

STRANGE HEARTS

Peter Pemberton Jr. was going to die in six and a half minutes.
Not that he'd care, his life was already over.

In his twenty six years, four months and five days of living, Peter Pemberton Jr. never felt alive.

He found pleasure in moving things around in his apartment.

He tried everything to feel that little spark in his heart.

Taxidermy.

Entomology.

Gardening.

Reading.

Painting.

Cooking.

But it was a certainty that he was not meant to find it there.

It's a well known fact that destiny works in mysterious ways.

We could even agree that sometimes it gets it all wrong, but at the end of the day what is meant to be always finds a way.

His death wasn't planned. Wasn't part of the design.

But inexplicable events like this happen once in a while, with a probability of three to the power of 8.000.973 to one.

So yes, accepting the facts, Peter Pemberton Jr. who never really felt alive to begin with, returned... to life.

After a long topsy-turvy night, Peter Pemberton Jr. finally enjoyed some hot tea, that reminded him of home, whatever that was, and noticed the deep silence that surrounded him.

Not a single noise, not a single sound, no birds singing, no flies buzzing...

No hearts beating.

Peter Pemberton Jr. thought about panicking for a second, but then pondered... Why would he? He had never really felt his heart anyway.

The one question that flitted around in his head was: Why?

Why was he there? Why did he come back from the world of the dead?

Why bother?

At that moment, Peter Pemberton Jr. had never felt so alive.

Finally, he was able to feel that warmth inside everyone was talking about.

He figured that maybe he came back from the dead because destiny had something waiting for him.

But what Peter Pemberton Jr. didn't know was that his death was an accident that should have never occurred. And destiny needed to correct that mistake.

Peter Pemberton Jr. was so excited to find out what bizarre coincidence made his heart beat every time he saw her.
And every time he liked more and more what he saw.
Until the thought crossed his mind that she might be *the one*.

But unluckily for Peter Pemberton Jr. this was one of those bizarre cases when destiny screws up twice.

Peter Pemberton Jr. didn't understand the plays of destiny.
And wondered again: Why?
He felt like a toy, he felt like a rag.
Destiny only brought him back to life so he could taste happiness for a second and then have it taken away.

So yes, for Peter Pemberton Jr. destiny was a pitiless snake.
But...
What Peter Pemberton Jr. didn't know...
...was that what's meant to be always finds a way.