

Molly Dreams

A comet love

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Let us be happy while waiting for happiness...

I could be original and start this book with: my name is Laure, Mathilde or Élodie, but I am not original. I simply want to start by talking about a comet, this comet that has crossed my life at the speed of light. As a sign of fate, it brushed against me, touched me at a strange moment of my existence. This comet has brought so much to my life: meaning, but also beauty. For my friends, it's just a shooting star, an invisible and inaccessible pile of dust, one star among many. My incipient feelings surpass any human being, any logic.

Twenty-five years, not only this is my age but this is also the space-time between him and I, it is the time between two beings, two lives. I could have closed my eyes and let the comet go away, run away, without trying to hold it back, I could have just watched it melt into the darkness, into the past, I could have made it a simple memory, a simple regret. I could have, but I vowed to possess it, to make it mine, in spite of all that time, in spite of all those years which had already separated us.

It was so much more than a comet...

~ An earthly life ~

One day, I too was a fifteen-year-old teenager with a bad feeling about myself. Shy little girl, too tall to go unnoticed, too hung-up to be at ease with myself, constantly focused on my faults. A brunette with blue eyes, I was desperately trying to hide behind large dark glasses, my eyes concealed by a thick, dark fringe. Too thin for my age, I used to camouflage myself under loose, wide clothes, mechanically wandering about unaware of who I was, where I was going to...

At school, with a pencil in my hand and my head in the stars, I am a dreamer. A dreamer nonetheless intimidated by these men who teach me their knowledge, authority and, quite simply, life. Minutes, hours, years spent contemplating them, imagining their lives, their dreams, their defeats. What are these men dreaming of? I wonder how I will later be able to draw their attention, make them pay attention to me, make them see me as a full-fledged young woman and not as a child. Am I the only one who needs their consideration to grow up? How long can I keep

this secret? What if I hurt myself by loving these men who are indifferent to my youth? Too many questions for the little being I am. Hidden, I look at them with my innocent eyes but without admiration, because being attracted by men of your own father's age seems to be inappropriate.

I'm now a Year 10 student in a small country college. Four years have already passed, four years during which these men were part of my life. For some people, they are just teachers, but for me, they are so much more than that, they are models, gods. Time has gone by but I lost track of it. I'm going to have to leave these places, to leave them behind, and learn to build myself alone again, without their eyes on me, nobody knowing that during all these years, they have been so much more than that.

The bell rings for the very last time in this English classroom. My heart is beating slowly as I enter this room which seems so dark, so sad; I want to immortalise this moment forever. I know this place better than anyone, every little detail, that smell of perfume that paralyzes my mind every time I walk into this room, this clear space, these traces of chalk on the board, these

aligned tables, this window which gives me, just for a moment, the chance to let my eyes escape in the void and think about what we could have been. Little pieces of paper found at the bottom of my pencil case, those hours I spent laughing, those teenage fantasies of mine...

I sit at the back of this class, sick with fear, he is there, in front of us, waiting for this hubbub to calm down, waiting for silence. Staring at this face which bears the marks of time, I catch myself dreaming of a story, why couldn't we? Why don't you believe in it anymore? Am I that transparent? What if I tried to forget, just for a moment, that this man is married and a happy father! One day, I will perhaps manage to forget those brown eyes, those tired man's hands, that look surrounded by wrinkles, that charming being, that reassuring and familiar presence by my side. Maybe one day, but not today. Right now, I want to live this last hour as if it were the last one of my life.

Heavy-hearted, I see the minutes pass, I am completely helpless, the end is getting closer, my end is getting closer. Now I have to get up, take my courage in both hands and go talk to him, tell

him that it has been four years since time stopped for me, four years since I've only had eyes for him, that he entered my life in the clearest and sweetest way. I have to get up, but it is too late, the bell rings the end of the session, the end of this time, the end of a dream, the end of all hope. My end.

Middle school is now over, years went by, and so did my high school years and time in general, life has resumed its course, the ordinary life of a young girl full of dreams and doubts. I have been left by the side of the road, a girl with strange and weird tastes, a disturbed girl attracted by middle-aged men. During all this time and in spite of myself, I decided to remain silent, to deny my desires, to fit the mould. I thought I could do it if I forced myself a little, I thought I could convince myself.

How does it feel to be normal?
I can't remember...

February 2013, fresh start, new job, new city. Here I am taking possession of the latter, getting to know its inhabitants, its customs. I learn to live differently, I live at its pace, with it. In this big apartment somewhere in Brittany, I lead the normal life of a twenty-three year-old woman. For a few years, I have been discovering what it is like to live with a man of my age, a man far too young for me. Everything could have been perfect, it could have been, but where does this feeling of emptiness, of lack, come from? Why does this teenage body repel me so much? What can his youth bring to me?

Life is banal, routine, meaningless and charmless, I feel out of place, I am lost, lonely. Why does this feeling come back to me so late? Why am I still looking for these wounded, mutilated, but so lively faces? Yes, I've been normal for the past few years, unhappy, but fitting the mould. I fought against myself to make no waves, to be and remain transparent, to satisfy all those looks on me, to be suitable for a merciless and uncompromising society. How long have I been lying to myself? I have just opened my eyes, I have just understood and realized who I am, and everything I have denied for all these years.

I decide to turn a blind eye to these prejudices and what other people think, and no longer to my desires. I want to live for myself now, I am more than ever in search of these protective glances, these men full of experience and certainties. Over time, I thought I would find my place among the people of my generation, why can't I forget them? Is that normal? I'm holding on. I've been lying to myself for too long...

For too long, until the day when...

~ A new glow ~

On May 9, 2013, this was not only my first day of work, it was also the day I met the comet. This unexpected, unhoped for and so sudden encounter. A voice was about to change my destiny, a man's voice, so deep and reassuring.

A sound, a jolt, I turn around and remain transfixed, frozen, inert in front of this stranger who seems familiar to me though. I listen to him, I look at him, we have nothing in common, everything separates us: we are light-years away from each other, and yet I am here, impassive, present, but elsewhere. The sound of his voice rocks me, transports me, I am now a shadow of my former self, I am no more than a floating body.

It's almost eleven o'clock, I don't realize yet what's happening to me, what's going to happen to me afterwards. I don't realize that my life is changing irrevocably at this very moment, even though I don't really want it to.

In his fifties, he has a breath-taking physique: tall, sturdy, salt and pepper hair, all dressed in black, with his shirt tucked in and freshly waxed shoes. I'm looking at him, the self-confidence, the presence which emanate from him could make any woman shiver with desire. And what about his face? A face wounded by life, marked by ordeals, but still so beautiful and smooth. His big green eyes hide behind tiny rectangular glasses, and the smile he wears could melt anyone's heart. Immediately, questions come to my mind: why this attraction? Why him? Why now? Why this click? And why would he look at me? Why me? I could be his daughter, he could be my father...

But why... why... why... why not...

*"I stumbled on the creases of his wrinkles,
it made me feel sick, his beautiful broken face,
just like a livid star on the verge of falling"*

(Christophe Maé)

So many questions, so many misunderstandings, I had forgotten this feeling for quite a few years. I now remember this feeling, that of having a reassuring and protective body by my side, a watchful eye on me. I'm just a child, what on earth could he do with a child? I know that his eye will never catch mine, he will never look at me. I have to forget this idea right now, close my eyes before it is too late, before I can no longer back out. I can't expect anything from this man, I should let him go, watch him disappear, this would be the most reasonable thing to do. I have to regain consciousness, but...

Something magical is happening. I'm feeling on top of the world, in another dimension, between heaven and earth, I'm feeling untouchable, I'm sailing among the stars. Before my eyes, a spectrum appears. It is distant, almost unreal, I can't grasp it; it's shining, dazzling me. I open my eyes: it looks like a comet. I don't know anything about it, I don't know what it's going to do with my life, but I know that it's going to sweep away everything in its path, just like a tsunami. This phenomenon is about to collide with my universe, causing sparks to fly everywhere, but it will also make me feel

stronger, more beautiful, more alive than ever.
But I don't know it yet.

Time goes by slowly and every day is the same, I go to work and hope that he will be there. I jump at every little chance to stand out from the crowd, I try to draw his attention, I resort to tricks to be able to approach him, so much as a moment, to tame him: "Would you like some coffee?", "Are you off this weekend?", "Are you working tomorrow? "And what time are you clocking on?", "Do you live nearby?". Unfortunately, I must face reality, his answers are brief, my questions are irrelevant to him, I am invisible. In my head, thousands of questions arise, I am aware that he has never looked at me and yet his presence reassures me. I need to know he is close to me, a few meters, a few centimetres away and sometimes, when I no longer expect him to, he approaches me, shows an interest in me and he lays eyes on mine; I can feel the osmosis, the harmony between us. I look forward to the following days, those moments when the comet appears again.

I show myself and hide myself; I attract him and

reject him, constantly looking for a way to reach him, to make him see me, stare at me, and want to possess me forever. Discreetly, I check his schedule and count the days of the week which will bring us together and those which will separate us. Those days of hope when "work" does not go with "despair". But, little by little, a kind of pain sets in, I have the feeling I'm lying to myself and lying to the others. I keep it all to myself, I conceal my joy, I trivialise his first name, although it is deeply anchored in my head day and night. For fear of being misunderstood and judged, I don't talk about it, I keep quiet. I would never want to hear my loved ones say:

"Forget him, this man is not for you. He doesn't expect anything from you, it's nothing, nothing but a fling. Tomorrow, without realizing it, you will have forgotten him, he will be out of your thoughts, he will be nothing but a name, and then you will love another man, a different man, a younger man, because this man is too old for you, he could be your father, you have no future together..."

I am aware that many things separate us, that we may run the risk to destroy each other, to hurt