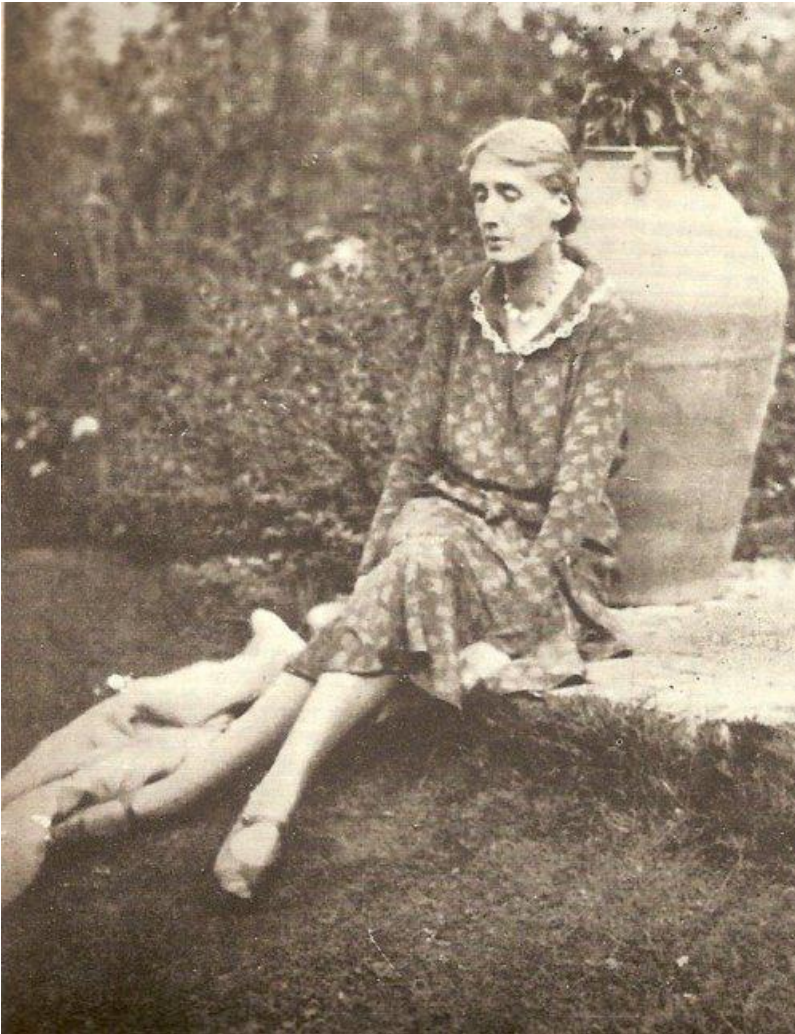


Game over!

di Beatrice Fabbri



It's getting colder outside and I am not in the mood for complaining, just wanna relax, drink a glass of red wine, forgive what happened and may be step forward.

My blanket keeps me warm, books are all over around my sofa, a second glass of Chianti is there to give my thoughts the framework I need now to handle everything.

The day after my birthday, I finally got the decision to break up..difficult to explain, just the feeling I wanted to free my body and soul and be back in the sea where I was born and destined to live.

I wondered for days asking if all this had been tied to unsaid expectations but then who cares? I made my decision. No matter if I knew this could have been taking more time to step into action.

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Apparently, nothing did change in my daily schedule, I felt at ease with the number of my working tasks and liked my job as teacher. My life went on with the right pace, the one I always enjoyed, hurrying and slowing down at the same time. It was always when coming back home from a busy day, that it came to my mind I needed to cancel all the traces from my life.

Exactly what? I asked to myself.

I wasn't able to give an accurate answer just had the intuition to collect evidences.

I drove for miles in the country and came back home late hungry. I was feeling at peace for the very first time. French fries included.

The hot water in the tub inspired me: a hidden voice was whispering me: simply let go...I slept for 10 hours long. The day after I was leaving early for Paris.

I spent New Year's Eve with two old friends of mine in a stylish bar à vins (kind of winery shop) between glasses of champagne, chips and croquemonsieur, those fabulous crunchy toasts with ham and cheese. We enjoyed each other company with no big stuff to deal with if not looking for cosy places to eat and drink or visit museums, mostly the Picasso Museum, the Rodin one and some sections of the Louvre, notably the Ancient one, we were all fond of. Once in a while, my friends stayed in to rest of the afternoon so I walked on my own for one or two hours in the Marais enjoying the little kosher pastry shops and having a cappuccino at the only Italian bar in the area.

Paris has always been like a medicine to me, even when I was feeling moody, it has had the power to heal me with anonymous and yet meaningful insights. Behind the grey light of that cold winter, I was ready to be back in the race, in my daily routine. Thanks Paris!

A brand new me? Not sure, if not I was willing to gather all the stuff, packed and returned it to him with priority mail. I laughed when I realized how none of these things recalled me of a gift

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chosen for a special person as I was expected to be.

You know...passion, care...

But then who cares? No more excuses, I turned the page some time ago. Now it was time to breathe and start a new chapter in my adventurous life.

The post office was crowded. Finally, It was my turn, I was ready to return him the few evidences without any additional explanations. No need for, just the stuff. That was enough.

The lady told me it could have taken more or less five-six days to be received.

That's ok, I answered and paid for the priority mail. I, then, thought: If it had taken more time, who would have cared?

So far, the only thing I was sure, he wouldn't have expected to receive such a meaningful reply from me to all his nonsenses.

A week after, my mobile phone rang. I saw his name on the display and left it on the table keep ringing for a while. After a while, he texted me asking him to call him back. But I didn't reply to his message.

The game is over and I am doing just fine.

He didn't probably expect such a decision from me.

Game over!

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I am sure the ghost of him will be there for a while, but then who cares?