

The Leap

He stood there on the edge of the bridge, just a mere foot away from the deep dark sea. His hands were trembling, his face was completely numb and his legs were shaking in the cold rain. He raised his arms and took a deep breath in and closed his eyes. He started to remember.

His jaws had dropped, his pupils had dilated and his whole body had been covered by goosebumps. He had been star-struck at the sight of Jill who stood right across the dance floor. He had pointed out to Mark as to how she had been the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

“You should go talk to her man.” Mark had said.

“But I don’t know her. I don’t know what she is like. What if she is completely different from me?”

“Dude. Stop. You are doing it again. You need to stop over-thinking things and sometimes just jump into things. Just go with the flow.” Mark had replied in a raised tone.

“But what if she is not my type at all and is boring and dumb. This will be such a mistake.”

“If you stay here chatting with me instead of getting her number then you would never know. Besides some mistakes are meant to be made. Now go.”

John had decided to take Mark’s advice and had reluctantly started walking towards where Jill had been sitting. He had felt that each step forward had been heavier than the previous one. He had decided that he was going to use the same pickup line Mark had used for Nikki.

“Uhh hi! I couldn’t help but notice how...” he hesitantly had started speaking before he had gotten cut-off by Jill.

“Oh Thank God! I thought you would never make a move. I have been waiting here for the past hour and watching you stare at me and wondering if you are interested or not. And here you are. Now I know, this may seem a little upfront but here is my number and give me a call. I have to get going, my friends are leaving” Jill had kept the piece of paper on the bar counter and had rushed out.

John had been shocked. It took him a while before he had decided to pick up the piece of paper. He had looked at the paper and smiled.

The very next day he had called Jill and had set up a date with her at *La Italiana*, his favourite restaurant. She had worn a bright yellow dress that reminded John of his mother’s yellow scarf and had captivated his attention. They had taken their seats and the waiter had asked for their orders. John had ordered his usual tortellini.

“So, do you always order the same thing? Never anything different?” had said Jill with her eyes squinted coupled with a smile on her face.

“Yup. Always. I am not a big fan of change.”

“Really? Don’t you get bored eating the same thing every single time? You should really try something new.”

“I don’t know. It is just that I am not sure whether I would like anything else.”

“You won’t find out until you try you know. Trying new things is what life is all about. ”

John replied with a smile. They had then talked about their likes and dislikes, things they liked to do, what their hobbies were. He had told her how he played the guitar every day and

how it made him happy. They had kept on talking for hours and after a while he walked her home outside which they shared their first kiss.

They had continued to see each other for the next few months and John had grown quite fond of Jill. He used to spend all of his time with her and whenever he was not with her, he would just talk to her over the phone. Yet he hadn't realised that Jill had become frustrated with their relationship.

“So John, do you like me?” had asked Jill.

John had initially sighed and then nodded as a follow up. “Babe, I don't know how many times I have to tell you that I really like spending time with you.”

“John, you have to realise that it's not enough. We have been going out for so long and this can't be enough. I have given everything in this relationship. Why can't you just commit to me? It is just one thing I am asking from you. One thing.” Jill had broken down whilst tears had rolled down her cheeks. She sat down on the bed and held her face in her hands.

John tried to put his arms around her. But she pushed his hands away.

“Are you going to commit to me or not?” asked Jill. She had wiped her tears away and stared in his eyes for an answer.

John had stayed quiet. He just bowed his head.

“Well then. Its done. We are done. I hope you find someone you are willing to commit to.” Jill then exited the room, slamming the door as she left.

John sat there on the bed for a few hours and contemplated what would had happened if he had actually committed to her.

Months had gone by and John had stopped smiling. He had lost 20 pounds. He had had trouble sleeping as every time he closed his eyes he saw Jill in her bright yellow dress laughing and smiling and dancing. His guitar had gathered dust and had gone off tune. He had unreturned texts and unanswered phone calls on his phone. He hadn't left his house in weeks. Until one day Mark eventually had gotten hold of him and had forced him to meet him at *La Italiana*.

He hadn't been to the restaurant ever since he had broken up with Jill and headed out in his car. He had kept wondering what would have happened if he had just taken the leap into the relationship with Jill. It was a question that had bothered him for a while. Whenever he had thought about it, the image of Jill in her yellow dress sitting and him smiling at her whilst they held hands popped into his mind. But it hadn't bothered him anymore. He knew what he had wanted all this while.

He had reached the restaurant and as he walked toward it from the parking lot, he noticed Jill. She sat there alone in her black dress. He finally he had a smile on his face. The speed of his walk had increased until he saw a handsome young man walk toward the table and kiss Jill. He stood still and watched them as they laughed. His eyes had become wet. He turned around and drove to the bridge.

He slowly opened his eyes and there was still darkness in front of him. He slowly breathed out and lowered his arms. He still couldn't feel his face and his hands continued to shake. His legs had stopped shaking and after a moment he had gathered control over his hands and stopped their shaking. He was ready. He took the leap.