

"Love only the one with the purple aura," the old lady hissed in my right ear. "For she's the only one you'll love. Do not love without the aura."

I rolled my eyes, and asked, "and what about men? I'm just as attracted to them."

"Yes, yes, that too," she replied with a bit of annoyance. "You kids are putting labels on everything these days... love is just love." She faded away from existence a few moments later.

I woke up, barely reacting to the reoccurring dream I just had. I'm still single, and I'm still ignoring the auras. Every time I chat to someone who is purple, I felt like I was cheating in this game of life. I don't have to explore and search, because I know that every purple aura is a guarantee of a long-term, successful relationship. Question marks about the future are erased for me.

But it's more tiring to know when your partner has less faith in the relationship. They don't see what you see. Their question marks are not erased. You could reassure them over and over again, but only you have the answers.

One day, I was waiting for a coffee order to arrive. I looked up from my phone momentarily, and saw a wonderful man walk in. My heart flip-flopped. He didn't have a purple aura, but I was slightly confident without it. Approaching him, my mind ran wild with thoughts. Am I really doing this? How could I do this? Could I be disobeying the order of the universe?

I said hi. He said hi back. I asked him for his name. It rolled nicely on my tongue when I repeated, and I shared my name. He smiled, and I wanted to cry out of happiness. I asked him on a coffee date despite the fact we were already at a cafe, and he smirked, which made me blush. "Tomorrow or now?" So we decided on both.

As I sat beside him, I could hear buzzing noises in my mind. I know it's the old lady in her default form: a mental image of a bee. She buzzed over the words of the cute date, and I had to mentally swat her out. But she is as old as the universe, and knew how to dodge.

Sometime later, he checked his watch and said that he should go back to work as his break was over. We will have a fun dinner tomorrow, he suggested, with a surprise at the end. How could I say no?

That night, she returned, louder and harsher than before. This time, she appeared as anger, making the room feel hot, heavy, and rough. "Never have you went against the rules! You kids are disrespectful of rules these days!" She made me cry so hard, I was almost certain my bed would be flooded with tears. She left my room as I was falling asleep. I don't know how she felt since she haven't utter another word after the first teardrop. With a weird mix of hesitation and rebellion, I decided to not care about her words.

When the morning light peaked in my room, I stared at my phone on my night table. Maybe she was right, I shouldn't question fate. He didn't have a purple aura, why should I set myself up for guaranteed disappointment?

My thumb hovered over the "send" button, and I eventually decided that I shouldn't cancel the date. I want surprises, big and small. With my stomach in knots and buzzing sounds at the back of my mind, I decided to give him a second chance. Maybe his purple aura was just really, really faint. And maybe I'm just blissfully lying to myself.

Maybe all this time, I just want to have a question mark.

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