

# Day the earth stood still

[Environment](#), [Earth](#)



I'll never forget the day the earth stood still. It was as if the planet's entire population had conspired against me to formulate the most detrimental plan that would forever change my life. In fact, it still seems like just yesterday Becky and I were walking on the beach hand in hand with that new relationship glow in our eyes. We were always a great team. A modern day Bonnie and Clyde it seemed like. But as the saying goes, things are never what they appear to be. The first time Becky and I considered one another an item, it seemed weird because we had always grown up best friends.

We had never intended to be more than that but after spending countless hours together, we began to realize that our friendship started to develop into something more. At first, things were going really well. She was always really adamant about spending as much with me as possible, and we were always together. We would sit around my house and watch movies as we ate popcorn and acted like your typical adolescent couple. The only difference was this wasn't puppy love to me, this was the real thing. Unfortunately after about a year, things progressively slowed down and our "newlywed" antics eventually died out.

Things just didn't seem as exciting as they used to be. Although we still hung out all the time, Becky started to drift. Her calls became more infrequent and her monotone voice provided a clear indication that she just didn't feel the same anymore. Even still, we tried to fight through it and after a while things got somewhat better. It was only a few months later that our relationship went sour again. No matter how hard I tried, my best was just never good enough. Everything became an argument and it seemed like Becky and I had gone from being perfectly compatible, to mixing like oil and water.

It's sad to say, but I must have been blinded by all of the " I love you" and " you're the only one I ever want to be with" comments because I became completely oblivious to what was occurring literally right under my nose. One night, I decided I would surprise Becky at her house after she got out of work. My plan was to sneak through her window, light up several candles throughout her room, and set a romantic tone for the evening. I called her several times and strangely, she didn't pick up. Becky always worked late as the head waitress at Hooters, and she would always show up to my house dead tired from working so much.

I figured she was probably just really busy and wasn't able to answer her phone. Either way, I decided that I would go to her house about an hour prior to her getting out of work to ensure that I wouldn't let her spoil the surprise in the event she came home early. I decided that I would go in through the back entrance of her complex, and park my car behind her building to avoid being spotted. I pulled in and began looking around for parking spaces that Becky wouldn't drive by. As I pulled around the left side of the three story white building, I noticed something extremely odd. Becky's car was parked in a guest parking spot.

Not only was it parked in such a strange location, but it was sitting on the complete opposite side of her apartment. That's when a feeling shot through my blood, and a voice within me began to tell me that something wasn't right. I began creeping along side the building watching my every step to make sure I didn't make any noise. I tried to look through her window but her blinds were down and the light was off. I walked slowly to the front door and

turned the golden handle. I'll never forget the sound of the door as I cracked it open slowly. It was so loud and blatant it seemed like the next door neighbors could have heard it.

Luckily for me though, nobody did. I tip-toed to the door and put my ear up against it, only to hear the sounds that any man would pay to never have to listen to. I stormed through the door only to find Becky in bed with one of my co-workers who was also my best friend. I stood there speechless. I don't think that anyone can fathom the feeling that runs through you when something like that happens. It's not so much the actual sight of it that really made me feel like I had been treated so unfairly, it was the " it's not what it looks like" and " let me explain" comments that did it.

After I stood there with a smirk that would have made the devil cringe, I politely excused myself, told them I was sorry, and walked back to my car. Oddly enough, it would have been a lot easier to burst open the door, yell, scream, and really let them know how unfairly I had been treated by both of them. But what was the point? Once I left, they would go back to what they were doing and I would look like complete fool. Instead, I decided to be the bigger person, change my number, and let Karma do the rest.