

Ζαραλή Μαρία

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1^ο Βραβείο στην κατηγορία “Short Story”

Lost Chance

She was always fascinated by the fire. She liked how it was flickering and the way its flames were dancing with the wind keeping her satisfied everytime. However, she also felt frightened by the fire. She knew that fire was the main cause of destruction and chaos. But, what scared her the most was how appealing the fire was to her. She could touch it without getting burnt and observe it nonstop.

That was one of the main reasons she was attracted to him. She could see the fire inside him. He was fearless, brave, selfless and had humanity in him. But he was the definition of her inner destruction. She didn't want to admit it to herself but he was driving her insane and the worst part was that she liked it.

She still likes it, she still likes him. When someone gives you a purpose after so long you can't just let go. When she met him, she wasn't living. She just existed, like everyone else. But one day he just jumped into her life, broke down her walls and taught her how to live from zero.

She was happy. She hadn't realised it back then because when you are happy you have difficulty in being conscious of it. She was in love. And she didn't care about what the world had to say. Because she was young and in love. In love with him. And most of all, she felt in love with the way he touched her without using his hands. They way her inner angels played with his demons. They way he touched her soul. And he didn't just climb the walls she had built to stop anyone from entering her life. He broke them and she let him in. In fact, she knew that when he finally got in, she would give him the chance to break her. She just hoped that he wouldn't.

With the promise that he wouldn't, he took her by the hand and showed her a new world. And she was more than grateful for this. She felt safe when he held her hand. She hadn't realised that she was in love with him. She just knew that it was going to hurt when she eventually had to let go of that hand. But he promised that

he would protect her and always be with her. He promised.

And he tried, he really tried. He tried to keep his promise. But he didn't try hard enough. In fact, he wasn't even willing to rebuild her walls when he left her. He just left her standing there unprotected. Unprotected and weak. Because he broke her. He broke her and his promise. And she wasn't mad at him. But she was mad at herself. She was mad because she had trusted someone so easily without thinking of the consequences. Basically, deep inside she knew it from the beginning. She just chose not to care.

But now she really didn't have a choice. She had to start now. Start with fear. Start with pain. Start with hands shaking. Start with voice trembling. She needed to start where she was with what she was left with. She needed to realise that he, not wanting her, was the beginning of her wanting herself.

She told herself that she should forget him. She was losing sleep for a boy who was sleeping well, with a whole other girl on his mind. She craved for his presence. She just waited for a message or a call. She wanted to feel like before. When her heart skipped a beat when his name appeared on her phone. But that was not going to happen. She wasn't going to let herself fall again.

So she started from zero, again. She cried a river. But she built a bridge and slowly but steadily started her journey to the other side. She had to pass that bridge and get over him.

She was going to remember it. All of it. For a really long time. She was going to remember the first time they both met eyes. The first time he touched her. The first time he called her "beautiful" and the first time he said "I love you" to her. And it was going to hurt like hell because she wouldn't be able to cope with all the memories hitting her.

For a long time she will have that feeling of having no idea what she is doing with her life. She will feel like she is trapped in a black void of mess where no matter how fast you run it is impossible to get out.

But she is strong. Way more strong and way more capable than she thinks she is. From a young age she was stone-cold, self-reliant, could hold herself high, with a ready smile and a subtle charm ready to conquer the world.

She was aware that life doesn't always work out how we plan it. We just have

to adapt. And we don't own an apology to anyone about the way we choose to repair ourselves. It is a personal matter. And the shower is the best place to think about them. So she thought that when you are happy you dance happily in the shower. When you are sad you just shower quickly without any time for dancing. You will try not to think about him and not spend an hour sitting in the bathtub and cry. But when you will get over him, you won't realise it until you start dancing in the shower again wondering why you ever stopped.

So she danced her pain away. She danced to forget him. She took her angels by the hand and danced with them to the rhythm of the beats of her heart. She started living a life that caused her soul to dance inside her body. And her soul was utterly captivating. Dying to be danced by someone else. Ready to be danced by someone else.

That was when she knew, that one day she'll walk past him and he will glance automatically at the scent of her perfume. His dreaming green eyes will follow her every move and when she won't even look at him. He will get confused at the girl who used to love him. He will try to call her name but she will be too busy laughing at a joke someone told her. That day, it will be the day that his heart will feel heavy instead of hers. That day will be the day that she will finally feel completely herself again.

He will try to message her. To see how she is doing; to catch up with her news. But she will be cold with him. She will make him understand that he should appreciate what he has before time forces him to. Because when you try to make up things after some time, sometimes later is too late.