

Good creative writing about grey day

[Family](#), [Parents](#)



Neal walked out of the house and ambled slowly toward his car. He gazed at the sidewalk and recalled happier days, a time when he and his ex-girlfriend were still together. Neal and Kristine had separated months earlier. Kristine's actions made it very clear that she no longer wanted him in her life. For Neal, this was the greatest shock he had ever experienced. Kristine was not only beautiful- she was courageous and hard working. These unrivaled qualities were what made Neal love her. What made it so difficult was that he was certain they would always be together.

Neal once believed they were both looking forward to their wedding and marriage. They had been engaged for almost a year. Sadly, their relationship ended when Neal discovered he had been betrayed. He was stunned when he learned that Kristine had been unfaithful and was pregnant. After he found out, sadness and anger fueled their arguments. At times, Neal was so disappointed he felt violent. At one point, he almost slapped her. He left Kristine's apartment one morning, over a year ago, never to return. Since then, Neal was never the same. He had not gone back to their apartment after that dreadful day and had sent a friend to collect most of his belongings. He tried to understand why he had been so enraged. He always thought he was open-minded. He could not bear the thought that he had broken up with Kristine. He knew he was still deeply in love with her. In spite of his feelings, he was unable to make any move toward reconciliation. The separation affected him so deeply that his life had become an ashen blur. Neal paused for a moment and mumbled to himself. Completely resigned, he removed the plastic cover from his Nissan. Bending over, he lowered himself into the driver's seat. Filled with inexplicable anxiety, he started the engine

and drove off. As he headed downtown, Neal realized he was sweating profusely, despite the fact that it was a chilly December morning. When he reached a bare stretch of curb, he brought the car to a stop. He parked the car near an empty lot and tried to collect himself. Looking in the rearview mirror, Neal noticed the beads of sweat on his forehead. The mirror reflected just how nervous he felt. He was acutely aware of how disturbed and confused he had become. A smoldering coal seemed to be burning deep inside. Neal's appearance reflected this inner upheaval. He realized that he had not even bothered to shave that morning. He felt anchored by the weight of his uneasiness.

Eventually, he started the engine and drove on. He passed the parking lot of a nearby shopping mall. As he looked out through the front window, he noticed a man dressed in a grey suit. The man walked past his car while Neal was waiting for the light to change. Then, the man in the suit entered a flower shop next to the mall. How strange Neal thought, there was something about him. The man in the suit seemed so familiar. He could not recall where they had met. His mind felt foggy; the stress was really getting to him.

Overcome by an inexplicable curiosity, he decided to follow the man. Hesitating for just a moment, he quickly parked and locked the car. He pulled open the glass door and walked into the flower shop. Standing to the left of the door, shielded by a large palm, he watched as the man in the grey suit purchased a bouquet of yellow roses, Kristine's favorite flower. Neal waited for the man to leave the store. He then continued to follow him past the corner coffee shop. Again, Neal was flooded with memories. He had

bought Kristine yellow roses every year, on the anniversary of their first date. They had always come to this coffee shop and sat at the corner table. He would order her favorite drink, before giving her the roses.

The mall was close to the apartment complex where Neal and Kristine had lived. Neal was surprised to see the man in the grey suit walking into the building. Nervously, Neal entered the complex and continued to follow the man. Memories struck him full force. He walked slowly, maintaining a reasonable distance behind the stranger. Fortunately, the man seemed oblivious. Neal had forgotten how welcoming the entrance was. The pale walls were covered with beautiful pictures, and the furnishings were exactly as he remembered. Although, he was aware that the polish on the tiled floor seemed to have faded, and the metal on the elevator was slightly more tarnished.

“ This place has not changed much,” he thought as he watched the man in the suit enter the lift. He imagined the elevator stopping halfway between floors, trapping the man. Neal waited a few minutes to see what might happen. As he watched the lighted numbers increase, he could see that the elevator still worked. Mustering up his courage, Neal entered the elevator. Once inside, he waited for the doors to close. In a trancelike state, he pressed the button. The inside of the elevator needed repair. The lights blinked and the exhaust fan had stopped running. The elevator stopped at the fifth floor. Neal stepped out and approached the door to the apartment where he once lived.

He knocked twice. His trance deepened when Kristine opened the door. She

was casually dressed and her hair was twisted in a loose bun. She was every bit as lovely as he remembered.

“ What are you doing here?” asked Kristine.

“ I was following somebody,” replied Neal.

“ Really?” Kristine asked, surprised.

“ Yes.” Neal responded, in a monotone.

“ It’s been a long time.” She said, looking at him curiously.

“ Yes, it’s been a while.” Neal said, as fresh beads of perspiration built up along his brow.

Neal was numb. Not sure whether to stay or run, he gazed over Kristine’s shoulder. Yes. The man he had been trailing was inside the apartment. Now he remembered where he had seen him. Neal felt sick to his stomach. He was filled with the blinding truth; the bitter wound was reopened. Right before his eyes, everything became intensely clear. What he had never been willing to accept struck him with the force of a train. It was painfully clear that their relationship had been marked by mistrust and suspicion. This was the reason they were unable to stay together. The man, this man, the man in the grey suit was the person who had fathered Kristine’s baby. Although Neal was saddened by seeing his ex-girlfriend, he believed he would now be able to move on. He drew in a deep breath and asked if he could come in to collect the rest of his belongings.

“ Yes, of course,” Kristine said. She nodded her head then continued, “ come in.”

“ Thank you,” Neal replied. Without looking around, he walked into the room and picked up a large box labeled with his name. Carrying the box, he tried

to smile as he walked past them toward the door.

“ Would you like a cup of coffee?” Kristine asked, heading into the kitchen.

Alone with the grey suit man, Neal paused and set the box back on the floor.

“ Look, I need to say something,” said the man as he cleared his throat.

Neal gazed down at the floor, awkwardly.

The man kept speaking. “ You need to understand that Kristine and I grew up together. We’ve known each other since childhood. We have always been friends but never had any romantic feelings for each other. What happened between Kristine and me took us completely by surprise. Kristine told me that she still loves you very much, and she would never consider marrying anyone other than you. I cannot bear the thought that you broke up because of my foolishness. I don’t know how to convince you that Kristine wants you in her life. I know this because Kristine has told me how she feels.” The man stopped speaking. Neal was at a loss for words.

Just then, Kristine walked back into the room with mugs of coffee. Neal wondered if she had heard what the man had said. As Kristine approached Neal, she set the coffee down on the table and embraced him. She was sobbing soundlessly. Neal felt her shaking in his arms and drew her close. He smelled the familiar scent of jasmine in her hair and fought back tears that had been welling in his chest for months.

The grey suit man again began to speak. “ Neal, there is something else you need to know. Kristine did not abort the baby. She gave birth to a boy, Sammy. He is almost a year old. He’s visiting my parents. Kristine is a wonderful mother and loves him very much. I visit as often as possible, even

though we both know we were never meant to marry.”

Neal’s own childhood flooded his thoughts. His mother gave birth to him when she was only 16. His mother had been very strong and had raised him with her parent’s help. He recalled how much he loved his grandparents, and how he had always regretted not having a father in his life. For a while, he thought he hated his mother for having him and bringing him up without a father. Eventually, he was able to understand his mother’s situation.

However, at that time, he made a promise. He had told himself that he would never let a child grow up without having a father in the house.

Here he was being handed the opportunity to make good on that promise.

He could help Kristine raise the child, even if the grey suit man was to share a part of their life. What surprised him most was that he felt perfectly at ease with his decision. This man in the grey suit had turned his life upside down. Could he accept that he would always be around? The thought of making some concessions seemed worth the effort. A huge weight was lifted from his heart. For the first time in months, Neal felt good.

Someday Neal would share his own childhood experience with Kristine and the grey suit man. They had so much to talk about, but not today.

“ Here, sit down.” Kristine said, handing the coffee to Neal. “ Let me introduce you to Dan.”

Neal sat down beside him on the sofa. Then Dan pulled a small photo from his wallet. “ I would like you to meet Sammy,” he said, and handed Neal the picture.

Looking at the photo, Neal felt a profound sense of relief. The grey cloud had lifted and bright sunlight flooded the room.