



**my concept of love.**

anon.



all material is copywrited by the author.  
if any material on here is to be used or copied,  
please contact the author.

© anon.

thank you for taking your time to read this. you  
are appreciated.

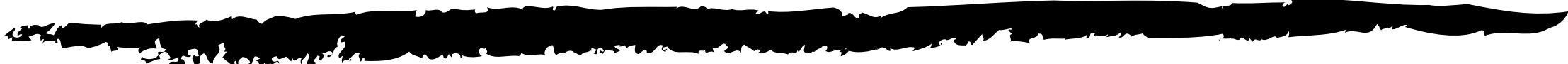
anon.






## CONTENTS PAGE:

chapter i: this is how we started.



chapter ii: dependent.



chapter iii: anniversary.



chapter iv: i love him, he loves me not – closure.



chapter v: matters of the heart.



chapter vi: the end.



*Once upon on love, there was me.*

*I was once in love  
a long time ago to a man  
but we were so young,  
had so many dreams we,  
imagined the future as one.*

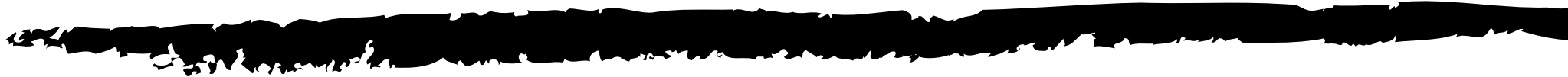
*It never happened because life happened and now,  
once lovers have become strangers to one another.*

*It's okay because life gets like that,*

*you love,  
and you lose  
then you grow  
and learn  
and move.*

*Once upon on love,  
there was us.*

chapter i: this is how we started.



He was 15 and I was 13. I must have been in year eight or year nine... (in all honesty I just know that I was in secondary school getting an education like I was supposed to). It was the 26th of December to be exact - that was what made it [the idea of us being together] more memorable.

Anyway, let's continue on, I was messaging him on WhatsApp through my blackberry phone just checking up on him as friends do. We were talking about stuff, somehow (i have no clue how) the conversation diverted to us now talking about relationships and feelings - that's when I told him how I felt; for one, I was a brave child, a young 13-year-old telling a 15-year-old boy about her feelings who would have thought. I really `shot my shot` I remember him telling me, "why didn't you tell me in the first place and you waited this long to tell me how you feel?" in regards to his emotions and feelings I did not know how he

*felt, I could not make an assumption on how he felt simply because I was not him.*

Fast-forwarding to the next day, our conversation from last night had gone on into the early morning. We signed and sealed off the conversation to each other saying, "I Love You x." Did we even know what the word `love` meant? Was there a basic definition of love that we both understood? I mean we were just kids right.

Ready, Set, Go!

The engine had started and our relationship was on the road. He was the driver, and I was in the passenger seat sitting beside him. Like `Quincy` and `Monica` from `Love and Basketball` he was MY `Q` and I was HIS `Monica`. We were somewhat inseparable, I was dependent on him.



chapter ii: dependent.



*You were my backbone (i was dependent on you).*

*I looked up to you (i was dependent on you).*

*When I needed advice or someone to talk to,*

*the first person I would turn to*

*was you.*

*You understood me,*

*I confided in you*

*and showed you.*

*You were my backbone,*

*I looked up to you*

*I was dependent on you,*

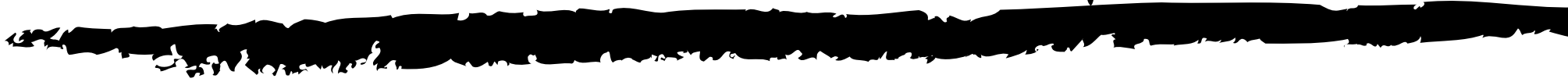
*I loved you.*

I had never had someone from the opposite sex love me the way that he did. He was my boyfriend, my perfect other, the other half of me. Being an only child wasn't the greatest to be very honest with you at times I was lonely, so having someone that you could talk to and trust took away my loneliness, it made me happy it made me whole again, that missing void in my heart was now full. I was no longer alone.

We would message each other day in and day out as couples do. We cared for each other, we loved each other but we were so young. I was his, I confided in him. He was the only one that had seen me for me, who knew who I really was underneath all this persona, he had seen me for me. He was my dependent. I knew this for sure, it was official.

I never went out of my way to ask him for money or anything of that kind, I didn't need it at all simply because I had his love, I had his heart and he had mine, that was enough for me.

chapter iii: anniversary.



*On the 26th day I'll never forget.*

*We made it official on that day and I have no  
regrets.*

*From that day on we never used our regular  
names,*

*just "baby" "darling" and we ended our  
conversations always with "I love you" because we  
really did love each other.*

*Now,  
that day is full of memories,  
memories lost in the mind but forever secured in  
my heart.*

*Maybe you've forgotten  
because it's not on your mind,  
but it's okay  
as long as I have you in my heart,  
I'll never forget, our anniversary.*

It didn't even reach a year before I ended the relationship. The breakup was clean but also messy at the same time. He had questions that I gave him the answers to, but they were not enough. His pain haunts me - you know that feeling after a [1]semi-successful breakup, you feel bad but we move. I had to stop. Us being so young scared me, I felt that we would both be a distraction to each other - I lie. That is utter rubbish. Okay, okay, you want to know the truth, I was scared of so many things, I should've let all my fears be known to him (after all we were a couple, we were one). I didn't tell him, it didn't make no sense - a guy that I was dependent on, didn't know how I was truly feeling about our relationship. He hated stuff like that.

[1] I call it semi-successful because everything  
would've gone on smoothly if the approach to the breakup was thought through and done properly.

It was just shambles.

Months after it all, I still had my regrets. I wanted to turn back the hands of time and go back with him, however it was too late, he rejected me.

It was even him that suggested the whole closure idea.

chapter iv: i love him, he loves me not

- closure.





enough said,  
this title is self-explanatory.

*I'll learn to move on okay.*

*I'll learn to stop hurting,*

*I'll learn.*

*Learn to stop loving you,*

*because you don't feel the same way.*

*So, I'll stop holding on to my love for you and move  
on.*

*I'll pick myself up,*

*so that I no longer have to hide things and hurt  
myself anymore.*

*I'll learn to move on,*

*for my own sake.*

*Your words did hurt,*

*but it's okay.*

*I now know the truth & how you've really felt all  
these years.*

*It just took you so long to come out with it*

*but now, I can move on again.*

*Thank you.*

*Goodbye.*

What was there to say? I still loved him. Instead of me to move on with my life and focus on myself, I couldn't.

I loved him.

This was a process that I realised would take a while, a while for me to fully recover. Whenever I'd talk to another male it felt like a rebound or that I was forcefully trying to fill up an empty void. It hurt.

We spoke about this – what happened and why what happened, happened. I don't remember any clear solutions coming out of it, however what I do remember was how frustrated he was with this whole relationship thing. We were practically going back and forth and in circles of discussion over this issue, it irritated him. He was tired, I was tired and we were clearly going nowhere with this. In light of all this, we HAD to let each other go. We had to end this, it had gone on for too long. If we didn't have that closure then it would

have been harder to let each other go. Was this closure thing really going to work? Was it the best decision that we made?

Closure.

chapter v: matters of the heart.



*So sacred, but yet so fragile,  
discussions about it – rare.*

*The matters of the heart are only  
understood by the right people, those that have  
access to the heart.*

*You see, the heart is so sacred and the love that  
pours out of it cannot be given to just anyone.*

*The matters of the heart – only for lovers to  
understand,  
the matters of the heart,  
padlocked, to not ever be opened by anybody.*

*The matters*

*The matters,*

*The Matters of the Heart.*

Some things, are better left unsaid or unspoken of even. For one, it is only God that will know the depth of that relationship. Only he knows all things. It is also God who will truly understand the love that that person had for their past lover.

Locked and sealed with a key, lost archives in the heart need to be revealed. That is what I did. There were some things that I couldn't explain, for example, why I still loved him after all these years, why I even cared.

Getting to understand how he felt about me and the position that I had in his heart, showed to me that this was really and truly, the end.

chapter vi: the end.





*I am thankful to have known you,  
but now I have to move on.*

*I wish to no longer stay in the past,  
with memories that are long gone.*

*Just to fill up that lonely void I,  
kept replaying the memories in my head.*

*Just to fill in that lonely void I,  
wished that you and I were back together again.  
I cannot create something that was never meant to  
be,*

*and I am tired of hiding these feelings in me.  
So I officially end the “we” that was never going to  
be,*

*just so I can move on and find love again.*

*Cheers to the good life always,  
this is,  
the end of an imaginable “you” and “me”*

*© anon.*





**my concept of love.**

anon.

"He was 15 and I was 13..."

'anon.' shares to you, her first ever encounter with love from opposite sex, she describes memories, moments and lost archives that she has stored and locked with a key, in her heart.

this is,  
her concept of love.

© anon.

