

The Search for Her

"Where is she? I want to see her!" Marcos paced the worn carpet of his small apartment, the words a desperate whisper. He tripped, nearly causing him to **fall down**, catching himself just in time. "I told you, don't you understand?" he muttered to the empty room, a phantom argument echoing in his mind.

He sank onto the edge of his bed, head in his hands. **"Tell me about her,"** he'd pleaded with his friends, but their descriptions felt hollow, incomplete. He yearned to truly know her, not just hear about her. **"I want to be"** happy, he thought, "I want to be with her."

For months, he'd been sending out applications, **"I've been applying** for jobs in her city," he confided in his best friend, Leo, over the phone. Leo, ever the realist, advised him, **"Stop thinking about her** so much, man. You're driving yourself crazy."

But Marcos couldn't. Every memory of her, every fleeting smile, every shared laugh, was etched into his heart. He remembered the way she'd once described a sunset, her eyes alight with wonder. **"He is so romantic,"** she'd said of a character in a book, and Marcos had secretly vowed to be even more so for her. He just needed to find her.