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Did I Make the Right Call?

It's been over half a year and, for whatever reason, he couldn't get her out of his head. It was useless to even try, so everyone he knew simply let him be. All the things he would see, touch, hear, smell, literally anything would remind him of her- even things that didn't necessarily make sense or would normally relate to her. He got up from his desk in his dirty, rundown apartment, and decided to go on a long walk towards the park further down the neighborhood. All he wanted to do was clear his head, since he wasn't getting any work done anyway.

As he walked, he tried to think of other things, happy things that he may have going for him towards his life. It wasn't long until he gave up, however, because he couldn't think of anything. Normally, Becca would be the optimist, not him. Especially, since he's living his life without her now. So, instead, he recalled the time when he *truly* attempted to distance himself from the thought of her. It was three months and five days after they parted ways, when a friend had suggested that he get out of town on his own for once, possibly try to have a one night stand with a girl. *Epic* fail, though. For one, he avoided all the women he saw and ran away from any other kind of interaction with anyone. He also tried to go sightseeing and really did his best to be a freaking tourist in Chicago- eager and excited to see what the big new city was all about... But all he saw and pictured in his mind was quite pitiful. Like his future without her, after holding onto the idea that he'd have her by his side forever. Or the places where she would have loved to take pictures and all the individuals they'd make fun of together for being a *real* and easy to spot tourist. Not to mention all the dogs he saw that day in Millennium Park that she would have

begged the owner to pet, which would have resulted with him hearing her constantly tell him “we need a dog just like that!”

After walking through the park for a while, he sat on a nearby bench and began to look at all his surroundings. He was trying to pull himself together, but it seemed rather pointless. *How could I have been so stupid as to let her walk out that door?* He couldn't help but think about how much she would have loved Chicago if they went together. He smiled thinking that she would have made him wish that they could stay there longer, maybe even move to the Windy City where it'd be just the two of them. The trip would have lasted the whole week too, not just the two days he stayed there before he quit and decided to crawl back home on his own. He sighed. *It was foolish for me to think that I'd be capable of going on a trip on my own without somehow tying it back to her.* He wished that he could have seen Chicago and feel as though it was full of life and excitement, like how he thought their love used to be... Like how he always thought it would be.

He let his thoughts get the best of him as he beat himself up mentally. *I let the one good thing in my life walk right out my door, after saying a whole bunch of things I didn't even mean. I don't know what got into me that day. I know she wouldn't have hurt me. I was being a fool, but that shouldn't have been surprising to her. After all, it's what I do best, isn't it?* He buried his face in his hands as he thought about how much he needed her, by his side or simply involved in his life again. He pulled his phone out and scrolled through his contacts until her name appeared with the red heart beside it; he was tempted to just call her then and there. *I have to tell her how much I need her. How much I miss her driving me crazy every day. How I'm a stupid idiot who simply felt threatened the minute I saw another man near her. How I let the demons in my mind come out the day I said all those things to her, like when I called her a cheater and said she can*

leave whenever she wants- which she did shortly after. I would want to explain to her how I really don't deserve a woman like her, but would do anything for a second chance if she'd allow it. He shook his head. *I'm so stupid.* With that, he got up from the bench, put his phone away and started to make his way back home, alone again.

Across town, was Daniel's "heartbreaker," alone and quietly telling herself that she wouldn't allow this to happen again. She thought that it would be best if she can learn and realize that not everyone is going to be capable of knowing and valuing how much she is worth. She would have to learn that the next time she's in a relationship with someone who fails to really know her, or fails to love her the way she truly deserves and even begins to doubt her and her loyalty, wouldn't last long. She would aim to ensure herself that she will be stronger than the person she was all those months ago- the months that she allowed herself to live with the constant bickering about her from her significant other. *It's not my fault if he has trouble realizing how much I loved him, how I only wanted him. If you ask me, I thought I made it clear to him every day.* But, she would guess that that doesn't matter now, does it? Her heart is broken and, well, what's done is done.

She went from the kitchen in her small, tidy apartment and found her way to the couch. She grabbed a blanket and her favorite mug filled with Neapolitan ice cream, and began to eat as she just sat there curled up. She turned on the television, but only because she wanted to hear voices of people actually communicating. Besides, it wasn't long until her one and only true companion came along and comforted her. He whined and jumped on the couch with her, putting his head on her leg. She stared into his big, almond brown eyes that were looking back at her, as if to say, "We're going to be okay, Becca." She just doesn't know if she can believe it this time.

“I did the right thing, right?” she asked her dog, desperately looking for some reassurance. She knew that the dog would never respond to her, but she always hoped that he’d surprise her one day.

She thought about the moment she decided to walk away and the end the relationship, as well as why it took her so long. *Sure, our relationship had its occasional flaws, ignorance, and disappointments, but that’s not all it was. We were happy too, in the beginning.* Becca had always been capable of remembering every detail of her time shared with Daniel, from when it began like puppy love and then blossomed into something so much bigger- something that they both dreamed would last until, of course, it suddenly didn’t.

She remembered when they would go to the beach one weekend, a new park a little outside of town another for hikes, and then to the theaters, and so on. She sighed, *our life was so exciting, we’d always be doing something new.*

She looked across the room towards her little office space. She dreaded knowing that even though she was the one to walk away, it still hurt just as bad as if she were the one who had been dumped. She still had their scrapbooks and old photo albums stored away in the second to last drawer of her desk- where it was easy to pull out if she ever wanted to reminisce. She smiled, recalling all the extreme fits she would throw at him in order to get the best picture possible at all times, because every day with each other seemed like an adventure and she knew that she would always want to treasure those memories by capturing the moment in order to cherish it forever.

And then there were the dogs, she chuckled at herself and began to pet her own. “Don’t be mad, but I honestly would drive him crazy every time I saw a cute looking dog in the area. I always tried to pet them and take a quick picture while I was at it...” Her dog just stared at her, as

if to pout until he rolled on his back, expecting a belly rub and an apology. Becca watched and smiled, "I wouldn't change you for the world though, bud, don't worry... I just wish I knew whether or not I made the right call this time."

She thought about the fight and why, or how, things got easily escalated that day that made her make the rash decision of leaving him. As far as she was concerned, she hadn't done anything wrong. *Sure, I had lunch with the guy, but he was just an old friend whom I randomly bumped into that same day. I didn't even know he was back in town since he had supposedly moved away for so long. I shouldn't have had to tell Daniel about meeting him beforehand. Just as he shouldn't have jumped to the idea of me being a cheater, when he saw my friend and I sitting across one another at a table eating our food through a window in the street. He should have been able to have faith in me, in us- not argue with me the minute I stepped into his apartment later that day and say the things that he will never be able to get back. Just because I didn't inform him of the meeting, doesn't mean I was having an affair. I was going to tell him, and it wasn't supposed to be a big deal at all. Daniel should have known how much I loved him; he should have known I wouldn't cheat on him, just as he should have been able to trust me. Not accuse me of sneaking around with a guy and blaming me for his low self-esteem.*

She bit her lip and relived the moment in her mind; they were yelling back and forth over each other, clearing saying things they couldn't have possibly meant in his living room. Then, she remembered packing up her stuff that was laying around in his apartment and walking out the door, telling him to delete her number. *Why did I have to end it there? I had nothing to hide, I didn't do anything... But he really did think poorly of me that day, as if he didn't know me at all. So, why am I still upset about this? I can't be with a guy who easily jumps to the idea of the*

worst of me. I deserve better, don't I? I shouldn't have to make someone else feel better about themselves either. I did the right thing, for me... I think.

She looked to her side and found that her best friend had fallen fast asleep. Dreaming even, as he kept moving his little paws around. She sighed and put her hands to her face, she was getting a headache over all this contemplating and recognizing just how lonely she is; not to mention, her constant wondering if this war in her mind will ever come to an end and if she'll ever be able to find peace. *What's done is done. We can't go back. It's as simple as that. He's probably moved now with a beautiful woman who he finds easier to confide in with everything anyway... Someone who doesn't drive him as crazy as I did. I just hope he's happy- even if he couldn't be happy with me. Besides, I'm capable of being happy alone. I'll be alright, eventually.*

She got comfortable on the couch, propping up a pillow to lay on and stared at the television, realizing that a movie was about to start as she was hoping it'd either be a good distraction from her thoughts or put her to sleep. But then, the title was shown on the screen and she raised her eyebrows in disbelief while she reached for the remote to switch the channel. *Man, he loved this movie...*

"Back from your usual walk already, Daniel?" asked an elderly woman as she waited for her turn on the elevator.

"Oh, hi Mrs. Kinkle. Yeah, I am... Off to bed now I suppose," as he began to make his way for the stairs.

"Danny, what ever happened to you and Rebecca? I don't see her around anymore. I thought you two would have patched things up by now. I had high hopes for you both."

Daniel clenched his jaw, cleared his throat, and simply nodded. "Thanks Mrs. Kinkle, so did I." He began to jog up the stairs now to the third floor, dodging any other question the old

woman might throw at him and his heart. He reached his apartment, opened the door, and got ready for bed.

He sat up in his bed though, staring at the clock. It was late, but the fact that he knew she usually stays up most nights was bothering him. Plus, there was always the thought that she might choose to answer this time around. *I just want to know how she's doing. If she's with someone new, great. Then, maybe, it just wasn't meant to be. Or maybe she'll dump him for me. We have history after all.* He sighed and hit his head on the wall. *Who am I kidding? She deserves someone so much better than me. I just need her to be happy, no matter what that means, whether it's me in the picture or not.*

He pulled his phone out once more, scrolling through his contacts until he found it again. Except this time, he clicked on her name and the call began to dial. His heart was racing. *I'm pathetic for calling this late, I should just hang up...*

Her apartment would have been dark if it wasn't for the television still being on. She had fallen asleep on the couch, watching *Friends* reruns as her dog suddenly woke up. He put his head up high and slightly turned, ears perked up as he stared at the table in confusion.

There it was.

From that moment, the television wasn't the only thing lighting up the room. It was Becca's phone, vibrating, as the name "Daniel" appeared on her phone screen.

Come on, Bec. Please.

As the vibration grew louder, she rubbed her eyes real quick, and leaned towards the table to grab her phone. She yawned, while beginning to squint at the screen before she could make out the name on her phone and sat up immediately with her heart racing...

It's him.