Karma & Diamonds

Tasters from

Book 1 - Moon Child

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The Phone Box

What would he say? Would he understand? Would he be heartbroken? Was I a bad person for doing this? Would he hate me forever for it? My hair was now drenched and so was my face, as I stood and thought about the pain I was about to inflict on an innocent boy who had done nothing whatsoever to harm me. Would I be able to tell him? Suddenly, I was filled with self-doubt. Was I doing the right thing? Was I just being selfish? Once again, fear and dread held me in their clutches. My heart thumped like a panicked, caged animal. I had to get out. I had to be free. These thoughts raced in my mind, all of their own accord, and made my knees wobbly and weak.

Was there something wrong with me? Was I not capable of being loved? Did I have what it took to be

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loved? Was I just scared, like Papa said? Maybe I was just scared, terrified even, of being loved. Was I not now doing to him and his lovely family what I myself I had experienced? Was I so stupid that because of my selfish and immature behaviour, I was pushing away a guy who was so perfect for me? Would I ever find someone as wonderful as him? Tears of frustrated helplessness and sadness gushed down my face at the thought of the cruel deed of fate I was about to commit. Young as I was, I could not turn back on so compelling a call and yet, I felt devastated. I questioned myself: Could something that was so hard and possibly wrong to do, in reality, be so right?

It seemed that I stood at the edge of a cliff, about to take a leap of faith. Was I completely misguided? Would I crash and burn? I felt like I was close to wetting my pants with fear, my knees still wobbly and weak, as I looked into the phone box, impatient for the man to come out. These two or three minutes seemed like the longest of my life. What was this man doing in there? Could he not see that I needed to have the most difficult conversation of my life with the guy I loved? What was taking him so long? Then, he finally hung up the phone and I rushed in, pushing the drenched hair off my face and wiping my tears with the back of my hand, only to find it streaked with running black mascara from my eyes.

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I got a fistful of coins out of their small plastic bags, and clumsily pushed in a series of coins as I began dialling Arjun's number. A few coins slipped from my wet hand onto the floor. I bent down to pick them up and as I did so, a few more slid out from my other hand. Frustrated and in a raging panic, I tried to calm myself down and start dialling the number all over again. The rain pelted down relentlessly. I could hear the phone ringing at the other end. One ring, second ring … my heart thumped hard and loud. I feared it might just jump out into the phone box. On the third ring, I was relieved to hear Arjun answer.

"Hello?" I could hear in his voice the hope that it would be me at the other end.

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