

The Butterfly

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Valentine's Day. There's always hope.

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I sat alone in the lunchroom accompanied only by a cold grilled cheese on a dirty plastic tray. Swarms of college students marched in and out of the concession stand of a cafeteria. The food was never enjoyable, even when the grilled cheeses were hot. Everyone was black and white. They were bored, vacant, uninterested in anything going on around them. I've never looked in a mirror so I may have been just as bland and colorless as them. It was Valentine's Day. If you haven't noticed yet, being alone on every Valentine's Day since birth has a negative effect on one's positive attitude. This being the case in my particular situation, I didn't have the most optimistic outlook regarding my romantic life or life in general. I stared into the colorless space of the full cafeteria, hoping a false figment would appear to brighten me up. I clenched my eyes shut hard for a few seconds, wondering if when I opened them, I would see something special or meaningful. I opened my eyes and they slowly adjusted to the black and white spectrum, except now, I noticed a rainbow of colors sparkling in the distance. They approached me like a meteor slowly hurling towards me. The lights of the rainbow slowly dimmed but continued to glow as it approached. It suddenly became clear to me that this fantastical spectacle of color was coming from the top of a tall blonde woman's head. A butterfly hair pin sparkled on top of her like a halo. As I glimpsed at her, the colors began to spill down on her and fill out her glorious body. Her silky blonde hair naturally moved back and forth as she walked. Her fitting lime green dress matched her green eyes. She was perfect in every way and we had never met or spoke before. I knew this was it. This was meant to be. She was the perfect woman for me. I decided this instantly. Not only was her physical being perfect in every way, but I could see into her soul through her glorious green eyes. I could see who she was. What she was made of. She was a brave human being, someone who was nothing but kind to her friends and enemies alike. I knew she was one of a kind. I just knew it. As I continued to lock my eyes on the angel before me, I noticed she was walking away and out of the building. I shook my head as if to break the trance I had been put into, and sprung up from my chair to chase my dream. I began to sprint across the lunchroom when my shoelace caught on a chair leg. I stumbled and crashed right into a table where someone was attempting to enjoy their spaghetti and meatball dinner. My shirt was covered in red sauce and noodles. I quickly brushed myself off and continued my pursuit without speaking a word to the person I had saved from a guaranteed god awful meal. She exited through the revolving doors into the

blinding daylight. I followed in great haste and burst through the doors soon after her. To my unpleasant surprise, she was nowhere in sight. I spun around in circles, desperately hoping to find my only ticket to happiness. In mid-spin I caught a glimpse of her. She was in the parking lot ahead of me. I ran harder and faster than I ever had before. She seemed to become further and further away from me as I ran towards her. It was as if my eyes were playing a cruel trick on me not long after rewarding me with the ability to see her beauty. I finally reached the parking lot but my dream of a woman had disappeared into the pool of parked cars. Exasperated, I bent over and rested my palms on my knees, trying to catch my breath. As I did this, I suddenly felt a sharp pain in my side as a car's back bumper knocked me onto the cement pavement. I didn't see any little birdies circling my head, only darkness. I didn't think I was going to open my eyes ever again. "Oh my God! Are you okay!?" said the soothing voice of my angel. I felt her soft fingertips run across my cheek. Her touch gave me strength and reason to open my eyes again. I opened my eyes to find her on her knees huddled over me with a look of concern sprawled across her gorgeous face. "I was texting and driving. I'm so sorry. You're bleeding! Are you okay!?" she pleaded. I lifted my head and looked down at my chest. There was no blood, only spaghetti sauce. "I am wonderful now," I answered smiling. "Oh thank God. I thought I might've---" I didn't let her finish. I locked lips with my angel and I felt a warm soothing sensation come over me. It felt right. Our lips separated after a few seconds and I looked at her and she gave me a big smile. "Will you be my valentine?" I asked. She giggled. "Um. Yes? That is, if we can keep the insurance companies out of this," she joked with a grin. "Good," I answered. She slowly helped me up off the ground and I immediately noticed all the colors around me. The autumn leaves on campus trees, a light blue sky filled with fluffy light clouds and the most beautiful woman in the world standing before me. For the first time in my life, the world around me was alive and so was I.