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Soulmate

Love at first sight! Do you believe in that? Can we have intense feelings towards a person upon first seeing that stranger? You may say 'yes'.

But what about falling in love with a photograph of a person whom you have met just once in your life when you were a kid, at a children's park on one of those bygone days? Anyway my story could be one in a billion, and I think it is worth sharing it, and so here I am going to share it with you.

One photograph made me so nervous and whenever I look at it strikes me with some feelings of intensity and depth which cannot be easily defined. I went to the cupboard and took out my dream book. It was inside it. I took it and had a look at it with excitement which would never die. Several times I tried to forget it but that was like an effort to hide a rubber ball in the water.

I was a seven-year old happy girl who ran here and there in the children's park then. But I lost my balance and fell down. I cried as loud as I could because I had no one to comfort me near me, but one little boy approached me and helped me out of my predicament.

“Can I help you?” his tone was friendly and so loving that I could not resist his support although he was a total stranger. His smile was so honest.

I felt so happy to have that angel to save me and was eager to share with him the chocolate I had with me. In response, the boy gave me a photograph of himself and a lady who seemed to be his mother.

“Asha” my mom came to me in a hurry. “What happened to you? Are you all right my princess?” my mom asked me because I was out of her sight for a while.

“Mom, I fell down and he helped me,” I told mom.

But she was glancing at me and her eyes had the question, “Who helped you?”

I looked back to introduce him to Mom, but the boy had vanished like a bubble. I, for some unknown reason did not tell Mom about the photograph and slowly slipped it into my pocket.

From that day I was dreaming to meet him again. That's how he came inside my dream book. Even when I grew up I couldn't forget his innocent eyes. Each and every day I went to that park and I was seeking him. When I grew up into a young girl, still I had some feeling of attraction and attachment towards that little boy. I wanted to meet him one last time. Where is he now? What is he doing? Is he alive? Plenty of questions were inside my mind.

“Asha”

I came back to consciousness with the call of my husband.

Yeah! I forgot to mention the fact that I am married though I am so much enthralled by the photograph of a little boy whom I fell madly in love with. “What are you dreaming about all the time?” He asked me kindly. “Do

you have any problem? You know that you are free to share anything with me. I'm not just your husband but your friend."

I went close to him kept my head on his shoulder. "There's nothing"

He didn't want to make me tired by asking anymore questions. He touched my head and left me alone. I married him as my mother forced me to do so. He is from a rich family and he is the only child. Though he is rich and gave me everything I wanted, that little boy was always there in my imagination. I was not brave enough to tell about my obsession to anyone as I feared they would think that I was behaving childishly and irresponsibly. My ego tried to keep the rubber ball inside the water.

One day, after all my household chores, I felt so lonely as my husband was in the office and he was busy. When I feel alone, the only thing that came to my mind as always was the desire to look at my secret photograph. I went to the room and took it out.

"I want to see you before I die. This must be your mother and this should be a precious thing to you if your mother is not alive" I told myself. I kept it near my heart and lay down on the bed. I fell asleep and when I opened my eyes, my husband was sitting near me and he was glancing at something in his hand.

Suddenly the photograph came to my mind and my guess was correct. It was with him and I couldn't understand the feeling that was in his eyes. I tried to read his eyes but I couldn't.

“Who are these two?”

He started to talk after a few minutes. I couldn't gather my words together and I thought what I should say. Then I decided it was the time to tell him the things inside my mind.

“Actually Rohan...” I told him all about the past incidents and I felt so relaxed after telling him everything. He listened to me patiently.

“Still do you think that he is your soul mate?” There wasn't any sarcasm or a tone of teasing in his voice, but I couldn't specifically identify his tone or what he really thought about me.

“I think so, but now I'm yours and I like you, I think I've been stupid to keep that photo even.” I tried to pretend to be mature.

“Forget it. Tomorrow we have to go somewhere. Get ready” He gently told me.

“Where?”

Though I asked him where we were going, he told me it was going to be a surprise. I was eager to know it and I was so excited, yet I was afraid that I had hurt his feeling by keeping my secret from him. I couldn't even guess

what he really felt about my attachment to the photograph. His face was like a clean white sheet. But I could sense some strange hidden excitement in his behavior afterwards.

Next day we arrived at the place where Rohan wanted to take me to. It was an ordinary children's park.

“Why are we here?” I asked. But the next few minutes made me realize that it was not just another children's park for me! It was that park, where I gathered my most favorite memory. That little boy! That photograph! Suddenly my mind asked me a question. “ But, how does Rohan know this place?”

I turned to him and I could see his face. His face was filled with excitement.

“Why are you so surprised?” Rohan questioned me. But I was the one who had many questions to ask from him.

“I know this place well. But how do you know?” I replied him with a question.

“I have something really important to tell you. Please sit by my side.” He was rousing my curiosity every minute. Due to my husband's busy schedule we hardly have time for relaxed conversation. We both were in our own worlds though we treated each other with understanding.

“Just as you know this place, I also know that park very well.” But how? I wanted to ask him but I let him speak.

“My parents are not the people who gave birth to me. I only know my mother. I was not lucky enough to have the affection of my mother for a long time. She was sick and we hadn't much money to cure her. She was so worried about me. I had to accept my destiny and I lost her. After her death, I grew up in an orphanage and it was not a nice place. So I ran away from there and came here. The people who were coming here helped me to survive” I couldn't believe my ears. What was he talking about? But I knew there were many orphaned children in that park and I have never paid attention to them.

He began to talk again. “One day a couple came to the park and they looked so sad. They spent a long time in the park and they were looking at the children who were laughing, playing and enjoying like tiny kittens. Anyhow, after they left the place, I went there to sit on that bench because it was the place I used to sleep on. I found a wallet which was filled with money. I guessed that it should belong to that couple who sat there with sad looks on their faces. Then I decided to give it back to them when they came again. You also know those two! They are my parents as you know! As I gave them back their wallet with such an amount of money, they thought I was a good child and as they didn't have children they wanted to take me to their home and gave me their love and affection. They told me to forget my past and from

that day I became their own child.”

He could see my surprised eyes and I was gazing at him like a little baby who was looking at a lion for the first time. “Don't be so surprised. Surprise is yet to come.” He smiled through tears and told me.

He took something out from his pocket. It was that photograph. He kept it near his face and smiled. What a surprise! Those smiles were the same. Those innocent eyes are the same. But why did I take this much of time to understand it? It was him! He was always with me and even now he was in front of me. He became my husband. What kind of a destiny is this? I embraced him.

“Then you are the one who was in my dream and eventually you have made my dream true. Do you know that? Until this moment I was looking for this little boy. I wondered what happened to him, whether he was alive or not. Finally he is in front of my eyes. I thought he was my soul mate and not you. But now, you two are the same person! This is like a miracle” I talked without stopping, like a lunatic.

“Are you happy now? You have got married to your soulmate.” His tone was full of love.

“With our story I can't define who a soul mate is. But I only can say miracles may happen in the form of random coincidences, too” he nodded in agreement. I fell rightly into his arms and felt so much security and love that I yearned for and dreamt about all these past years.