

L'autre moitié

When I was nine, my favourite bedtime story was my mother retelling the memory of when she and my father met in France. The way she described the feeling of meeting someone you love more than life itself still plays in my brain, ten years later;

To be in love is to sometimes be oblivious. What you have yet to be aware of can be what makes you fall the hardest, the mystery of emotion that keeps you wanting more.

I always had connections with people and I quite enjoyed the company of others, though many wouldn't believe it. It's hard to explain, but I didn't fare well on my own. I wasn't always the best at reading the feelings of others, but I always tried my best. While I sometimes did find myself getting lost in the emotions of companionship, I never experienced the oblivion my mom described.

It's not that I didn't believe in love or the idea that we're made to be somebody's other half. *L'autre moitié*, as mom called it. In fact, love was one of the feelings I hope I die knowing how it felt. The thought of giving yourself entirely to someone, to have someone to experience life's many wonders alongside...sounded like a never ending feeling of tranquillity I wanted to have someday.

But to find someone who could make me feel such passion? I'm not sure if it was even possible.

Then...I met *her*.

She was a regular at the supermarket I worked at on the weekends. She was about my height and looked my age, had this smile that could outshine the sun, moon and all of the stars. Every Thursday she would stroll in, a smile etched across her lips and purchased the same thing;

two packs of M&M's and a bottle of Ginger Ale. I always wondered why she got two, but never plucked up the courage to ask.

That cowardice feeling became routine whenever she stopped by.

Whenever I saw her, my stomach launched into my throat and my thoughts rattled in my brain. There were things I wanted to say, the words were always just...*lost*. Our interactions never went further than 'Hi, how are you paying?' and 'Have a nice day'. But none of that mattered to me.

She intrigued me. Why exactly, I'm still unsure. But with every visit, I was eager to figure out what it could possibly be.