A Walk Down Misery Lane
Camila María Natta

She knew that she had to move on, but it was impossible –at least, it
would be as long as the sore were still open. She had to go back, but her
mind kept telling her that walking that path again would be the worst idea
in her whole life. Just thinking about going back to that once more gave her
the shivers.

She remembered the good old days. “Trust me, it'll be worth it”, he had
told her, his face beaming. And she had believed him. What had it been,
after all? A bunch of meaningless words? It seemed as though he had been
merely coaxing her. She refused to accept it. What infuriated her most was
that everything had ended up being a blatant lie. Yet, she had bought that
lie.

Memories about him invaded her mind. She wanted to blurt out the
worst insults at him, to tell him that he was the reason of her agony.
Nevertheless, she knew he did not care about her suffering. It was too late
now, harm had already been done. And the pain was unbearable. It would
be better to put an end to it once and for all and never come back to him
again. The decision was made: the ache had to stop. She would go home and
heal. She would recover her joy of living.

As she was trudging her way back, she felt an excruciating sting. She
could no longer stand the pressure. A reluctant teardrop began streaming
down her face. She stumbled a little and dropped on the nearest bench.
Taking a tissue out of her purse, she thought about how much she had
invested in making it work. But it was no use. She had to let it go, for her
own good. It was the last time she would wear those leather boots.

* 3º premio del Concurso Literario USAL en Lengua Inglesa – Categoría cuento (2016).