

## **The loss lost**

How do you feel to have lost something without really being something lost. Levinas was the years lost much, but it was not about that. Levinas felt that he had lost something, but did not know what.

The loss was not about Esther, who with his roommate, Christine, ran away. She came often cook before Levinas evening had to work and did even as the dishes after he had left. Apparently Levinas had to be washed and Bart also as lost ones, whom he called his soul mate.

It was not about Natasha, who Levinas lost to Lily. No, no, it did not lie to him. Natasha actually had always known that she fell on women. Levinas lost a bit of confidence, but after a few years he was a bachelor forgotten that loss.

It also was not about Mary, Levinas wanted to surprise again by coming home early. Mary hung over their dining table there with bared breasts while Thomas, until then one of his best friends, it was the push. Yes, Mary was very surprised and Thomas too, but Levinas had another surprise in mind. Levinas lost Mary and Thomas and also the house where they lived in, because that was for convenience to her name.

Coincidentally wanted Maria to live there with Thomas. Levinas was allowed to take Woesie but rotten cat ran away and decided to go cuddle intimately with an oncoming car.

No, Levinas had lost something that was not so tangible. The loss was different. Something made his life complete.

It manifested itself one day. Levinas was unfortunately become just woke up and got up to drink coffee out of a ditch his favorite mug. He put on his Senseo, smeared a

sandwich with butter and put a lot of cheese. When he reached for his mug and had to reach back to his surprise, a bright pink mug. Mug had not been before. Levinas first stared a moment and then grabbed him gently from cabinet. He put it on the table and then put coffee soon, while there will occasionally looked back. Mug did not disappear suddenly changed or not sneak into another mug who did know Levinas.

Levinas sat down and stared in amazement at the mug, while he drank his coffee. His mind raged all exes along looking for one that might have had as a mug. Not. None of them could have had this mug. Levinas grabbed his cellphone and called his sister.

"Viev. Hi, I'm it. Hey, you got a pink mug?" Levinas listened to the reaction and then continued talking. "You are what doing. Why do you take on, crazy bitch. No, I do not speak Richard. No, and I I do not want him to do it harder. Did you make such a mug .... I'm going to hang up, you know. No, myself.

"Levinas explained dejectedly his mobile off. A pink mug had infiltrated his life and he did not know why or how. He could not grasp it. After twenty minutes Levinas awoke from his reverie. He looked up at the clock and saw that he had to go to college. He took his belongings, stood up and pointed to the mug.

"You have a lot to explain tonight."

Levinas left.

In the evening to return the mug was standing right where Levinas had left him. The mug had not moved one millimeter. That of course was not obvious, but on the other hand, he also get just know in the sink cabinet Levinas. Yet once again call someone.

"Mom, hi. Do you have a pink cup left in me. What he looks like. Mmm, with pink flowers and a salmon-colored E on it. Do you agree? Well, then I look further. Yes, Mom, I'm fine. Call you tomorrow for a while. Bye.

"Levinas decided to ignore it all. Just some food, some gaming and stare some TV and then sleep. It would have been nice. A good nap would do wonders.

The next morning, sat up Levinas. The mug would still be there? No, take a shower first. Levinas stood up and walked to his closet to grab a towel. He opened it. Half of his closet was filled with gowns in all sizes. Levinas stared at it for a moment and then turned around. He looked around the room and shouted, "All right, enough! Come forth! The joke has gone on long enough.

"Levinas went with his hands on his hips and waited, but nothing happened. No one came in laughing. There was not a joke played on him. At least not one where a camera crew came running in and the instigator hopping with a fist to his mouth smiling at him was to jump off.

Levinas looked at the different dresses. The large were clearly a woman of his age. Smaller went back to a child of one or two. At the bottom of his cabinet were also some rompers. On one read, "Hi, I'm Emanuelle. I am nice.' Reports sat Levinas. Who the hell was Emanuelle. He did not know. He did not understand it.

Only then just coffee. Levinas was in his kitchen. He slowed as his until he saw the mug again. He walked past the table and did his best not to touch the table. As if he could run something like that did happen. Making coffee he did, holding the mug kept a close eye on. A back then, when the coffee was ready Levinas was still seated at the table. "You have won," he muttered.

All drinking Levinas was considering its next steps. Vivian call again. His mother calling again. It could be both.

"Hi Viev, you can now talk. Yes, you could last time, but not normal. Have you dumped Richard? Because he did not do well. Well, you can always yet another. Of course you're sad. However, a few hours often. Hey, but now as something important. Do you know a Emanuelle? Not? Why? Because there hang her clothes in my closet and I do not know who she is and why those clothes now hang with me. No, I have no ex that name. No and no friends ... yes, no, no friends indeed and thanks. I talk to you again. No, i am not angry. Bye.

"Levinas hung up and immediately called his mother. He put his cell phone on speaker and placed it in front of him to his ear

alone. "Hi, Mom." "Hi, honey, how are you?" "Yes, it is." "Fine." "Hey, Mom, you know who is Emanuelle?" "Who do you say?" "Emmanuelle." "Oh, dear, this is your twin sister." "What?" "Your twin sister. It would have been your twin sister if she had lived." "What?" "You were the two of us in my stomach, but your placenta were grown. You've grown, uh, at the expense of her. Emanuelle was only half grown when you were born and did not make it. It was too much to tell you. It is too much for me now." "But, Mom, Levinas began, but he stopped. The mug was gone. "What, dear?" "She disappears." "No, sweetheart she has never been there. Never really, but she lives in you. You're there with her." Slowly but surely dropped a sense into him. He realized what he had lost. He was his first partner in life, his first and true soulmate lost without knowing it. But he had always felt. Levinas stood up, took the phone and walked to his wardrobe. "You still there, Levinas?" "Yes, Mom, I need to check anything." Levinas looked into his

closet and saw her hanging clothes, but she faded slowly. And then, when he saw only hang his clothes. She was in his belongings in his clothes, in him, in his to be found.

He sighed. "Everything okay, honey?" "Yes, Mom, everything is good. Everything is fine. You know, Mom, I have no luck with girlfriends. I always felt that I was a bit lost and then I started looking. I shut myself off and pushed them away. I lost them as a result. They left me. But it does not matter. Do you know why "" No. "" Because I am my own woman. I'm Levinas and I Emanuelle. And it's good. I know now that I actually have lost nothing. I am complete. "" Yes, dear.

"Levinas went back to his kitchen. He said goodbye and hung up. He sat down at the table and took a sip. When he looked at the table again was the mug back. The mug with pink and salmon E Emanuelle. Simply because it can.

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