

Cure

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Traveling by metro became my habit since the day I met him. However, he is not mine anymore. Being abandoned again, I come back to this crowded vehicle, trying to fill up my broken heart with the people around me.

To my disappointment, it does not provide any cure. I do not feel better; instead, I find myself floating. I cannot find a place to take root in.

It seems to be my destiny that I can never keep a long and stable relationship with anyone. My love stories never lead to a happy ending. Why is it so hard to meet someone who matches with me?

Look at that little boy. He sleeps so soundly in the mother's arms.

His school bag reminds me of the boy I met in kindergarten. We played together for years. I think he liked me, especially in those primary school years.

He was a very outgoing child. Sometimes he would run in full speed until the sweat soaked his body. Sometimes I would follow him to the pond in raining days to have an adventure. He would rather stay with me than attending classes. I liked him, too. We were so close that his mother hated me. After detecting the "bad influence" I had, she used all kinds of method to segregate us. And she did it. The further action she adapted was sharing her achievement with other parents. From that day on, it became so hard for me to approach other children.

After leaving elementary school, I kept myself silent. Out of my expectation, I was popular in class sometimes. I did have a few relationships in high school, but all ended up in parents' opposition.

Those are the old stories, too old to mention.

I did not give up because of previous experiences. I kept looking for love, for someone to understand me. This time, I thought I found my Mr. Right. I almost fell in love with him at first sight.

That morning was still vivid in my head. The metro station was as busy as usual. He stood in the crowd, slightly swaying with the carriage. Although there were several passengers between us, I could see him very clearly. He was shining among the crowd. I could felt his unique elegance and refinement.

He was far from handsome or cute. Instead of any dramatic figure, he meditated with an ordinary face. His tie and shoes showed his neatness and a serious attitude. But I could see a great enthusiasm through his eyes. He stayed calm and pale until a blush came into his cheeks when the carriage became airless. Then I realized that he did not flush because of the air but me. It was a sign for sure. I got the chance. I had to do whatever I could to win him. But for now, I would stay cool, acting as if I did not notice him.

He carried a heavy kraft paper bag. The bag was carefully held and treated like a baby. It was his talent inside. How did I know? I could not help but follow him. Don't judge, please. He was incredibly appealing. He could be the one. How could I let him disappear from my sight? I did no harm, but quietly stepping on his footprints instead.

He met his editor in the coffee shop, handing her his latest work, the one in the bag. He glowed when he talked about the story. He spent three whole days finishing the ending. At that moment, I knew he was the exact one I was searching for.

People who are bold, passionate, or hardworking always attract me. He was of the third kind. He was definitely enthusiastic about his career as well. I held back my excitement and decided to approach him patiently. I took metro more often, waiting for our next meeting. I enjoyed finding him from the mass of passengers in the station. Even to touch his fingerprints remained on the handrail made me happy. Within weeks, he accepted me. We were the lovely couple. I had the greatest time ever.

All of a sudden, our romance ended.

He was such a novelist with gift and diligence. I admire his work attitude. I love watching him seat himself onto the wooden arm chair. He could stay there whole day working on his new book.

While being sensitive to the temperature, he would sit beside the window occasionally. The chilly fresh air helped his mind stay clear. He also liked to light up a cigarette on the balcony, watching the smoke blown away by the wind.

I know. I know each of his little habits.

But I still failed this time. He was gone forever. I could not have his warm hands anymore.

It happened over and over again. Every time I made efforts to a new romance, they treated me so well in the beginning. We sweetly stuck to each other every day. However, with no exception, they turned away, walking out of my life unexpectedly. I got nothing regained but betrayal.

I was abandoned all the time.

I had joined the hiking club in university. There I met my college love, an outstanding young man. I went mountain climbing with him in that beautiful winter. Afterwards, he dumped me without a reason in spring. Soon I left college, throwing myself into the immense society. The first company I entered almost crushed me. I had no friend. Then I found him, an industrious man. That was the beginning of my office romance. I worked with him one night after another. On the day he got the promotion, he broke up with me. Unable to bare the pain any longer, I went on a vacation. An audacious surfer caught my eyes immediately. He was so fond of ocean that he even showed up on the beach in stormy weather. I think it was the third hurricane of the year that heated our love. But it turned out to be nothing but a summer fever. Once more, I was the one standing alone.

The last one walking into my life was my beloved writer. Since he had left me, I can only linger on this carriage. Yes, because I am cold, I am desperately looking for someone to embrace me, to warm my wounded heart. I will keep searching, till the cure comes. I will not give up so easily.

Swaying with the carriage, I hear somebody murmuring.

"You know what? He died yesterday."

"Who?"

"The author of the book you are reading! He got a serious cold after publishing the novel."

"Ah, I like his works... Terrible flu, isn't it?"

Well, at least he died for me, right?

But I have to look forward. The next one will be better, probably.
Oh, I love the way he sneezed so much.