

Now everything became crystal clear in front of my eyes. Such an act of treachery, such meanness, such despicable shrewdness: why didn't I see through all these for all these years? I recalled all the memories including the very first day I noticed Jace. That Sunday, I found something new at the church. It was the day I noticed her. She was the one who was coming to our Accounting class, I recalled as she looked familiar to me. The colour of the red gown she was wearing had reflected its colour on her face and she gratified me with a smile having seen that I was watching her. I noticed the dimple on her right cheek which added to her simple charms. Her smile was half hidden as she was pressing her lips and it made her cheeks become very red, I observed.

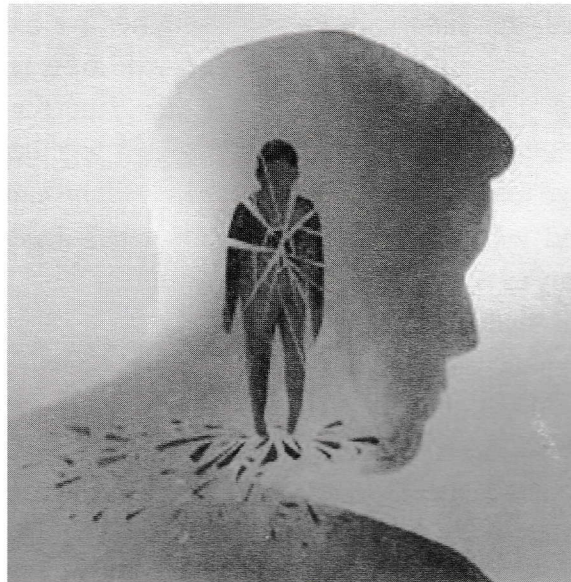
I had never noticed her this way before, even at our accounting class or not even in the streets when we passed her by. For a moment I felt that my eyes stopped at her figure.

I have seen many stunning pretty girls. Some of them send me friend requests too on Facebook. Compared to them,

this girl has nothing to call her a beauty. It

might be her smile. I thought.

Why do I question myself, and why do I give reasons and compare her with the girls who send me friend requests? I questioned myself. History is full of stories of treachery and fake friends. How can I end this story of



treachery and pretense? It was all in my hands to make this story a tragedy or otherwise. I am the script writer of the story of my love. The last part of the drama is yet to be written. I can mastermind an evil plan to take revenge on him by wiping

him out of the drama altogether. Ashan the villain is trying to seize my happiness.

Then a voice in me cried, "What! to take the life of another, shame on you, freak!" But in a tragedy like this, someone has to die. If not the villain, the hero has to die! How shall I conclude this? Is it the villain or the hero that has to die? My head started spinning and it came to the point of bursting under this extreme tension. I remember collapsing, unable to hold onto my equilibrium.