

Love – personal writing

[Life](#), [Love](#)



Never had I imagined that I would meet a person like Kate. So loving, so generous and full of hopes, faith in others. I was just an ordinary man, or should I say, not as ordinary either. I was disabled. 26 years ago, when I was just 2 years old, I had lost my parents and both my legs in an unexpected earthquake. Since then, I had no family, no house, no money, but most of all, no love. I lived in a place, which many felt was no better than a drain. In winters, I had nothing to make myself feel warm except for the memories of my parents. My life was all about myself and my wheelchair.

I ate scraps of food left behind by people. The garbage bin was my daily supplier of food. When I was 18, I realized that I had to work, make my own money. Without legs, what could I possibly do? I thought. I spent many sleepless nights thinking about things I could do to earn a living. It was then when I started this little 'business' of mine, selling handmade bouquets. I earned only a bit, but that bit was enough for me to have a slice of bread everyday. That day was no different, I made money just enough to buy myself a slice of bread.

The only special thing about that day was that I met a very special person, Kate. She was not just a normal girl. She was no better than a pretty angel sent by God just for me, I felt. I was left stunned by her beautiful green eyes and her cascading brown hair. There was something in her that made me feel different. She bought two bouquets of roses from me that day. I just hoped she would return the following day, not to buy bouquets but to meet me. I longed to meet her, to talk to her. I knew she was the one who would really understand me. I considered myself lucky.

She did return the following day. Not to meet me, but again, to buy bouquets. I was just unable to open my mouth in front of her. She was such a beauty. I made up my mind that she was the one, that's it. Again, I waited, hoping she would come back, just once more. It had been 3 days since she had come to buy bouquets, I still waited, my hopes fading day by day. Finally, she returned, holding a suitcase, dressed up. " 2 red rose bouquets please" she said, in her usual gentle voice. I starred at her as I handed her two beautiful bouquets.

" Thank you" she greeted me, friendlily and walked away. Excuse me! " I blurted out, hoping she would look back. " You are really beautiful miss.. " I said. " Miss Kate" She smiled as she walked towards me. " I was just wondering if you could spend some time with me. Miss.. Kate " I stammered. " oh . Sure but I only have about 15 minutes. I have to leave for London soon and my parents are waiting for me" she explained. I was hurt. Is she leaving for ever? I thought hard. She asked me about my family and I had nothing to say about it. She asked me if I knew anybody else and my answers to all these questions were No.

Tears ran down my red-brimmed eyes as I told her my story. The story of my life and how I spent these 16 years without anybody beside me , without anybody to talk to, without a proper house, without any love. How was I supposed to tell her that I was in love with her? Was this love justified ? How was I supposed to tell her that she meant a lot to me? What if she just rejected me and didn't understand me ? I asked myself. She cupped my

hand between hers and looked into my eyes. The warmth of her hands made me feel so special . " I understand you.

I really do. Spending 16 years without anybody is really terrible.. There is nothing much I can do, except.... " She took a pause. " except.. Be your good friend but not more.. " She smiled unsteadily. " Kate, I really love you.. You are only one who knows what I have been going through and I know you always will.. Kate, I really need you. You make me feel so special and wanted. Please Kate, please do not leave" I begged. It was time for her to leave. She took her suitcase and left. It was again me and my life. A disaster. No one bothered about me .

I only wished Kate would change her mind and return to me. Maybe it was just a few moments of life in dreamland , I thought. Life was back to reality . Me , my wheelchair, my bouquet and my slice of bread. I tried my best to forget about Kate, telling myself that no girl, as beautiful as Kate would possibly want to be with a disabled man. I have to admit, I was wrong. After a few months , Kate returned. She was still the same gentle girl for whom my eyes longed for. I was unsure if she had come to just for me or for something else. " 1 bouquet of red rose please.. she said, as tears rolled down her eyes. "

Kate, why is you crying? " I asked, hoping she would share all her sorrows with me. " Kate, tell me.. Why is you crying? " I asked again. She ran into my arms and hugged me. " I'm here for you Jake. " She explained. " I told my parents about you and I think I need you as much as you need me " She continued. " They did not want me to meet you ever again but I'm here just

for you Jake and I'll always be with you from today, I promise" . That was the time when I understood that Kate was really the one I needed.

She deserved more than this. More than just the love from me, a disabled. What could I do? Being on a very low income, I couldn't even afford a proper house for us both. I started loving Kate and hating myself even more. I wished I could just change the world! Change myself for Kate. I really wished I could walk . It was possible if I had enough money to get operated. Kate supported me a lot. She explained to me that life can be the same without legs. She explained to me that it's all about confidence and faith in ourselves.

It is possible to stay happy without a lot of wealth. I really appreciated Kate, for making me realize how special I can be. She didn't want to have a big house, nor a huge income. She just wanted us both to be happy and together forever. Being with her made me feel stronger, more confident of myself. She helped me a lot and I had nothing I could give in return to her except love. She was like a candle that brought light into my dark life. She gave me the strength to stand tall and face the world. I have to agree, Love really conquers all.