

# [Names this happening was none. she could](https://assignbuster.com/names-this-happening-was-none-she-could/)

Names are forgotten, faces become blur, memories fade away. Time does that, I thought with time hermemory would fade away, but it did not! The days that followed were busy and mymind occupied, but I couldn’t help it when every now and then I would stopeverything I was doing and think about her; daydream of running into her, rehearsing what I’d say. And then logic would step in, slapping me back toreality. The chance of this happening was none. She could be anywhere in theworld, that’s more than seven billion people. Even if I gave myself a fairchance and hoped she’d be in Japan, that’s about one hundred and twenty-sevenmillion people and if I stretched my luck to its utmost limit and hoped she wasin the same city as I, that’s about 1. 5 million people.

I would need the luckof the Irish if the odds of meeting her were in my favour. Destiny brought herto me once and I hoped it would repeat itself. My first day ofwork was a cold and a rainy one. The rain had reduced to sprinkles by the timeI stepped out of my apartment.

The diffused light from the overcast skyprovided just enough light to see my way to the lobby. The dark cloudsindicated more rain. “ Do I have my umbrella? I thought aloud while walkingtowards the exit, then quickly reached for my messenger bag to check for it.

Thepoorly lit lobby made it difficult to see inside so I pulled it up close to myface. I found it at the bottom of the bag. “ There you are!” I exclaimed, talking to it like onewould to a person.” Now, where are my earphones?”.

I never understood howdespite of carefully tying, it always ended up in a tangled mess. “ I need to get me a pair of those Bluetooth ones.” Isaid irritated, as I began to untangle the cord, a test of my patience. It tooka few seconds to untangle it and at the end of it, I realized I had reached theentrance lobby of my apartment building.

The auto doorswished open letting in the cold spring breeze. Dayum! That’s cold!” I said to myself as I tightened the muffler around my neck thenpulled the zipper on my jacket higher. I underestimated the cold. You see, I ama tropical person and anything around or below 15°C is cold for me. The rainmade it worse. Normally I’d avoid venturing out on days like these asthe idea of getting wet in the rain made me uncomfortable. I’d rather stayindoors, make some tea, catch up with my favourite shows, order pizzas or popsome corn.

But, today was different, it felt different. I just wanted to stepout despite of the bad weather, I did not mind the rain nor the cold. I walkedout with a spring in my step. I was happy! I made my way to myfirst destination: the bus station, a five-minute walk from my apartment. Aleft, followed by a right brought me to a crossroad where I had to wait for thetraffic light to turn green which took about a minute.

I utilized the time toplug in my earphones and search for a song on my iPhone and ended up playing JamesBlunt’s ‘ You’re beautiful’. It seemed like the perfect song. A few momentslater, the light turned green and I resumed walking and just as I crossed thestreet, it began to rain bringing the stagnant puddles back to life. People onthe sidewalks, some walking some riding their bikes picked up their pace to getout of the rain. I on the other hand slowed down. I held out my arm and watchedthe droplets splatter as it landed on my hand. It felt cold, and pleasantly weird. With a half-smile on my face, I retracted my hand back under the cover of myumbrella and continued walking.

I reached the busstation just in time and after a short ride on the bus I reached JR Kurumetrain station. A grand building with a huge stained-glass entrance. I looked atthe station clock, it was 7: 15 AM. I was early and had thirty minutes to spare.

My train to Fukuoka was at 7: 45 which gave me enough time for breakfast. I stoppedby at the convenience store and bought a cup of coffee and what had just becomemy new favourite, Croissants! particularly the salty ones. The combination of thebitter coffee and the salty croissants, magically turned sweet in my mouth. Tome it was perfection! I bagged the croissant and held the hot cup of coffeewith both hands as I exited the convenience store. The warmth radiating throughthe paper cup was comforting in the cold outside but what felt better was itsaroma as I took my first sip on the escalator going up. to becontinued…