

Short Stories in Vague Perception

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A collection of random short stories I have written over the years. Many contain theming, but there's the occasional fun and light-hearted ones in here too. Enjoy.

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1 - The Experience of Happiness

A time ago, there was a young boy, no older than 15 years, who found that there was more to life than living, though he saw that no matter what he did, he couldn't experience any of it. He grew fascinated of this, and as time passed, he was no longer a young boy, but a young man. He found a beautiful woman, whom he admired dearly and eventually got married to. As he grew older yet, finding the joys and sorrows in living, he came to what he considered "living with life", through which he found offered more than just life itself.

As he grew older still, now around the age of 30, the life he had had been changing itself, gradually warping and generating contortions to a point of being hardly recognizable, Life had thrown many new things at him, and believing that life had always been good to him, he readily accepted everything, soon finding out that it was all too much to handle. Everything: every gift, curse, joy, sorrow, even every emotion; everything which life had presented to him had now suddenly become a burden in which he could not support.

Upon having this new-found realization, he turned back to his childhood and longed for the time when he didn't have to worry about this burden at all, when it never existed in the first place. He thought of the times when he was playing "Kick the Can" with his friends, when his parents scolded him for knocking a vase off of a coffee table in his old house's living room, even the memories of when his childhood dog, Bumper, had died in a car accident all flooded back to him. He thought of all the times he got drunk and all the times he skipped class during college, all for the sake of his "living with life" idea.

A sudden wave of sorrow washed over him. He fell to the floor, crying, wishing from the bottom of his heart that he could take it all back, that he could rewrite his past with the knowledge he had now. As he was crying, his wife noticed him and quickly went over to him, asking what was the matter. He explained his story to his wife, and after hearing it, with a smile on her face, she gently brushed back his hair, kissed him on the forehead, and asked him a very simple question: "But would you still have me?"

2 - The Esoteric Definition of Love

Sitting by myself in a restaurant, waiting for her to show up, I kept turning the waiter away, imagining her arrival to be any moment now. I repeatedly fingered the small box in my pocket, nervously checking to see if it was still there.

We had been dating for the past seven months, our relationship growing day by day, hour by hour as we spent time together. Ever since I'd first met her in that convenience store, it'd been like a dream to be with her. Nowadays, it was even fairly difficult to imagine life before I had even known her. Just being around her, my personality flowered, even if I had been in a terrible mood right before. She was what made my life complete.

I sat there for hours, hardly growing impatient as I had waited for her. I tried to keep my mind from thinking of the worst, avoiding hypothetical situations where she was in a fatal car accident, or caught in a shooting I'd probably see in the news tomorrow. While I was thinking to myself, I often found my gaze continually shifting over to an elderly couple eating together, seeing how clearly happy they were together, and at the same time reminding me of how much I wanted to be with her at that moment.

Closing time finally came, and still she was nowhere in sight. I had called her several times, but reluctantly had to hang up when it went to her voice-mail. The waiter offered me a sympathetic glass of wine, which I drank rather quickly. I got up, and as the waiter wished me a safe trip home, I thanked him and left.

It was nearly a month before I'd heard anything from her again; a month in which I was reminded of what things were like before I knew her, but worse. Eating and sleeping were both extremely difficult, and I often found myself talking aloud, being heard only by me alone. I had tried to call her, email her, even visit her several times in the month, but it seemed as if she had completely disappeared from my life, disappeared without a trace. It soon felt as if I was victim of some demonic conspiracy, continually being tormented by thoughts from another world.

I had found myself heading down to the convenience store out of a sudden thirst for iced tea on day. I went to where the bottles of it normally were, and as I was heading to the checkout lines, there she was, her angelic figure standing out from everything else. As her eyes met mine, a sudden shock of surprise came over the both of us. For a moment, it almost seemed as if she was about to turn and run from me. I couldn't let that happen, and the next thing I know, I felt myself sprinting to where she was standing. I reached out and grabbed her hand and held it for what seemed a solid fifteen minutes, then I finally brought out the courage to ask: "Where have you been? I feel like it's been an eternity since we last saw each other, let alone talked."

It seemed as though she was still caught in the shock of the previous moment. She started moving her lips, but no words were coming out. Seeing as how she was, I hugged her. I hugged her as tightly as I could, and in this moment, it seemed as if the world stopped revolving completely. I could feel her crying over my shoulder, and I thought I nearly would have done the same.

Later on, when emotions settled back down, we went back to my place and talked about the past month. As it turns out, she got a job as a professional artist for a company that makes graphic t-shirts. Then, the long-awaited question came up: I asked her what she was doing the night of our dinner at that restaurant. She told me after a slight hesitation that she spent four hours before we were supposed to meet trying to make herself look her best, trying to earn my approval for that night. For the two-and-a-half after that, she said she spent telling herself she wasn't good enough for me, and that she wanted much better for me than her.

To this, I couldn't help but laugh a little. She looked extremely embarrassed, so I turned over to her. I asked her if she felt sad at all during that time, to which she responded that it didn't matter as long as I was happy. I grabbed her hands, and holding them, I said, "Luka, words cannot describe how much I missed you in this past month. You are the most beautiful person I have ever met, and it wouldn't matter how dressed for that night, my thoughts about you would have been the same, because I know that no matter how you would have looked, you would have put forth all the effort you had, just for my sake. I love you, so very, very much." Then, with tears starting to run down my face, I walked over to my bedroom, I picked up a little black box from my bed-stand, and I did what I would have done in a restaurant one month ago.