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### **The Stanger's Advice**

For many days I had been fighting with my mother, we would discuss about every little thing. Things didn't used to be like this, we used to be so close. But for the past 4 years I think we have just felt lost. Lost in the grief of my fathers passing. Lost in the memories we had together. Lost in our feelings. I have been feeling like this for quite some time. Trapped in some type of escape room, but there is no escape that's the trap. You circle and daze around in this maze we call mind without ever really coming out. I really miss my father he made me feel loved, understood and cherished. He was my best friend. I only have one memory of his, a seashell necklace it was one of the many we picked up when we went to the beach together and I haven't taken it off since. We loved going to the beach, hearing the waves crashing and enjoying each others company. I still keep that very close to me. I always go to the beach to recollect my thoughts, to get things clear again.

One winter day when sitting on the sand, I saw a man walking by. It was strange to see people around here this early. He wore a long black coat and had a big white beard. He smiled in a caring and welcoming way and had these astonishing deep blue eyes. He approached me and told me that he was here to sell pearl and seashell bracelets and different accessories. They were handcrafted and just so beautiful I had to buy one, and that's when we started talking. It was like I had known him for years. We talked for hours, his stare was just so familiar in some way it made me feel safe and comfortable. I felt so confused but enjoyed being with him, his presence was just so pure.

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I left the beach that day, a million thoughts rushing through my mind. But I still went back. I would go back every single day in hopes of speaking with this man again, I felt like I had found a long lost friend. That's why I opened up to him, I told him about everything that had happened and how it truly made me feel. I felt so vulnerable, he would just look back at me in pain when seeing me this broken. He told me that I couldn't do anything about it now, I had to love the moments we had together and keep his memory living in a positive way. Cherish the thought of him and not hate it. I took his advice and kept it very close. I tried to do what he recommended and finally find an escape from this chaos. But that's when it came to me how did he know me so well ? He understood me. The seashells, the beach, the stare, it was him! Time stopped, I froze, not knowing what to do. I had felt trapped for so many years and finally I saw light, I felt complete again. I heard a knock on my door. There he was looking back at me. I rushed into his arms. We stood in silence. I didn't know where he was or why he disappeared. But that didn't matter to me in this moment. I thought I had been alone, talking to a stranger but in reality he was the person I knew most.