

# OUT OF REACH AND OTHER STORIES



Iris Miranda

OUT OF REACH  
AND OTHER STORIES

Iris Miranda



Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.

Copyright © 2013

All rights reserved – Iris Miranda

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without the permission, in writing, from the publisher.

Strategic Book Publishing and Rights Co.

12620 FM 1960, Suite A4-507

Houston, TX 77065

[www.sbpra.com](http://www.sbpra.com)

ISBN: **978-1-62857-542-2**

## DEDICATION

**F**or the first and most important man of my life—my father, Luiz (in memory); the best woman on Earth—my mother, Jovina; all the good brothers and sisters they gave me; and the one and only that I brought to this world to love forever—my son, Fernando.



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Things Happen for No Reason .....	1
Out of Reach .....	5
The Fiction of Ella's Reality .....	25
Our Place .....	47
Out of the Ocean .....	55
Me, Myself, and Fernando .....	73



## THINGS HAPPEN FOR NO REASON

**E**ros, Cupid, Amor—three different designations for the same god of love. Potent and irresistible, a feared and desired god, no one, divine or mortal, can resist his enchantment. He is in charge of the heart and carries a lethal love weapon that no one can withstand because its dart bears the weight of destiny. This is fate: inescapable destiny that holds sway over the lives of men.

With his forceful power, Eros makes all differences disappear. There's no obstacle that cannot be removed because love approaches what cannot be approached. It reconciles the irreconcilable as it coexists among conflicts, contrasts, and contradictions. While doing so, it completely ignores the borders of time and space.

By being blind, Eros makes his victims blind too, and with no sight, there is no safe way to go. There's nothing to show the way; all previous experience is meaningless when one is in love. Everything sounds unusual and unfamiliar because love causes transformation and renewal. The world is fatally turned upside down to be rebuilt in a different way.

Amar, the human version of Eros, lives down on Earth. He is originally from Pakistan and is here in the United States to accomplish the destiny he chose for himself: to be free of his physical constraints and to transit freely between earth and sky. Yes, he is a pilot. He is motivated by the desire to escape the hand of gravity to reach another dimension of reality and to experience all sorts of adventure. "Expect the unexpected"; this is his motto.

However, he cannot just lift up into the air and spread his wings wherever

he wishes. He has to accomplish the command imposed on him, which is to go on errands, with no clear point of departure or arrival, counting only on the assistance of his wings. His freedom of choice is limited by a higher power, beyond his control, from which he cannot escape: fate.

I am a mere mortal, the personification of unrealized or unrealizable dreams, who wants to get out of life what is out of reach. I am in a continuous journey to find something that helps me fill the existential emptiness. How far can I go to get that? The sky... How many times have I looked up there trying to reach the unreachable?

I was born with something lacking in my life, with an unquenchable sense for adventure and challenge. Falling deeply in love is, without a shadow of a doubt, the most risky adventure. In spite of the risks it involves, I still want to try again and again and again. If I get hurt, and feel desolate, dusty, and seemingly dead, there will be still some life left. And I will return, like the Phoenix from the ashes.

\*\*\*

As fate has willed it, Amar comes to me. He comes from the sky and lands smoothly in my backyard, shoots an arrow at me, and makes himself invisible. I feel his powerful energy surround me, an energy that disturbs and makes me feel uncomfortable. It seems as if I am in love with someone whose face I've never seen.

Out of my own control, I let myself be pushed toward his door.

There he is: Amar, a personable, determined young man, vain and extremely vivacious, with a touch of sensitivity. He is so far removed from the Greek god of love, but there is a hint of complexity in his personal appearance. I find him ugly but a kind of weird ugly: slightly height-weight disproportionate, bald, tanned skin. Even so, I am attracted to him. He has something that intrigues me, starting with his name. If his name is Amar, I had better watch out for this guy who has love in his own name! Amar is nothing but the infinitive form of the verb "to love" in many romance languages. From the very first time I saw his face, I was completely in love with him and extremely reluctant to get close to him.

What is so special about him? He has the ability to transform himself into anything I wanted. He is primarily a man of gesture. It is all about body

language. Concise and exact in the use of words, he is determined to let me talk without interrupting me until he makes his final statement: “We came from different worlds, different religions, different cultures, but we share the same point of view.” In character, he is close to Greek perfection. All these similarities scare me.

“I don’t want to get hurt,” I say.

“If I hurt you, it won’t be on purpose.”

I give up every time I tried to run away from him. If some powerful force approaches us, there is nothing we can do other than appreciate and enjoy this time of our lives that will last forever.

“You are mine! My love for you will never die because it has power even over death,” he says.

Then, I throw caution to the wind and embark on the most passionate love ever imagined, dreamed, or experienced. For some reason, though, I can’t see tomorrow through the lens of today. I reach for the impossible: grasping the moments that make up our present and still being afraid of the future.

“I don’t want to lose you!”

“I will hold you tight,” he says.

Nothing compared to his embrace.

When I look into his eyes, I want to delve into the most intimate desires and make them come true. When I feel his heart, I want to be dissolved in his blood and become inseparably one. His body’s reaction is the expression of his feelings.

“I would give my life for you,” I hear him whisper in my ear.

Such strong love will change the world. His plans of flying are gone. All his efforts become focused on settling down on a firm surface of the Earth with me. It is undoubtedly the most pure, sincere, and true love I’d ever seen.

Emotional and conscious feelings that love provokes cannot be captured in rational or descriptive language, but that does not seem to apply to Amar. He seems to have the right answers to express the deepest things related to love.

“What do I mean to you?” I ask.

“You give me a part of you that makes me feel again, as one.”

“Why do I love you?”

“Because God made me to love you.”

“Why did God take so long to make you?”

“Because God knows you are ‘picky,’ so he took his time to make me more perfect for you.”

Comfortable and protected, I lock myself in his arms, hoping that nothing will loosen the knot that binds us, and fall asleep.

\*\*\*

As fate would have it, when I wake up, he is gone.

No, no, I am not going to be able to bear the absence of my love! Our desire transcends earth and sky! It’s just unacceptable. What is the supposed force, principle, or power that predetermined this end? It cannot happen! I could never have expected this to happen in a million years. I am still sleeping, and this is just a nightmare.

No, it is not! His destiny has already been assigned. He who dares to oppose fate will face the consequences because no one can escape the inevitable. And Amar does try to find the way back to me, flying against the wind.

When I see his face I do not recognize him. He is nothing but an ordinary guy with nothing, absolutely nothing, special about him. There is no single detail that can possibly justify my immense love for him. God, what does it mean? Is this a task that I have to accomplish? What is that for? I am not Psyche, who survived all sorts of sufferings and misfortunes to enjoy the pure happiness with her beloved Eros. Is my assignment the opposite of hers? Killing my true love because my amor has turned into an untrue man?

“Amar, what happened during this time away from me?”

“I am sorry, but I go wherever my job takes me, and when I was coming back to you, I realized that I still need to scan new landscape.”

It can’t be true. I do everything to break the enchantment and bring back my real amor: I bite, I screech, I scratch, I scream, I cry my eyes out. It is all in vain. All I do to Amor is bring up his opposite side: indifference.

“I am sorry, but I am still in search of distant space.”

“Amar, you made me believe your love for me was immortal.”

“When I said it, it was true.”

This crushes and burns me.

Then he looks up to the sky and flies away.

I pick up my ashes and walk away.

Buy the B&N e-Pub version at:-

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/out-of-reach-and-other-stories-iraildes-miranda/1117024944>

Buy the Kindle version at:-

<http://www.amazon.com/Out-Reach-Other-Stories-ebook/dp/B00FS1RTDC/>