

The last six months

By Guardian_angel

Submitted: March 26, 2006

Updated: March 26, 2006

about the last six months of my life.

Provided by Fanart Central.

http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Guardian_angel/30714/The-last-six-months

Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

I love you not because I need you, but I need you because I Love you.

You know I find it funny how people can change so fast, one minute their your best friend the next its like you never even existed in their life. I just spent the last six months of my life (and the best six months might I add) living with my best friend, who ended up becoming my boyfriend then on to my fiancé all in that short period of time. As much as it hurts that he's not with me anymore, and by that I don't mean he died or anything, he just broke up with me, though I think it might have just been easier if he or I had just died, I wouldn't change anything at all. It hurts to know that he doesn't want to be with me anymore, but I can't change that, well I can try but it won't do me any good! As I think about it maybe it would have been easier if I had never quit my job to start at `that' new one, then I never would have found out `he' was starting there and life would still be ok, worth living. But that's not the case, I started working `there' and a week after I started, `he' did to.

"A girl and a guy can be just friends, but at one point or another they will fall for each other.. Maybe temporarily, maybe at the wrong time, maybe too late, or maybe forever"

A week after I started working `there' `he' started. At first things were great, the first day we went the park after work and talked sort of caught up on the last two years of our lives that we hadn't seen each other. Joked about, had fun, then `he' suggested that I should try this game he owned, thought I might like it. So we headed up to his place and the night drug on and minutes of visiting turned into hours. After a quick dinner and multiple pillow/tickle wars later and a movie, it was time I headed home! This went on for a week or two we'd watch movies or talk till late I'd go home and walk to work in the morning with him. I brought stuff with me occasionally for dinners and small things like that! We even worked on the dishes together, one of those times I accidentally hit him in the head with a pot... sort of.... I was moving the pot and `he' had dropped something and bent down to pick it up and `he' bumped his head on the pot. Then one day his mother decided that she wanted `him' home for thanks giving, but he didn't want to go, so `mom' invited me to go in hopes that he would change his mind. He did. It was really the most fun that I'd had had in a very long time, funny thing was `mom' stuck us both on the hide-a-bed and we weren't even dating, though that didn't last long, it was an awkward night and I didn't sleep at all, hell I was lying in the same bed as the love of my life, I spent most of the time watching him sleep! Morning finally came and light entered the room and only inches above my face was a spider. Me being arachnophobia was ahh, terrified and pretty much jumped over him waking him up in the process, I pointed out the arachnid and being my knight in shining armor rided the area of the evil spider. During the day we went to the pumpkin patch and a few other places and as the day ended we went back to his place and talked a bit when I discovered `him' starring at me. So me being curious asked him why he

was looking at me like that, it was the say 100th time I had noticed `him' doing that in the last few weeks. After three and a half hours of asking he finally caved and told me he liked me, I laughed. `He' was like "see this is why I never said anything, you laughing." I wasn't laughing at him I was laughing at myself, so I told him that I liked him to. We were both stumped. For seven years we had both had crushes on each other, the whole world knew but us, and had just failed to mention it to either of us! At that point we finally decided to start being a couple. Damn the world.

"There will be a day when you ask me what's more important, my life or you, I will say my life, you will turn around and walk away not knowing that you are my life!"

So the world was right we ended up together. Hmph who would have guessed the two of us; a couple. At this point in time I was looking into an apartment in the same building as `him', and low and behold I had got one, it was going to be renovated and then I could move in. So for the time being I moved in with `him.' I crashed on the floor in the living room. All was fine in the world then I got the damn cold, it hit me pretty hard I was coughing and coughing and `he' got worried so he'd keep coming out to check on me. By the second night of my cold, he decided that it be easier if I slept on the couch and he slept on the floor beside me. Still sick the next night I fell off the couch and just stayed beside `him' on the floor, by the third night we had decided that me sleeping next to him on the floor wasn't so bad so that's where I stayed. That night I tried to tell him how I really felt (the whole three special word comment thing) but I was really shy, he ended up saying it for me and after that, I was granted my first kiss. It was unexpected but one I'll never forget! True I had dated other guys before `him' but I was saving my first kiss for someone special. I didn't even tell him for a few months that he had been my first kiss. We did normal couple stuff, went bowling with a friend, had friends over, went out for dinner and movies. We sent lots of time together, but we always found time to spend with our own friends as well! Our next-door neighbor, whom was already friends with `him', was someone we spent lots of time with. She became a good friend of mine as well. When ever we needed to talk to someone she was there for us.

" Its the best feeling in the world when you say hi to me or smile at me cause I know for a second I crossed your mind"

Time went on and we finally moved out of the living room and in to the bedroom, it was great we were happy and all just cuddling. Soon enough his shift changed and our time together was cut to less than 6 hours a day together but it was only for a month or so but we got around it, and spent every moment we could together. Eventually it led to more and my first time and all. Hmm a sick day it was for him. Better than I could have ever imagined. And again something I'll never forget.

'According to a new survey, women say they feel more comfortable undressing in front of men than they

do undressing in front of other women. They say that women are too judgmental, where, of course, men are just grateful."

Soon I had a shift change and we were once again able to spend a sufficient amount of time together again. By now we had decided to go from the one bedroom apartment to a two bedroom. Since I moved in with `him' together we had too much stuff. The move was difficult because we both worked fulltime but we managed to get it done some of it last minute and when finished the move soon start to get used to our new home!

Do not marry a person that you know that you can live with; only marry someone that you cannot live without.

We were really serious about each other and had now decided to think more about our future together, I asked him to marry me. I'd never been happier than the moment he said yes. I had bought the ring for him that afternoon; that evening asked him while he was still on his shift, everyone congratulated us. Things seemed to be going perfectly. We had even made a friend from a guy at work who we had confronted on our way home one night, he was at the park fountain, and was considering killing himself, but because we had taken the time to talk to him and offer our friend ship we saved his life. Little did I know he was going to become such a good friend to me down the road.

"Don't forget who are because you never know what you'll be."

So came the time to tell our parents, we were most worried about my day, but the day we told him turned out great, dad welcomed `him' to the family and was overjoyed to tell nearly everyone about his new `son in law'. `His' side of the family however didn't take it as well as we would have hoped. `Mom' was not too keen on the idea of us getting engaged after only a few months of dating. Said we were moving to fast, not using our heads. We had figured that we'd be ok; we had known each other for eight years and truly cared for each other.

These settings will have no effect until you restart the system. Reset Universe (Y/N) ?

Although every relationship has its ups and downs all you should have to do is talk things over with your partner and work things out as a couple, our relationship was no different. But it was the talking part we always seemed to have the trouble with. We seemed to prevail though, things were well. Because of `mom' a few things came up that `he' should have been able to tell me by himself but never did, how I

dressed and my make-up for example. So I changed myself hoping it would help.

. "I'd rather be hated for whom I am, than loved who I'm not."

I had forgotten this. I guess it was too little to late, things always seemed right. There was nothing to worry about. Ya sometimes things got rough but life is just a road with bumps right, eventually you'll hit gravel.

There are very few personal problems that cannot be solved by a suitable application of high explosives.

The end of the year was interesting I was off work for most of it due to ... stuff and a stupid accident where I fell on Ice, which if you want to know more about ask me about it some other time, the whole 'I've fallen and I can't get up' comes in to effect here! Lets just say this four paramedics and a stretcher. Besides that I always like to do things for 'him'; I bought him things I thought he would like. He normally enjoyed the stuff I got him to. 'His birthday was fun. And Christmas, ahh Christmas was great. We spent Christmas eve and day at my moms place it was fun, 'he' was part of the family, we slept in the basement on an air mattress. For the next two days went out to 'moms' place for a second Christmas, there we slept in 'his' old suite! It was sooo much fun, sadly though when we were at 'moms' I felt really out of place like I didn't belong. It didn't matter.

I like work. It fascinates me. I like to sit and look at it for hours.

The new year came the first month past so did my birthday, (which sorta sucked but 'he' made right) so did the little get together/birthday party another friend of mine planned, it was so much fun. We hung out had cake had fun and then things started to take a turn. See I've always hated Valentines Day cause the whole stupid day has always sucked. This year it was going to be different I had the love of my life to spend it with. I had been called in to work early that day for new training and was the only person on the afternoon shift to be brought in for the morning shift. Well it ended up being my last day working 'there'. At the end of the day I had been 'terminated' 'he' was there to pick me up from work and had brought a bouquet of flowers for me to surprise me. I was crushed another valentines day had been ruined. 'He' did so much to comfort me and it helped. The card on the flowers read: 'Thanks for always putting up with me. I love you'.

I love you not because of who you are, but because of who I am when I am with you.

Things changed, after I lost my job, we couldn't afford to keep our apartment which meant we had to move. Which we did; we moved to dad's basement suite. The first week went well. We were getting use to our new surroundings. A week or so prior we had painted the living room, made it look better. Now it was starting to become our new home. I knew he was unsure about the whole move but I would never have guessed to what was about to happen. He was worried that I wouldn't find a new job and things wouldn't work out.

Cheer up; the worst is yet to come.

Hehe, I guess that love blinded me I never noticed till it was too late that `he' had changed. This is how it ended `he' got a text from his old girlfriend so we went upstairs and talked with her on a messenger for a while, I was asked to leave so I did and when he came back down stairs I had lost the guy I had originally fallen in love with. Over the next few days `he' had changed so much it was like `he' was a whole different person. `He' wouldn't talk about nearly anything with me; `he' was more secluded than normal which is a lot. His ex had returned with `mom' cause she wanted to talk to him and `He' was asked by `mom' if in the middle of the week he would go out to `his' `moms' place, I begged and pleaded with him not to go or to at least take me with him but he insisted he had to go. He took the day off work and we walked around town and talked, things were rough but I had hope that things would be ok, I knew something was not right but I pushed that thought so far back in my mind and concentrated on the issue at hand. We cuddled on the couch, cried and talked. I told him of the nightmare I had been having for a while, where I wake up and `he's' not beside me in bed and that the last few months never happened. Soon enough the time came for him to be picked up, he assured me that `he'd' call and that in the morning he'd be back and everything would be alright, I waited all night for that call, it never came, I kept assuring myself that if I believed in him enough that everything was alright and that the reason `he' couldn't call was that he was out of range for the cell or something. I had spent the whole night unpacking out stuff and cleaning, by morning the place looked like a home! I waited and waited and still no call though, in the early after noon dad came downstairs, `he' had called, and he wanted his stuff back. His decision wasn't me. They came and collected most of his stuff, he came with the police, he was scared of dad and my brother, `he' wouldn't even talk to me till the police arrived and even then I never got much out of him. Its funny only a few nights before my brother had told me "its really cool that `he' was here it was nice to have an older brother seeing as he had only had two older sister while growing up." He assured me that we'd stay friends, like he always promised that he'd always love me, hmmm it didn't last. Over the next week I sorted his stuff from mine and packed it for him to come and get, which he did, the same day I started my new job. Since that day I've tried many times to ask him why this all happened but, as I perceive it `he's' being a coward and has managed to avoid answering me, and at the same time has become truly cold and hurtful towards me, so much for wanting to stay friends. That day I lost one of my best friends, one that in general is irreplaceable. Eight years of being friends means nothing to him.

A true friend is someone who sees the pain in your eyes while everyone else believes the smile on your face.

As much as it hurts my other friends have been there for me, and because of them I'm already trying to start over. I'm not looking at this as a complete loss but as a learning experience. So here I am at the end of this story, well no not really, I learned a lot from `him'. Sometimes best friends make horrible fiancés. Nya

Never hit a man with glasses. Hit him with something bigger and heavier

Here's a finishing note: You know its funny everyone keeps telling me I'm so strong or that I'm the strongest person they know, hey maybe I am I always try to be there when anyone needs me You know how I put myself out on the line for people I like to make sure that their ok and happy. Its what I do always have, as long as everyone else is good then I'm happy!!

A woman will always sacrifice herself if you give her the opportunity. It is her favorite form of self-indulgence.

It's still going to take me a long time to heal but I know that with my friends always there for me I'll always be ok! They're the ones who make me strong. I guess this is how I'm dealing with this break up! In my own unique way; I turned it in to a story to share with people! Since I can't seem to get mad at `him' I'll just keep writing! A poem, a song, this story!

When I hear somebody sigh, "Life is hard," I am always tempted to ask, "Compared to what?"

REALIZE

I can forgive, but can't forget

I've loved you, ever since that fateful day, we met

You're the one who's still on my mind

You're my everything, my all, you were so kind

I cuddled with you I cradled you

You held me till the night was through

Chorus

So now your gone, but I won't give up yet

I am who I am you get what you get

You're the one guy worth fighting for

So if you'll give me a chance a little time more

You'll realize

I should give up I should let you go

I'm desperately holding on and so

But I can't let your presence fade from my heart

I love you still, as I had from the start

I guess its time to realize

How much I loved the look in you eyes

Chorus

I can't help but miss you and it's a given I'm sad

If I seem quite persistent, I'm sorry I'm not mad
All the times I held you in my arms I remember
I don't want to lose you after reacquainting last September
I'd watched you for so long and then you were mine
It seemed in my head that everything was fine

Chorus

We've danced, we've sang, I thought we've always had fun
And now its over what's done is done
I enjoy being with you, I'd never change a thing
When I'm with you I'm so happy I want to sing
Sadly I never stopped to think that you might leave
Thank you for being there for me though our time together was brief

Chorus

Believe me like I believe in you, you always amazed me
I wanted you at my side for the world to see
As long as we stay friends, for that I'll always pray
I'll always be yours and forever stay
I'm here for you and forever your friend
Until the end

You realize

If you don't know where you are going, you will wind up somewhere else