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In our lives, there are so many different events: some exciting and interesting, others boring in their routine, and some stories we come up with ourselves. Yet there is something special about sharing something special. I want to share one story, but it is not the story of my life, just a small and special part of it. This is the story about How I Met My Soul Mate.

Never in my life, neither before nor after we met, I never felt as I did at that time. It happened in the summer of 2011, it was a summer vacation and because of my love for my city, I sat at home and watched some series. Then one day I decided to stop watching a series of idleness and went for a walk with my friends. That is where I saw Him. He was a very tall and very handsome guy, but his jokes were peculiar. He was joking, using moments from my favorite serials. You know, there are times when you realize if you can find a common language with a person. So, at the moment I was the only one who laughed at the Doctor Who joke, I realized it was something special. As I later learned, it was mutual. The more we got to know each other, the more we realized that we were very similar. I have never felt so comfortable with anyone, him either. No one but us shared a love for unpopular sitcoms, Stephen King's stories and the endless revision of all Harry Potter movies. I was afraid to tell him how I felt, so I never said anything. This continued until one moment, from which the tremors in the knees and the heart jumps out of chest the moment when he asked me to dance.

It was not a prom, or an important event, it was an ordinary evening, where a concert in a mini club were students of the music school. An ordinary day, no different from other days, it took a special place in my heart. The guys just started to sing the song of Metallica "Nothing else matters", and then I saw him. We danced only four minutes, but the feeling was unforgettable. Then I accepted the fact that this man had won my heart. We spent three unforgettable years together, where every day I felt like the most beautiful and beloved girl on the planet. However, everything has a habit of ending. He had to go to university hundreds of miles away from me. I could not move in with him, and he could not stay. Then we decided not to torment ourselves with the agony of long-distance relationships. Then our paths diverged.

Someone says that time heals, and this is partly true, but the longing in the heart always remained a reminder of that time. Every time we met, we could not break up, and every summer for 5 years, when he came home, we spent it together. Early this summer, he

returned to the city for a week. He offered to take a walk and then suddenly got down on one knee. He said I was his Tracy McConnell and he was my Ted Mosby, that we understand each other as a Doctor and River Song, that we still love each other as much as Finn and Rachel. Then he said that he wanted to share with me all the time that was given to us for each other.

And I said Yes.