write down. Like when our first kiss was. The days his hair looked exceptional. Or the moments he was staring at me.

Why do I remember so much? How is it that all the important moments were with him? I told him before, I have no understanding what this love thing is. And I didn't have much interest on investigating it either. Yet still, it was "But you're still saying yes, right? We can go on romantic walks, and I can serenade you at night, and. . ." On and on he went, completely forgetting I said that hormonal imbalances don't work for me. How he managed to ignore my pessimism I'll never know, but I said yes didn't I?

I'm starting to get the sense that he's changed me a little bit. Maybe it was all the love letters, maybe it was all the hugging. Maybe it was the spaghetti western's he forced me to watch that did it. But what's the big deal

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about changing anyway? It's not like other things haven't changed me also. I've gotten into wearing scarves. And I learned to use cover-up to hide some acne scars. But I think that's different from what he's done. Much like when the rain pours down on this field, he came and took my eyes and washed the cover that dulled the world. I'm giving him too much credit again though. I must have changed him too somehow. Right? It's been an hour. I've waited an hour. I've never done that before in my entire life! Oh geez. No no, oh no. Why did I wait an hour? How is it possible that I didn't notice and did notice at the same time? The sun was setting, I was worrying and looking back and forth for his figure to show up in the horizon. Yet I was also thinking of him. How is it possible? How can he enter my thoughts so much in such a little time? It's illogical. All of it is illogical. The wind passed again, and I saw the clouds pass over the sun, as I knew it was time for me to give up waiting. I still stayed, another hour, just writing away in my journal, all the things unspoken and un-chronicled. By the time it was seven, I had managed five pages of absolute nonsense involving what we had for lunch some random day, the miles between our apartments, and what movies we watched on the weekends. Dribble, complete dribble, but I liked my words none the less. It seemed to get the right description of him always. The one thing I can say confidently is that I can portray him in the way he truly is. The happiness he had and open heart that took in emotions without abandon, I can show that in my journal. But is that the only place I should admit it in?

Maybe I should tell him that's how I feel. I don't think I've ever told him that I think these things. I've never told him I remember all these little details that might not be so irrelevant to him. Maybe he would like to know that I think of him from time to time. And just maybe, only maybe, I might know why I said yes all those years ago. Even if I didn't know it at the time, I guess now I realized there was some sort of attraction at the beginning that he started but I reinforced. This weird awkward guy might have charmed me in his own goofy way. Go figure, I would be one to be charmed. Especially by him, a silly mess that makes me smile in a way I'm starting to understand. I've cherished all these memories for a reason I never understood before, but now am starting to get. I don't just think he's stupid and confusing and odd and illogical and happy. I think he's great and exciting and bright and weird. I think. . .

Hey. I love him

I love him.

I really love him.

Wow. I never knew. My heart is racing at this, my world is brightening even if it's getting dark. If he's not coming, I'll just call. If he doesn't answer, I'll go to him, because he's the one who told me it's ok to depend on him, I'm finally going to depend on him by going to find him. I think I've realized I actually do need him. And for some reason, it feels nice, because he's told me for so long that he needs me, I can finally say it to him now. Wow, this feels amazing. Like a new day is coming, where we can finally tell each other we love each other with open eyes. I'm happy, so very happy, and I don't want this feeling to stop. I may not remember when this started, and I don't know how it grew without me realizing it, but all I do know is that I love him. And I don't want to let this go. I'm going to find him beyond this field of memories, to tell him something I've never said before but have heard from him a million times. I'm going to watch his smile grow and his eyes gleam, and it'll fill my heart even more than it already is.

I dashed from the log, going for my car. I had to see him. Before I calmed down, I needed to tell him how I felt. Because he needed to know I realized I always felt the same way as he did. It started raining right before I got to my car, but I didn't care. I was in love, and even wet, it couldn't stop the overflowing feelings in my heart. I thought nothing could.

Chapter 2: It Really Happened, Right?

"Nel darling? I think you should maybe come down for dinner soon. Your mother's getting worried." I heard my father whisper through my door, yet I ignored him. It was unusual of me not to respond politely, but at that moment etiquette didn't seem so important. Besides, I didn't ask them to come to my apartment to be there for me. I still appreciated it though, even if I didn't act like it.

His name was Ben. Ben Harrison. Ben Nickolaus Harrison. I wrote it down in my journal fifty seven times over and over again, until my hand shook and the ink from my pen dribbled off the page. I wasn't anything else but his girlfriend, so they wouldn't let me into the hospital room. I wasn't even allowed a last glimpse before he left. All I could think was why? Why was my connection to him not as important as theirs? Why couldn't I get just one more moment with him? Why hadn't things been different?

Why did he die just when I realized I loved him?

There was no point going through it in my mind, but I still did it. I threw logic to the curb the second I admitted that love invaded me, and this made no excuse for me to go back to it. I cried, I screamed, I kicked around and talked to no one. It was complete pain that was only held when speaking to apologetic family, along with his own sad family.

A funeral? What funeral? His mom was sick with cancer, and his dad thought he was a failure as a man for becoming an artist. Everything Ben did was on his own, and was proud of it even as a struggling artist. I met Ben in Biology, a class he felt was completely irrelevant while I thought it was the most important grade for my career as a marine biologist to start with. Yet he was the most intelligent when it came to science, and I felt so jealous my blood boiled like crazy. This was my one and only natural talent, and there was the floaty flittsy person staring at the clouds out the window, getting every single question right that was thrown at him. He looked cute, acted awkward, and made me nervous and angry when talking to him. That was how he first came off to me. But when I started talking to him, that was when the anger started to show.

"Listen, can we please just get this over with?" were the first words he ever gave me. It was during a lab, where he had been conveniently partnered up with me. I was always polite, always quiet, but the second he said what he said, I didn't miss beat in replying with "I really hate you."

He looked at me, eyebrows raised, and an odd grin formed from his mouth. "I like spunk. And you're cute too. Man. Too bad you hate me." He wasn't being sarcastic, I could tell by his honest eyes. He was being sincere, and that was the odd part of it that made things awkward. I didn't know what to say to sincere, so I just looked away. Sincere was unknown territory at school, so of course I was nervous. It wasn't because he was staring at me with those honest eyes, though that did make me feel funny. Still, it wasn't so much a bad feeling, as a refreshing one. I went home that day pondering about him. Why had I never seen or noticed him before? Did he ever go to my school before? Am I just not observant when it came to people? Who knew the answers to my questions, but with the years to come he would tell me everything. From his pets names to where he had his first kiss, I learned everything about him with no secrets between us. It felt right. Like there was a true balance between us that didn't have one of us overpowering the other. He quickly told me everything, while I slowly brought it out to the open for his eyes only. It was our secret society, where we were free to be angry or silly or codependent, or even happy. This was how Ben effected me. He turned my nonchalant disposition and created something colorful, filled with life. But did I do that for him?

I guess I'll never know now. Even with all the thinking and dreaming of him, I still couldn't figure it out. Did I really do anything for him? Did he really ever let me do anything for him? Maybe he just thought I was a charity case. But I don't think so. I think I was better than that in his eyes. At least, I wanted to be.

Chapter 3: Talking About Him Helps

The days past by, each one seeming longer than the past one. I feel the dreams scattered at my feet. I always talk about my feelings, but in reality, I was always wondering about his. All those moments in the past, I wish I knew what his emotions were. And more importantly, how he feels about our future being shattered to pieces. If he saw me now, would he be angry? Happy? Sad? I ask too many questions. There's no point pondering a dead man's thoughts, yet I do it anyway. Marriage meant becoming one when we are still two different people, but how does that work exactly? Maybe it means we share so many memories together it means we share the same mind. Or maybe it means our hearts have the strongest connection. If only it were strong enough to span the ages. But I'm thinking like him again.

The time was around three a.m., and I had spent so much time writing in my journal I had forgotten to feed the fish. The poor things will die if I keep going on like this, I thought, and quickly I rushed to the kitchen for the food. Dozing with a pen, I felt as though I had waken from a bad dream. But in reality, it was just my journal world I had been torn away from, all the feelings in there real and true to my heart.

My bed sheets ruffled as I stepped into bed, the pillows cold from disuse. The last time I slept was Friday, for I had homework for my biology class I wanted to get done while it was still fresh in my mind. But Saturday and Sunday came and went without rest, and I was beginning to understand why my siblings murmured that I was "A shadow of my former self." as I passed the house every now and then.

A year. I had spent a year dead. Even if I was beginning to move on, there is something said for a girl who can keep mourning for so long. It's not so much the strength of my love for him, but the fear of forgetting, of trying to live without him, of trying and failing to be without him. Somehow, never trying bothers me, but the thought of knowing he won't be there when I smile makes me scared.

I admit it, I'm scared. And, I'm weak.

But I think I should try, at least once. Try, to live without him, because maybe that's what he would want, for me to be happy, even without him. Because, I think that's what love should be about. But maybe I'm wrong. Still. I would like to think I'm right.

I crawled under the covers, eyelashes batting my cheeks furiously. They were drooping, my eyes were, and I was so tired it hurt to move to turn off the lights. The darkness felt comforting, and the pillows warmed from my body heat. Slowly, consciousness drifted away, and though I swear I was content to try and move on, my last thoughts still belonged to Ben. How are you doing? I'm missing you, he mouthed, and that was when I fell asleep.

I dreamt about the field that night. It wasn't sunny as usual, but instead dark yet beautiful none the less. The grass felt cold between my toes, I was without shoes and had bare feet. My hair was down, and I was wearing a flowing white dress tight around my waist but loose from there on. Someone was holding my hand, and pointing towards the children playing in the park. It was the same kids on the day that he died, except instead of running away like before, they held hands and looked towards me and him, and with their free hands waved to us. Almost like a mirror, but things weren't going the way they did, we smiled at them and waved back. I wanted to leave, but the hand I was holding pulled me back. He wanted me to sit down and wait. But I didn't know what we were waiting for. And I felt like I really needed to leave, but the way the colors of the leaves changed made me want to stay too.

I knew it was Ben holding my hand, but I still couldn't see his face. All I knew was that he was smiling, saying "Isn't this nice?" and I replied "It certainly is."

The way the wind blew curled the ends of my bangs as they scattered on my face. He pushed them to the side where I always put them, but his hands were cold and I moved away. My skin had goose bumps, but the sun was setting and that was normal. The night sky quickly came, and stars shined through from the darkness as he kissed my cheek and left. No other words were exchanged, but it felt as though we had spoken for years about everything that's happened. But I still didn't say it. "I love you" escaped me, even in my dreams.

Everything faded, except for me, I had stayed even when the tree and the grass and the log and the stars had left. The fear of nothing being around me, and nobody either, made me scream at the top of my lungs, my eyes getting fuzzy with tears, but it was also blurry as my mind passed out. My eyes fluttered open, but my

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body didn't jerk up from the dream. Instead, I didn't move, it was still dark. So I stared at the ceiling until my eyes adjusted to it. Tears came down my cheeks, but I let it flow until they finally stopped. How scary it is to be alone.

That morning I woke up lazily, without any energy whatsoever. I had class in an hour, and needed to get going if I didn't want to be late again. On the side of my nightstand stood a picture frame with Ben at school displayed. In a book, it explained that talking to some object as though it were the dearly lost one was a good coping mechanism. I stared at the picture and said as calmly as I could "Good morning Ben." Nothing really happened, and why would it, I was talking to a picture! So in a slightly lower voice I faked Ben saying "Hey! Nel! I've been waiting for you again!"

A pause of thirty seconds passed, and the silence made the awkward scene even more weird. I finally pushed the picture down so it wasn't staring at me. That was really stupid, it thought. There was a reason why I never took psychology. And there was a reason why I never usually read books like that. The only reason why I did it was so I could settle my worrying mother, who gave the book to me in the first place! I wasn't completely crazy, just a little bit. But not enough to result to this mumbo jumbo, no offense to those psychology majors who think they can fix me by sitting me down and telling me "It's going to be ok, Nel." Even though I continuously tell them not only that I am fine, but to not touch me, and they don't listen!

I'm still somewhat sane. At least, I think I am. If anything, I know I'm not insane. So after getting dressed, eating breakfast, brushing my teeth, and washing my face, I grabbed my books and left for school. Going down the stairs, I calmly walked out of the lobby, tossing that ridiculous pile of papers supposedly called a book down the trash can near the door. It felt good to be rid of it, and my short walk to the campus seemed better that day.

Chapter 4: A Running in of Nostalgia

"Good morning Nel." I hear from behind me on the cement sidewalk.

Turning, I saw Morgan smiling with her backpack tossed on one shoulder, with her purse tied to the open strap.

"Running a little late today?" I replied, moving so we could walk side by side.

Morgan was a Junior in high school, yet very calm for her age. Usually I wouldn't associate with high schoolers, mostly because I had no way of knowing them. But I met Morgan when I was hosting one night at the restaurant I work at. My dad has his own business as a chef, but I chose to work for another place because I didn't want to depend on him like that. This was a month after I had been hired, and it had turned into a regular routine by then. She showed up with her family, waiting for a table because we were packed with people. They had waited for twenty minutes, and while I felt bad there was nothing I could do but apologize. She looked up at me with her big dark piercing eyes and gently said "It's fine."

They waited another five minutes, and then Ben came in. He kissed me on the cheek and said "Working hard I see."

No sooner had he said that, he handed me two carnations, whispering "Go to the dance with me?" and placed them in my hand.

I stared at the flowers, then stared at him, trying hard not to look unprofessional, but also pondering the notion as well. Ben knew perfectly well I hated dances, but he just kept saying "it's a once in a lifetime experience! And our senior year! We should try everything at least once!"

For the past month that was all I heard. And his final words each day on the subject always caught me off guard: "I want to make more memories with you." His earnest sweet voice made me think about it, and oh how much that made me angry and happy. How many memories could we possibly need, I would think. But then again, where is the point where we have enough memories. He would say that, I knew he would, so I never said it out loud. And at the same time, I always wanted to leave it at "I want to make more memories with you." He had never actually asked until this moment.

The winter formal was like a challenge, me against him. It was also a choice I had to make. He stared right back at me and said "Tell me later, ok? I know you're working." Leaving as he kissed my cheek again.

I tried not to watch him go, but my gaze still turned to see his broad shoulders from behind. His silhouette was strong, but more along the lines of confidence rather than physicality. Other than his shoulders, everything else was skinny or ordinary. His torso was short and skinny, his legs longer than usual but his arms normal length. He stood without fear, looking forward rather than back, that's how he always looked when I saw him. A table was ready after a few more minutes, and I escorted the family to it immediately. As she passed, Morgan looked at me, walking side by side with me, and told me "He was waiting outside for half an hour with those flowers, I think he was nervous, 'cause he tripped over his own feet."

"He always does that." I commented without thinking. Oops, I thought. Now I sound like I don't care.

"Maybe you should say yes, I mean he tried really hard to not look scared, even though he was sweating so much outside."

She went to her seat and I told the family to please wait until their waiter came, and walked away feeling an odd sensation. I was blushing, thinking of how he must have been standing outside in the cold, and of course I left the restaurant.

He never looked scared at all, not in front of me. Always taking my nonchalant attitude with excited strides, Ben chased his own girlfriend and happily took her blank expressions. I wasn't for pda or any signs of him winning this sort of game, but I also knew he deserved better. It never came into my mind, though, how hard he tried for nothing in return. How even he wasn't capable of being big and strong all the time. I wasn't the only one with weakness. I shouldn't have tried to do things like this. He needs something to rely on, as do I. someone to give him comfort.

And I think I want him to rely on me to give that comfort.

"Ben!" I caught up to him quickly, and shouting his name gave him a start.

Surprise to see me, he tried to stop acting so fidgety, and gave me a smile. "Oh! What do we have here?"

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"Yes." Silence.

"What?"

"Yes. I'll go to the dance with you. And I. . ." Grabbing his arm, I pulled him in as I wrapped my arms around his waist since he was slightly taller than me. I think I really like you.

"Don't think you should try so hard for something so simple. If it's what you really want, just tell me, and I'll say yes."

There were always movies that involved mushy moments like this, and it made me feel uncomfortable to watch, and just thinking about me doing such things made me more nervous about it. But this wasn't awkward. This was right. This was what he needed. The way his arms slid onto my hips felt warm and soft. His hands on the arch of my back comforted and calmed me, but was also strong in action. He really did need this, after working so hard just for me, always.

"What kind of dress will you wear?"

"Do you really care about that?"

"You look good in short strapless dresses."

"How would you know that? I haven't worn a dress in years, let alone for you to see!"

"You would look good in one."

"Are you trying to tell me something?"

"Dark green. And it'll show off your legs and cute small shoulders."

I pulled away to look at him. "I don't know whether to think you're a pervert or secretly gay." A smile escaped me when he laughed.

There was a quick kiss before returning to work, but before that I watched him walk the other way to home, seeing a slight jump in his step. Did I just smile again?

Back at the restaurant, I sat quietly beaming in my seat, when I saw that girl and her family leaving. As we crossed paths once more, she looked at me and said "I guess you caught him?"

It wasn't any of her business, but there was no reason not to say anything. "Yes I did."

"Good. I see him around school and he's always looking for you." I had never seen this girl before! Go figure someone else noticed his effort too.

"What's your name?" I called out just as she was going out the door.

"I'm Morgan. And you?"

"Nel."

"Well Nel, I'll see you at school then. Have a good day."

"You too." I figured I wouldn't see her, and that all she said was simple courtesy.

But no. the next day she said hello in the middle of the hallway, and actually Ben waved back before I got over the shock and did the same.

Morgan slowly crept her way into the soft place in my mind, to the point where I think she's the epitome of comfort. We both joined environmental club, where I learned the most ridiculous things about her. She hates asparagus just because it makes her pee smell funny, she never goes to bed without reading a section of her favorite book. Her favorite sport was soccer, but the best part was the hot Cubans. For some reason, she just stuck with me even when I graduated. She didn't fade. She never seemed like someone who would fade. But I hadn't seen her for awhile, not since the funeral. But I wondered how she was, if she was alright after that. But maybe she's worrying the same thing about me.

Chapter 5: Best Friend-itude

She wore a loose shirt with a white cami underneath with long black pants. Her thick braids were, as usual, tied into a low ponytail, and without a jacket no less.

"Aren't you cold?"

"No. if I was, I would have worn a jacket." She put it bluntly, knowing I was going to ask why she didn't bring one.

I slowed down, getting close to the campus. But Morgan still had a ten minute walk left, and I didn't want to keep her. We chatted a bit, and then said our goodbyes.

"Make sure not to be late again Morgan."

"Same to you Nel. But you're not being so slow anymore, so I'm not worried." She smiled and walked past the gates. Such a strange and nice girl.

I got into class on time for once. How it's possible to nearly be late everyday when my apartment is only about a block away from campus, I'll never know, but I manage to do it. It was a lucky break that I got Biology first thing in the morning, had I gotten Calculus I wouldn't be able to deal with the day.

The gates didn't close, but were just there to publicize for students where the campus ends and the real world begins. Slight amounts of rust traced around the Victorian iron bars, and though it was a pretty kind of antique, felt restraining to me. I chose the apartment because it gave me more freedom, even if I felt completely fine at home and in a dorm, without any rules concerning my lifestyle. That, and I didn't want to have a roommate. Luckily I had enough money from working to pay rent for a few months. The apartment seemed small, but I liked it like that rather than having too much space. It was cheap, decent, and close to school, so I immediately accepted, and the first one to see it was my friend Maria.

She was moving to Florida to go to the university there, and I wanted her to spend at least one night at my apartment before leaving that weekend. Not only was she my childhood buddy, she was the best friend I told everything to. We shared everything with each other, and I wanted to share this with her before she left.

We sat on the floor with blankets and pillows surrounding us. I hadn't thought about her in such a long time. We text every once in a while, but it doesn't take me back like this. At that time I hadn't bought any furniture yet except my bed, and that was too small for us to share. The food spread across our feet as we watched Spongebob as two in the morning. The beige shades were closed, keeping us away from the pitch black version of the wonderful view I had from the window. We were in the living room, that's where I put the tv, and fully awake while talking.

"Why are you going to Florida again?" I moaned, grabbing for the apples smothered in peanut butter.

"Woman, I told you! They have one of the best marine biology courses in the United States!"

I was thinking for a second while we watched more Sponge bob, and then broke our silence. ". . . You just want a tan, don't you?"

"Shut up, Nel."

"It's scary how white you look. It'll be good for you to get outside."

"Oh my god, no. Watch the sponge bob." She laughed, throwing a pillow in my direction.

I threw it right back, even if it had peanut butter on it. We hadn't really talked about her moving, or our futures. Instead, we chose to do a lot of random things we used to do in middle school. We prank phone called the Chinese place, baked cookies, pretended to do homework but actually ended up drawing, we even played Spryo on my PS2. But this couldn't last. Before she left, we had to say something.

"Why are we still awake?" She yawned, grabbing the blanket from me and rolling over.

"I'm brushing my teeth, in case your germ infested mouth would like to do the same." I commented, with no reply from her.

Is she asleep? I thought, moving towards the practically empty bathroom. Water running, brushing noises, the tv humming in the background, I still heard some kind of mumble coming from under the blanket.

"What?"

"Huh?"

"Didn't you say something Maria?" I walked out of the bathroom to hover over her, still brushing my teeth.

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"Yeah." A pause.

"Well, what did you say?" She didn't turn around, didn't even move, but her words were very clear.

". . . And if they think about me now and then, if they don't forget me, then our hearts shall be one."

That was a quote from Kingdom Hearts. It was a little off, but the point still got across loudly. She was thinking about the same thing I was. I put the toothbrush back in the sink and went to sit down next to her.

"I'm staying here where I've always been. There's just a new apartment.. But you chose to leave. It's going to be so much harder than what I'm doing. You wanted this though, right?" I may have sounded mean, because she threw the blanket off and stared at me, angrily.

"Are you saying this is my fault and I shouldn't complain?! That I'm not allowed to miss you??!" The irony in it was that her quote was so strong and confident, but she appeared uncertain.

"That's not it, Maria. It's ok for you to feel this way, I do too. But because this is your choice, you can't be leaving when feeling so insecure. Don't say something to reassure yourself or hope that I will reassure you. Being on your own means also being confident in what you say or do. Believe in what you say, and no second guessing yourself." I patted her shoulder, and she hugged me, crying.

"I'll miss you."

"I'm always here. You know where to find me, and you have my number. I'm still a constant you can have whenever you need." I smiled and hugged her back.

"I am too, Nel. I'll be strong."

She left the day after that, and since then we casually text every now and then. I suppose we've learned to live without each other. Huh.

Maybe I'll learn the same for him too.

Chapter 6: The Mall + A Journal Entry = Odd?

After school, for a change of pace, I decided to go out with some of my classmates. Usually, I would just go home do homework, and write in my journal or pop a movie in. But today felt different.

"Did you hear about the fight that happened at the high school?" One of the girls, Alice I think, chattered gossip with everyone as we walked toward the mall inside the campus.

The whole college was like its own city it was so huge. About three thousand students resided within it, so of course there would be things like a mall or a café or a club inside. Yet I had never gone into any of these things, either the library or home for me. We all went inside and the first thing I see is a small Wal-Mart on my left, while a star bucks was on my right. The whole place was just as big as the library, but much livelier. Chatter passed y loudly as everyone was doing something interesting, or to be witty, nobody was doing nothing. I was happy to not be nobody that day. Most of the girls entered a small boutique, and while I also wanted to go to Best Buy with all of the guys, I kind of wanted to look at dresses.

I stared at this one blue get up for a few minutes while some of the other girls were trying on things. It was a short sleeveless design with a glittery fading skirt. If only it was in green.

"You would look sexy in that." Alice, popping out of nowhere, nudged me, looking at the dress then back at me.

"No!" I automatically said, forgetting that she wasn't just Ben making fun of me.

I thought I had insulted her, but instead she just laughed.

"You're so shy! Oh my god, Sheena, help me get her into the dressing room!" She shouted to another girl who came with us, who suddenly appeared out of the dressing room.

A tall pretty blonde, she looked a little bit like the dark haired Alice, but only in shape of the face. She was wearing a long coat reminding me of London, with a white belt to shape her hips.

"Does it look nice?" Sheena twirled around, giving a big shiny grin towards us as she stopped and posed.

"Yeah yeah, Sheena! You look great in everything, we've gone over this! Now help me get Nel in the changing room, she's putting this dress on!" I yelled as Sheena just picked me up like I was a toy, and moved me towards the dressing room.

I was a decent height, above average girls, but She was like an Amazon! It felt both thrilling and concerning to have someone treat me like a tiny little girl. Alice was laughing in the background as the other girls giggled from the sight. They shouldn't be laughing, especially Alice, I'm sure Sheena did this to her all the time!

Compared to her, Alice looked like a midget, but she of course tried to make it up with her ridiculously big and ridiculously cute platforms. I believe she told me once that every outfit she made for the day was based on the shoe she chose. But even with the platforms, it was scary how short she was near Sheena. But, then again, even I was short to Sheena. Everyone there was. This was so odd.

"Do you need help getting changed, or will you not run away?" She asked as she was putting me down in the tiny room.

"I don't dare even try thinking of running away with you around!" I laughed, and she smiled before leaving the room.

After getting the dress on, which took far too long due to the ridiculous strings that had to be laced up on my back, I left the room to see everyone waiting for me. Those girls cooed and ahhed and told me I looked amazing. It was too much attention for me, I blushed and fidgeted with my fingers as they touched the laced up back and played with the hem of the dress. Why am I wearing this again? They pushed me over to the three sided mirror, passing a working lady who automatically commented "That looks lovely on you miss." which automatically made me question the sincerity of all of them. But when I saw myself in the mirrors, I think I saw what they did. The light blue made my partly colored skin look creamy and soft, while the sparkles on the bottom gave the same effect for my legs, as well as elongating them. The short style of it made my arms look slender in a sweet kind of way. I looked nice. It looked good on me. For once, I was able to say "I love it" and smile. But Ben was wrong. Green would not have looked good on me. It had to be blue. Light blue looks good on me. I did end up buying it, even when I knew there was no occasion for me to wear it, but everyone seemed happy for me.

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"Haha! See, aren't you happy we made you try it on?" Alice commented, laughing. She was always laughing. "Made me? Why, what are you talking about? I did that on my own." I joked, teasing with her about the situation.

One girl in the group pushed up to touch my shoulder. "I'm glad you're looking so good, Nel. A lot of us were worried about you." and I turned to look at her. Was I really worrying others?

Not just that, how do they even know me? I barely spoke during class. But this is a strange world. I guess people can know my name without talking to me too much. It's a good thing, to know there are people who care about acquaintances. Maybe I should get to know my classmates better.

"Thanks." I told her, which was an odd response, but it seemed to be the right thing to say for me.

She smiled and said "You're welcome!" Though she also looked a little confused, and rushed over to see one of the guys at Best Buy.

The guys rejoined us and talked games, and I followed suit with my latest Call of Duty session. Mia, the girl who was best friends with the one I had just talked to, joined me, mentioning one place she was stuck on, and everyone was talking and arguing and laughing while walking to the cafÃ©. Before I knew it, it was ten already, and they had to get home to the dorms before the RA's caught them. We all waved goodbye and I walked home perfectly content with the street lamps leading my way. Nobody was down at the lobby when I closed the door, and I noticed that stupid book from this morning was on the counter near the phone. How in the world did it get back here?! I grabbed it and throw it out the door, making sure not to have hit anyone. Who in there right mind would pick that thing out from the trash? Maybe it was my arch rival Gary trying to bring me pain and irritation by putting that book back into my life. Wait, that's ridiculous. I haven't played Pokemon awhile, so of course Gary wouldn't do that right now. Well, whoever it was, fictional or not, if I find out who they are I will give them a stern talking to. Huh. Then again, I've never been the talkative type. I guess I should work on that.

Going up the stairs, the mahogany colors seemed brighter to me, and the creaking of the wood with each step caused by my feet seemed more pleasant than annoying this time. How amazing one outing can be! I rummaged for my keys as I was in front of my apartment door, the silence a peace I took in stride. Opening the usual door, I went inside my usual room, where all the usual things were. But still, it all seemed brighter. But, it all was dull beforehand. Is this how it usual looks like? I suppose sight isn't always as reliable as we'd like to think.

Things were usually like this. I would think something profound and then if I didn't write it down I would forget about it. But it is a wonder how I manage to think so much during my boring every day days. I wake up, go to school, go home, read or write, and go to work on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday. Not too much exciting, not too much sad either. Just regular. I'm regular. But I'm also not. Geez I'm boring. But today seemed exciting, Oh, too much thinking again!

Throwing on some pajamas, and after washing my face of all the residue and cover-up, I sat down at my desk. It was across from my bed, positioned on the wall next to the window, because I wanted some kind of openness when I wrote. Flicking the desk lamp on, I plugged my ears with headphones and turned the music u, keeping the shades up to stare upon the night sky. So many stars shone, and I wondered if anyone else was staring at them like I was. Soothing instrumental music played on my ipod, and I returned to the task at hand. The journal wasn't in some secret compartment or taped under the drawer, that would just be stupid. Nobody comes to my place anyway, let alone comes to snoop, and I have no real reason to be so secretive about my feelings. Almost half of the journal had already been filled, all from me, each piece of paper worn out and imprinted from my pen, there were some stains from simple things like dirt, and there was some bad handwriting here or there. But all the pages had something special in them, and flipping through it all makes me feel like I've been doing something fulfilling, something important that's accumulated over time all because I've made it so. It had a brown velvet cover, with the design on the front centering on a cloud in the sky. On the side where it opens like a book a red silk ribbon tied the journal shut loosely, so I could easily open it later. I was proud of this journal, from the content to the wait it looked. I opened up from the last page I had written, pushing aside the ribbon to the edge of my desk. Everyday, either just before bed or in the morning when I wake up or even during the middle of the night, I would write in my journal about the day. It never left my apartment, and I was content on spending my alone time with my journal and my world of

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thoughts.

October 12th, 2010

Today was extremely unusual. I saw Morgan today, and she was looking nice, but she seemed late to school. Last night I had a dream about Ben, but also about me. . .

After class, a bunch of my classmates asked me to the campus mall, and surprisingly enough, I went with them. It was the first time in a long time I had ever gone anywhere other than the school or home. I bought a beautiful dress I was forced to try on and ended up liking. Ben would have liked it, it was down to a tee for what he wanted me to wear, except it was light blue instead of green. But I think light blue looks better.

This was the first day I barely thought about Ben at all. No, I don't mean he's suddenly disappeared from my mind completely, but I mean he didn't appear in any of the conversations or nothing except the dress. And the concern from my classmates about how I acted after he left. Some of the people, like the group with Alice and Sheena, mentioned they were worried about me, but they were happy I was feeling better. Morgan mentioned something like that too. Am I "getting better"? how exactly did that happen? Maybe it's true that time heals all sorrows. But after a long year of complete solitude and empty, I did think I was maybe an exception to that. That maybe I would just live like this forever. But maybe, within that silent year I was also growing during that time.

Am I moving on? It doesn't hurt anymore. And the fear is starting to fade. I'm thinking this might be ok. So it should be time to try. Maybe I should put Ben away in a box for awhile, and learn how things are by myself, who knows, they might turn out for the better.

All at once I'll make a dramatic change for the better. It'll be like a brand new start. The colors are returning now, and the sounds are getting better. This will be better. I'll make it better.

To Whomever Reads This,

Nel

The clock struck twelve, and I forgot to feed the fish again! I rushed to the bowl, checking to make sure nobody died, and went straight to bed after that. I closed the journal, and put it in the drawer. In there, along with mine, was a journal with a green design of the same suit. It belonged to him, his adventures chronicled that I just couldn't read yet. His parents gave it to me during the funeral, because they knew it was what he wanted. But I didn't know if he wanted me to read it or not. So I left it closed until further notice, of which I had no clue what kind of further notice I was looking for. I put my journal on top of his, and closed the drawer. I slept easily, the room felt heavy and I felt tired from the day's activities. It happened simply, I flowed into a dream as soon as my head hit the pillow. Truthfully, my last thoughts were Biology class tomorrow. But there was a smell of human body and softener, Ben's constant smell. It was in the pillow and in the sheets, and on my closet. His smell was everywhere.

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