

EPHEMERAL

Originally written by:

Julius, who is always **green** with envy
Mimi, the talking teddy

To Mimi, who is my kepam-ed teddy
To Julius, who is always watching over me

Acknowledgement

People think in different ways, that's why when we created **EPHEMERAL**; it won't be that easy, separated thousand of miles away, we are rejoined via the YM.

When two minds joined together, it was quite a catastrophe, everyone got his/her own ideas, yet we became aware that if the ideas are rearranged neatly, it will be just like a big jigsaw puzzle, seems complicated at first yet beautiful when it's piece-ed together

One wrote a paragraph and one will continue another, that was what we did these three strenuous hours and we had fun actually creating the characters and not to mention killing some, LOL

Although this is just a simple short story, we hope that you guys will take some points to ponder upon. As this will be our first co-joint story, we are hoping that this will not be the last though, and for the first edition of our short story, we'd like to apologize for any mistakes, as well as the monotonous tone of the plots, it may be easy to read a story, but to write one, just give it a try

We'd like to dedicate this story to

Our dear Gubu-ans

Khaliq, our "sassy" bestfren. Without him, life is dull. He makes our world multicolor.
Kakmin, our darling pet sis. Songstress. Roller coaster.
Ihab, our darling pet bro. Songster.
Kaksyifa, the sweet one who holds Gubuans together.
& also to Zaki, Toriq, WanZue and Wenkt

Our dear brothers and sisters

Mando, the one who spares his love yet we love him dearly
Ijad, the one who gave up his blue blanket out of passion
Naneen, the real storyteller
MNSH14, thanks and many thanks
Fird, secret keeper
Halfi, basketball star
Khussam, the one & only international ambassador of Garnier
& also to Awe Superman, Hazim sunny smile, Jantung, Ida, Yas, Linanot,
& not to forget Miss Nano who is away but close to our heart

Our dear dear frens

Nori, whose superhuman sarcasm is yet to be matched

Aida, who might be able to surpass nori

Fakru, the object of our torments

Sarah, recently graduated.

Kona, lifeline

Wawa, still wondering what topkapi is

& to Che Mie and Acab, Bayam, and Pijie may the best be with us =)

And to **Abdullah Ashraf** , falling down is easy, getting up is easier if u have the will

And lastly, to **HazimHaz** the very inspiration of this story

ThanKs

Love,

Mimi – 0040 hrs ,180707

Julius – 1940 hrs, 180707

Serene and peaceful, the dawn was handsome. Moon and stars had agreed to descend off the stage and beyond the horizon, red streaks began to illuminate with an indisputable beauty one could never describe. The fresh breeze had somehow spoken - the fate of the dead leaves and with a swinging maneuver they fell onto the ground, rustling as it gently touched them. The stillness was sharply pierced by a reverberation, a soothing one and a rooster was seen performing his duties to wake people up. The sincere voice echoed through the silence, vibrated through every window in the small town of Cardiff, United Kingdom. In a small house down the hill, Hazim woke up and beads of sweat flourished on his face as he just had a recollection of his past. A bitter reminiscence that resembled a nightmare, hunting him in his sleep. Alas, he had nowhere to run.

The dark clouds seemed to follow him everywhere these days. At times, he felt suffocated with the darkness that surrounded him. He had seen a number of consultants attached to his university regarding this darkness. They said it would go away on its own. Go do something useful for a while, the first time it's always hard. They all had voiced the same hope, they hoped or rather had hoped that he, Hazim would be all right. This was just another phase in his life. He was young, he would recuperate. Those were their very words. But the sound of his own voice saying the word reverberated. He hated the word. SORRY. Hazim took the bottle from his bedside table. He took two tiny blue pills and washed them down with yesterday's coffee. Peace was what he sought. But none came.

He shook his head vigorously as a tiny little voice persistently rang inside his head, a voice of guilt. "You're inhuman Hazim, you're stupid". He sighed and paced here and there in his room and halted upon reaching the windowsill. Flocks of birds were gleefully dancing in the air, as free as ever, as he peered through the clouded window and his vision slowly became blurry for he couldn't hold any longer the pain that had been crammed inside his heart for nearly a month and so as to sooth it down, he washed his face with the tap water and took a long hot bath, thinking of all what he had done.

After tidying himself up, he ran his fingers through the collection of his medical books neatly arranged on the wooden shelf. He eyes suddenly caught a glimpse of a title he never stumbled upon before. LA TAHZAN, or literally translated into English as DON'T BE SAD, was eminent throughout the world was given to him by Adreanna on his 21st birthday 2 months ago. ADREANNA, a name that tore his soul apart. The one he pretended to love, the one he almost loved, the one he loved, and the one he hadn't any chance to love again. Turning the study light on, he laid down on his bed, flipping lazily through pages of the book. And his mind began wandering away. And he still vividly remembered the first time his eyes met hers. 6 months ago.

He was too young. *Naïve*. His naivety certainly led to this problem. He was too hasty. He made decision rashly without carefully thinking. In his field of learning, he was supposed to be trained to think clearly. He was supposed to be a problem solver rather than a maker. What had he done? Was that what people called love? A feeling that changed the core of a being. Was the joyful feeling love. The most fatal mistake in these seas of mistakes he seemed to be making these past months was not to consult his confidante and

his best friend, his mother. Hazim knew he should have consulted her. They were the best of friends since he took his first breath.. She raised him to be what he was today without the help of another man in her life. And then in the name of love, he pretended to forget to tell her about his new best friend and his new confidante. The one who took his mother's place.

When mom knew, she was flabbergasted. Mom said he was young. He might meet another girl. He should have concentrated on his study first. Proudly he dismissed her , convincing her it would always be the same. He and she were pals. This Adreanna was just another extension to the unit. He felt that he was complete when Adreanna was around. She complemented him in various sort of ways. He told her mother how he first met her. The first meeting was something he wasn't proud of. He was being his usual self. An arse.

The corridor was full with students. The throngs of students were heading to the Emerald Hall. They were going to vote him. He vividly remembered it was the Election Day. He was the favorite to win the election. Thinking of nothing but winning he bumped into this ethereal being. Her laughter soft and tingly. The world stopped to revolve.

The angelic figure of this ethereal being never haunted him ephemerally but every second. Ho tossed on his bed every night with eyes blinking, hadn't been able to shoo her stunning images away. Being a new Malaysian association President, he knew all the Malaysian citizens in Cardiff yet he had never seen this mystifying girl. With help form a good friend of his, he later knew a name that (he's got no idea) will be artistically carved onto his heart as a memorial of joy and love. ADREANNA, he muttered. A beautiful name suited well to a beautiful being. Fate killed his cat-like curiosity when he realized that Adreanna was one of his higher council members in the society. Being a freshman, Adreanna gained much supports from her fellow colleagues for she possessed solid determinations in pursuing her dreams no one could ever think of beating. Adreanna somehow taught Hazim how to be a good leader. He WAS a good leader himself but leading alone wasn't enough if one wouldn't be able to be a good listener and follower. This precious lesson made the bond between him and her tighter and the once organization-like relationship had magically been turned into a slightly more romantic one. This was what Hazim aspired for so long, since the first time he laid his eyes on hers.

The friendship bud that blossomed up into a beautiful rosy relationship between him and Adreanna wasn't anymore a treasure box, waiting to be dug out. Naturally, everyone in Cardiff was talking about it. Some approved whilst some shook their heads. Those who shook their head were the ones who were close enough to him to know his bona fide nature. The playboy title wouldn't be easily thrown away from their minds as they remembered the time he first dumped his ex. That poor little girl suffered an uncured psychological trauma and she flew off to Malaysia after episodes of her failures. He never thought that he was wrong instead he put the blame on the girl for not understanding him well enough. With Adreanna around, he felt a little difference and he promised to himself that none could take her away.

Back on his bed, these memories of them having the best of times were killing him slowly but surely. He missed the olden days. He missed her terribly. God, he had repented. How he hated himself for uttering the beastly word. According to etymology; sorry was from the word sorrow. It was a humbling word. Maybe because of that, he was punished to bear this sorrow, this self-inflicted pain to humble him. He watched the table clock, Adreanna's gift to him because he was always late to their dates. The clock face was handmade, she made it herself. LOVE IS NEVER LATE with the caricature of her favorite cartoon character Blossom. Despite the tightness he felt in his pain, he smiled. She was so good with her hands. During their relationship never once she bought presents for him. She would rather painstakingly make all the present herself rather than giving him something from the store. The bed sheet he used now, was quilted by her. Maybe just maybe he should throw all those gifts away so that her memories would stop haunting him. Stop this dreadful feeling. Drift this blackness away. But he couldn't. Why was it easy to love, but hard to forget love.

He remembered the day they fought over who was supposed to pay for dinner. She wanted to pay. It was not fair for him to pay all their dates. But he insisted on paying since he was the man, and she, his woman. This was their first fight. An open public fight. Adreanna was usually docile, she was not the one who voiced her opinion strongly. Usually she mildly and carefully chose her word but that day was not of the usual. It turned out his "friendly" attitude toward one of his female lab partners was the reason behind all this. He never knew she knew. And it had never crossed Hazim's mind that Adreanna had the capability of being jealous.

Time had once again spoken for it had already seen the past. Hazim couldn't keep the promise that he would love Adreanna till the very end. The mask that hid his face slowly broke off, showing a hideous scar inside. Adreanna's aura of love that surrounded him began to fade away as Hazim's true color began glimmering very brightly. He couldn't stand to be with just one girl. The raging hormone of his possessed him and took control over him. He was no longer a sweet lover but a beast, ripping her heart into tiny pieces; it bled non-stop. Yet she remained calm although she several times saw Hazim walked with another girl with her naked very own eyes. She kept holding the phone close to her, waiting for his sms-es but it took like forever. Her mobile phone, with "unwritten" song as her ringtone had almost never been heard ringing these last few weeks for he no longer called her. The distance between them was getting too far. Too far that she wouldn't be able to reach even a drop of his shadow.

Hazim knew all these, he knew how she felt because lately his dreams were all about seeing him from her eyes. He was always dreaming seeing himself from her eyes. Feeling all her pain. That was what killing him knowing how painful it was for her. And to know what a jerk he was. He wanted all these to stop. He couldn't bear to dream it once again. Yet this was the punishment he received on earth. Will there be amendment for him? Will the afterlife be kind toward him or will he experience this again and again just like those hateful dreams. Maybe this was the aftermath of disobeying one's mother.

“Sorry Blossom. You are not the one for me. I made a mistake “

He saw her cried. He saw the tears flowing. His face was stony and so was his heart. He thought he had made the right decision. To let go. Since the relationship was never the same again. The best way and the most probable solution was to dissolve the bond so that both parties were not hurting. But he didn't know Adreanna's world crumble when he said he was sorry. He didn't know that although she never told him directly she loved him, he was the only man she ever loved. That day she ceased to live. Hazim knew he had a sin.

With no more Adreanna in his life he felt free. A free man. Ready to hunt for preys once again. He needed a girl to worship him, to adore the path he walked on. And lo, the girl was there, his lab partner. He felt happy again. Just like before except the same happiness was not the same joy he felt when dating Adreanna. This new girl was wilder and modern in every aspect of her life. This girl was a free spirit. Not to be controlled.

God was fair. One day, he forgot his white coat, on the way to his dormitory he saw his new love kissing a white man. He now knew, how Adreanna felt. He was sorry. Sorry that he ditched Adreanna, and sorry for the way how his new relationship ended.

Once one's heart bleed, it would be utterly impossible to have it fully healed. Hazim knew this very fact, a fact that he denied before. But the more he avoided the fact, the more he got hurt and he's not going to let the fact hurt him any longer. He must face the truth. The truth was that he loved Adreanna with all his heart. He mightily crushed his solid ego down as he decided to apologize to Adreanna. He wanted her back in her life so bad as if life wasn't complete without her. He contacted her and convinced her to meet him up in one of the Pakistani kebab restaurant in Cardiff. As he was jumping like a man running amok when Adreanna accepted his offer, she on the other hand half-heartedly agreed. She had some sort of weird feelings deep inside her heart, and before leaving her home, she opened up her drawer and took a beautifully decorated letter design. She was going to write a letter. A letter addressed to Hazim himself. A letter of friendship and love. A letter that would be given to Hazim once they met.

It was 12 noon and the weather was roasting hot. Summer had gotten wild these days in Cardiff. It was almost impossible to hope for rain in this evil draught. But Hazim did not care on how he sweated. He eagerly walked right and left, occasionally looking at his watch. Adreanna hadn't yet come. She was in fact walking, instead of hiring a taxi which would cost her 30 minutes of her time. But she felt like walking, wandering around the town, as if it would be the last day she would see the world around.

“Here Adreanna” Hazim shouted as he saw Adreanna, looking stunningly beautiful with her silky white baju kurong, walked towards him. Tiny yet sweet smile plastered on her face as she waved back and she started to walk across the road, anticipated. There was suddenly a heartbreaking sound that Hazim knew would hunt him forever. The sound of people screaming, the sound of screeching tires, the sounds of smashing glasses and most importantly, a sound of his love shouting his name before everything turned ephemerally

black. Rubbing his eyes, Hazim didn't believe what he was seeing. He ran towards Adreanna, who was thrown metres away. Her suave white clothes was now stained dark red. He put her on his lap, tears rolling down his cheeks.

Adreanna opened her eyes, and weakly handed him the letter that she wrote just now and she whispered "i love you", before closing her eyes for one last time to rest in one deep sleep. Hazim was hysteric though he prayed for some miracles. Adreanna's heart was still pounding after all, but very weakly. Ambulance showed up a few minutes later and she was transferred to the nearest hospital and was admitted into the surgical room immediately upon arrival. Hazim, still soaked with her blood couldn't sit still, he kept watching the surgical room and his heart leaped when the light indicating that surgery had been completed was off. He studied the expressions of the surgeon and he knew that Adreanna would never again be the part of his life. She finally rested in peace after having bled excessively. Hazim collapsed on the ground, and the world around him seemed to be torn apart. After being snapped back into reality by some of his buddies that came over after hearing the news, he regained his strength and slowly opened the already crumpled letter Adreanna gave her. The pink ink of the letters slowly dissolved for the hot steaming tears rolled down onto the letter, soaking it wet.

To the love of my life,

*My heart can simply no longer love anymore. It has forgotten the way to love
It was like it had never love before just like before .Before every beat of it reminds me of
you. I try to forgive you but it is beyond me .To you I was a mistake but to me you were
mye everything and that was my mistake to blindly gave my heart to you. And I lied I do
love you.*

*I cannot be with you now. Maybe just maybe there will be a silver lining for us in the
near future. I don't know love. Let me heal first. I cant live without you even how badly
you mistreated me my heart always look for a reason for it to forgive you. You just dont
know how it was to one sidedly giving love when receiving almost nothing at all.*

I want to tell you I am going away to start life over.

*I want to tell you I am going away to start life over. To a new beginning to somewhere
where memories were not painful as mine were at this time. I do hope to bring you with
me but what use is that when your love is not for me.*

*Here I am writing this hoping that u were the one. The man I m going to spend my life
with. Life is but a dream. But today I just knew my final word to you will be I love you.*

*Yours, until death do us part,
Blossom*

He might have repented. But to no avail the one he loved had gone to God. Hazim was left on earth mourning her demise. Will he be loved again? That's a question, he himself failed to answer.

"To Adreanna, may you rest in peace. And again I am sorry"

Love is something..... ephemeral