

Ignored

Purity

and

kissed

flowers

I smoke without the consent of my parents.

I **Ignored** a girl that was crushing on me because she didn't interest me.

I had sex with the girlfriend of my ex-best friend.

I once stole in a supermarket.

I always feel overwhelmed even when I have very little to do.

It occurs that I eat a lot of snacks because of greed.

In kindergarten, I came across the pornographic tapes of my neighbor, so I lost my **Innocence** and **Purity** at 4 years old.

Kassi is so **Handsome**.

My cat is dead because I cut his moustaches.

I broke up with my ex because I was disgusted by him.

I miss home. and

I do quite a lot of chicha and I almost **kissed** Yanis.

Elisa is an unbearable girl.

I eat a bit too much.

I once had a blackout in Spain.

Olivia dates every single guy on campus and wants to make out with Mehdi and Ismael.

I wished the **death** of a guy that played video games against me. I felt bad after.

Under the influence of a surplus amount of **Vodka**, I may have kissed a very handsome guy and possibly Asahi (my **Friend**) who isn't my boyfriend.

I love bolognese pasta so much!

In **Reality**, I don't know what I am doing at this university

I regret being banned from playing this video game in eighth grade and deleting the game. Snif.

I **Regret** being a bit too shy at times.

I regret offering **flowers** to a girl in order to **apologize**.

I regret sleeping way too much during my classes.

I slept with the ex of my friend, but now she's sleeping with my other ex.

I broke the coccyx of my sister.

Quentin, the professor of mechanical engineering is the hottest.

I used to tell my friends I've lost weight, hoping they think it's true.

I pushed a friend of mine into the river.

I slept for over ten hours last night.

Francois gave me food when I was hungry, so sweet.

I snapchatted two friends of mine who slept in the toilets because they were **drunk** as hell.

I feel like I have nobody I can really trust.

Electronic class is tiring man!

I ignored a crush of mine for two years even though she was **Crushing** on me too. (We are dating now.)

When I was sixteen, I was the only one out of my **Friend**s who wasn't familiar with alcohol. Nobody made fun of me for my sober **Innocence**, but I did, and I imagined that they did so much that it might as well have been the **Reality**. It was January. Two of my friends were in New York City with me for the weekend and wanted to get me **drunk** for the first time. I wanted to too. I was scared. I didn't know how I would react to it, but I could already feel the embarrassment in my cheeks. The drink of that night was **Vodka**, with orange juice as a chaser. One of my friends likes to use milk as a chaser and offered, but the offer was almost instantly declined. Vodka tasted like nail polish remover to me. I would always use nail polish remover to get rid of unwanted marker stains, so I wondered if this vodka-fuelled nail polish remover was getting rid of anything and if so, if it was anything good. It burned, but it was warm. It was funny. It was a dream, with **Purity** and **death** mixing together in a blender and washing away in a red solo cup; I really wanted a milkshake. Then, all of the sudden, it was nothing. I don't remember much, and what I remember is completely out of order. I crawled on the floor to find my phone charger because I didn't dare test my balance standing up. We listened to Taylor Swift's old hits together in the bathroom. I threw up in the toilet. My puke looked like **flowers**, floating in the water. The two friends I was with were busy with each other, accidentally, at least I hope, **Ignored** me for a bit, **kissed** each other that night, and didn't talk to each other for four months after that. They still haven't **apologize**d to each other because neither of them want to admit that it happened. As for me, apparently I snapchatted a guy I was **Crushing** on and thought was **Handsome** and told him I wanted to give him a blowjob. I didn't know how to give one. I don't **Regret** it, but I wondered what college would be like, if it would be anything like that night, and if I would regret it then.

The teenage years, the period of romance for every kid, was ironically a period of hell for me. My **Innocence** and inaptitude to understand girls was pitiful; being **Ignored** by girls I liked became routine. However, there was this one girl in school, Agathe, whom I was **Crushing** on. Every night, my dreams were filled with pictures of us being together. One day, my best **Friend**, Basile, who many considered as "the king of dating" and as one of the most **Handsome** guys in school, offered me advice on how to flirt with a girl. Driven by my love for Agathe, I decided to do whatever it took to be with her, so I started using his advice, and to my surprise we started talking to each other. We exchanged letters, we danced, and even **kissed** each other on the cheeks:

everything became a dream. Absorbed by my insecurity and timidity, I was afraid to ask her out. A month had passed, and the mutual interest wasn't there anymore. In **Reality**, I understood my flaws, namely, my lack of confidence, and **Regret**ted not overcoming my fears; the **Purity** of my dreams were suddenly overshadowed by a grey cloud of sorrow. I looked at **death** the way you would look at a house that you planned to move into. It was then that I decided to drown my sorrow by getting **drunk**. That night, the only drink that I got at the bar was a Bloody Mary, a **Vodka** cocktail with small edible **flowers** on top. I saw Agathe and my other school mates at the bar and thought about **apologize**ing but I didn't. Instead, I hopped in a taxi and the only thing that was on my mind still was having another Bloody Mary.

Having three sisters is what reassures me in my life—two are by blood and one is by choice. Am I lucky? I think this is a big word with a contradictory appearance, like a fragile four-leaf clover that loses its power just by losing a leaf, a **Friend**... Let's just say that I am filled with happiness and pride to have them with me. I wish my thoughts were limited. I wish I was limited to chase my preys and my matings—not thinking, just surviving—or be **drunk**, on a constant blackout of **Vodka**. The only difference between us and animals is that human-beings can think: we are in possession of life's strongest weapon, our thoughts, but they can turn one against oneself. Living without them is like living in an **Ignored** world filled with **Purity** and **Innocence**, just like that of new-borns and animals. For me, life is about choosing the paths you want to follow.

Sometimes it is hard to back down from my own thoughts, hard to stop thinking about the mistakes that I have made and the paths that I cannot take back. Some paths are lost forever, and I always picture them as an obscure driveway full of dead **flowers**. Am I afraid of **death**? Just by thinking of the dead flowers a graveyard comes to life in my head. Maybe I am too weak, too fragile, for my thoughts... I am overthinking, as always...

Hello Andrea, how are you doing up there? I still remember the day you left us, the day we said goodbye to you at the church. I was standing in the front row right next to your daughter and your family, talking to you and hoping you could hear me... I believe that you always can, even from above. Usually, only family members are allowed to sit right in front of you, but my mom, my two sisters, and I were there. I hope you saw and recognized us, despite our inflated and deformed faces from crying too much. Don't **apologize**; you make us act as one big family. The twenty-ninth of August 2015, the day you left us, the day my mom gave birth to a fourteen year old girl, and the

day I chose to have a third sister, your daughter. She is starting to look a lot like you; she has your features. Sometimes, I can hear people telling her, “You are as beautiful as your mother, a mini-Andrea.” This is funny because sometimes I see you in her, in her way of dressing and talking and especially in her manners. Your daughter is as generous as you used to be; you taught her well. She is one of the people that matters most to me. I can say that I am glad to have Micka in my life. I always ask myself what would happen if you were here with us today. It still feels weird not seeing you in **Reality**, but in our dreams. It still feels weird to not hear your voice, but your parrot’s; he actually took some funny sentences from you, good words as well as bad words. I can always imagine you saying them with a Marlboro Red in your hand and a brush in the other; cigarettes and painting were your favorite leisure. You marked your passage with your unique paintings on every corner of your house. Sometimes, when I pass by the living room, I can hear the whisper of your voice just by looking at the angel that you drew on your wall with finesse; I can picture you drawing it with some soft background music. That is you looking over your family...I want to believe you drew yourself...as they say in French, “Loin des yeux, mais proche du coeur.” You were afraid of death, but more precisely, you were afraid of not staying **Handsome** forever; getting old was your biggest rival, and your own thoughts...dark thoughts...were **Crushing** you.

Is she ever going to receive this message? I believe that she will, or at least I hope that she will. I wish that I could talk to you or at least be sure that you are safe.

I have to admit that I am afraid of death, of losing one more person I love, of losing my parents, my three sisters, and myself in my own death. I am afraid that I won’t exist anymore, being asleep forever and not being **kissed** by heaven. Even though I believe in paradise, doubt takes up space in my mind. Are my thoughts stronger than me? Am I overthinking? Am I going to be useless once I leave my body? What am I going to be the second I stop breathing?

I **Regret** having emotions, thoughts...I regret everything...I regret that I am a human-being.

Am I being **Ignored**?

No, it can’t be.

But it’s even worse if they were just pretending.

I'm satisfied with everything going on around me now. I mean after all the **Crushing**, the crushed history, I deserve to have a better life. My best **Friend**, or who used to take over this place, is the person I want to be like. In a way, I'm getting there, getting to live like he. And sometimes, I don't even realize that I'm talking like him or just acting like him. I wonder why I'm sensitive and always overthinking. I wish I was just like the other kids, but being in a family with a sibling really dragged me out from the **Innocence** of the world. I seriously don't remember the reason that destroyed us. I don't even know if there was one. There was no **apologize** ing. I don't blame myself, or him. Before you know love, all you have is friendship, in **Purity**. Kids always make up after a big fight. I couldn't **Regret** more not yelling at him because maybe all we needed was a fight. Every time I was in a temple, all I wished was to be a designer and to create my own brand. I thought that was all I could dream about, but no, all I could think about was why I messed things up with my best and first friend. I struggled a lot in front of the bodhisattva. I want to wish all my family health and happiness and no struggles with **death**, I want to not do my homework and not have my teachers mad at me, and I want, I want to wish that the god of time could have **kissed** the clock so that it could have stopped at the moment when we were sharing our music playlist or watching **Reality** shows on the subway. I'm not sure if the **flowers** lady at the back gate of school still remembers two **Handsome** boys running after each other trying to take ugly pictures, or if the **drunk** guy at the subway entrance still wonders if we would get him some **Vodka** so that he could get rid of this miserable world.