

# The Messenger

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## Just Run

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## Just Run // Tina Liu

You see your relationship dangling from a cliff. How did you even get on the cliff? You have no clue. But you do know that this is not the question to be pondering at a time like this. So what is? You try to estimate the distance between you and your relationship. Roughly 99 meters, with an error range of 2 meters. You calculate the time it would take you to reach your relationship and take into account that your best place for the 100-meter test in high school was third to last. But you also feel your pituitary gland signaling your adrenal glands. You rub your moist palms together and give yourself 16 seconds. You know that your relationship won't be able to last that long, you can see it starting to slip. A part of you wants to yell for help and frantically wave your arms until Superman swoops in. But you don't. Knowing that there is only one thing left to do you break into a run, blaming yourself for not slipping on a pair of running shoes before you came here. But then you suddenly remember that you didn't even know you would be on this cliff today...

You run towards your relationship but you don't understand why every step forward brings you a step back. Confusion transforms into frustration as you push yourself to take larger strides. And then a thought strikes you. Perhaps you should try taking a step back. But you brush the thought off with a shake your head and you try to focus on your irregular breathing. The echo of a hollow thud brings you to a sudden stop and you almost lose your balance. Exhausted, you bend over and put your hands on your knees as you try to catch your breath. You welcome the feeling of closure that is beginning to stem from your heart and let it gradually fill you. You let out a sigh and wipe off the beads of sweat from your forehead with the back of your hand. At least you tried.