

This story was not made for wishful thinking nor was it made for hesitation. In this short narrative, there will be tears shed, flowers given, and a four lettered word given meaning to. Hint: it is not love.

For Kimberly,  
I wish you the happiest birthday. With this piece, I hope that you  
not only enjoy it (with tears) but also keep it close to you.

She was shocked; no, she was completely aghast as tears flooded her vision. She stared at her hands, covered in the colors of the universe, glistening beautifully against the moonlight. Her ears rang with the sound of nature; the ocean waves and the chimes of the wind, as her eyes swirled into something horrifyingly beautiful.

Her breath quickened, fist squeezing her chest and feeling the fast pace of her heart beat as she felt devoid of any other emotion but sadness.

She knew what this meant for her, but she also knew that there was no way to fix it.

*"This is for you." He held out a bouquet of beautiful flowers, more importantly, her favorite flowers.*

*"Thank you." She took a moment, taking the flowers from him and traced the petals with a gentle finger.*

*"Why?"*

*"Why?"*

*"Why did you give me these flowers."*

*His face never really held much emotion. In fact, it was difficult to read him most of the time, but now, his eyes spoke for him.*

*"Because I wanted to."*

*But she never saw the advances, the longing, or the kinship that he wanted to have with her.*

*"You didn't have to."*

*"As I said, I wanted to."*

*His voice spoke with conviction, thick eyebrows furrowed as he looked only at her. Only ever at her.*

*She held the flowers close to her chest dearly,*

*"Thank you, Vernon."*

She stumbled across the dark room, leaning over the sink as she stared at her reflection in the mirror.

Pathetic. Her mind screamed at her.

Hopeless. Her heart cried at her.

Her fingers grasped the counter top, nails digging in the cold tiles as she fought to keep her sobs quiet. The sound of nature was still ringing in her ears while tears continued to stream down her cheeks.

She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to remember the joyful memories she's had before but stumbled when they seemed unreachable.

*"You... look gorgeous today." He said slowly, grasping the bouquet in his hands.*

*She smiled softly at him, "Thank you."*

*He blinked once, twice, before remembering the flowers.*

*"Here, these are for you."*

*She accepted the flowers, pinching the petals softly.*

*"Is there a reason why you give me only Forget-Me-Nots?"*

*He smiled at her, something that happens rarely, as he answered.*

*"Because I don't ever want you to forget me."*

She gasped for breath, the overwhelming feeling of loneliness weighing down on her chest, shoulders, entire being.

Her hands gripped the sink bowl tightly, biting her lip and feeling red seep out from her skin.

For once, she felt relieved that she could feel something more than the despair her soul got stuck in. She turned on the faucet, scrubbing her tear-stained face and watching as the glimmering water went down the drain.

*"What is your favorite color?" He asked curiously, falling in step with her as they walked through the quiet streets.*

*"Is it not obvious?" She said in reply, cracking the tiniest smile when she heard him stutter.*

*"I-I mean it could be something different. Sometimes people would rather see their favorite color from time to time rather than all the time."*

*She turned to him, hair fluttering against the wind. His heart might have stopped beating at that.*

*"My favorite color is the color of all my belongings. It is the color of my favorite flower. It is the color of the ocean and the sky."*

*She paused,*

*"It is a color I love the most. But now I cannot see it."*

*She sighed heavily, dragging her body back to bed where the moonlight seeped in thanks to her window.*

*She sat down on the soft mattress, eyes emptily staring at the floor before they looked at the picture frame on her bedside table.*

*She held the frame in her hands, tracing the outline of the photograph slowly.*

*"I miss you."*

*He stared at her, and as said before, it was hard to read his emotions and she was never good at reading his eyes. Or, perhaps, she did not want to.*

*"You are color blind?" He asked softly.*

*She nodded, "I appreciate the flowers that you give me. Even though I cannot see the colors, I know that they are beautiful."*

*He took a deep breath,*

*"How- How long were you color blind?"*

*"About a year now." She answered simply, finding a bench to rest on.*

*He followed her, sitting beside her as the information seeped in.*

*Silence surrounded them, the birds were chirping, the clear surface of the lake before them was shining, and there was a gentle breeze.*

*"I'm sorry, Vernon."*

*He looked at her, eyes telling her to continue.*

*"I feel as if I wasted your time."*

*"Please do not speak like that." He said, closing his eyes.*

*"It is true. You are loving someone that can never love you back."*

*He opened his eyes, leaning back and letting his head fall against the bench.*

*"I already knew that you had someone in your heart when I decided to love you."*

*Her eyes widened at his statement.*

*"It was not hard to notice when you had no light in your eyes." He said, looking up at the sky.*

*"But I fell for you anyway because your entire being is just so beautiful that I cannot pull away."*

*She kept silent, staring at the scene in front of them.*

*"I thought that it was okay. And for a while, it was. I felt the happiest in the world when you would smile at me and would accept the flowers I give you." He paused again.*

*"And the flowers I give you, they were not a coincidence."*

*She casted him a curious look,*

*"What do you mean?"*

*He smiled softly,*

*"One day, my heart started aching. My throat started to close up. And I knew that it was about time for that to happen."*

*She froze, staring at him with pain for she knew where the conversation was heading but he willed for her to listen.*

*"The next day when I started coughing and blue petals started to appear. I knew then that it was because my heart longed for you but it also knows that you already love someone else."*

*He took her hand in his and caressed her knuckles with his thumb,*

*"I give you the Forget-Me-Nots so that you would not forget me as someone who loves you, someone who will stick by you, and someone who is willing to stay as your friend." He gazed into her eyes.*

*"But now I also hope that you will not forget about your precious memories."*

*She smiled, the glistening tears pooling in her eyes.*

*"Thank you. And I'm still sorry."*

*He laughed softly, "Don't be. It is not your fault. This was my choice to make." He wiped the tears threatening to fall down her cheeks.*

*"As much as I think that your tears are beautiful, please do not cry." He said as he continued to chase away her tears.*

*"As much as I think the flowers are beautiful, please do not give them to me anymore."*

*He stopped his movements, slowly cupping her cheek gently with his hand to direct her eyes on his.*

*"If that is what you want then I will stop. But I cannot stop the feelings that I have for you."*

*She nodded, knowing full well that feelings are inevitable.*

*'Although funny enough, it seemed as if the past was making a repeat of itself.' She thought.*

*He smiled then, letting go of her and choosing to stare at the lake in front of them.*

*"Since I know now, would you tell me about the lucky man who stole your heart?"*

*She let out a soft laugh, looking up at the sky and smiled.*

*"He was a dear friend of mine. Someone who always had my back as I had his."*

*He hummed, "Not going to tell me the name?"*

*She shook her head.*

*He nodded, waiting for a moment before he asked,*

*"Where is he now?"*

*She smiled sadly,*

*"He has already passed away."*

*She held the frame against her chest, hugging it tightly as she relived the memories they shared.*

*She remembers all the laughter, the cries, the mischief, and the fun they used to share.*

*She brought the frame up to her eyes and bit back a sob,*

*"If only I told you that I love you. If only I took the chance to tell you before you were taken away from me. How different would things be now?"*

*She cried painfully, mind and chest filled with the regrets of her actions.*

*"I love you so much, so please love me back."*

*She whispered to the dark, picture frame in her hands as she laid down on her bed with tears soaking the pillow.*

*"But I'm too late to say these words to you. Forgive me. I love you, Chan."*

*He closed his eyes as did she, silence taking over their conversation again.*

*She opened her eyes first, "I hope that you find someone who will show you the love you've shown me."*



*He smiled sadly at her, opening his eyes and placing a hand on her shoulder.*

*"Thank you, and I hope that your heart finds peace and let's you live your life."*

*She covered his hand with hers, "Thank you for those words. I hope that you live your life too. Not in pain, but in happiness and love."*

*He nodded, leaning down to kiss her on the head. For the first and the last time.*

*"This love was not meant to happen between us and in this life I will accept it. I hope in the next life, we will be together."*

*She smiled slightly at his words,*

*"Then we shall see in our next life." She stood up from the bench with him following in suit.*

*"I guess I have no choice but to wait and see." He said, shoving his hands in his pocket.*

*They looked at each other for a while before they gave each other a respectful bow.*

*"I will see you around. Thank you for listening and spending your time with me, Vernon."*

*He smiled and nodded.*

*"Thank you for taking the time to be with me and for letting me see your heart. I will see you again, Kimberly."*

*And with that, they parted ways.*

*She set the frame back down on her table before pulling the sheets around her tighter. Her eyes caught sight of the flowers sitting nicely on her window sill.*

*"Perhaps in a different life, we would have been together." She whispered in the dark room, closing her eyes as sleep embraced her.*

*"Perhaps if things were different in this life, we would have been  
together." He spoke, clutching his chest as Forget-Me-Nots  
surrounded his curled figure.*

*He closed his eyes and breathed out deeply,*

*"Life is really so cruel."*

**-- End.**