

## Adieu & Good Luck!

**O**nce I read, “memories are wonderful to collect, but sometimes painful to recall.” It struck me at once, but I never realized the depth of it until I experienced it myself. Once, he was the one around whom I built up my dream world. He accompanied me in my night and day dreams. He converted my sorrows into joys. He was the silver line that I saw amidst many dark clouds.

It was a morning with gloom lurking in the sky. The sky was dark with many grey clouds waiting to shed tears. I was nervous and anxious. I was praying for the gloom to be lifted, so that the day ahead would be fine and bright to fix my mood. I was overly anxious as I was going to mark a milestone in my life on that day. As a girl, I had decided to break the convention by being the first to express amorous feelings to a boy. For weeks I had been overwhelmed with the desire to walk beside him as his girlfriend. I had been waiting for him to propose to me first.

Unfortunately, Ladies first concept is not applied in romance. Finally, I thought I had waited enough. The temptation to be his girlfriend was so great that I finally made up my mind to let him feel my love for him rather than directly asking him. Enough is enough. Someone has to get the ball rolling. It does not matter who. After such a hair splitting, mind wrenching internal debate, I decided to take the initiative.

I saw him coming at a distance, tall, well-groomed and trendy. More than his good looks, what drew me to him was the friendship we shared. I knew, being one of his close friends stirred the jealousy of most other girls of the university towards me. It was with great pride and pleasure that I roamed around with him and uploaded a photo taken with him on Facebook. But I should confess that I had been feeling a new tinge of love for him as of late. Even my friends seemed to have noticed the change in me for they started to tease me saying that I almost blushed whenever I catch a glimpse of him. Known to be an arrogant girl, I paid

no special attention to anybody, but him. I have gained such a reputation among my friends to be a tom boy and hardly any boy dared to approach me on amorous grounds. I still do not know the reason why this strange, good-looking boy caught my heart. My stone heart melts like butter in front of him.

Once he asked, "Dula, why are you so indifferent to other boys and so kind to me?"

I became dumbfounded. All I wanted to say was, "because I love you baby", but poor me! Instead of that I could

only say, "You are just different from them, that's why."

I noticed something strange in him today. He was wearing a broad smile which was somewhat unlikely of him. He looked extremely excited about something. Oh my god! He was wearing my favorite type of outfit. The shoes he was wearing were the

pair I adored. The watch he was wearing was the gift from me on his last birthday. The first question that arose in my mind was, "How did he know that I was going to propose to him. He was looking great today?"

"Hi, Pathum, good morning!", I greeted him. "You are looking great and what made you late today?" I asked him as it is not usual for him to get late.

"Thank you Dula, well, the reason why I got late is a long story." Was his reply.

Then came the most embarrassing moment of my life. Having boosted all my confidence, I

said, "Pathum, there is something really important that I want to tell you in private."

He looked flabbergasted as I had never talked to him in that serious tone before. But he collected himself and said, "Actually Dula, I also have something very special to tell you. It's really important. It's something

about my life.”

Oh my god! Was he going to tell me what I had been waiting for all these years? Was he going to ask me out before I did. Oh Pathum! How romantic of you to ask it from me just on the day I am most prepared! Now I was thinking to myself, “I should not take the initiative, I should give him a chance. That is lady-like. I must try being a girl at least this instance.”

I talked to Pathum while trying my best to hide my feelings of excitement.

“Really, Pathum, what is it?”

“Dula, do you know Malisha?”

Malisha was the only girl to whom I had revealed my feelings for Pathum. She was my best friend. I sank in my ocean of thoughts once again. Surely Malisha must have revealed to Pathum about my having a crush on him. I should be acting as if I didn't know anything.

“Yes, she is a good friend of mine.”

“Actually Dula, I am very much in love with her. She is very caring and pretty.

Guess what, I proposed to her this morning and she, too likes me. She told me she feels exactly the same way about me.” Pathum went on garlanding Malisha, which sounded like a meaningless blabber to me.

“Dula, by the way, what did you say that you wanted to tell me?”

I was just the same as the sky, minutes away from raining. I simply replied “No, nothing, Pathum, Best

wishes for both of you.”

Pathum, Malisha and I are still friends, but not best friends.

However, I am really proud of myself, because

I am alone, but happy. Once he said, “I miss you Dula.” And my mind whispered, “yes, you do!” yet I was not going to say that aloud. I learnt that people come and go. That is a part and parcel of life. We have to bid adieu to people who do not care and spend time with those who are always there. After all, life is a drama with few or no climaxes, but there could be many an anti-climax.

