

TEXT MATE

*Every life story in this world is written by God's own hands.
That is why I'm very thankful because as he wrote my life,
He included you as a part of it.*

This was just one of the text messages you sent me almost 11 months ago. Spending a peso wouldn't hurt that much to send these messages I guess.

Yes, it all started with those text messages.

Thanks to Milnor, my college friend. She was the culprit of these all. She gave my number to you and the rest was history as the present unfolds.

I don't know what made you be attracted to me. I wasn't even aware that you were attracted to me. All I knew then was that you simply needed a text mate-no more no less. According to Milnor, you are looking for a girlfriend. I was then on a hunt for someone who could fix my broken heart.

Since the time we became 'text mates', my day wasn't complete without a simple early morning greeting from you. It seemed that you were never out of stock of all these 'words of wisdom' that you sent me. Amazingly, I never grew tired of reading them! When the moon shines up, reading your messages lulled me to sleep.

Having you as my text mate wasn't a big deal for me. I'm tired, too tired of meeting guys that all ends with a simple acquaintance. Game over, so they say. But, when you invited me for an 'eyeball', my nerves shivered. I admired you for having that courage to see me. This wasn't a normal thing, I thought. This was the beginning of the 'next level'.

The big day has come! To say that I wasn't excited to meet you is an understatement. Excited as I was, I couldn't help but have that fear of having the 'what ifs' – what if you didn't show up? What if you're not the person I expected to be?

Well, I decided to forget about the 'what ifs'. Wearing my favorite bright yellow shirt, I took the escalator going up the next floor of the shopping mall where we agreed to meet and let my eyes search for a man in a striped gray polo. I really wished then that my eyes won't fail me. At last, I found you! There you are, standing in front of a fastfood chain pretending to scan those thick, old pocketbooks on sale. Obviously, you were also on the lookout for a girl in a yellow shirt.

Luckily, you immediately recognized me for I gave accurate descriptions. I wore a yellow shirt but I hardly recognized your striped gray polo. Nevertheless, I introduced myself to you and hand in my 'pasalubong' for Milnor. That was one of the reasons why we have to meet. I came from Boracay then and so my friend Milnor begged for a pasalubong. The other one was the "hugs" that I promised to give you once we met.

We spent the day sharing stories and the like. I was stunned that you have not forgotten about my promised 'hugs' pasalubong for you.

After hours of keeping you waiting, I gladly gave you a friendly hug as my pasalubong. This was one of the unforgettable moments of my life that I would cherish. I thought you were lifeless then, because you never responded. It felt good anyway. I felt my heart jumped with joy as a smile crept on my face. I could see that your eyes were sparkling too!

It all started with a text message and the rest was history.