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CROSSED YOU ON  
THE STREET TODAY



A Collection of Fictional Personal Accounts of  
People from Different Walks of Life

APEKSHA DARBARI



# DISCLAIMER

All the stories and characters are purely fictional. Any resemblance to any incident or person is purely my keen sense of observation and vivid imagination.

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*Perhaps one of the most critical secrets to happiness is the ability to understand the balance of holding on and letting go and the wisdom to decide the right time for each. ”*

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A Chance at  
Happiness

There it was. Those words were finally out in the open, those that had been gnawing at our insides, suffocating us every minute that we were together, the fact that stood in our faces and looked us in the eye, but we kept looking away because it was the easier thing to do. The shrillness of that silence, the loneliness when we were together, the longing to be away from each other, all of it, suddenly became awkwardly quiet.

I always looked at our friends who were couples and wondered why they weren't driving each other crazy. Why weren't they uncomfortable holding each other? How could they smile every single time they looked at each other and mean it? And now I wonder how could I not get all those signs? How could I not see the obvious? They were in love. They were happy. We weren't.

I always thought that 'I love you' were perhaps the most powerful words I had ever used and I could probably never mean anything I say as much. But when I said 'I don't love you' that day, I knew I meant it, and I knew I was speaking for the both of us.

So there we were, in our living room, standing and looking at each other, these words floating around. We didn't move, but the distance between us seemed to grow every second. It felt like standing under an avalanche.

I had expected him to be angry. I had expected him to say 'you never did', but he did not. He just sat down, tired, with his

head in his hands and said softly, 'I know', and right then I knew I would have preferred him angry. I would have preferred the accusation.

There were no words to say that could comfort him. There was nothing I could do, because this was just as difficult for me, if not more. There was no way to make this easier, no road back to the times we were happy.

As we sat there in silence, which had decided to tone down, I knew that we were both thinking where in the last five years had we lost it. I also knew that we were both clueless.

I knew it would be difficult to find someone who knew me as well as he did. I knew it would be scary to be alone again and not have a shoulder to lean on. I knew it would be hard to find someone I had loved as much again. But I also knew that this was our only chance to be happy.

Our silences that used to argue had reconciled and our eyes began to talk, and we knew that neither of us regretted this. We knew that we had loved each other, for however long, but we truly did, and the only way to see each other happy again, was to let go.

So here I am, all by myself again, wondering if anyone is as lonely as I am, wondering if he is happy. I hope he is.

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# Coming Back To Life

I stood at the door of my house. It had been six months since I was here last. Everything seemed unchanged yet what I felt standing there was hardly familiar. My family wanted to come pick me up but I insisted on getting back myself. I needed time to make the transition back to my life before all of this. And even though I still wasn't prepared, I took a deep breath and rang the doorbell.

I was greeted with a loud cheer and smiling faces. My entire extended family was there, all my cousins, aunts and uncles and they all just stood there looking at me so eagerly, that I felt the pressure to perform a magic trick. So after what seemed like an endless moment of awkwardness, I started hugging people and telling them how great it was to see them. But it wasn't. I had hardly met any of those people in the last couple of years and none of them really cared about me. I was sure it was my mother who insisted everyone be here. I knew none of them wanted to be here and I didn't want them here. It made me wonder if all of this was so hard for my parents to handle that they needed a big crowd to mask their discomfort.

The big family moved to the living room to have tea and cookies. People kept coming up to me and asking me how I was dealing with it all, what did it feel like and if I needed any help. But under all that concern, I could see each one of them was judging me. Their lips were smiling but their eyes were too embarrassed to



even look at me straight. Aunt Kim, my dad's sister, especially never missed an opportunity to belittle me. And now it was served up on a silver platter to her. I avoided looking at her lest I say something I'd regret later.

After about an hour of this, I felt like going to my room and screaming in my pillow but we were supposed to gather for lunch. Every time I looked at my mother, I felt like she was going to burst into tears. And I couldn't bear to think of how I had shamed my family. My father hadn't talked to me since I got here. He just kept avoiding me. At the lunch table, his eyes met mine and he briefly smiled and then looked away.

This was all getting too overwhelming for me and I started tearing up. I wanted to leave the room or lash out. It had taken me all I'd got in the last six months to get to this stage, but it was still an every day fight, a test of my restraint every single day. And it certainly felt weak in the face of this room. I was about to get up and leave when Aunt Kim raised her glass. And I silently started counting to ten.

"I can't remember the last time I saw her recently but I'm sure she didn't look as good as she does today. I can't imagine how tough this must have been for her parents but it would be nothing in comparison to how tough it must be for her." She turned to me and continued, "I am so proud of you when I see you today. It takes

monumental strength to come back from such depths of darkness. And even though, all of us would prefer that you didn't go through this at all, we're assured looking at you now that you'll survive this. You look better than ever and we're all here for you, though it hardly seems that you need any help. You've got this!"

My count was lost somewhere around four. I was speechless. I looked at all those smiling faces at the table again and the room suddenly seemed brighter. I realized that I hadn't forgiven myself for my weaknesses and I figured no one else had either. But today I was in a room full of people who accepted me more than I accepted myself. And all of a sudden I realized, this was all the therapy I needed. I would fight each day and I would survive. I've got this.

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# The Reminder

I entered the gate with a small bag and unsure little steps. I had been here before but it somehow seemed smaller than what I remembered. I heard the gate close behind me and I turned to get a last glimpse of everything it closed with itself. I started walking again, slower than before, hoping these couple of yards would give me enough time to prepare for this transition. But as the ground ahead of me started swimming in my tears, I knew no amount of time would be enough. I took a deep breath and reached the door of the convent I was about to join.

This was my decision to begin with. I wanted this and yet when it was all happening, I couldn't understand how to deal with it. I was leaving behind everything I had ever known and until now, I never imagined it would be this hard.

A sister took me to my room and I followed her quietly. On reaching there, she gave me some basic instructions and I nodded but I was half-deaf to them, observing my new world for all foreseeable future. After she left, I looked around more intently, the blue walls, the white sheets, the cross on the wall. The room had all the basics. A bed, a bottle of water and a glass on the table. I took a deep breath. It smelled different. I touched the bed sheet, the rim of the glass, the walls. Everything felt different. I sat down on the bed and tears started rolling down my cheeks.

I tried really hard not to cry. I tried to remind myself that this was my choice but the tears wouldn't stop. Resolving what I had to do, I got up and I stepped out of my room.

I went to the chapel, the one place I knew where I could always find solace. There were a lot of things in my life I was not sure about but my faith wasn't one of them. And I knew if there was one place in the world where I could find answers, it was here.

I sat in the chapel, tears still flowing down my face and I closed my eyes. I prayed for assurance. I prayed for strength. And I prayed to remember why I chose this. I just sat there. And I prayed.

I felt the wind whisper and I opened my eyes. I realized that my face was dry. My hands catching my tears were dry. I realized that my eyes did not want to cry anymore. I smiled to myself and realized. I was reminded.

I came back to my room and somehow it didn't smell strange anymore. I touched the bed sheet, the rim of the glass, the walls, and they didn't feel all that different. It all already seemed familiar.

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*The reason why most of us long to be kids again is to be able to live in a time when we could hope unreasonably, laugh unnecessarily and love unconditionally.* ”

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Liked

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