

Then I remembered

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just... something

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Chapter 1 - Then I Remembered

2

1 - Then I Remembered

I gave him another look. He stared quietly into the silent sky. The full moon swallowed his soft brown eyes. A crash of water broke the silence. A mist sprayed the side of my face. I turned my head forward again and stared out over the ocean. I just couldn't understand. I thought love was supposed to make you feel good. I thought it was the most wonderful thing you could ever experience throughout your life. Not this. Not a heavy weight pulling your heart down. Not the cold grasp on your body. The nauseating cloy enveloping your stomach. What happened? Where did it all go? All that we had during those three wonderful years. It all went away in just those twenty- three minutes. That one doltish argument. I don't even remember what was it even about. Was it important, or just a misunderstanding? And who was right? Him? Me? Is it possible that we could both be right? Maybe we were both wrong. It wouldn't be the first. Just another thing we had in common.

It's all a lie, the stories I've heard from other couples. "Happy" couples. Love is nothing to me right now. It only makes me hurt. It makes me feel lost and alone. My heart aches. A cold drop slips from my eye and streams down my cheek. Moonlight glistens in its trail. "Why, why, why." The only thing that lingered in my mind. No other word existed in my vocabulary in those long, quiet moments. I couldn't think of anything else. I didn't care about anything. I didn't care what day it was. I didn't care how I looked. I didn't care about other people. At that moment, I had forgotten there was such a thing as "other people". To me, it felt like we were the only two on that beach. On that planet. I wish we really were the only ones. Lost in thought, I sat in a daze. I could feel my head tilt slightly as another thought crossed my mind. "What was HE thinking?" Is HE thinking about this as much as I am? Is HE thinking at all? How about when HE hurt me? Did he mean it, or was it all an accident? And what was HE feeling? What impact did all this have on HIM? Does HE feel the same? Am I alone, or are we together in this sea of vexation? Maybe it's a guy thing. Maybe this is just a girl thing. The only dissimilarity between this and every question asked by man, is that this one could never be answered. It will always be a question, and nothing more.

The sound of another wave clashing on the shores wakes me from my thoughts. I felt pressure on my chest. I relieved it with a sigh. I gently closed my eyes. I felt another tear escape. I bowed my head and let my hair cover my face and hide the streak. It felt so cold as it dripped from my chin. I let my eyes drift slightly open. The sand glowed white from the moons gleam. I couldn't stand it. I needed to know. Was this the end, or not? Is this just one of many, or was it our last? So many questions were filling my head. How do I ask them? How do I get them out to him? What do I ask first? In what order? What if he can't answer any of them? What exactly does that say about him? Does it mean he's hiding something, or that he just can't give me an answer? I lift my head. My heart is pounding harder and harder. My mind is racing. This is it. The truth will be known. Answers will be given. This is the point that determines what tomorrow will bring. This is... Tender warmth presses against my lips. Time stops. My mind runs blank. A weight lifts from my body. And then I remembered the feeling of love.