



## THE PUZZLE PIECE FROM A DIFFERENT PUZZLE

By Timothy S. Klugh

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Anyone who has felt that way knows exactly what I am talking about. You're not just the hardest puzzle piece to fit in the puzzle. You're not just a slightly deformed piece that doesn't quite fit right. No, you're a piece from another puzzle box and you don't fit this puzzle at all. The biggest problem is what puzzle were you supposed to be in? What puzzle were you prepared for? That question might never be answered.

Maybe the puzzle you were meant to be in is on some other shelf? Maybe the correct puzzle was given away or thrown away? Maybe the manufacturer put you in the wrong box. Whatever the mishap, it doesn't change the fact that you are sitting in a box full of puzzle pieces that unite together quite naturally... except for you.

Every time the puzzle is put together, you are tested and pushed, but you never quite find a spot. You are constantly shoved aside to make room as the conforming puzzle pieces are fitted snugly together. Over time, you are excluded and set aside as the obscurity. You are different. You don't belong. You don't fit the puzzle and no one knows what to do with you.

But what bright colors you have... different from the other puzzle pieces. Surely you must have been quite a piece to the puzzle where you did belong. You glow so differently in the light from the others. You stand out in a different way. Oh, how that puzzle must be missing you... the one where you belong. Surely that puzzle is brilliant and beautiful except for one little spot where you were supposed to be... where you would fit so perfectly.

Don't you long for it? Don't you want to be home? But who knows where your home is? Do they long for you? Surely they must, and ohhhh.... you'd be so happy to be with them. But where are they? You'll never know. How do you get to them? How do you start? The giant walls of your box restricts you from going anywhere. You must sit in a sea of puzzle pieces where you don't belong and wait for that undetermined moment when someone tries to put the puzzle together again. Then, once more, you go through the same persecution again. You don't fit here. You don't fit there. You can't be forced to reside anywhere. And at last, you are thrown aside.

You're an oddity. You're different. And somehow it's your fault. It's your fault you can't change to the "right" colors to blend in. It's your fault you can't fit with the other shapes. It's your fault the creator made you the way you are. You're inconvenient. You're uncomfortable. You're strange. Everything would work better if you weren't here.

So, how do you leave? You know you want to. You don't want to suffer the loneliness anymore. You don't want to feel the conflicts anymore. You don't want to be lost anymore. But the box is tightly shut and no one else is going to help you.

You don't even have enough nerves to destroy yourself. It's wrong. At least that's what you feel. If the creator made you so vibrant and beautiful, surely the creator never meant for you to destroy what he created. That removes you're final exit... at least the exit that you can choose. So you think, maybe you'll be removed someday soon. Maybe the person building the puzzle will tire of you one last time and cast you away forever. You'll be a scrap, a piece of trash in some corner collecting dust and dirt. Never again will you be of any concern to anybody. You will just sit there in a corner waiting for forever. Where is hope? Where is peace? Where is home? Just sitting there... wouldn't you give anything in the world to find any of it?

Persecution, exile or death? What do you choose? From what I see, little puzzle piece... there's no other paths for you.