

A Walk Down Misery Lane

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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.

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