



Steffen Seth Prohn

How To Stay Alive
(With A Broken Heart)

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Prologue	1
Chapter 1: Young Orchid	4
Chapter 2: Milky Way	8
Chapter 3: Sea Rose	11
Chapter 4: Brown Sugar	16
Chapter 5: Cherry Blossom	22
Chapter 6: Poison Oak	27
Chapter 7: Glass Feather	30
Chapter 8: Dragon Fruit	35
Chapter 9: Black Dahlia	39
Chapter 10, Part 1: Moon Flower	42
Chapter 10, Part 2: Moon Flower	51
Chapter 10, Part 3: Moon Flower	64
Epilogue	80

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thanks to all my friends who encouraged me to publish the chapter 10, part 1 and 2.

dedicated to Wild Orchid, Sea Rose and especially to Moon Flower.
i will always love you.

Prologue

This is the story of my love life, divided into short texts, each devoted to another person i shared at least something romantic with, which impacted me in some way or another, shaping me to the person i am now. I dedicate this to all the people in my life who were open enough to at least try to come close to me. It's not meant to bash anyone or mourn about my mistakes, i just do this to make it more accessible to myself, and of course for you to read about. It feels good to write about stuff like that, because it helps me dealing with it and to not forget about things.

I will do this the following way: to protect the privacy of the girls i am about to write about (because i really care about all of them) i will not give any names and be as anonymous about hem as the situation dictates me to be. I carefully chose nick names for them that i felt fitting. Nothing too special, you might not wanna think about their meanings. So, each chapter will be about a different girl, and i will try to keep it as chronologically correct as possible, even though you will soon see that it's not always possible, because their stories cross each other in chaotic ways.

Why i think all this is important may be a self-explanatory thing for most of my friends. People who know me for sure know how sensitive i am about attraction and love and friendship and all the gummy bear, warm-hearted things in the world. I have been through a lot of shit and try to focus on the positive things in life. And the mot powerful positive

thing out there, is love. Sounds pretty cheesy, i know, but that's the way it is for me. Love is the most important thing to me, and everything else doesn't matter as much as love. As long as i can love, i feel alive, and finding the one person to love until the end of our lives, that's kind of my ultimate goal. It's even more important to me than being productive and express myself – and coming from an artist's mouth that means a lot! So, if you find yourself in this anthology of stories, you should feel some sort of proud or something alike, because you evidently have had a great impact on me, how minor or major it has been. It doesn't really matter that much HOW much of an impact you might have been, as long as you did something. And love does that, every single definition of the word.

And oh yeah, i should probably start a short definition of how i see the term 'love'. Well, i actually have a problem with putting it into words, because in the end love IS only a word and doesn't mean a lot. For me personally it is the sort of attraction which actually has some meaning, like it can change something and be worth living for. This can be the love to a good friend or to the love of your life – there are like thousand of different definitions and every single one of them is true. You cannot love one person exactly the way you love another. Hell, you can't even love one person in exactly the same way. Just think about a person you like and try to focus on all the different aspects of how you see this person. Several things to like and to dislike – this alone proves that you always love someone in different and multiple ways, depending on what you focus on. And your attraction will change with every second that strikes, because with every second you change, and all the

other people in the world, if you even notice that or not. And this affects everything, most notable the love you feel for someone. And that can lead into such strange situations, like you don't speak to the person you love, or an old friend turns into something more, or a person you really, really loved at some point that you actually thought about getting old together, turns out to be a good friend at best, because time has changed both of you.

I have been through a lot of different love relationships. Sometimes it feels even strange how this is even possible. It seems to be so highly unlikely that i managed to go through so very different things, but i did. That's why i feel the need to write all this down. I bet you can learn a lot from all this. I sure did and i am glad of every single thing that happened – may it be the good things and the bad things, all the mistakes made, all the romantic things, all the awkward situations and unique experiences that will never happen again, ever. I guess some stuff will be kind of sad for you (i tend to have this affect on my readers), so don't expect much out of it. Also, no happy end so far. It's more of an open end, but hey, that's good! I am still young, and so grateful for everything that happened that impacted me.

Chapter 1:

Young Orchid

My first love.

In a retrospective she has had the greatest impact on me so far. I did not notice that until recently, that she kinda acts as a blue print for me today with every girl i meet.

I feel very lucky that i had, at this young age, such a great friend. We knew each other since kindergarten and during the first few years of school we grew together as a pair you only know from films. Seriously, this must have looked strange and cute from the outside. And very cliché, i guess. We were like a love couple, but of course we were way too young to notice what this was all about. It was all so innocent and beautiful.

From all my early years i mostly remember her – not school or family or something, no, only her. I remember how we hold hands all the time, how we played together at some ponds out in the country, the birthday parties, the innocent kissing games after school, the night-overs, how we spend as much time together as possible. And her smell, for some reason.

It was the perfect thing to happen to a young child, in many regards. Also a bad thing, as since then i feel like on an endless journey of finding something as pure again, to call my own. It is this simple and pure and positive thing i miss in my life, ever since i last saw her. And not also this, she as a person shaped my expectations from others forever. Like, being kinda innocent, but smart and curious at the same

time. Maybe a bit boy-ish and playful, but very sweet and soft and nice. I miss those things a lot, and all the details that came along with it. But it's a subconscious thing and for a long time i was not even aware of this.

Anyway, i spend a few years very happy, mostly because of her, and the lack of things alike and the constant state of more bad things to happen, kinda feel like a downward spiral from then on after all this. So far this was the best time of my life, so no wonder why i constantly mourn about the loss of my youth. It's this pure and simple youth i am thinking about when mourning about my past.

Young Orchid and i were in the same class until the end of the fourth class. At some point something made 'click' in my mind that told me that something bad was about to happen. I felt like i was running out of time, and i convinced myself that i was in love with her, like movie-like, always-together real love, the big thing. Even though i was still a kid and probably had no essence of what that actually meant – back then it was very much real for me. And even tho i have a different definition about what "being in love with someone" really is, nowadays, – today i would not have been able to convince myself about this – i accept that she was my first real love. And back then i had great fear of what might happen in the future.

You know, i have always been the lonely kid who did NOT want to grow up. I realized pretty quick that being an adult meant responsibility and decisions and a whole lot of shit that might happen to one (which turned out to be totally true, btw). So knowing that Young Orchid and i will be going to different schools, which would fuck up our daily routine

Chapter 1: Young Orchid

(children seriously NEED routine), scared the hell out of me. maybe that is why i felt very forced to be honest to her about my feelings. Also, i slowly stated to realize what romance is, and what being together with someone is like and why it is so important. Even kissing suddenly got a whole different feel to it, up to a point that i was afraid of it. And when we suddenly went to different schools, my downfall began.

We started to see each other more and more rarely, and i hated that. I suddenly felt very alone – not only because SHE wasn't around anymore, but also because most of my other friends weren't, too, anymore. And so many stuff changed. I was so confused. At first we saw each other only like once a week, mostly on the bus, and then less and less often. The last time i saw her was in the sixth or seventh grade.

I never said i loved her.

Nearly ten years have passed until i finally heard something from her again. I got a letter from her and we started to be pen pals. It felt strange, because i found out how much of a different person she was now, obviously. We have evolved pretty much into opposite directions and today i would probably not even notice her. This fact alone feels so sad to me, i could cry. I cannot think how life would have turned out if we grew up together for more time. We may still be together, who knows, but the "we"s would be not remotely like we both are today.

She is now married and has two kids. I feel really glad for her, as this seems like something i would want. I am still very afraid of meeting her, but it's not out of the question. We wrote about this. Today we don't write letters, but we are connected on Facebook and such, but it quickly

resulted in us writing LESS to each other.

Up to today only two other girls reached nearly as much of a special level of attraction to me, as Young Orchid did. And guess what, thinking about it, Sea Rose and Moon Flower kinda share a lot of character trades with my original Young Orchid. The prototype for how i wish things to be. The perfect and pure love, no conditions and no questions.

I don't choose this anymore, it's over my head. I feel actually pretty lucky to have had such a great thing to happen to me by that i can easily judge who is a decent person to be for me and who is not. And i am well aware, that what i am thinking about is mainly in my head. I bet a lot of things i remember are mostly shaped by my imagination and a lack of actual memory i have. So this concept of my Young Orchid is more of a fictional thing to me. I don't compare girls to her, i simply like to be reminded of how things SHOULD be for me. How it is to really be in love with someone.

Chapter 2:

Milky Way

The next few years were horrible.

I came into an age which i usually refer to as 'age of awareness'. It's the age a kid starts to build the personality which he will carry on for most of his life later on. This usually happens somewhere between the age of 10 and 15 and comes along with a realization of how the world works. Before that we human beings are merely more than an empty shell and everything can happen, but after we found ourself in life, realize that we are going to die, decide abut our religion and what we want to achieve, we are pretty much fixed to a somewhat constant blueprint of a self that barely changes afterward. So this period is pretty much the most important in life.

And my introduction into this phase was pretty harsh. I was in a lot of fights, and usually lost, because i was always outnumbered. I got to get an idea abut why people suck and my hatred for reality itself started to manifest. I started to see flaws everywhere, imperfection and nonsense, violence and suffering with no purpose to be, and i blamed everything on everyone else. I felt very alone, and wished things to change. My mother told me that i suppressed a lot of things that happened to me back then, so there should have been far worse things than i can actually remember. It did not came to my mind that i kinda forced this way of view onto myself, because i wanted to see the world as a bad place to make me feel superior. My self esteem back then was practically none existent, so it made sense to compensate this by

focusing on the bad things in life and blaming everything on stupidity and hatred. But looking back i now know that i simply overlooked the good things.

Anyways, why is this important? Well, the sole reason for why i overlooked the good things was that the best thing in my life was suddenly missing, Young Orchid. And i was so busy hating people that i started to forget about her. she was the archetype for what i was looking for, even at that early point, but i just didn't know it. My low self esteem was bad for me in many ways: my grades got worse, i couldn't talk to girls and my circle of friends got manageable small. At least i could befriend with some other outcasts, like me. But with love there was about to be a long period of nothingness. Beside from usual pre-mature crushes on one or the other female schoolmate, i got really detached from everything romantic. Sure, some girls talked to me, but rarely on a level of friendship, if even that. I don't remember at which point in my life this was, but i think i was about 15 or 16 when a girl got interested in me, somehow. Milky Way was the friend of a female friend (this suddenly sounds way more positive that it actually was) and she suddenly hang around with me sometimes, to the confusion of my real friends. She kinda liked me, but i was too diverted to even recognize it! Yes, i did not notice her attraction to me, this is how much of a misfit i was at the time. I was already dependable of being loved and cried a lot about why nobody liked me, but i was stupid enough to not see love when it hit me in the face with a bat. Well, of course i noticed some sort of interest, but at least my low self esteem kept me from doing any step at all.

I remember a day in summer when we went to the beach – of course it was her idea, i would not have had the guts to even ask her out to something like that. We had fun in the water, and at some point she said something about her ex-boyfriend walking by on the beach and she wanted to look us like a couple and started to get really touchy. There was no one i saw walking by. And yes, i did not know what this was all about, stupid me.

I never did anything that could have given her the impression that i was interested in her, too. She was this kind of playful, funny and positive girl that i found to be really cute. But from her perspective i sure was not interested, and i guess after that day in summer she just gave up on me. What a waste of time i must have been for her. I feel sorry, because my stupidity chased her away. And made my misery even worse. My first real big depression caught me, with death wishes and all the shit i regret. I dealt with it by changing...

Chapter 3:
Sea Rose

So i was becoming a metal fan, wearing all black, being rebellious to my parents and all the crap. The internet has laid its hands around me and i started to feel a need of expressing myself, felt attracted to the art scene and everything alternative. The hunger for knowledge grew. And my hatred, too. But the internet opened a new way of communication for me. I quickly started to realize one positive thing about communication in text form: people start to get to know each other on a different level, a more personal level, leaving the obvious superficial stuff behind very quickly, like outer appearances and such. Plus, there was no reason to be shy. My low self esteem meant NOTHING in cyberspace, and my actual me was pretty much good in making friends online with who i am. Without knowing it i learned to know Moon Flower, but it needed a few more years to start getting relevant.

Most importantly i met my first mature love, Sea Rose. Back then we had so much in common, and i learned so much from her. It felt like she was on the same level, but always a few steps in front of me, and that got my attention. So it was only logical that we got closer and closer. Internet forums, instant messaging and later even telephone calls and real meetings were the norm. and after a year or so it was pretty clear to both of us that we were in love. Like, seriously this time. Of course a lot was about to happen and we would change a lot from then on, and i guess we both knew this could probably end our good relationship at some point, but this would not matter to our youth minds back then. And

we were pretty happy for quite some time, and i feel glad that we got so far. Especially regarding my own complexity and how difficult things would be with me.

The situation i found myself in was kinda strange. On the one hand i finally got what i always hungered for, but on the other hand the damage was done. I still found myself in this hostile world in which i could simply not fit in, but at least i found an escape person i could always go to. And not only because she shared most of my points of view, but because she was there for me. Which is by the way something one should always have. Even now, that i can deal with all the bad in the world, this is something i very need. Somebody to hide, to help me get my head off of things, to concentrate on the positive aspects. Well, to SHOW me what is good in life, anyway.

For some time things were pretty good like this. The world was still a bad place to be, but it didn't matter. What Sea Rose showed be by this is that pretty much the whole world is meaningless, as long as you have someone to love. I learned to show this and how to embrace it. Something valuable i will always have in life.

Back then i was still mourning about why i had so few friends and why we can't just all get along, but in retrospective that was all pretty much pointless. You know, i HAD friends and they were awesome. Maybe it's a trick of my memory, and Sea Rose keeps telling me that those weren't as good as i remember them to be, but one thing i know for sure is that i knew people who had interest in the same things as i, and that is important for deep friendships, and something i lack of nowadays. And i had those and i shouldn't have complained about them.

I miss all of them.

Anyway, back to the topic. I spend pretty much every single second of freetime with her for a long time. We talked a lot, also about the future. Marriage and children and such were not out of the question, but we were smart enough not to rush into things and give us some time. Turns out this was a good idea. Also moving together was a good decision. That hold us together as a union without feeling uncomfortable. What i learned from it is that spending a lot of time together is very good when you love each other, not matter the fear of not wanting it. Mainly because this is something very basic that HAS to work in order for you two being able to be together forever. I mean, moving together does not really tell you a lot about your attraction to one another, but this is just something that has to work, otherwise you two do not work. As a couple.

What finally went wrong with the two of us was a lack of compatibility after we changed. We were young and still in a big process of change, which is normal anyway. Couples have to evolve TOGETHER and adapt to the new partner every day. Compromises and such, you know the drill. It's a cheesy thought, but it is so true. And Sea Rose and i could not manage this in a long term. We evolved into persons who did not love each other anymore. It's as dry as this. The things we once shared cannot be taken away and i, of course, treasure all the good things we had. But not in grief about the loss of those moments, but in a cheering way in that i am lucky i had those in the first place. I learned a lot about love.

The best thing i learned for myself is about being romantic. I learned

how to combine creativity with affection, and i learned that indulgence is way better than satisfaction. Like, the path is the goal. This applies to everything – like love and sex and so on.

We were together for like three years. There is no real date were we separated, as this was a long process and we knew this was coming. The whole last year was more or less just dragging and hoping everything would get better, but i guess we both didn't spend much effort into actually doing something to amend the process we wanted to happen, but never did. In a way we were powerless. We were still living together when we separated, which turned out to be difficult – for her, not for me. We moved into different rooms and kinda tried to live life nonetheless, but she couldn't stand the thought of me having another girl after her. something that up to this point never REALLY happened, which is especially sad considering how long this was ago. I mean i can't even remember, but at least 5 years or so. She got me my self esteem back, and this was maybe the best present one can give to another person. I changed a lot, and believing in oneself again was priceless, because after we broke up this was vital for me to move forward. But of course missing a person to love would not go without getting back into depression. Obviously self esteem has had nothing to do with my sort of depression, because it may guarantee for people to be around, but not necessarily someone to love. And for me this was the one and only reason not to feel alone, to love someone and being loved back.

I am glad we are still friends. We hold on to things that once connected us, because those are unique and can't be taken away from us. But sadly enough this would not work without certain limitations.

People often ask me how i can still be friends with a person i was together with. And i have to say this is only possible by blending out the things that got you apart in the first place. Like, we agreed on specific topics that we won't talk about. A sad thing, but it works. I won't go into detail on what those things are, because it's very personal, as you may can guess. But from a friendship point of view this should not really happen. Like being completely honest is something we can't guarantee for sure. Of course i would obviously not lie to her after all we have been through, but some things i dare to mention in front of her in fear of what might happen. We both have been there and it was not pretty. We have seen sides of the other that nobody else knows about. And regarding how much we already changed probably nobody will EVER see again.

It's a bit sad to know that we will never have any romantic feelings for one another ever again, but it's for the better cause. I mean, better be good friends than to never see each other again or ignore each other. At least in such a case you know exactly what you are up to and what your friend is like.

Chapter 4:

Brown Sugar

From now on i cannot write in chronological order, either because i can't remember the exact point in time when something specific happened, or like in the case of Brown Sugar, it started at an earlier point, but needed hell of a lot of time to develop.

She was a long-term friend who i got to know pretty short after getting together with Sea Rose. And please don't get me wrong, at that time and the following few years, that's all she was: a good friend. Actually it was quite obvious that we had a lot in common and people would have had no problem imagining us as a couple, so i totally understand why Sea Rose had to be jealous about us. But on the other hand i was quite capable of not letting it happen to fall in love with someone else, while being in a relationship. And to be honest, i was far away from it all the time. Of course one had to take my word for it, because how could i prove a thing like this. And well, Sea Rose DID NOT trust me all the time, which i not only found to be pretty insulting, but also very sad, because i did not get the trust back, which i deserved for being so honest and attached to this relationship. And there were no romantic feelings for Brown Sugar, not until AFTER i and Sea Rose broke up. Not necessarily because i chose not to give in or something, no, there simply weren't more feelings for her than for a friend. My word alone should have been the proof to that.

Anyway, i managed to befriend her and we tried to share whatever interested we had, the other had too. We certainly enjoyed the time we

had together, every single second of it. She had this strange kind of openness i missed so much with, well, everybody else. You know this no-fear policy when it comes to other people, kinda like punks have (she had a lot of punk friends before she moved in town, maybe that is where she got that from). She had no problem with physical encounters, because it wasn't a sexual thing for her. Pretty much how i see it, too, but pretty much most of the people cannot. So being all cuddly while watching movies or sleeping in the same bed at night overs was not a big deal, because this was merely a friends way of showing ones nearness to one another. Maybe this innocent behavior reminded me a lot of my childhood. Because this is how people should be: none-hostile to another in every way.

And wow was she cute. And shy. I liked that. All in all a very unique kind of character, that she has developed over the time, and a pity that so less could appreciate this. I for once did and i enjoyed her to be around me.

So after Sea Rose moved out, it started a big time of depression for me. The loss was great again, and in a retrospective it was very much alike 10 years before, when i missed my first love and did not notice why this was why i felt so bad. But this time i knew why. I knew i felt bad for not being loved. Plus, my friends started to move away after school ended and i got more alone with each day. My perspectives for the future weren't as bright to me. And it was at those times i started to feel more for Brown Sugar, than i did before. Problem was that we saw each other less often with every week (again, pretty much like back when i was a child), and i was so destroyed on the inside that i couldn't

do a thing about it. Things got rushed and i gave up, we saw each other every few weeks, than every few months only, and at some point i even believed we would never see each other again. And after some other shit stuff to have happened, like another devastating romance of mine, we got in touch with each other again. Up to this point i was so detached from my feelings that i did not know what to feel or to think. Yeah, not be able to know what to think was the worst thing, because i did SO many mistakes. But i knew what i wanted. So what was about to come was pretty much inevitable.

Thing is, it's not that we never spoke about it. I asked her out a few times if dating each other as a couple would be something she'd like to do, but i never expected anything of a positive answer. And since i wasn't in love with her anyway, it was kinda okay for me. But we talked about it, and that is worth a lot. So when she finally started to get in touch with me again, i felt pretty great about myself. At this time i was in a very, very bad condition and made a few stupid things. So this sudden commitment of her got me into this trap i found myself in. She was obviously missing me and thinking about wanting something else, or even more. I don't believe that was ONLY in my mind – it was actually there. But she was such an insecure, sad thing – it wasn't new to me to see her wanting something, but not really wanting it, you know.

One constant mistake i made during all those years was hiding the few parts of myself that would have let her falling in love with me, for obvious reasons. It was part of what i had to do to not cause Sea Rose's jealousy give any more cause. Certain things i never really told her, things about my past or things about my personality i kept secret or even

was ashamed of. I was extremely honest to her, don't get me wrong. But you know, i kinda had to hide some stuff... but i should better not. I really, really regret this. I did this for Sea Rose, and our relationship was a goner for a long time already, so that latecomer of this relationship still was existent, and ruining my possible relationships to come was something that taught me a lot. I will never again do something like this. I will have to be completely honest in the future, like at a hundred percent. No matter who is in what kind of relationship. That's simply a stupid thing to do, especially considering that you have to completely trust your partner anyway.

So Brown Sugar and i met again, doing the usual stuff we always liked to do. And i realized my feelings may have been more than just the of a good friendship. If 'love' is the right term i cannot say by today's standards, because back then i was a screwed up kid, not knowing what was actually going on around me. Not like today at least. So what matters is that i was in love. At least that's what i thought was going on. And when she started to embrace me on a way that i previously only tried to embrace with, that got my attention. She wanted to hang out and sleep over for no apparent reason, which i interpreted by the code of what normal people behave after. Actually, i still think that this was going on, even tho i admit i could have misinterpreted everything.

Then i remember this night, after we had a great day watching movies, going out and such. We both couldn't sleep very well (which was rare after such a day) and i started to try to get touchy, and she would not resist. And i guess it was kinda very romantic and all, how in the middle of the night in total darkness, only having a few senses left.

We touched and kissed, but we both were very nervous and shaky. This went on for quite some time, until she suddenly pushed me away in a digressive way that was pretty straight forward. And we fell asleep.

The next few days we both did not contact each other, i guess because we both didn't know what to do. But i was torn apart by my feeling and those days were horrible for me. Until i could not resist and called her in the middle of the night, as cliché as in the movies. I needed like forever, but after an awful amount of minutes(?) i finally said that i loved her. And she did not answer, she just acknowledged that she understood and we hung up. And then again, no interaction for days. I don't remember who then first wrote the other an enormously long email, but what came out of this short exchange of mails was the following: she told me in hell of a lot small points not why she would not choose me, but what the person should be like she wanted to be with. And what i did not understand for at least a week was that why the hell this description was totally a description of ME.

The reason is pretty obvious to me now: the things she described were all things she simply did not know of me. I spend an awful amount of energy into changing myself and acting like i am somebody else in the sheer hope of becoming that person, that SHE did miss out on the few things that were obvious to ME, but sure not for her. And this really hurt me in a lot of ways. Because she did not even know that she wanted me, even though it was obvious for me that she was. But it was already too late. After all those years, how could i possibly change that picture of me that she held treasure for herself, just to protect her from making a possible mistake with me.

Chapter 4: Brown Sugar

I saw her two months later on the street, she was now together with some other guy i did not even know in person. How this could even happened is still beyond me. And this was the last time i had contact with her. Later i heard she grew a lot into a person she never wanted to be back then, with some awful character trades and habits she always hated. I even heard from other friends that at some point she started to hate me, like one year later or so. I don't really know what was going on there, but judging from what i heard i don't really wanna know. I like her to stay like this in my mind, how i learned to like her - as the cute, interested, happy and friendly nerd friend i once loved.

Chapter 5:

Cherry Blossom

She was like the cutest girl i have ever met up to this point. Even tho having all sorts of weird, unique problems, she was so positive and energetic at the same time, you just had to like her for that. Also a very distinctive curious nature, combined with a random humor i rarely find in people. Her sort of boy-ish appearance really fitted her energetic essence. Like she was just fun to watch and be with to be happy, but with a strange hint of melancholy at the same time. A polarizing, random character and exactly my type of person to like to be around with.

It didn't need a long time for me to start to have a crush on her. Like in this childish way, i sort of missed since high school. So i tried to be around more often and see what the hell could come out of this. I could clearly see something happen between us, even tho not for long. My affection for her still increased over time.

Also she was a friend of Sea Rose, which was kinda of a problem sometimes, but as both were friends at least Sea Rose had a great sense of accepting my affection for her, because she understood it. But so it happened that after i broke up with Sea Rose, Cherry Blossom and i got nearer. I sensed she started to like me, too, and maybe at some point she had an equal crush on me, but that's just a possible thing and i can't tell that for sure. Tho she was easy to get creeped out by someone and the weirdest notions of mine were misinterpreted by her. So our friendship was on a strange halt every now and then, but nothing too serious tho.

And then was this one holiday, when i, Sea Rose and Cherry

Chapter 5: Cherry Blossom

Blossom went on vacation together for a week in spring (i don't even remember which spring it was). A strange thing to do, you think? Yeah well, i am sure it was, but back then i was fooled by promises by Sea Rose that this is not a problem. Even tho she knew that things between me and Cherry Blossom were likely about to happen, she made peace with the idea and tried her best to accept her faith with be experiencing the whole thing first hand. On that vacation me and Cherry Blossom really caught up on things between us and started to grew together. Sometimes we just ignored Sea Rose, we held hands and did some romantic stuff, like cuddling on the sofa and such. And Sea Rose turned out not to be able to witness this first hand and kinda started to ruin everything by acting all weird and angry. I had sympathy for her situation, that is why i tried to act by it, but i really should not have done this. Because, you see, in the end our friendship was still good and such a thing as another love relationship with me and someone else (no matter who it was) would not be that much of a difficult obstacle for us. I should have just ignored her and a week later or so everything would have been fine. Sounds a bit harsh, but trust me on that, we have been through this scenario, too, and it DID work that way.

Anyway, this vacation i did not act like i should have, but instead i tried to calm down the situation by talking with both of them. So the trip turned out to be a tearful clusterfuck of drama and anger. Much to everyone's disapproval, of course. And there was one night that kinda changed a lot for future references. You see, this rare situations in life, you commonly know from movies, where you have to make ONE choice, and even while pondering on what to do you already know, this

Chapter 5: Cherry Blossom

will effect much. And this night was one of those situations. I had to choose, and i chose wrong, and up to today i HATE my decision and mourn about it. So, i was lying there with Cherry Blossom, everything was fine and a bit romantic, we were just cuddling and watching TV. Sea Rose was in another room, i don't remember what she did, when all of the sudden when she looked for us, she got like REALLY mad about us being together. Stupid me trying to solve this i abandoned Cherry Blossom to talk to Sea Rose. A bit chatter here and there and at some point i had to decide in which room i wanted to spend my night – with Sea Rose or Cherry Blossom. And as stupid as i was i decided to sleep at Sea Rose, just no to endanger our friendship. And left Cherry Blossom alone in the other room.

Of course this pretty much destroyed my relationship to Cherry Blossom. Afterward she did not speak to me any more. At first she just tried to find excuses not to see me, when i wanted to meet up, but she tried not to act like she never wanted to see me again, like our friendship was still okay. But i kinda already knew, on the inside this whole thing i did back then was more than an insult to her and clearly stated that my commitment to her was not enough for her expectations. And i was the big ass, ruining the whole thing, not Sea Rose. And i guess this kinda was the case.

I strongly believe that no matter what my choice would have looked like, my friendship with Sea Rose would still be the same today. But i had the choice to make the next step with Cherry Blossom, and i ruined it. I ended up being extremely sad about this whole hing. And thinking back on this i kinda believe that me being sad was actually more about

Chapter 5: Cherry Blossom

me being as dumb as possible, and not because i lost a friend i had a huge crush on and something like a valuable future together.

She then got together with another really cool guy who was sensitive enough for her, so i approved of their relationship, and as far as i know they're still together, after like what, four years or so? At first it really bothered me that this happened pretty shortly after this vacation thing, only like three weeks or so after that. But yet, thinking about it now, it made sense. And they fit together, so i cannot complain. They are a better couple than we would have been, anyways. I mean, i really have a thing for sensitive girls, and Cherry Blossom was even more sensitive than Brown Sugar. I don't really know why, it may be because i am myself pretty sensitive most of times, and i see some sort of relation to this when other share this with me in some way. But thinking about Cherry Blossom, and later it would be Moon Flower to break this record, she was hell of a sensitive person. Every single word i said had to be measured eagerly and well thought. So as sensitive as i am, that is more of an inside thing going on and people usually don't see that in me easily, unless they really know me for some time, because on the outside i can be very rude and stupid, even tho i rarely mean it that way. So this is a big problem for me, liking someone being sensitive as a paper tissue, but being blunt as a hammer myself. Sort of. And thinking back, i guess i wasn't even ready for her at all and would probably have done some real damage to her, unintentionally of course. And this other guy kinda had this emo boy thing going on which was suited best for her, anyway. I mean a more shy and cautious approach was needed for this, than i could have offered.

Chapter 5: Cherry Blossom

Nowadays it's quite another thing. I have learned so much, and about those issues i just talked about, Cherry Blossom really taught me a lot of valuable stuff. I can be more sensitive and have improved a lot on this case. Still an awful lot to go, but i am already halfway on my path to reach my goal with this. I would like to thank Cherry Blossom for this gift, but of course we don't have any contact anymore. And kinda like with Brown Sugar, i guess she kinda started to grow a grudge on me, and probably hates me by now, anyways. She seems to have accomplished a few things in her life that i am actually pretty jealous of, but i wish her the best and things to be better, no matter how good they actually are.

Chapter 6:

Poison Oak

This will be a rather quick one.

First of all, i have NO IDEA when this happened. I don't even know why i can't specify this happening chronologically better than like in a span of like 5 years or so. But i guess it doesn't matter anyway, because it did not affect me that much on way through life, like most of other people did with me. But it had a certain impact on my own believe, in a way that it manifested what i already believed in, and did this pretty effective.

As you may know i am – no matter how open minded – more of a monogamous person. The hyper-romantic guy who does stick to the girl he chose, no matter what. Even tho i may be able to differ between sexual and metaphysical needs, and it's actually pretty easy. I mean, for example i personally would not be as upset about when my partner cheated on me, as long it was just for sexual purposes (and yes, i have to trust my partner at least that much that i have to believe her, if she says so), at least be not as upset as most people would. And friends tend to be irritated by my open approach when it comes to physical stuff like that. For example i would not have any problem when a partner of mine things she has to have an open relationship. It's not what I want to have, but hell, if she wants it and i trust her, i seriously see no problem there. See? You already are irritated. But don't get me wrong, i do not personally approve of it, in a sense that this is how i would like it to be. In a perfect relationship there is only a two-sides physical thing

happening – meaning the two parts of that relationship, which are me and her.

Anyway, Poison Oak was a friend of mine, or better said a friend of a friend, but i saw her frequently. And even tho you might have thought this will be an example of me cheating on someone, but actually no, it's not. It's about she cheating on someone else. And YES i know, being part of that makes me also a cheater, and today i know this. But back then i did not.

So she was in a relationship for actually quite a long time already. And when i noticed some strange behavior on her side it really irritated me. She started to get touchy, but on a very sweet kinda way, like just holding hands during a movie or such. And because i had no idea what was going on, i got interested in it. We started to chat and i found out what the problem with her was. As it turned out her boyfriend had some serious sexual issues going on, leaving him in a position in which he simply wasn't capable of giving her the pleasure she so needed. I actually found it hard to believe that for more than two years they haven't had sex at all. This was so sad to me, because after my believes that is a waste of youth. Or at least what was still left of it in us. Plus, sex is important in a long term relationship. She had my sympathy and really talked me into this whole thing by it. She was not really my type, but i still liked her somehow. Enough to agree on this whole thing. And so we planned a one-night-stand.

Obviously this is not something for me, but i never had one of those and was very curious on how this worked at all and wanted to do it at least once in my life. And yes, once it happened and i will never do it

again.

Because as it turned out to be not a bad thing while it actually happened, the overall morality of things was just too much of a bad thing to tolerate. Or to make it short: it was wrong. It sure felt wrong, also. Right afterward i was still very confused if this was right or not – at least i had enough reason to convince myself that this was righteous at all. So we agreed on doing it a second time somewhen. But i quickly regretted this whole thing. And then i kinda acted like a jerk and should probably have told her about my insights and my decision on not to do that every again, but i didn't. We chatted a bit more after that, and thinking about it, she also never brought that topic up again, either. So maybe she got to the same conclusion as i did, which i strongly hope. But i should at least have asked her about it. Nowadays i sure would do so, but back then i simply didn't have the guts to confront her with it.

So, to conclude, i did not really learn anything new from that experience, but it felt good to know that what i always believe in and act after, seems to be the right way after all. Bad enough that i took part in something horrible as a partner cheating on the other, spreading lies and mistrust. This still bothers me a lot and tortures my subconscious a lot. But i am glad that this never has to happen ever again.

I hope they are still together.

Chapter 7:

Glass Feather

Glass Feather was one of those rare gems out there, glancing a specific kind of unique beauty, without knowing it. She had a lot of problems going on and was not so stable, physically and psychological. But nevertheless extremely beautiful, and kinda shy. Her character traits were so very special that she was actually one of a million to be clearly different from the rest. But her self-aware problems were kind of a big obstacle, not only for her but also for others. An artist with a very specific position in life, making her own rules.

I actually knew her for quite some time already, also via internet and from VERY early years of my cyberspace presence, but we never shared much interest in one another for most of the years, but occasional chats. I don't really remember at which point we suddenly started to finally get to know each other, but it was a quite unique experience for me, as we shared some very interesting things, which neither one of us is used to have in common with anyone else, and i guess that was pretty much what caught our both attention in the first place. And from there on everything went surprisingly FAST. We very quickly started to build up some sort of romantic connections, actually talking about doing something romantic and drastic and spontaneous, like just spending a night in Paris, without spending a lot of thoughts about the how and why. We kinda liked behavior like that, and even tho we still didn't share any romantic interest in each other, it was a very warm feel inside to know, that with the other it WOULD be easily possible, since we shared

that aspect of life. I guess it is some sort of 'view on life' thing that was going on there.

So, after only a few weeks or a month or so we were planning on how to meet. Like, visiting me, or me visiting her, that seemed like the logical thing to do, but we kinda wanted to do something special, like actually traveling to Paris or Hamburg or camping in my car or something like that. I don't really remember WHY we scrapped those plans, but pretty much on last account she changed her mind to just wanting to visit me.

It was a summer in which i was not employed or something (actually i don't remember which summer it was, so maybe i was on school holiday or something), or did i even took a week off work? Doesn't matter. What mattered was that we pretty much decided that she would stay at least 6 days, which is pretty much a lot considering we never actually met, and by choice this could have been expanded to 10 days – more was not possible because she had something of an appointment or something (i guess it was work). And even on the first day everything started out brilliant. I really, really liked her, and as far as i noticed she liked me, too, and i could easily see more coming. But at that moment everything was more about exploring, adventurous fun and just enjoying what was possible. She seemed to do the same thing, and even was more active in embracing me than i was in embracing her. What actually surprised me, because she still was kinda very insecure about herself and shy. And everything pretty quickly went on to a physical basis. Which i kinda welcomed, because i liked her more with every second that passed, plus i found her to be very attractive and cute.

And here started a problem i never really experienced before. Because, and without wanting to go into detail, there was something unique with her body, that she was highly sensitive about and the reason why she was so insecure the whole time. That special thing was something she thought others would find extremely unattractive and disgusting maybe, and i guess it kinda was for most people, but not for me! I actually love perfect bodies with small imperfections, that makes the whole outer appearance of a girl even more complete, if she is looking pretty awesome in general. And this thing that bothered her for so long and probably kept her from trying out new stuff like that with most guys. I seriously had to convince her how all this what she was afraid of would not apply to me, and i guess that made her more comfortable about the whole thing going on, for a good cause.

Interesting enough, i experienced an even more drastic example of all this later with Moon Flower. She has a lot in common with Glass Feather, but even more extreme in every kind of sense. And yes, Moon Flower's body is even more attractive to me.

But enough, i could not know about this at the time i was with Glass Feather, because this happened a few years before Moon Flower. Back at the first few days of me and Glass Feather, we pretty much enjoyed us, barely leaving the bed, always cuddling, making out, or more, eating a bit every now and then, and i remember playing video games when she was asleep (she slept a lot more than i did). I don't remember the specific day, but i guess it was the third or so, when we were actually right in the middle of some very nice sex, when she suddenly interrupted it and asked me, very calm and kinda distant, what this was between us.

BAMM, this was kind of a shock moment for me. I had so no idea what was going on right at that moment. It seemed like a scene from a movie, and i tried to remember what always happened in those movies and what i was to say at best. I stumbled something about "let us just enjoy ourself" and/or something like "we are friends" or something, but i couldn't really think, so no matter what i have said, it would have been empty bullshit. Anyway, the romance came to a sudden halt and from this point on she suddenly started to get extremely quite about everything, slept like 20 hours a day and did not really talk to me.

I was hell of a confused, poor guy. I thought everything was a clear thing between us, but obviously that wasn't the case at all. We were NOT on the same level with things. But i did not really know at this point if i did something wrong. I mean, she embraced me. If it weren't for her we would not even have started a physical thing. I just played along. So why would SHE suddenly question our relationship? Especially since – and i tried to explain that to her – she was very near to my heart at that moment and i liked her more than just a good friend, obviously. And that i was not in love with her, yeah, but not YET nevertheless. I could see that in the future, and i guess she should have been able to, too. But i don't know...

She just would not want to talk about it. But the strange thing is, she stayed nonetheless! And than the sixth day arrive, and she stayed. The eighth day came, she stayed. The ninth day, too. And only on the last day she went back home! Why would she even do that? So she was comfortable enough to stay with me as long as possible, but not willing to embrace the way SHE did before? I had so no idea why all this was

the case, and yes, i still don't know. She wouldn't speak about it and left me with a lot of awful counterproductive clues, that mostly struck each other out for me, when i thought about them. Everything was so illogical and unsolved. And I was confused.

After she drove back home our communication came to a sudden halt. It was pretty much the same as with Cherry Blossom before: she did not chat with me, apart from when i asked her something, and everything went pretty much into a void, until we reached a point communication totally broke down. We kinda had a bit of contact every now and then, for example when we collided on a professional level (we both are artists and share a few platforms). Last year when my brother died she actually contacted me and offered help, and i took this advantage to talk to her again. Turned out she was now living in England and was already together with some guy for a few years. But from our conversation i could barely find any interest from her about everything. I thought at least to find an interest in my brother, but even that was so small it did not matter as much. So basically i was the one talking again, and that is why i didn't even try to come up with the problems i still had about what was going on between us back then. And i had to let her go, again. For the final moment, i guess, and kinda hope, too.

Chapter 8:

Dragon Fruit

I had to think about this chapter for quite some time, and i still don't really know if i should write about her, too, or not. Because with Dragon Fruit it's... weird. And by far not as important or deep as with all the other girls i had something special with. I'll just start to write and see what comes out of it and decide later if it is worth it or not. I guess i probably haven't learned anything from her at all, so i wonder if writing about her may reveal one or the other lesson to me, or not.

She was a friend of a girlfriend and i kinda knew her for some years, too. We occasionally met as friends every now and then, but there wasn't really more. The special thing about her is that she saw herself as a loner type and actually PLANNED on not to date someone, ever. Yes, she planned to stay alone until the day she dies. This is something i never even believed to be a useful notion in people, even back when i was suicidal, so you may guess my sort of interest in her. I just saw some things in her that didn't even make sense, hence my curiosity about her. But it sure wasn't a lot more for me than just finding out the logic behind all this. Plus i started to like her more with times. Sure, she wasn't the deepest person i ever met, but she was without question the nicest. And seeing the world as a compilation of asshole people, what i did back then, this was also very refreshing to me, no matter how depressive she was. Plus she was able to smile and laugh, which is also pretty amazing. Thinking back this was merely possible due to her lack of enthusiasm in her own believes. Every bit of her melancholy was very shallow and set

on to protect herself from possible outcome. So she never wanted to date people, even tho she on rare occasions tries nevertheless. But she always ruined it for herself with her negative attitude. I was one of maybe two or three guys she at least gave a pretty small amount of chance to proof her conscious wrong. Deep in her heart (and mind) – and i do not even question this – she just wanted to be safe with someone.

Anyway, so sometimes we met, kinda rare tho, but she was interested a bit. Maybe not specifically in me, but i just felt like helping her to find out of her self inflicted misery. I pity loner types a lot, since i was one myself and know why this is and why it is a stupid ting to be and most important: how to get out of this state. BUT i did not succeed with Dragon Fruit.

She had this strict rules of where to stop, and those were very weirdly set up. Like she had no problem with touching, but would not want to sleep in the same bed (maybe it's a guy's way to not understand this particular logic). I remember visiting her at her parents house once and everything seemed to so pretty tense, i could not stay there. The whole atmosphere made sense to me, her family kind of affected her believes in life a lot and seeing how all this works made me feel a bit sick about everything. So she was close enough to let me be with her precious family for some days and hold hands, but not to cuddle or sleep in the same room. Did not make much sense to me back then, and doesn't make much sense to me now, either.

At some point i was interested in her enough to embrace her in a way that i wanted a relationship with her. I never said that, but by the way i was acting she kinda knew it anyway. And she acted to that, by keeping

a certain distance. Then we had a fight of some sorts – not the arguing kind of fight, but more a short exchange of frustrating points of views, rendering us to not be able to form a closer partnership. She basically said she does not want that with me, with no one else, and we probably should not see each other again. That sure had to hurt, why yes, but i had to let her go. Out of respect, plus a lack of self esteem at that time. It was back when i just moved to a new city and learned to know a lot of new people and i kinda forced myself to believe that i don't need her at that point. Turned out i was wrong, i so needed her back then. I had luck on my side that i had Moon Flower later on... but still the loss of Dragon Fruit dragged me down, even tho it wasn't practically a big loss on my side.

A few months later i tried to tighten contact to her again, but she made it pretty clear that she did not want to have that with me again and we should stop chatting. This still bugs me a lot, since she prior to this showed me pretty clearly that she liked me and i for sure did not do anything negative to her, and everything got turned down from her side alone. This usually does not happen. I am used to be a big part in the reason for stuff like that, but not this time. It was her alone to make this decision, based on her own selfish wish to be miserable about everything and keep up that low life she so wanted. I pity her a lot for this.

After the whole thing with Moon Flower started to occur, i found out that she was a bit involved in the background, talking bad and being talked bad to about me, and at some point, just like Brown Sugar and Cherry Blossom before, she started to learn how to hate me. After a year

or so of not even having any sorts of communication and the last thing we did was a positive thing, this is something that happens an awful lot to me, don't you think? Anyway, i am so glad i grew over all this after some time. I still miss her, but not a lot. It's definitely a noteworthy loss to me, but it's also the least noteworthy one.

Chapter 9:

Black Dahlia

This is the most recent thing that happened to me, and i guess it doesn't work without mentioning about what happened between me and Moon Flower first. But well, the happenings with Moon Flower will be the last chapter, simple because this is the most important and complex one, but it goes back for several years. Black Dahlia happened just two to three months back from now, after a time i was separated from Moon Flower for long enough so i could start something new again.

So back in autumn last year i had to deal with the thought of never be able to see Moon Flower ever again, which was hard for me, but you will see next chapter, why. At some point we totally broke any contact and after the shittiest week i had since my brother died, i started to feel pretty good about myself again, and after just a few weeks i felt good enough to ask Black Dahlia out. I already knew her for nearly one and a half year, and a friend already tried to bring us together once. So we had sort of a date once and i went pretty well! I was very impressed by her intelligence (and you may know, intelligence turns me on really good). I so love the discussions we were able to do. But back then it didn't work out, i tried to see her again several times, but no luck. Later it turned out that she THOUGHT i was in love with someone else, which seems logical i have to admit, but it simply wasn't the case. I guess this part was my fault. So anyway, we saw each other occasionally, simply because we shared friends, but nothing really happened between us. Until the point i felt good enough about myself to ask her on a date. I

originally planned this before last Christmas, but i figured out i should wait until after Christmas, or else this would be a pretty awkward thing between us. The wait was tingling to me, i never had this feeling before. And after Christmas i finally simply asked her. She was surprised (why??), but agreed!

So we met and had fun, really cool discussions about philosophical things and stuff, went out for dinner and watched movies. Not often, because still it was pretty hard for her to agree to meet. I figured out this had nothing to do with me, but it's just her. I COULD live with it, but i sure didn't want to. For me it is important to see the person you date more often than like once every two weeks or so... i guess pretty much everyone would agree in that notion, right? Well, she didn't, but at least we were able to talk about it. And she could reason it, and it was okay for me simply because she could. You don't have that too often that people with weird behavior can actually tell you why and are willing to. I really liked that about her. So she sure was cute, had really nice ideas of life and a brain that she used, all good things. But on the other hand she was some sort of loner. Reminded me of Dragon Fruit, of course, but on a different level. She didn't even like the thought of DATING someone, but was surprisingly romantic on the inside. But it was this stupid movie kind of romance that didn't work in real life. Like only date someone you love. Obviously that is not how it works, because you first have to get to know one to get an idea of how or if you love the other, or at least see it being possible. I told her all this, because this is what i wanted to accomplish with her: we knew that we liked each other, but we both have very complex personalities. The more complex a

person is, the harder it gets to get to know this person, and finding aspects to love about him or her. You have to find things to fall in love with with one another, that's logical, isn't it? And with her i saw countless possibilities to fall in love, and i guessed she did, too.

[this part is missing]

Fact his, we haven't seen or talked to one another in quite a while now. It must have been 1.5 months now, or already 2 whole months maybe. We agreed on the level of friendship we had before, and i guess we both are smart enough to live like that. But on the other hand the fact that we haven't even met since then speaks another language. I guess time will sort this out, so like i said, it's way too soon to conclude this, but the end result should not be positive to me. But i have learned some things, and that is always worth something.

Chapter 10, Part 1:

Moon Flower

And now the final chapter. It will be the longest of all. I certainly hope I do not say anything stupid, which I might regret later, or that I accidentally mock someone in some way or another, or even insult someone. Thing is, I KNOW that in case I publish this text, and right now I certainly plan to, I am very sure that Moon Flower will read this. So the following sentences are for you, Moon Flower: Don't take this text too serious, I do not want to insult, nor to embrace you. Please don't judge by it, and PLEASE don't interpret it in ANY way whatsoever. It's just the story from my point of view, some certain things may even be wrong because I remember them wrong, and I guess it will be easy to misinterpret. So just PLEASE, don't try to interpret anything at all. And if you get angry at something, please keep in mind that this was not my intention and by chance at this point either I was totally wrong with what I wrote, for which I apologize, or you did not understand it the way I wrote it. I apologize for minor misconceptions about you. Also, I know that you hate it when I talk about you with others, or even do something public, like this, but seriously: nobody of my readers knows you in person, and for the very few who actually DO (which would be like, I don't know, two or three people at best), they are very aware of those things and don't care that much about our flaws, which I sure will write about. Yes, OUR flaws, since we both are not perfect.

Anyway, the story between Moon Flower and me is something very special to me, and I guess also very unique in total. It actually began

back in my very early days in the internet – I was a very late bird with it and got into touch with this medium when I was like 15 or 16 or so. Back then I was part in a chat community with my best friend, who I will refer to as Red Wood.

At that point it is necessary to write about him, too, I guess. So, Red Wood has been my best friend for most of my life. We knew each other since sixth grade or so, I guess, he was a big nerd and at first I saw up to him and learned a lot. And over the time we grew a very deep friendship. And I mean REALY deep. We literally had NO secrets, and we talked about everything that ever came to our mind, with no shame or whatever. I have been a hundred percent honest to, and even tho I am a honest person in nature and, for example, don't lie to friends at all, there still sometimes remain a few tings you would rather not say. You know, like those things that you convince yourself to are not lies, because you did not tell a lie, but in your subconscious you know it is. For example, I would say that I was a 99.5% honest to Sea Rose, which is by far more honest than most people consider the norm. But with Red Wood it simply was a clear 100%. That even makes him more than my best friend to me.

So, we were pretty close. Back in our small precious chat community this still wasn't the case, yet, but it grew with every month. Moon Flower was somehow always there, more in the background to me, but I certainly noticed her for being kinda different from the rest, right from the beginning! Red Wood had more contact with her back then, and they sort of tightened this in the background, not affecting anything between me and Red Wood. At some point they both even started a long-distance

relationship, but I barely noticed. Maybe at this point I should have been suspicious about Red Wood's behavior, since he did not talk that much about it, but he usually does. Thing is, probably no one knew him (and still knows?) as much as I did. But about his ability of getting ridiculous jealous, I did not recon at all back then. Mainly because he never had to show it. But I kinda did not care about it back then, because I believed that long-distance relationships were just child's play and not a serious thing. I myself was in a such a relationship with Sea Rose for a few months, so I guess I can talk about this by experience. And well, I was not able to do that for long, because it's a bullshit thing to do. If you like someone, you move to him or her, full stop. So I at first ignored what was going on between them.

The time passed. I was already living far away from my initial home and also from Red Wood. Interesting enough, we still tightened our friendship, no matter the distance. Chatting and skypeing and multiplayer online games made it possible. And of course we tried to see each other as often as possible, because let's face it, for a friendship it is mandatory to at least do something in person with each other every now and then. And well, it somehow worked pretty well. He was moving to Hamburg, I was still stuck in this other city near Cologne. Occasionally Moon Flower also moved to Hamburg, to learn the same thing I did in this town (school-wise). And guess what, it was just a matter of time they both got together again. And yeah, I somehow got into touch with her more often from then on, of course. Now they were an ACTUAL, PHYSICAL couple, and me seeing Red Wood would of course also result in seeing her, too. So I wanted to make friends with her, just

because this is the general correct thing to do: befriend your friend's friends. If your friend likes him or her, chances are you like him or her, too. And at least for general peace in your circle of friends, this should be a common goal between all. And yes, I already knew she was an interesting and nerdy type, which I would most certainly like. So we go to know each other a bit more and more, but with slight interest back then.

And it was then when I realized something new. Something I did not really understand myself, but there certainly was SOMETHING between me and Moon Flower, some sort of weird attraction of some sort, but I could not and did not WANT to explore this, because she was with my best friend. And that is kinda like I always was and still am: I want the best for my friends, no matter the costs. And if he liked her, I wanted for them to work as best as possible, you know. I wanted them to be happy. I ignored every notion and I am pretty good at this when it comes to a friend's wealth.

Oh, before I forget, there was this instance that happened before both got together. Back when I was just about in the huge break-up phase with Sea Rose. See, we had a few serious problems, also some physical ones that were mostly issues she had with things in general, not really concerning me. And I knew she liked Red Wood a lot and figured out they should start something together. Don't get me wrong, I certainly did not encourage her to cheat on me with me. It's kinda very complex in terms of facts, and we sort of already broke up. Anyway, I simply did not care about all of this. And Sea Rose and Red Wood actually HAD something going there. They even met for a week in Hamburg, and I do

not know what went on there, nor do I even care. It was a thing between both. My guess is they had sex and romantic stuff going on, but whatever. Did not interest me, and still doesn't, because it does not matter to me at all. No affect on me. And didn't work out anyway, obviously, so what.

Anyway, it was early 2009 when I really started to loose it with myself, and shitty things were about to happen. I moved to Düsseldorf and problems occurred. I had problems finding friends – or let's better say, I found a lot of friends, but all have let me down. It was a time when the last thing with Dragon Fruit happened, and Sea Rose had this major notion of ignoring me (yes, there was even a whole half a year in which we had NO contact), and things with Red Wood started to crumble.

Thing is, since Red Wood and Moon Flower re-booted their relationship, he started to change a lot. He started to grow something like a hate for me, criticizing minor and major things about my personality, that kinda always were things he did not approve of, but which were not that big of a deal between us, and he could live with. But suddenly, not anymore, for some reason. He changed into a direction that I found to be highly endangering. I sensed an upcoming phase of depression and deny. His hate embraced to a certain level that simply wasn't healthy, and he got more and more detached from me, in a phase in which he would NEED me. And truth is, I would have needed him, too. So the notion that I am about to loose my best friend in a phase that was even more dangerous to me was something of a circle of death to me. I mean, I already was a very depressed kind of a guy, with high

suicidal tendencies (thank god I have this behind me!), and he simply bailed out at me.

I still wanted to help him, tho. He should at least be happy and I wanted to help him. And well, he still came to me with problems about HER. And at some point she did the same, coming to me with problems about him. I was more of an outlet for both to let out air about the partner's behavior, but I used this to help them both. And I GUESS it actually helped at some weird freak level. I mean I really believe I kept their relationship alive for longer than their actual date of expiration, you know. Maybe two or three months more than it would have lasted naturally.

Back then we spent a lot of time together, playing a few hours a day of co-op multiplayer games online together and stuff like that. Yeah, I got closer to her at this time, and I still forced myself to ignore every notion that flooded my bones, when she talked to me. Also, I knew that in case their relationship would go to hell, what we, as a three-person-circle of friends had going on there, would seriously suffer from this, we all I mean. Like, would we even be able to play games together anymore? I guess I could have, but I doubted that they both would have been able to. Turned out this was correct.

During the last days/weeks of their relationship, Moon Flower and I kept a pretty tight online friendship there. We even surpassed the amount of time we chatted with each other, compared to the time I was chatting with Red Wood prior to this. Judging by a daily dose. And yes, we both kinda gave in into the fact that there are a lot of things that kept each other interested in one another. Later I found out she noticed

something about me, too, back when they still were together. The way she described it, it was the same thing I, too, recognized. And after they broke up, the two of us got more close pretty quickly. I guess I was some sort of replacement at some level, but that wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing, right? Because that didn't matter. What mattered was, that we liked each other and we both NEEDED each other at this point. Parallel to this my life went down the hole, and I had no one left to console me and help me with myself, nobody but Moon Flower! I am so grateful that she was there for me, even tho she had some serious shit going there, too. This is not something I take for granted. So I welcomed every bit I got from her. Still we BOTH did not want to give up on Red Wood, and I guess we both worried about him a lot, which was a good reason for him to keep me on distance. I for myself... not so much. I guess it was a dumb thing not to care about Red Wood's feelings about what was about to happen between me and Moon Flower, but at this point I was way to confused to even recognize this. And one month after they broke up, I visited her for the first time on my own, and everything went pretty quickly into a very defined direction, if you know what I mean. We could not longer force ourself to restrain our physical attraction to one another, and things just happened. Still it felt kinda horrible to know what we were doing would cause to Red Wood, but the attraction at this point was just too much to withstand, so we had to give in. Interesting thing, we later had to discuss who did approach to other one, first. As we both believed the other one did the first step. But after we discussed it a few times and well too detailed, we kinda had to agree to a 50-50 responsibility approach of both of us. In the end we both wanted to same

thing, so responsibility was shared equally. Something that Red Wood did not agree on. Because at this point he went batshit crazy.

I understand that he did not approve of it, but THIS was ridiculous. His jealousy has reached a level beyond logic – something I was not familiar with him, because he usually is a very straight forward and logical kind of guy. But after those things happening, he snapped. I drove by to talk about everything, and it all went kinda slow. Things were said, like “did you sleep with her” - “well, yes... so?” - “how often??” - “i don't know, I did not COUNT the times!” - “so, MULTIPLE times??” - “yeah, so??”. You see, stuff like that did not matter at all, but he was FIXED in thought about this. He sure went crazy about things that happened. And of course he was not able to process this good enough to come over it. That conversation was the last time I actually spoke to him on a kinda deeper level. But he simply gave up into his anger at me. He also – and THIS is just fucked up – made ME responsible for what happened between him and Moon Flower. You know, It was I who was after her for so long and if it wasn't for me they were still be together. He even totally ignored that she was also a variable in all of this, but that didn't interested him. It was me who did seduce her, and she did not want to be with me instead of him, but I made her think that. This was what he was thinking was going on, and that this was completely out of logic did not fit into his view at this point. I mean, he did completely blame me. Not her. Not himself. Only me. No way he, or better said both, fucked up their relationship. As, he felt betrayed, because I was fucking his ex. Which, from my point of view did not say anything about the two of us at all, because it already

was his ex and we even WAITED a few weeks for something to happen. He actually believed that I was going to give up on her, for our friendship's sake. Completely ignoring all the things that led to this situation in the first place, like he giving up on me in the first place, me being suicidal for some weeks, her being my only friend at the time and their relationship being doomed from the beginning, because there was no love involved, from my point of view. Well, maybe he did love her, but she was never really sure about her feelings for him (much like with me later then). Maybe she did love him, maybe not. Doesn't matter anymore.

Anyway, his hatred for me got into a level he wanted to kill me. Also, his obsession about her led him to stalk her on creepy levels, I guess (but well, judging from that I only take this from her words, and since she later let me look like a stalker, too, doesn't actually speak for this whole thing about him, but well... I will come to this later then). Clearly our friendship was totally over at this point. I forced myself to believe that still a lot was possible, but to be honest, deep inside I did not believe it anyway. This got me into the deepest depression I ever was in. The thing between me and Moon Flower suffered a lot from the overall situation with Red Wood, so I did not know what was going on there. It was late summer, early autumn. I basically had no friends and Moon Flower kinda kept me distant, somehow. I had an unsuccessful suicide attempt (thank god I was too much of a pussy), I lost my job due to the depression, and everything was just NOT well. My feelings were torn apart in pieces and I had SO NO IDEA what was going on with me, with the world, and with Moon Flower. And with us.

Chapter 10, Part 2:

Moon Flower

My attraction for her were sort of weird, and I find it hard to explain how. I guess this is why nobody of my friends seems to understand it, so everybody just tries to talk me out of it. A stupid thing for me, but I can hardly blame them, can I? So, for you to understand, I am well aware of all her flaws and issues, and how bad it actually affects me and such, but I don't care about any of that stuff. I like her for the good things about her, and the flaws kinda come along with it. I mean, seriously, the only reason people have good character trades is because you can compare them with bad ones, and nobody is perfect. Plus, most of her bad trades are actually kinda attractive to me, too... how do I explain this. Well, I kinda love her for her bad trades, too. Those are all minor things to me which I can live with. She generally does not think the same way, plus she seems to see some flaws in me that she sure believes in not being able to live with. But hers are kinda adorable to me. I don't expect anyone to understand this, but please just accept that I do. Her fear of things in general is cute. Her secret selfishness, hidden behind a wall of untouchability, is something that fascinates me. Her detachment from things and attempts to keep me distant are a welcomed challenge for my love for her. Her loner lifestyle reminds me a lot of my own. But even tho, all those things don't matter to me, seeing her positive trades. Like, she is extremely intelligent, even tho I think she isn't even aware of how much. Her beauty is astonishing, and I feel REALLY BAD that I personally believe I will never ever again be with someone who is more

beautiful than her (then again, I can say I have been in bed with the most beautiful girl in the world, which is a thought that satisfies me a lot, of course). Her humor is exquisite and her laugh is so charming. Her interests unique, and by the way: she is a full blood nerd. She is generous and shy and cute as hell, a great kisser and as friendly as possible, no matter how angry she actually should be.

So, I guess those are all those things I already knew of, back then. I adored her, but did I love her? Well, yet, not really. Things were bad, but they got slightly better with every week. We met very, very rarely, but kept a tight online friendship – she also was my new Red Wood in many regards. We played co-op online games and started to watch TV series together, which was awesome. The few times we met were still a bit awkward, as she still was afraid of going the next step, I guess, and I had to do every decision for her, and she would let me. I guess I could have done a lot with her, she wouldn't have minded it... but well, how could I. I was in a constant fear of doing something by accident that would detach her from me, so having to decide about what to do with her was a very great deal for me, that I did not take lightly. In a retrospective, maybe I should have, but I was so insecure when she was around, that I felt as fragile as she is by nature.

Very challenging has always been the fact that she hardly gave away things about herself. I guess it is some sort of self protection, and I am pretty sure of it because by now she should already trust me enough to tell me pretty much everything. I never did betray her trust and never lied to her. Even tho she sometimes believed I did, which I can hardly blame her for, because I can get very stupid when I am around her.

Friends know me as a very forgetful and clumsy person, hence I occasionally say pretty stupid things without noticing it, or even worse, I tell something that could easily be interpreted in quite the opposite of what I meant. And she is the kind that ALWAYS tries to read between the lines – most people do, but she is like hyper-sensitive about things like that. Which may be the greatest issue between us, causing a hell of a lot of problems, because this barely works with me. I have no concept of transporting meta-data in conversations. Most of my friends know this. She does, too, but still... I am NOT able to “read between the lines”, so I get an awful lot “I said it!” from her, and it seems like I forgot about it (which also happens way too often), but the fact is I simply did not understand it the way it was meant to, because she did not state it directly, but kept the message hidden in meta form. And this is the point I am very fragile with, because I have to deal with this for all my life, with all the people I know, and by now this is my weakest spot. Seriously, act like you said something, no matter if you did or not, and if I did not know about it I make myself responsible for not getting it, like at a hundred percent. I feel worst when this happens and I never hate myself more than when somebody shows me that I am just too stupid to communicate. And Moon Flower does this a lot with me. I mean, I don't blame her, obviously, but this is just something that makes me feel very bad and insecure about myself, often and harsh.

And on the other hand I cannot use meta information with what I say. I only mean exactly what I say and nothing more. People find it hard not to seek the message between the lines. Social codes and rules for correct behavior and such – I can barely imitate them a bit, not as I have no

concept of understanding them, I do not act by them. Hence people, and of course Moon Flower too, always try to make me responsible for what I said, which I actually did not SAY, but only suggested – by accident of course! And how can I even counter notions like that, when people actually believe I said this or that and somehow have a “proof” that, which I don't understand. This has the same effect on me than the other way around. And this also happens an awful lot with Moon Flower. So she not only has a slightly outdated view of me in my mind (I am like the opposite of what I was three years ago. I know it's hard for people who know me to accept this), but I also gave her the impression of a few things about myself that simply are not true. And for some reason she seems to not trusting me enough to believe me with it. I guess in some cases she is too often right with me and knows some aspects of me better than I do for myself, but in so many important arguments this is simply not the case. Plus, the things I actually say are often so extremely bad received in the first place, which makes most of my statements obsolete. (“Nothing is true.”)

Also, I bet you have noticed the pattern here. It's sort of alike with Brown Sugar. Moon Flower also has a slightly askew view of myself, based on misconceptions about my own personality, which are a direct result of my incapability of communicate like a normal person, and also of their own subconscious trying to ignore positive trades about myself, because on the inside she is too afraid of embracing me, in case everything COULD go wrong. Plus a lack of acceptance for change of my personality. And I have so no idea how to overcome this problems. I mean I have some, but those are all just of theoretical nature. To try out

these solutions, she has have to overcome her own fear of herself, of me and of possible bad things to happen. But how do you do that? Brown Sugar could not, and Moon Flower also doesn't have the energy to do so. At least she has the will, and that is worth something, or isn't it?

So, at the beginning of 2010 I kinda finally started to understand what was going on there. We already talked about those undisclosed feelings we both feel and how we don't know what they mean, but I for once wanted to explore them, but she always said she would not be ready to. And once she said something that made me think. Regarding those feelings, she once said that if you do not know what you should feel, just do what you think may be right, and IF it feels RIGHT, then this is the way it is. And this of course made be think seriously... Remembering all the times we met, it has always been this way: Despite being absolutely awesome meet-ups, which I enjoyed a lot, there has always been this small fear underneath, a tense feeling of discomfort. But still it FELT right! I enjoyed it, no matter the negative thing floating around in midair and I would never have wanted to change things then. It just felt like this is how things should be for me. So, could it have been love? It had to be! I was pretty sure about that in early 2010. But you guessed it, I was too afraid of acknowledging it to her.

And then April happened. My brother committed suicide and I was about to go through the most extreme change in my life. I changed fast and into a pretty obvious direction. It may sound macabre, but from a view of personal developing this was a good thing to happen to me. I became such a positive person afterward, because I learned how extremely unimportant things can be, seeing them universally.

ESPECIALLY with bad things and all negative in the world. I lost a lot of fear about things and regained my trust in myself, also self esteem and a sense for trying out risky things. And one of them was of course embracing Moon Flower with my love. Being completely honest. I felt not strong enough to do so, especially because things were evolving so fast, and by my believes then, I could not be for sure about my feelings about her, unless I told her and it felt exactly right. But hey, I wanted at least have her be part of my new approach on life, and show her how positive things can be. I became more romantic again and wanted to express this. So I grabbed all my money and surprised her with a sort of romantic weekend, just for the two of us. Again, she did not do anything against it and let me decide about everything, but I didn't give a fuck about that anymore. I just wanted to make her feel great about things. What I did NOT plan for this weekend was my sudden outburst of truth, telling her about my feelings. I guess it appeared to be planned, but it was not. So we were sitting there in the hotel, with fake roses all over the place and so on, and I just told her that I love her. A wonder I did not collapse or anything, but the sole fact that I said it and it felt PERFECTLY RIGHT has hit me very, very hard. I was never so sure about things in my life. I love her and I want to be with her, grow old and all this cliché things. It felt like the way it should be and I felt great for finally acknowledging this truth about me and her.

So, this was the last time I saw her in person.

She did not so much react to it at all, and I guess it is a logical thing and I should have expected that. She was insecure as hell, and even tho she SAID everything is okay, I just knew that this creeped her out a bit,

justifying her keeping distance to me even more. And what did I do? The only thing I could do. Accept her decision and do what I could do best: being myself. In that matter it meant expressing my love to her. The following months were ups and downs, but mostly ups. I kept doing stuff to prove my love for her, and parallel to this we kept our friendship basis thing, like playing video games and watching series. So I did things to prove myself to her. Romantic things. Things I don't actually regret, even though I knew I would freak her out with some of them, but well, to be honest, I had to do this. I didn't make it by choice, but because I had no essence of defending myself to these notions, because they seemed so natural and logical to me. Plus, it was she who taught me about this in the first place. Most of the crazy stuff I did for her I could not finish, because I am not Jesus or something. Like, I remember trying to learn a specific dance choreography from our favorite series, I created videos and even music, but I could not finish any of those. One of the few things I could finish was for example a whole book full of poems about her. I knew she thought I was joking, but I worked on it in secret for months and months, spending a lot of time tinkering out every single line and perfecting a way to make it into a real physical book. With the help of co-workers and photographer friend Vesa, and a few failed prototypes of the book, I finished a pretty good result there. I mean I did not care about how good the actual poems would be, because this whole thing was nothing more than a gesture to prove my feelings. But the result was pretty good, I guess (I still haven't published it). Also, I did these things as an artist. She was my muse and inspired me to do such things. It felt great to do something like this for those reasons. Still, she refused to

meet me in person again, and can I blame her? Probably not.

Secretly in the background I tried to build up the thought that we did not have a future, and even tho I knew that I can live without her, and probably love someone else somewhen in the future, this was hard to accomplish. It required me hell of a lot of mind work to process the thought of loosing her. And in autumn finally something happened that helped me out with it. It was a bad thing to happen, tho.

I wrote a short story which was inspired by me and her. It was some sort of free-flow writing involved and while writing I quickly started to make it the story more and more abstract and detached from our actual personalities and situation. But that did not matter as much, because this was merely a gesture. And artistic outlet, inspired by my favorite muse. I should have thought about the possibilities to get this story wrong, but as always, I did not. I gave the story a kinda better ending than I intended it to have, and it hasn't had a lot to do with us anymore at this point. But anyway, on a subconscious level it was about me dealing with the fact that we both will not work out our issues and I have to deal with loosing her. My intention was to tell her with this story, "see, I CAN live without you, so please be not afraid of me, you will not be able to crush me, but I am very positive about that us being together would be the best ting that could happen to us". She clearly did get this message wrong, making it all a thing which I used to judge about her. From my perspective it was pretty obvious that I did not do that, but that was never a reason for her (seriously, she still did not trust me??). And than she broke up the contact to me. Unable to have seen this coming, it DID crush me. It was just too cruel.

So, the next week was the second worst week I had last year. Depression caught me good, I – again – lost my job due to her (duh), I stopped eating (I have not eaten for 7 days straight, and only drank. On day seven my spine started to hurt, so I had to eat again) and I did not know what to do. I have been there before and I usually needed months to come over it. And didn't I learn something that should have prevented it? But well, of course! And after only one week life went on. It came to my mind that grief even longer did not make much sense at all. I should and COULD be happy, and things went on pretty quickly. I rarely felt so great about myself. Being able to live without the person you love may sound like a very bad thing to happen, and I guess it is, but the sheer capability of being able to was just an amazing experience. I can go on now.

So, I started dating again, meeting people and enjoying myself. It was the time I started to date Black Dahlia. I worked, and I was glad, even tho I missed her a lot and still thought about her every day. But my headaches were gone and I could sleep again, which generally was a good sign, right? I still wrote her an email every now and then, just to inform her what was going on in my life, never even expecting her to react or even to read it. But I only did this because I cared.

And then something strange happened, I never thought possible. After all the times I was the one crawling back to her again and again, I never expect her to come back to me this time, wanting to get our friendship back. She even finally acknowledged that she had undisclosed feelings and those probably meant more than what she always thought of feeling about me (DON'T YOU SAY! No surprise.

That's love, I tell you!). My self esteem was pretty high, compared to early times, so I was about to keep her more distant, in fear she would break me again. I seem to fall for her all the time, this should not be healthy, but I certainly never regret any of this. I would rather be tortured by her for the rest of my life than missing her completely. So I welcomed the thing, sort of. Of course the situation was seriously fucked up for me, because what should I do about all of this? I liked Black Dahlia a lot and felt like we too could have a future together, and at this point I sure wanted to! But on the other hand it was the love of my life and the most perfect girl I ever met, telling me she got more feelings for me and missed me. This was fucked up.

So, we pretty much instantly fell back into normal routine, playing games, chatting a lot, and so on. And when the thing with Black Dahlia found it's end to me, I was certain that Moon Flower would be glad about it, because now there was no moral boundaries anymore between us for embracing our feelings for one another. But no, she hesitated. I understood this wrong – why would she NOW bail out on me? It crushed me for only one day (yay, record!). But she later stated out to me that she wanted all this, but still wasn't ready for it (I heard that so often from her and still did not know what this even meant...). On Valentine's day she even got me a present (wow, I never received something on that day!), and I felt bad that I got nothing. You know, I am supposed to be the romantic one, flooding her with presents all the time, and even tho I tried to order something for her, the thing did not arrive in time, which would not have been a bad thing, if she wouldn't have gotten something for me! And well, my love for her has never been

as big as back then. It was in mid February, only one and half a month from me writing about it now. We sort of agreed to finally meet, she needed at least two~three weeks of planning ahead, wow. But well, we argued again for minor reasons, I don't even remember well. It was the same old bullshit of she saying something I did not get, but she thought I would or should, then me trying to figure out why the fuck she was angry at all and she getting pissed at me for not letting go. This was a well known pattern for us, I guess. I mean I just want to sort shit out between us. Our problems are so tiny, it would only need us one or two deep conversations and it'll all go. But well, can't force her to. And yet, I cannot even blame her for my own stupidity. If I don't get the obvious stuff, this is my problem, right? I mean I have pretty much changed every aspect of myself, but all this stuff we fight about... not so much.

Anyway, I refused to meet. What, what you just said?, you might think. Well, yes, I couldn't deal with it that way and this point and I wanted to prove that I can keep distance for no good reason, too. I totally regret this now, but I had good reasons, right? I mean ALL the people I could talk to said I should act like this. And I did, and the fact that I COULD is something I am sort of very proud of. But still, you know what? Fuck the logic of my friends, this was highly stupid of me. I regret that choice. Also, I so figured out the pattern behind all our arguments lie behind that fact that we depend on the same level of communication, and based on the long story that was behind us, this wasn't the way to go anymore. Like I said in an earlier chapter, friends HAVE to meet, there is no way around. We simply reached a level in which the forms of communication we were so common with were not

enough for us anymore. We HAD to speak in person, having normal discussion and talks, it was way over the time to lift our relationship to the next level. We were beyond all this and ready for more, and the tension between us is all because of this. We were merely angry about ourself and reflected that on one another. Such a bullshit thing to do. But now I knew what the problem was, we simply had to change our patterns, living on another level. It wasn't too late, and it still isn't. But I guess my decision pissed her off too much, since now she still doesn't want to speak with me. This is hell of a loss for both of us, even tho she may not realize that.

I was still planning to visit my parents, but due to current events I was forced to take my trip to one week ahead of plans. It was a pretty spontaneous thing to do, but well, I had not that much of a choice. And like I already said, Hamburg was on the way to my parents, and while already driving to there I had the idea to just drive by her apartment and try to talk to her about stuff, apologizing and discussing what I found out about our problems, trying to solve the mess. What I did not think about, due to the mess of shit I had to keep thinking about, was – once again – how things I did could be interpreted by her, so what I was about to do should have scared her a lot. What SHE of course had to make out of it was the idea that I drove all the way to Hamburg especially because of her, so she would be forced to talk to me. Obviously that wasn't the case at all, but how would she know? Of course this had to remind her of the shit Red Wood did with her – all this crazy stalker-ish behavior and such. Even tho I never ever gave her a reason to feel threatened by me, she still did. And I cannot start to describe the

immense pain that this gave me to realize that. To even compare me with such a behavior was and is so obscure to me... because, seriously, I cannot harm ANYONE, especially not the one I love, in any way. I may did this unintentionally on a psychological level once in a while, but it is another thing to accuse me of that. And what I did then was something I found hard to do, but I took all my strength to do so by her wish alone. The wish I would just drive off. And so I did. With my heart shrunken to pinhead size.

I later wrote her a letter in which I explained the situation, but what can I do. She doesn't trust my words, she thinks bad of me, even tho all those things happened the way they did. I am simply out of ways to show her my attraction, that she has no reason to ever believe I would try to force her to do anything, make her responsible for MY actions and anything alike. It is all in her head, I am the only one who can know this for sure. And it is all my fault.

I simply wish her to let go of her fears and just try to explore her own feelings, not paying attention to what would happen to me. I want her to know that I am the master of my own decisions, and I would rather try to be with her and NOT succeed, than live in constant grief about loosing her without giving it a shot. Also I simply want her to live a great life and I would do anything to accomplish that for her. And if she does not want me to, it is her loss, not mine. The only thing I would miss would be her presence. And personality. Her smile. Her soft body. Her weird unique habits. And giving us a good chance of living together in happiness for the rest of our lives.

Chapter 10, Part 3:

Moon Flower

Three months have pasted since I wrote and published chapter 1 to 10, part 2. It was a hard decision to publish all of this, but I am glad I did this. The need to actually make public what I have been through, even tho it's highly personal stuff, was very high for me, and despite my fears of the consequences I got myself to do it nevertheless. Thanks to my friends who helped me deciding on the right thing to do, and especially to everybody who read this and tried to console me and everything. The decision to also publish it in book form was kinda rushed, but again, it kinda worked. I always wanted to publish something that resembles a real book. But I never thought it would NOT be fiction or a collection of essays, or whatever.

Anyway, this was all back in late March, early April, of 2011, and now it's about two-thirds into July, and I started writing two additional chapters. The reasons for this are pretty much straight forward: First of all, a lot of very important things happened since then, regarding Moon Flower, and second, I realized that I never really had an ENDING for this book. Like, I brought up a major question right in the title, that never got resolved or answered, and the last chapter just kinda stops. So the whole thing had this weird touch of an unfinished piece of work. And recent events kinda give everything I wrote about a sort of an ending, I guess... So here we go again.

Right now it has been exactly 57 days since I last had direct interaction with Moon Flower. Since then time works differently for me. It's difficult. It's hard. And I can't stop counting the days.

I published all the previous chapters on my blog first, one chapter per day, for one week. I kinda knew that Moon Flower will read them all, but I had no idea how she would react to this. And to my surprise she, even tho we had no contact whatsoever for weeks now, she replied to chapter 1, even before the second one was published. I was so frightened that I nearly did not publish the next chapter. But I did, and to this she also replied, which left me with really unidentifiable feelings... She was, as always, kinda amused by everything (which I never really understood, but that's just how she is). So I did not know how to interpret this. Also, I did uploaded the cover art for the book version to deviantART – and there, in comment form, Red Wood left me some thoughts, to my own surprise. As it turned out he was still in contact with Dragon Fruit, and apparently she has somehow found out about this book, read it, and told Red Wood about how I wrote bullshit about him – so he read it, too. In his comment he basically just bashed me for making him look like... yeah, like what I wrote about him. He didn't even make any notion that he understood that I took most of my views from what Moon Flower has told me about what happened with him and this was basically her opinion, reflected through me. No, he simply insulted me. Which made me really sad. I never wanted it to go that far. It's not like I don't accept responsibility in how things turned out to be, but I refuse to take this from someone who does NOT want to make things better (again). Plus, and this is what really bothered me, he did

something kinda stupid with this comment: He openly identified himself as Red Wood to the public! There was a good reason I have chosen to cover real people by using fake nicknames for them. I did not want others, beside everybody who knew those people in person, to be able to identify who I was writing about. So I deleted his comment, just to cover up his identity again. I was not able to comment back on this, and I did not really want to, since I already gave up on getting his friendship back. Which by the way is also an important fact that lead to the publication of these chapters.

Anyway, what happened next is all a bit fuzzy in my memory, but I will try my best to sum the actual happenings up. To be honest, this blurry sense of the happenings are caused by my recent state of mind. I am not so well lately and have a hard time dealing with all of this. I can't focus that well and shift a lot in mood and everything. So please excuse me for making major mistakes or confusing the correct time line and such.

After I published this text I was visiting my parents again for some time, because it was around my birthday and I usually visit my family then. I went to a few concerts, was meeting new friends, hung out in Hamburg (this city won't let me go...) and even found a new job in the process. I actually had to cut short my vacations for the new job and miss out on some other activities in Berlin, like kiting and a photo shoot I was planning. But whatever, I had a great job in sight and my state of mind was generally going into an overall positive direction there. I had the best time since I tried to convince myself it's best for me to live without Moon Flower. But yeah, she contacted me again after I came

back to Düsseldorf. My guess is that my texts made her really think about things and she obviously wanted things to be different. Which I welcomed. But from the happenings around February I – this time – was careful enough not to haste things or anything. I kept a VERY skeptical mind about everything that she did and said. Plus, this time I made it clear that if she wants our friendship to work again, she has to make changes. And yes, she tried to actually do this. She tried so hard...

My ultimatum was very simple: She had to justify her status as my friend by MY definition of a basic friendship, at least. Like, meet up every now and then, or actually TALK to one another via Skype or telephone, instead of just typed text messages. And to my surprise she agreed. This was the greatest peak of automotive interactions I ever observed with her, even tho not a lot came out of it, I am afraid... Like yeah, we instantly resumed our normal activities, like chatting and playing online video games together and everything. And we pretty much instantly agreed on meeting up again. It has been a year since I last saw her. It should be an important visit for me, but I tried my best to treat it like a normal thing in order to keep up a common sense of interaction, to simulate what it usually is to be around me. That was the plan...

Prior to this meet-up were like three weeks or so of normal interactions, but I BARELY remember anything of it. I think it's because this has been really shallow and not living up to the actual importance of things back then. Also, I was so busy with my new job and all. And what most people did not know at this point is that I was planning on moving to Hamburg. I pretended that I had a lot more reasons that Moon Flower

to do this step, but granted, even though there were a lot of other reasons, Moon Flower was of vast importance to me for this step. But still I kinda kept it secret from my friends in Düsseldorf, since... em... I don't really know why. Maybe fear of rejection or disappointment in me. They would know the real reason for this step, and none would approve this. Everybody told me to back off and let Moon Flower go. Barely anyone understood my feelings for her, even after publishing the chapters. Some did, but not even everybody has read the texts. So I was actually looking for jobs in Hamburg, parallel to my search in Düsseldorf, but found something in Düsseldorf earlier, that's all. But the agency that took me also had an office in Hamburg, so I was already planning on trying to shift work places to there. Also I was looking for good living situations, like one old friend of mine was planning on moving to Hamburg in autumn and asked me to share a flat or something. So yes, this was the situation, but as you might guess I made this totally dependable on Moon Flower, since I was, and still am, not able to live in that city while TWO of my former best friends live there, but don't have contact with me, and possibly hate me. How would I. So for me this was all depending on Moon Flower accepting me to move there. She would just have to snap with her fingers, and I would follow her wishes. And with this let us talk about the major problem I had with her at this point and which finally would tear us apart.

It is really hard to point the finger at an exact character trait or anything, but I'll try to describe it. Thing is, and what always bothered me a lot, was her constant status of inactivity always left me in the position to decide for the both of us, even tho I mostly had NO idea

what she wanted or even thought. Part of why I fell in love with her in the first place was that she was so special with her personality. But this of course means it's just HARDER for me to interpret her. And if you know me, you know this “interpreting people” thing has always been my major flaw. Hell, I make this responsible for most of the misery I was going through in my life. I just can't understand most peoples behavior or thinking pattern – that always made me stand out. And with Moon Flower I had the hardest case ever. And I TRIED SO HARD to get this women, in order to please her. And I made it so clear that I can't to this for the most part and she just has to be open with everything. I pleaded for her to always tell me what she wanted and thought and don't ever let me in the dark about things I don't understand, because it would drive me crazy. But that would hardly work, for complex reasons I will now try to further explain a bit, the best I can.

Back years ago, when I was still pretty much blind due to my emotional problems, I worshiped her for being the most sane person I knew. But blind me was just not able to see how broken she really was. She had a lot of emotional baggage to carry around, and as it turned out this baggage was by far bigger than mine. With the time I noticed that, parallel to getting myself together more and more. Yes, it became more and more clear to me how damaged she actually was. I never really figured out what caused this (I mean, I guess I have, but how would I know for sure...), but she was, and still is, fragile as can be. Yes, fragile is the right term for this. She is highly sensitive, way too sensitive for clumsy me, actually. And like totally fragile. Th more I figured this out, the more I had to watch out not to break her. Her way of dealing with

this fragility has always been hiding behind everything passive she could come up with, which included not making decisions, even when they were hers to make and just going with things how they appeared, without interfering with them. Actually doing something to change her surroundings would put her into a position that could do her damage. So far this is a normal position of ignorance that pretty much every person on the planet has to some degree. It's part of being self protective. But with her that level of “safety distance” has long taken the bridge between healthy and psychologically problematic. It's an issues when it not only is an obstacle for her to fulfill the few dreams she accepts herself to have, but also for others who would just like to offer help, like me. As a result she had this character trait which I personally always described as “non-responsible”, because as an effect of this self-preservative behavior she was not willing to take a certain amount of responsibility that is actually needed for even her own well being. I tried to explain this to her, but it was one of the forbidden topics, that I was never allowed to bring up.

Okay, she always said that I can talk with her about our problems and all, but to be honest, this was just not true, and never was. I had a list of things I could not bring up, simply because in such a case she would INSTANTLY go into passive mode and feel hurt, resulting us in argue about it. Consider this as an example: Nobody is perfect, and I am certain that she is kinda aware of the fact that she is neither. So when I tell her that there are a few, even minor, problems that concern both of us, and I want to talk about it to solve it on a long shot, I WOULD have to bring up not only my flaws, but hers, too. And no matter how big or

little ones problems are, we all have those. And she would agree to talk about stuff like that, but as soon as I just brought up the simple fact of her ALSO having a flaw that effects me (and her) negatively, she'd instantly feel hurt and tell me why I was insulting her all of the sudden.

So I hope you see where this is going here. We weren't able to talk about certain things that concerned both of us. I was now totally able to talk about my mistakes and was more than willing to work on our relationship by discussing what did not work, but she wasn't. She wouldn't listen. But why. I guess I have to come to this conclusion: She just did not WANT us to work out things. She saw that it takes some certain effort to work out things on a long term and her fragile being would not be able to stand this. So in order to not get hurt by pure FACTS about her, she preferred not to take the risk in the first place. I guess I kinda understand this, but since I see this in the bigger picture I cannot possibly accept this as it is. Because how I see things those problems she has (and is at least partly aware of) WILL have a major impact on ALL her future relationships.

I personally believed she was lucky to have found me, who had the patience and will to help her out with everything she would have to go through in her future, if she would do the same for me, but she obviously didn't see it that way. At some point within a future relationship she will eventually realize that those problems I was talking about were in her control all along and in her own way. Like, I don't see her being able to have a functioning relationship the way she is. Relationships require a certain amount of responsibility, and her fear from things kept her from taking those.

In order to be happy, you HAVE to take responsibility first for yourself, which requires you to face your problems, accept them and actually DO something against them. This requires you to consciously go through a lot of pain and effort in order to solve your things, but it is necessary. This is responsibility. And if you plan on being happy together with someone else you have to accept that you have to take responsibilities for him or her, too. And this is exactly what Moon Flower wasn't capable of doing. She was not willing to be responsible for part of me, and not willing to let me be responsible for part of her. For me this is a major problem, since every kind of relationship for me works that way, even the tiniest friendships. You have to be there for one another, taking risks, be selfless – this is all part of taking responsibility for oneself, too. I am very positive that his is correct that way. But Moon Flower would disagree...

So then came the weekend we would finally meet again. We agreed on doing some fun things, like shopping and going to see a movie, and I planned on spending one night at hers. I was nervous as fuck – I always were totally shaking when driving to her, but this time it was so intense I had to make pauses. Seeing her again was... this is hard to describe... like... yeah, like just indescribable good. This feeling is unique. Finally I would be in her presence again, and being able to absorb every bit of karma I could get. Having her around always felt so fulfilling and satisfying, no matter the actual mood. Because of this I preferred to be with her and being angry at each other, than not being with her and being kind happy – until it gets unbearable. It's not a matter of being happy or unhappy, it's a matter of feeling complete and fulfilled. Like

things make more sense when being around her. And yet again, this feeling was worth the upcoming pain, even tho probably no one will totally understand this. Shopping was weird with her, because it was so different, but still I enjoyed every single bit. We ate ice cream at a mall, and I held her hand a few lucky times. Her soft, tender hands... And the movie was fun and all, we talked and everything. To be honest the whole scenario was still kinda difficult and had a weird FORCED atmosphere, like we both WANTED to make it fun, and still had kind of a hard time doing to. Still, I was really happy...

The night was the typical kind of night I had a few times with her. Just not sleeping a lot, cuddling, talking... feeling each other... and such. I was happy, despite the melancholic touch of things. And the fragility of, well, everything. I could not relax. I kept thinking about how to fix things. And then at some point during the night, it was a very intimate moment, I won't go into detail here, but something happened that opened my eyes. Too late and with a lot of pressure of actually saying it aloud, she told me about a really minor wish of hers, which I would have never minded, because it was actually pretty well-thought, but to this point not of importance to me. But the fact that she has hold this bit of information back from me until the very, very last possible moment of telling me this showed me very clearly how little of responsibility she actually had, and which caused me to be in a position that made me instantly feel REALLY bad for not being able to keep up her really simply request in the first place. I simply couldn't know about this, and she probably made herself believe again how logical this would have been to get. But yet again, it wasn't. At least not for me. And this

moment made me decide.

At this very intimate moment I accepted it. I accepted that it did not work the way things are. And neither I, nor her, were able to change that right now. And I gave up. Right there. I did not tell her, I tried to keep the mood up as it was, at least until I would drive back the next day, but this obviously didn't work. I kinda guess she sensed very well that from this moment on I gave up on trying. I could not live with this lack self respect. This passive way of going through life, not wanting to try to be happy because of irrationally boosted fears. I couldn't.

The next day the mood was pretty much at a low point. I don't even remember if there was a point when she decided to go angry at me, again. But since last night I tried to live in a state in which I wanted just to accept that it won't work out, and I had to give up on her. Hence I decided to one last time to bring that topic up and just say what I think. I started to talk about responsibilities and she having issues with communication – not just with me, but in general. But she just, of course, heard that I insulted her, ignoring my intentions of still wanting to help her, and well, wanted me to go. And we spend possibly hours just sitting there in silence, the few words we exchanged were words of disappointment and hatred. It was so sad, it makes me cry just thinking about it. The whole situation was just so heartbreaking in total...

Right now I am sitting here, writing about it, in tears. What was about to happen was probably the worst that happened to me since my brother died. And beside that I rarely experienced such a painful happening. It was still like 2 hours or so until I was to meet the other passengers, I was to pick up at the main station for my way back home

to Düsseldorf. Her wish of me leaving her apartment has reached a level I could not longer ignore it, and as she would do NOTHING to accomplish that wish, again, I had to leave on my own. I packed my things, and prepared to leave her alone forever. At this point I was a hundred percent in the believe that this would be the last time I will ever see her. This was important. Despite the things that have been said I still loved her as much as possible (and I still do), so I wanted to at least let her know that. So I told her, no response. I made attempts to leave, no reaction. I approached her, which identifiable made her feel uncomfortable. I took her hand, I told her “I love you” and kissed the back of her hand, for the final goodbye. Without taking her expressionless eyes from me, she whipped away the kiss on her clothes, and I left. This was the last interaction we had.

This gesture will probably haunt me until I die, because it was so awfully cruel to my heart, I never believed that someone could do this much emotional harm to me with just a simple whipping gesture.

After that I slowly threw my stuff into my car, entered, and drove off, and instantly cried. A lot. I could not drive too far, this had to sink in first, and I had to waste some time anyway, until I could pick up the other passengers. So I stopped at a park and well... I basically just sat on the grass for hours, crying. It started raining.

The next week. At first I took this all really well. After getting back home I pretty much instantly went back to normal mode. I continued work and everything that seemed common at the time. I think I tried at

least two times to get back in touch with her, for reasons I am not so sure about myself. I think I wrote her something once. And about a few days after this I got the present I ordered for her prior to our meet up. Originally I was planing on giving it to her in person, but there were difficulties with the shipping, so it got delayed. It was her favorite children's book, which she for some reason haven't had a copy of anymore. So I tracked one down. And even tho she obviously hated me at this point I just had to still send her this book. Actually, since I did not see my last present I had for her sitting around in her apartment, I am not so sure if she approved of ANY gifts from me at all. I have seen this with other people before, that they sometimes tend to want to see the negative associations with things they own. For example when they hate someone and they still have things of this person, they look at those things and instantly think of why they now hate this person who gifted it to them. Kinda not what I do, tho, so I don't really understand this notion. Like, I still have a lot of stuff from Red Wood and Moon Flower, and I treasure those objects, because they remind me of the GOOD things we shared. I still wear the wristband she gifted me for Valentine's Day, even tho it hurts me just looking at it...

After one week from this day zero, I got fired from my new job. Didn't even last for more than one and half a month. Was the best job I had so far, and I was really looking forward on working there for quite some time actually. This time tho I was at least pretty sure that me getting fired had NOTHING to do with Moon Flower (not alike the last two times...), since budget cuts were to blame for this. I was kinda happy about it tho, secretly, since I had this underlying sadness to deal

with and probably needed some time for myself anyway. But yeah, from then on things kinda started to go downhill. I had a few problems with my friends, who did prove not to be of any help, for most of them at least, and I generally fell back into some sort of depression again. Actually, a lot of existential problems rolled back into my mind and the whole Moon Flower issue boosted it a lot. Since then one and half a month have past, and I pretty much did nothing of value. Can't really get myself up to do anything. I spend most of my time roaming in the net and just doing nothing at all.

Thing is, I cannot fucking stop thinking about her. I miss her so much, I never had this intense feeling before. Even the days of static we both had prior to recent events. This time it's different. And I hate it a lot. My thoughts pretty much went of my control, leaving me with a shitload of random thoughts, about her and everything, making me mood-swingy as fuck and all. I would like to have more control over it, but right now, no way I can accomplish that...

I remember waking up while crying, and I remember of dreaming about her. There was one dream I had to travel through 60 kilometers of snow with my bicycle, only wearing short pants and a t-shirt, to get to her. Also a lot of irrational fears tend to haunt me. The most awful fear, something I think about every few hours now, is that I right now would have no idea if she'd had an accident or had to go back to hospital due to her condition or whatever. The sheer thought of her lying in hospital and me simply not knowing about it makes me go crazy. So helpless. So numb.

Plus, a few of my existential problems keep on occupying me, too. I

see myself in a temporary state of finding what I have to change in my life. Job-wise I have no idea how to move forward, I don't really know what to do with my future right now. And with this general dementia some other things came back to me, like my chronic headaches and severe sleeping issues. There were days and days throughout which I wasn't able to sleep, one week I slept like 10 hours within 7 days at best. And at one point my headaches were so unbearable that I took maybe too much Aspirin (is like 10 pills too much?), and I kinda remember getting numb all over my body and falling asleep from it, not from my general tiredness. Dunno really how things will go on from this point, but I know it's wrong and unhealthy.

So yeah, obviously after everything that has happened I still want to be with her, even tho it won't work and it hurts me. It's not a matter of being happy or unhappy, love is something completely incoherent. I don't know what the future brings. I can only hope that there will be a happy end for the two of us. It's not that I didn't try. I gave my best, and sometimes I saw her trying, too. Maybe not enough, maybe it wasn't our fault at all, probably it was nobody's fault after all. But main thing is, probably it already ended and I just have time to wash away everything. I really don't see THAT coming – not soon, not in a greater scheme of things. She is who I love and always will, no matter what will happen. Even if in 50 years, set the fact we never spoke again until then, I will still love her. I don't know how to deal with this yet, and I feel sorry for my future fiancée (set the fact there will be one...), since she has to deal with this, too. Maybe things will adjust. Maybe we will get back in

touch, again. Maybe we change to a point we could even be together again. I certainly don't know. I will still hold up my hopes for a good ending.

And yes, this is me. I will never give anything up that I want. If I know what would be good for me, and for someone else, I simply refuse to give up. I may have given up trying to be the active part that seriously wants to fix things, but I will certainly not give up on her in sense of commitment. If she gets back on me at some point, I will still love her and I will show this to her, like I always do and did. I am sorry for everyone who does not want to support me with this, but that's the way I want this to be. As long as there is the slightest chance for an “us”, I will consider it and take my chance, if I can. If Moon Flower wants it, I will, too.

Also, I believe that deep in her heart she knows that wanting to be with me is a good idea, if we could figure out how it works. That falling in love with me would be a desirable thing. She knows that I would be a good boyfriend, if we could overcome what did not work. Wanting to want me, as I want her...

I will always love my Moon Flower.

Epilogue

How to stay alive with a broken heart...

So yeah, HOW exactly do you stay alive with a broken heart?

I don't really want to idolize what I have been through, but I think I can surely say without a doubt that I experienced quite a wide range of different inter-social problems regarding "love". Like, as you could see, all situations I wrote about have a quite unique touch to them, to a certain amount that I guess most people don't have to go through. Also, I think I barely repeated any mistake, which I am quite proud of. The reason for writing about those particular people was that they made me LEARN about life, a LOT. The more I wrote about them, the more I learned from them. And I am so grateful for those lessons I received. They drastically changed and shaped me to the person I am now. Okay, I might be by far too fear-driven and damaged, but still, spiritually I have gained a lot of wisdom and age, probably making me more adult than it is common for a guy at my age. Well, at least this is my perspective of things (others might disagree).

But yeah, as a Buddhist I believe that going through problems makes me stronger and a better person, in a long shot. And all those dozens of emotional scars for sure made me stronger than ever. And I don't regret most of them simply because of that. I prefer temporary suffering, if that means I can shape a better future for myself, if at least by building a better character.

Obviously it left me in a highly fragile and unstable state, and yes it's highly difficult to live like that. I bet lots of people at some points in

there life go through something similar. Doesn't really matter how deep it goes and how justified it is – if you're hurt and down, that's the way it is. And for me personally I usually fall into this state when being alone.

For some reason this has always been the thing with me: When having someone to share my love, I feel sane and whole. And when being alone, things are all blurry and insecure. I think I just need to be with someone in order to stay intact. As long as I have someone, I am sane. And I know most people are like that.

I remember having Moon Flower telling me very often that I just have to deal with being alone. But guess what, that is actually not the problem. It may have been once, but not anymore. I am very well able to enjoy myself, and I actually need this every now and then. I enjoy the freedom of being alone and everything. But it's not a matter of being happy or unhappy. My problem is of existential nature. Needing someone to fulfill ones purpose, to help with reality and giving you a general sense of being alive is of more importance than being happy. For me at least. This may be bit nihilistic or something, but I need someone to observe and share my happiness. That's proof of me being alive. If I am just happy, but no one knows about it, does it even matter?

So yeah, what always helped me a bit with dealing with everything is the thought that I somehow influenced peoples life. I don't like to think about how many people tend to want to see only the negative things I accomplished with them, but at least I know that I also had good influences. And even tho I get hated in the end, having a general feel of having that person led to have a better personality is quite helpful with my condition. But that's already the best part about it.

Still, I am pretty scarred and my heart has never ever hurt that much. It's even a physical pain sometimes, that's how much it is broken. I don't need anyone's sympathy or such, that's nice but doesn't help at all. Everybody just try to be a good person, selfless and open minded to possible positive outcome of unknown things. Don't be afraid. That's what I need around me, and nothing more. I can live with my condition, and yeah I know those may be too much for a normal person, but I manage, somehow. I have been diagnosed with several personality disorders and such, like a slight obsessive-compulsive disorder, an angsty-depressive syndrome, and most notable bipolar personality disorder (a.k.a. manic-depressive disorder), so no wonder being heart-broken is such an important topic to me. As an artist I try to keep being expressive about all of it, that's a way of dealing with things. For example writing about it or doing visual arts around my condition is a part of dealing with it, because I use to reflect everything through the use of artistic tools. It helps better understanding what happened and learning from it. And I recommend doing so.

Very important in dealing with such problems, as for example being heart-broken, is that you recap and evaluate. Think about it, process it. Don't pay attention to that voice in your head, that keeps distracting you from doing so, because it hurts. Sure it hurts, but guess what: That's how it works. If you want to use your ignorant powers, use them for a good cause. Use it to ignore the pain you have to sustain in order to deal with it, and not to ignore the need to do so. Don't just try to sit there and wait, or even drink your sorrows away and distract yourself – things don't get solved that way. Just trying to be happy won't to shit on a long term.

Ignore the negative affects of dealing with it and just FACE yourself for some time, no matter the pain. Facing ones own problems is a hard thing to do, and it needs some time and practice. At first it will even make you hate yourself and what you became, and being depressive is a side effect of that. But see it simply as that, a side effect. Like with medicine. It's just temporary. After some time of evaluating everything that you have done right and wrong, this will go away.

I am right now in this process, again. Even tho I know I can right now only think about everything that went wrong in the past, and what is wrong in the present – I believe in the fact that it will go away at some point in time. I don't know when, I don't know how, but it just has to happen.

But the most important things appear to be random. Like finding loyal friends, or having someone who wants to like you. Those things you don't have control over, so you should probably avoid thinking about those too much. It's just depressing.

I wish someone had the responsibility to just try to make it fit, to make herself love me. I wish that person to be Moon Flower. I will keep up the faith that SOMEONE will do that someday. Maybe not today or tomorrow, but somewhen in the future maybe. After all, it's just too probable to happen, right?

I don't know if what I wrote about would actually help someone after all. It's still all really shallow and I could easily write a few more books about it without any major problems. And in the end it was all just a small part of how to deal with a Bleeding Heart Disorder.

For the major part of dealing with it, I guess it's pretty much just faith. Faith in the believe that things will balance out at some point. May it be through god's will or just simple mathematical probability. Just stay focused on the right goals and things will turn out good, right? The best YOU can do get to this point is just trying to do your best and evolve, character-wise. Learn from your mistakes, and from the mistakes of others, and don't fear to risk stuff. Even if it means to get hurt on the way, never forget the following:

Love is worth the pain.

