**Fragments Of Us**

*“…And after all said and done, you’ve become nothing but a fragment of my memory…”*

**2012**

His name was Darey, and he was the most charming boy I’d ever met.

I met Darey when I was twelve years old. I was in SS 1 and had just recently changed school at the time. I wasn’t very outspoken then. I was very shy and mostly kept to myself. But there came a boy before me, who had no care in the world. He was so confident, so charming, so sweet, so loud and very much handsome. We were the exact polar opposites.

But as with the law of physics, unlike terms tend to attract.

We didn’t become friends immediately. At first, I didn’t exactly like him because I felt intimidated by his extroverted personality.

But everything changed on a cool friday evening after school. I was at the balcony of the last floor, waiting for my mom to come pick me up. I had my notepad beside me. I was scribbling down the lyrics to a song I had been trying to compose for a week. I hadn’t noticed his presence behind me, until he spoke.

“Yellow.” He said from behind, startling me. I yelped and turned around to sight of him craning his neck trying to peek at what I was writing.

“What?” I asked, slightly irritated and confused at his sudden mention of yellow.

“I heard him bellow, his voice sounded like yellow…” he replied, and that’s when I knew he had seen what I was writing. I quickly closed my notepad and looked away shyly. I suddenly felt so embarrassed at the thought that he might have seen the entire thing.

Maybe because the song was actually about him.

“I didn’t mean to pry. It’s just, you seemed so focused and I was kind of curious as to what it was you were doing… I didn’t mean to be rude.” His apology was so warm and sincere. I relaxed a bit and loosened my grip on the notepad. I refused to meet his eyes. It was much more easier staring at him from afar, than from such close proximity.

“But yellow does actually rhyme with bellow, if you think of it.” He added, breaking off the silence.

“But yellow doesn’t have a sound” I stated to him. He smiled broadly at me. “Well, that’s the beauty of art. Anything is possible, once you can paint the picture. Black is gold, love tastes like pink and yellow has a sound.”

I felt butterflies for the first time ever in my life. And I would never forget how I felt on that cool friday evening at the balcony with the only boy I had ever loved.

**2015**

It’s been three years since I’ve known Darey.

We became friends immediately after the scenario that happened at the balcony that day. We formed an unusual bond with each other. It was surprising how our friendship had worked out, because we had exactly nothing in common. He liked rap music, I liked Indie rock. He liked spicy food, I liked sweets. He loved horror and thriller, while I like romantic comedies.

But somehow, we understood each other so well.

He was my soulmate.

I hadn’t known then that I was in love with him, until Sandra, our head girl publicly confessed her feelings for him on the last day of our waec examination. It was at our general hall, students were everywhere. I froze for a second and held my breath as I awaited his response.

I saw his eyes searching through the crowd of faces in the room, until they landed on me. Our eyes locked, neither one wanting to look away. His stare was so intense, I was beginning to feel hot.

“I love you.” He said suddenly, out of nowhere. Everyone gasped. Including me. It was obvious he wasn’t saying it to Sandra, because his gaze was still fixated on me. Everyone in the class was confused, and likewise myself.

I didn’t know what he was trying to get at. Was he being serious? Or is it just an escape strategy for him?

We still held our gaze. He suddenly turned his body towards my direction and started walking towards me. He stopped just a few inches away from me. He looked me deep in the eyes and said.

“I said I love you Kaine.” His voice echoed in the room. Loud cheers erupted as every student present were pleased at the sight of our sudden telenovela.

I was dumbfounded. I hadn’t been expecting that from him. “I have loved you from the very day I saw you walk into our classroom. I love every part of you, and I want you to be my girlfriend.”

That moment changed our lives forever.

Probably for the worst.

**2020**

It’s been four years since I last saw Darey.

We broke up after a year of dating. He had to go study abroad and I didn’t think we could do the long distance relationship. He tried to convince me otherwise, but I knew too well than to believe in words. He had proposed to me the day before he left. He told me to wait for him, that he would definitely come back for me.

I didn’t believe him a hundred percent, but some part of me really wanted to cling to the hope that he would fulfill his promise.

He left, and after a year, I didn’t hear from him again.

I dialed his number severally but it never went through. I left a bunch of emails and messages, but he never responded. I didn’t know his family so I couldn’t get through to them to check up on him.

Six months passed. A year passed, and I still hadn’t heard from him.

**2025**

It’s been ten years since I last saw Darey.

I got to find out years later, that Darey had died in a car accident in Europe. Just a year after he had left for school. I coincidentally ran into his mother at the bank. She came to upgrade her account. I saw the surname and I was forced to ask if she was related to Darey.

I cried when she told me about Darey, and how he had planned to introduce me to the family when he came back home for holiday. He had formally introduced me as his wife, his mother had said. It’s tragic how I only got to know how serious he was ten years later.

**Today**

I sit on my balcony, my old notepad on my lap next to me. I can still see that day, that moment, like it was yesterday.

“Black is gold, love tastes like pink and yellow has a sound” he had said that day, with the sweetest smile I’ve ever seen.

On a Sunday afternoon whistling with memories, I miss you. Darey.