

# Walk Away

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Rated: G

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Summary: What do you do when the one you care about most wants someone else? A response to an introspective challenge.

Story Size: 502 words (3Kb as text)

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I should have known.  
I should have listened.  
I should have paid attention to the signs.

But I didn't. I didn't listen. I didn't look. I did what I always did. I steamrolled through and went after what I wanted. What I wanted was Lois Lane. Actually, I guess if I was really honest with myself what I wanted was the idea of Lois Lane. She reminded me of someone I loved. She reminded me of a time when my heart didn't feel like it was going to break into a million pieces with every breath. She reminded me of a time when the job came with laughter and love.

She never looked at me the way she did him.  
She never laughed as loudly or smiled as brightly.  
I ignored it.

I ignored the signs.  
I did this to myself.  
I'm guilty of creating my own heartache.  
I'm guilty of creating hers.  
I'm guilty of a lot of things.

Most of all I'm guilty of once again finding myself alone and heartbroken. I could fight. I could try and talk her out of it. I could do a lot of things but instead, I walk away knowing despite my best efforts I can't compete.

I don't understand it. I don't want to I guess. I knew it deep in my bones from the first time I saw her look at him, but I ignored it.

He wasn't good enough for her.  
He wasn't there for her.  
He wasn't what she needed.

These were the things I told myself as I shamelessly chased after her despite being rebuffed time and time again. These were the things I told myself when we had our date and I could see the pain in her eyes as she stared back at me. These were the things I told myself when I saw the pained look in his eyes every time I showed up at her apartment or at the Planet.

He wasn't good enough for her.  
He wasn't there for her.  
He wasn't what she needed.

Those were the lies I told myself to justify what I'd done. Those were the lies I told myself to squash the guilt I felt every time I saw her steal a glance toward him or look away. He may not be able to compete against me when it came to the things I thought mattered: looks, gifts, and being able to show her a good time. No, he didn't stack up against me in that department, but somewhere deep down he checked all the boxes and hit all the high notes on a scale I couldn't even weigh in on. I'd lost before I'd even begun.

She *chose* him.  
She *loved* him.  
She *wanted* him.  
I was just too bullheaded to see it.

THE END