

This, this right here is where I belong. In some ways I've always been here, in the middle of an incomplete story. Searching for a way out, to reach a supposition, a climax to an ordinarily beautiful life.

And on some rare days I feel that I have found it, on some days when I look around and watch these people that sit beside me, having a smoke, laughing at my absurdity, I almost think that I have found it. It almost feels like a forever. It almost feels, complete...

Almost, that is, in its way, one of the most cruel yet beautiful words that I have ever had a pleasure of coming across.

Almost.

'I almost made a fool of myself' is a positive rendition of the word while, 'He almost survived' is its negative aspect. How many words do you think are there in the English language that can be used both ways? Not many I'd say. But just the simplicity of the word, in spite its gravity, astounds me and also brings me comfort.

Some might say it is similar to the phrase, 'I'm fine', there is a normal way to say it and then there is the way Ross says it, well as fans we know exactly what that means.

So from the girl that finds comfort in an un-deterministic 'almost', it would come as a surprise to you if I said that I have found a piece in my unavoidable finality.

Unavoidable finality.

Words with more meaning than the ones we would normally use. Finality means stagnancy, it means completion, it means there is nothing more left to do, and sometimes it means there is nothing more you can do. Yes, the two things are different.

When you wake up in the morning, you have a list in your head of all the things that you could do throughout the day, and the things you will achieve in the coming years, so having something to do, somewhere to reach, someone to see, some place that you need to be, this isn't the finality that I'm talking about. I'm talking about when you look at a picture of your friend that you drifted off from and know in your heart that no matter what you believe, there is nothing you can do, no one you can be, to have them back. That is the finality I'm talking about. The one that makes you feel helpless, that is the unavoidable finality that I found comfort in. This unavoidable finality that has a hidden almost, it is the kind of almost that gives me serenity and tranquility. The one that you feel after a sip of water after a long period of time has passed, the one that you feel with every bite that you take from your grandma's version of Alu-Parathas. That is the one I'm talking about.

An almost in an unavoidable finality.

You might ask what that almost is, funny how with all these words that can be formed that is the one thing that I am completely unable to describe. But isn't that the whole point, trying to express your exact emotions, some die trying and some, well they become writers and live hoping that one of these days, they will look at a word, in a book somewhere and it will fit into their incomplete jigsaw puzzle.

All our lives, we go through words after words, some too big for the missing piece and some too small, some exactly the same size but they still don't seem to fit, and then, after all this searching, wondering, writing, reading, when someone looks at your vacant expression and dares to ask, "How are you?", you stand still at the red light, with the walk sign green and an opportunity to try and walk towards finding that missing piece, but you look at them, think a little about the green-walk sign, plead your feet to cross the road, but they don't, the resolve is no more and you reply, "I'm fine."

But you see it in their eyes, the unnerving need to tell you that you aren't and that they are able to read it. And maybe if they ask just one more time and bring the question to their lips, the almost true speculations, you might admit it. And so naturally, in a deep throaty voice, they spit out an "Okay". Do you know how much weight that word carries? How could you? No one in their right minds thinks about things like 'the weight of a word', I mean you would have to either be a lunatic, a politician and in most cases an impressionable writer to construct that. All three very real and very comparable professions, I have my reasons. But since you weren't either, you just feel this pang in your chest, right where the heart is supposed to beat, and you maintain the eye contact for almost a millisecond more, whisper a smile and walk away.

"Okay"

Some of you, fans of reading might have heard the word before. Some might have seen it hold a great significance in movies like 'The Fault in Our Stars', but do you understand this word. Have you looked at a word and ever wondered how different could this word mean, if we used it in a different tone. Well now it isn't about a phrase, it is the one word that I fear, the one word that changes people, it either helps you as an assertive, or holds you back, and all of that can be felt simply by the pitch in which it is spoken.

Eyes half closed, a little moist, deep throated 'okay', that is the one where you feel defeated and incapable of helping someone no matter how much you want to. No, that isn't the 'okay' that I'm talking about. Shrugging shoulders, half smile, a head nod, a normal pitched 'okay', this is the one that I'm scared of, you would be too if it came from the one person whose back you have always had, the one person you 'thought' you could've counted on.

So there. That is all our stories in a gist. It has an 'almost', an 'unavoidable finality', an 'Okay', and a 'thought', but it also has a rather unusual word, 'failed'. No not like when you score a 20 percent from a 100 in a test, not that, because that failure that can be countered, felt deeply and mended. That isn't the significant 'failure' of our stories, in fact someday you might realize that it isn't even worth mentioning. The failure that I'm talking about is when you look at someone you have known for a huge part of your life, and realize that he has always been screaming for help, but you have been too preoccupied to notice, and when you do the emotion in his eyes that is this feeling of disappointment, in you and his faith in you, that feeling of pain when you know you have failed in friendship, love, that is the hero of our stories, and the villain. On most days when I sit with an album of such failures, I realize that more often than not those are locked away in a box, the one that opens every few months, just to take stuff out, wonder what good it is, and keep it back. It's like self-inflicted pain, only this without slicing open a wound to let the pressure out. We do it over and over, visit those moments, of failure at showing weaknesses or failure at showing strengths and wish for things to be different, wish to have handled it a different way, heard, said, understood, differently, and then with a lot of self loathe and a sad smile we close that box for a few more months, the cycle begins again just when we are about to reach at the epitome of our happiness.

That's what is the hero of my story, 'failure', can you guess the side kick that follows it arounds and doesn't let go of its hand even in the direst situations?

'Disappointment'.