I’m walking on a road; it has no name. There is nothing but

darkness surrounding me, but somehow, I don’t feel lost, nor

scared somehow, this darkness makes me feel happy and safe.

As I continue walking I see a silhouette at, what seems, the

end of the road. I’m somehow extremely attracted to it, but

even though the attraction is strong, something tells me that

I should stay put.

The closer I get the clearer the image of that strange

silhouette becomes and, when I finally reach it, I can see a

total stranger staring at me. He has weird eyes, odd hair and

weird clothes, it seemed as if the universe was trying to

explain me the obvious.

“Who are you?” I ask, not being able to take my eyes from

his. I waited, but he just smiled, as if his smile were the

answer that I sought for.

“Do I know you?” I try again but the result is the same.

“Fine, so we won’t talk at all huh?” all he did in response is

turn around, facing the darkness, he sat and I, I don’t really

know why, did too.

There is something that makes me calm about him, but I

don’t know what it is, after all, he is only a stranger.

I continue to stare at the darkness upon me, and I still

wonder, why am I not afraid of it? I have always been afraid

of darkness. I wonder if it is because of the man sitting next

to me.

I turn around to find him staring at me. It’s odd, I’m sure I

haven’t seen him before but, why does he make me feel so

comfortable?

“Why won’t you tell me your name?” I ask but he, as I

expected him too, just grinned at me.

“I guess that’s all you can do huh? Grin” I say while turning

away from him.

I continue to stare at the darkness. I’m sure this has all a

purpose, both the silent man and the happy darkness, but I

just can’t figure out which is it or what it means.

Suddenly, I feel warm, I know it is not because it got hotter

outside but because the man is now hugging me, allowing me

to share his warmth. For some reason I don’t want him to let

go, I certainly do not know why is he even hugging me, but I

anyway want to continue like this, protected by his strong

arms, even though it is insane.

My mother always said that actions are far more important

and silence much more meaningful than all the words

someone could say in their simple meaning, and it is only

now that I understand what she meant. Tears are streaming

down my face, they are the tears that I have been holding in,

those I didn’t allow anyone to see and that I so much denied,

all of them falling like waterfalls, and what makes it intriguing

is that they are being released by the simple actions of a man

I do not know, and I can’t help but wonder how, how did he

manage to do what my own family wasn’t able to?

As he releases me I wake up, finding myself again in my

room, my bed, with my eyes burning and my face wet. I can

still feel the man’s warmth, as if what happened had

occurred.

I get ready and put on my black dress waiting for my aunt to

pick me up, and when she finally does, she takes me to the

last place I want to go to, to bury the last person I wanted to

be buried.

While I’m standing, hoping the ceremony would end soon, I

feel that comforting warmth once again, and across the

cemetery I see those weird eyes, one green and the other

blue, staring at me, and just before they leave I finally hear

his voice, soft and clear, say “It’s time to let her go”, and just

like that I started to cry again, screaming the lungs out of me,

letting every single memory pass through my face and

realizing that, the best mother I could have ever had was

gone, and that that was the way it was supposed to be and I

cannot do anything to change it.

Even though it is extremely blurry I manage to see her one

last time, staring at me with her caring eyes, showing me her

warm smile, and within the blink of an eye, she was gone and

I, I was left alone in this empty and cruel world.