

# They're everywhere.

The people with whom our existence *almost* collides, but doesn't. By a fraction of a train stop, an exit too soon, an averted glance, a smile that ended there.

Those near-collisions form the pieces of our might-have-been future. The future that might have been if:

The stranger on the train in the plaid shirt got up the gumption.

The one glancing up from his iPad walked over to your table.

The runner who, after apologizing for cutting into your circuit, asked *how he could make it up to you*.

But instead, most of us quietly continue on our respective paths, uninterrupted. To our office. To the bank. To lunch. To the locker room.

Never knowing what might have been. And never knowing the wiser.

A couple of years ago, she didn't know the wiser, either.

# Until he came along.

The one who would be too curious to let her walk away.

The one who would prove that paths cross for a reason.

The one who would teach her that sometimes, the bumps in the road aren't there to slow you down; they're there to give you air.

...And launch you into a fate you never saw coming.

Because as it turns out, maybe the stranger glancing your way was suppose to be part of your story.

**And the only way you'll ever know is by pouring some wine, taking a deep breath, and turning the page.**