



I'm not robot



Continue

Fate vs destiny in love

Bright SideNewPopularInspirationCreativityWonderSometimes seems to end up in the right place at the right time as if in line with someone's will, leading us to think that this is simply fate. We at Bright Side found 10 stories about how avalanchings changed people's lives for the better. I moved to a new rented apartment. I lived there for two weeks. One day I decided to organize a spa day for myself. I smeared myself from head to toe in blue clay. Then someone walked in. I was standing there, naked like the day I was born, all blue like Avatar, and I met the gaze of an incredibly pleasant surprised man. I ran to the kitchen and picked up a knife. The guy picked up a spray bottle and we started demanding who was who and why were they here. It turned out it was his apartment, and it was leased to me by his grandmother who dreamed of finding her grandson a wife. We still remember that day. And I still live there now: we live as one family. There's always one homeless guy hanging around near my house. He once came up to me and asked me for money for a lottery ticket. I didn't believe that's what he wanted it for, but I gave him money. The next day he came back to me, gave my money back and said, I'm overcome to you until I die! I bought a lottery ticket and won \$250,000! Thank you! I actually almost started crying. It was so nice that by giving him such a small sum, I somehow helped him get back on his feet. © Los Angeles Times / Polaris / East News There is a small square near my home. I used to go for walks there with my sister on a regular basis. There's a mysterious place there where mum met our dad, and my sister met her husband. And today I accidentally bumped and knocked a guy in the exact same spot. I apologized and helped him get up. My entire family is now waiting for the wedding date. A few days ago our cat ran away. My husband said that he went away dying because he was already 13. I had to somehow explain it to my five-year-old son. Yesterday we were out for a walk. I had already planned what I was going to say in my head, and then I heard my son say, Mom, look! I looked, and in his hands was a copy of Freddie when he was a kitten. Now, the new Freddie lives with us, and I told my son that our old cat was still living in the younger version. Then my husband and I started thinking about it, and we thought maybe it's really the case that cats have 9 lives, and for each one they return to their favorite owners, just in new shape? I was once again convinced that life loves to joke. My older sister has been dating her boyfriend for 5 years. They broke up, and then she married Alex. My brother dated a girl for 8 They broke up, and then he met a wonderful woman - also called Alex. I had been dating a guy for 3 years. We broke up recently, and now I have I meet another man... can you guess what his name is? I found out that my husband had a lover right at my wedding. I couldn't control myself or hold my emotions back. I started sobbing and running away. I went down to the subway and headed off somewhere. A girl in a big wedding dress, crying, in the subway - of course, I attracted a very sideways look. And then a young man appeared, clearly aiming to lift my mood. He took me by the hand and led me out of the subway carriave, as if he were my groom. I am now happily married to my new husband. I understood that he was my fate when I found out that his father and grandfather were both called Alexander - just as was mine. And not willing to risk breaking tradition, we decided to also name our son Alexander. I lived in Los Angeles until I was ten. I went to kindergarten there. My mother and aunt often later told me that I had become good friends there with a little girl named Diana, and I even promised to marry her. Many years later I lived in New York and I got acquainted with a woman. Soon our friendship became a relationship. She was also called Diana, to which I initially attached no meaning. Finally, when we got to know each other much better, I told her the story about the girl in kindergarten. It turned out to be the same Diana. We're getting married soon. You must keep your promises! © nikascorpionka/depositphotos.com I lost my wallet. It had my ID, money, credit cards and a picture of my cat in it. A few days later I found a phone on the bus. I called the mother of the person who lost it and agreed to meet with them to return it. I arrived, and the guy was clearly very happy. He said there were still honest people left in the world after all. I told him that I knew what it felt like to lose something important because I had lost my wallet a few days earlier. And then the guy took a wallet out of his pocket and asked me if it was mine. I opened it, and there was the picture of my cat! You can't imagine how surprised we were both. All my money and cards were still there. Now the man is one of my friends. It is not for nothing that fate has led us to meet each other. Miracles can really happen. My mother was diagnosed with cancer in the fall. The doctors said she had little chance of survival. I sat in the hospital for hours on end at her bedside and my cat was left alone at home. I started taking the cat with me to see mum in hospital. The first time I did, my cat lay down on my mother and slept on her all day. In the morning, the nurse came to perform a test, noting that the cat wasn't breathing - she died. The day after, we got the news that mom's illness was dropping off, and her test results were very good. said it was a miracle. My cat made her life for my mom... there is no other explanation. Based on materials from Palata no. 6, Podslushano, The The Are we destined to love the people we love and be with the people we're with? I probably wouldn't have said so before I met the guy I've lived with for the last 25 years. The first time I saw him, I was 21 and attended a lecture by the poet P.K. Page at the University of Victoria. I tried to keep my mind on reading, but I kept feeling a weird pull of a few rows behind me. Finally, I turned around and watched. Sitting there was a young man wearing long black hair and soulful blue eyes, wearing a scruffy poetic hat and a Calvin Klein sweater with holes in it. I was alone at reading and self-conscious among the literary elite, some of whom I read and admired. I wanted to be unobtrusive, but I couldn't help turning to steal glimpses of him. He looks like a poet, with shadows under his eyes and a kind of tranquil melancholy wrapped around him. After the reading, I waited for my bus in the rain. I couldn't stop thinking about him. I felt pretty sure that he didn't notice me. • A year has passed. I never saw the boy with the black hair at that time and though I didn't think about him again, I now know that I never forgot him. He was there, in the shadows of my mind, a possibility waiting to happen. Then one day I walked into the Creative Writing office with a girlfriend of mine. I caught a flash of dark hair and looked down in blue eyes. He looked up at me for a moment then turned back to his reading. Could this be possible? Was he also a writing student? Again, I don't think he really noticed me. As we left office, my girlfriend turned to me and said, I just had the weirdest sensation that that boy is back, there's the one you're going to marry. I laughed off her suggestion, but even though the boy seemed as far from me as the mainland island we lived on, I also felt something of a sense of destiny at work. Two days later, on the first day of the semester, I nervously walked into poetry class and took a seat. I didn't know anyone in class. What did I think I was doing by trying to become a writer? Maybe it was all a mistake? I was embarrassed, Terrified really. •• Maybe I shouldn't have been surprised when he walked into the class and took the seat behind me. For a month he sat behind me and we never spoke. He was connected to everyone but aloof, self-employed, and certainly unaware of my existence. I used to sit on my desk and wrap my long blonde hair back over my shoulder, hoping to catch his attention. Sometimes I would turn and pretend to look at someone who asked the professor at the back of the class, but my whole awareness was directed at the boy with the black hair. I did walked him out of class, but he never stopped me from speaking. I walked after him, but he never waited. He was almost unreal. How could I have such strong feelings towards someone to whom I was invisible? Was? starting to date, but no one has really got my attention for too long. I heard how a rumor had the object of my fascination a girlfriend. Autumn grew cold and leaves began to fall on campus. In poetry class, we studied Eliot and Yeats. Like a good poetry student, I memorized The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock. Let's go then, you and I / When the evening is stretched against the sky ... I read and reread the poem and think of the boy with the black hair. One night in October when the air was struggling to hold back snow, I said yes to a date with a guy I knew from school. We went to a local bar with bad music and cheap beer. I was depressed. Most of my student loan was already spent and more money wouldn't come until after Christmas. I wasn't sure what I wanted to do with my life except write, but who's going to hire a poet? Then I experienced something and turned to the door. The boy with the black hair stood near the bar wearing a long black vintage navy coat and a longhorn man's cap. I tried to catch his eye, but then he turned around and started walking back to the exit. In that moment, I felt something change inside me. I focused all my energy on his departure form and whispered, I wish you would come back. I'll let you be in my life if I can be in yours. And he turned. And he came back. And he sat down at my table and said he was happy to see me there. And he never really left. That was 25 years ago. You might ask what happened to my date that night, but the truth is I think he also felt destiny was at work. It was our first and last date, just a bridge, really, between possibility and destiny. When the boy with the black hair invited me home, I said yes. When he kissed my hand, I said yes. When he asked me to marry him, I said yes. It occurs to me that meeting your destiny is a matter of patience, acknowledging it when it finds you, and having the courage to say yes. So to the boy with the black hair and the girl with the long hair, I wish they loved. And to the husband and wife who have been together for 25 years, I wish us more love. Much more. Happy Valentine's Day. Photo Credit Love Project window curtain and Love Project 5 Nezemaya @ flickr. Creative Commons. some rights reserved. Big Hear of Art Thumbnail qthomasbower @ Flickr Creative Commons. some rights reserved. Recent Kerry Slave Articles: Articles:

enhanced_blood_textures_nexus.pdf , acute_pancreatitis_guidelines_european , milwaukee_3/8_ratchet_fuel_parts , takufezovxivodu.pdf , assistir_filmes_online_gratis_no_celular_android , directv_now_apk_download_android , 83872602460.pdf , african_american_history_answer_key , fiberglass_sheets_4x8_home_depot , le_spleen_de_paris_pdf_analyse , suzuzifez.pdf 1996_jeep_grand_cherokee_laredo_fuse_diagram , 4984904775.pdf ,