

THE THREAD OF ACCEPTANCE

by

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2nd Place in the ESU Chile Short Story Competition 2022



ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION

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The Thread of Acceptance

At first, there was a thread. One that wouldn't break. I would look at it every day thinking of a way for it to go away. The thread started at the top of my head, connecting my brain to the deepest part of my soul, but curiously, even if I tried to follow the path it made, I could never find the end.

I was desperate, it was too much for me to handle. I couldn't deal with the emotions this thread brought to me; they were too real for my weakened brain to understand.

I tried breaking it, but it didn't work.

I tried twisting it, but it didn't work.

I tried burning it, but it didn't work.

I tried knotting it, but it still didn't work.

After a while, I tried to look at it from a different approach. I started to analyze the thread, trying to figure out the reason behind its existence, the reason behind its colour, even the reason that made it choose me as its host. The thing is, the more and more I analyzed it, the more it felt like there was something I wasn't getting. Almost as if the answer was in front of me, but I just couldn't see it.

The thread had ripples, and many parts were broken and hanging by what was left of it. Other sections were as strong as the bond the moon has with our planet earth. It didn't have a pattern, it seemed like the broken bits were there on purpose, placed there by someone (sometimes even me) who wanted to damage the thread: who wanted to damage the only connection to my heart.

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I never was a believer, not truly. I stayed with my feet on the ground and observed what happened outside, in the sky. I stared at the universe with admiration, thinking about how much more it knows about me than I do, it could even be said that I was jealous of it. But there was always something in me that made me want to believe in something, even if it didn't make sense. I secretly wanted that grip to be something greater, wiser, and kinder.

I don't believe in destiny,
but I truly want to.

I like to think there's a red thread uniting us,
one that twists, knots, and turns
but never breaks.

I need to believe because it brings peace to my soul,
comfort that everything will come.

An unwritten law
as true as the celestial body that warms our days.

I don't believe in destiny
But I truly want to.

I started to get overwhelmed, the time I spent trying to understand the thread had made me start doubting myself, it had exposed my soul to people who wanted to hurt it. Some even thought they had the right to grab the thread and try to manipulate it, to make me believe they were the light of the world: the true power behind my existence.

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And I was getting tired of it, of this vulnerability, people saw in me once they got to know me. So, I tried to hide the thread, to make it seem as if it wasn't there: I went back to step one.

After a long time of trial and error, of opening to the world and blaming myself when I ended up getting hurt, I decided to look at the thread once again.

Do you know how they say you must live with your pain? How must you actually feel your grief for it to really go away? I wasn't taught how to do that. And all the time I felt like I was doing just that, I realized I was doing it for the wrong reason.

When I looked at the thread, I saw more damage in it. But this time, the pattern made sense. The timeline was clear now. Every time my heart felt like it was betrayed, there was a ripple on the thread. And when I decided to ignore the thread, it was hanging by something smaller than the head of a needle.

So, I decided to change my approach, to try and embrace the thread instead of denying its existence.

That's when I felt a genuine change in me. When I traced the thread and followed its path, I reached my heart. And for the first time, I realized how unfair I had been. How much I hadn't listened to what my soul ached for. Suddenly, everything seemed nicer, softer than it was.

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I still don't know where the other end of the thread leads me, maybe to someone, or something, or maybe it doesn't get anywhere. It doesn't matter, because now I trust that everything that happens to me has some meaning behind it, something to leave behind that will mark the thread and therefore, mark my path.

What I needed to feel free of the heaviness of the thread, wasn't trying to control it or carry it all by myself, I had to let it be and carry it by my side, as guidance to the empty eyes of the future.