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Paper 2

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Heart Lock

“Boxes”

The ballet room was empty. It was 8’o clock in the Saturday morning. I was early for the class. Thirty minutes ago, my mom rushed to send me here and left hastily for her work. “You should go there early so that you can have more time to practice and be prepared for the class.” She always said. I sat at the corner of the room, finishing my sandwich before others came. The remnant smell of the sweat and the air pervaded with humidity and sultriness made me feel sick and dizzy. I placed my leg on the barre to start stretching, but all I could feel was my stiff body. When other girls came, we started to practice the pointe technique we learnt last time. I haven’t succeeded in doing this for once. Putting the whole body weight on fully vertical feet was hard for me as I was poor at balance and easily got nervous and insecure when I let go the support of barre. This time, I held my breath and carefully pointed the toe to the ground. 3,2,1…I let go of the barre. I tried to align my body from hip through toes to hands. However, fewer than five seconds, as I extended my arms straight gradually to the air, my body became unstable and was about to fall. Again, I failed to sustain the balance. I leaned against the barre and stared blankly at the mirror. The mirror in the ballet room was so big as it covered a side of the wall completely. I could see some girls already being able to twirl and spin; some girls achieved the perfect body alignment when pointe; and also me, a girl at the corner stared vacantly at the mirror. It overwhelmed me sometimes as the mirror captured every detail of us. When I saw the refection of their beautiful legs extending to the air with flexibility and stability, I looked at my own body--tubby, clumsy, and shaky. I felt like the mirror was a swirl in front of me that slowly dragged me into the abyss of humiliation and fear, forcing me to recognize myself, to admit my failure.

*Why should I be here? Why does the time suddenly run so slow?* Maybe for many of the girls, this place allows them to free themselves through the joy of dancing. While to me, this was a small sealed box that locked me in as I was not willing to be here at the first place. All I wanted was to escape from it. However, what waited for me next are another four “boxes”. It was just the first class on my weekends, and I had four more to attend. All my memories of the childhood other than school was transiting between these small “boxes”.

On the way to my next class, my mom started her speech of “right attitude of learning” on me as the ballet teacher told her my situation today.

“Why didn’t you put effort into it? I’m disappointed, Dan.”

“I really tried, mom. It’s hard for me and I just don’t like it. I think I will never do well if I don’t like it.” I said.

“Nothing is easy in this world. Mom has to face so many hard works every day. Did I complain anything about it? If such tiny obstacles can beat you down, how can you survive in a carnivorous world you will face in the future? Just bear with it and do your best work so you can be successful. The earlier you start to learn this, the better you will get in the future.”

I felt I had nothing to say. What filled in my mind was the shadow of being an ugly duck there. She probably won’t understand how hurtful it was forever. All she cared about was the results of everything, never my feelings.

She didn’t notice my low mood and kept on her speech, non-stop: “All the things I do for you now are beneficial for your future. Learning ballet can help you become graceful as a girl. Look at Fang Jie. She’s your best friend and she’s doing pretty well. So, why can’t you? It’s just a matter of efforts. Next week you should practice more at home…”

I didn’t hear what she was talking about next since I purposely closed my ears and paid attention to the scenes passed by outside the window to get away from the tensions and despair for a moment. I want to breathe.

This was not the first time she educated me about her “theory of success”. I knew what she’s going for next and I didn’t want to argue about it anymore. It’s the belief ingrained in her mind since she grew up in a small village and tried very hard to purse her career in the big city when she was young and finally had a stable life here. She wanted to compensate the primary education lost in her childhood to me. Therefore, since I could remember, she expected me to do well in everything. If I made mistakes or did something she’s unsatisfied with, she would be very disappointed. With the increase of her work stress in recent years, she became more irritable. If she found me watching TV or playing games at home instead of studying, she would yell at me and throw away all my toys and games. I remembered one time she criticized me for reading novels unrelated to the school subjects, I talked back to her. Then she ripped all my novels which I treated as my treasure. It was the first time her harsh demands stabbing deeply into my heart. I was broken like the books she tore apart. As I was picking up the pieces left on the floor, I decided to hide all my feelings to her from that moment. What else could I do? Only to try my best to meet her expectations. “I don’t want to be hurt anymore.” I said to myself.

However, the more I thought about that, the more useless and coward I felt about myself.

The conversation between me and my mom became more and more limited as I grew up. What has not changed always was her checking my study results every day to ensure that I was not left behind. At the last year of my elementary school, my world was occupied with math because I need to apply for the middle school. Math was highly valued in the education system in China. If we won a prize in the International Olympic Math Competition, we could get the free pass, like in the Disneyland, to the best high school in Ningbo. Everyone was stressed about it as it was an important gateway to our future education. Unfortunately, math was my worst subject among all. I was good at Chinese literature and English, but often trapped in the intricacies of mathematical calculations.

To improve my ability in math, I stayed up late to practice the simulation tests for the math competition every night. But still, I often got average of 70 in the tests. Every time my mom sighed when she looked at my grades, I felt ashamed and began to doubt myself: I’m not smart enough. I got no talent in this. Her eyes telling her disappointment were more poignant than she saying “You haven’t tried hard enough. You should do better.” through the words. Then she left, without a single word, making me feel like a hopeless kid. I realized I was in this alone. I began to cry. Not even dare to be loudly. Even one sentence of her encouragement could save me, but she didn’t. I attempted to tell her how I was suffering and getting frustrated in doing this, but I held back. “Just Bear with it.” I heard this voice echoing in my head.

Sometimes the briefest moments capture us, force us to take them in, and demand that we live the rest of our lives in reference to them. A trivial action she probably did not mean and didn’t even remember doing, but I, who would have done anything to find a way out of the self-deny and seek confirmation from others, would never forget it.

The message of “You’re not good enough. You should do better” unconsciously implanted in my mind. Even I got into the best middle school eventually through my hard works, the self-negation still haunted me. Silence became most parts of my life. There was a fear of expressing myself because I was afraid of being refused or being denied. I chose to lock myself in my small world so I wouldn’t get hurt by the suspicion and rejection from the outside.

My middle school was a boarding school far away from my home so I only went back to it once a week. This distance kept both me and my mom “safe”. The closer we were, the deeper I realized the barrier between us. I felt a bit relieved knowing that I could finally being away from my mom and may be able to find the freedom I lost in the past years of my life.

But the reality told me, this wasn’t the case. Something has already rooted in me and was not easily to be changed.

The words of my mom “Just Bear with it” often came back to me from time to time, reminding me to leave all the struggles to myself. Therefore, I seldom shared my feelings to others, rather, I told my stories to my diary and my special friends—nature.

“Outlier”

Till now, I still think my middle school is my favorite school. The three years I spent there was full of tranquility. Unlike normal schools in the city, it was delicately built following the design of traditional Chinese garden. Embraced by the hills around and embedded with several beautiful lakes, the school created a placid atmosphere that connected me with the nature. Unlike the different “boxes” I stayed most time in my childhood, it seemed like a wide otherworldly space that allowed me to escape whenever I needed. Every day after the class, I would lie down on the grassland besides the lake, feeling the soft breeze brushed my cheeks and leaves gently touched on my face. Sometimes gooses would come beside me as if they could know my feelings. They were patient listeners of mine. When they flapped the wings, or snorted slightly after I shared something unpleasant, I felt they were trying to comfort me and making me feel less alone. It was the most intimate relationship I had at that time, between me and the nature. I could open myself completely without any fear and concern as I knew there were no expectations and demands between us. I felt both secure and free.

As being comfortable of pure connections with nature, I found emotions between people were much more complex. Especially when I first experienced what’s called: “having a crush” on someone.

It was the beginning of a new semester. Teacher would normally switch randomly of our deskmates. After she finished rearranging the seats of all the students, the seat beside me was still empty.

“Zhan Hong will be your new deskmate, Dan. I purposely arrange him here as his grade is very bad last semester. I hope you can help him to improve it. And he is excused today because some issues in home. Tomorrow you will see him.” Mr. Wang came to tell me.

“Zhan Hong…” I mumbled his name. The name was so familiar to me but his image was blurry in my mind. I didn’t even know if I had ever spoken to him once.

I was a bit shocked at the time. *Help him with his study? I don’t even talk to boys.* It would somehow make me nervous.

The next day, when I was writing my reading reflection of Chinese class, a tall and sweaty boy with a sport t-shirt came in the classroom, carrying a basketball. He wandered around the classroom and stopped at the desk beside me.

He looked at me, revealing an authentic smile, and said, “Hi, Dan. Do you remember me? I sat there last semester, three lines before you.” My eyes followed to the place he was pointing at.

“Oh…yes.” I responded quietly.

I did remember him, a boy sitting beside the window often looked back during the class. It was his infectious smile reminded me. As I was just recalling that memory, I heard he saying delightfully: “Hi, my new deskmate.” He looked straight into my eyes and smiled again. I unconsciously escaped from her sight and turned away.

His smile somehow melted my closed heart. I pretended to focus on my reading reflection, but I could feel that my cheeks were burning. How could someone look so bright as if the sun always shines for him?

He’s the opposite of me, with the optimistic belief to the life. I couldn’t spot any negative sides on him. As I learned in my statistics class, he was like my “outlier”, which were not in my “defined” range of my life.

Love is always the thing left unexplained. I still could not figure out why I had an instant feeling to him at the first time. When I looked back on that memory, I realized that the reason may be just as simple as it always was: He made me laugh all the time.

He did not care much about the study. He would not be upset if he got a 50 in the math test, but he would be very down if his favorite basketball team lost the game. But I was not. The frustration from getting a lower grade than the previous would beat me. I couldn’t afford to let down my mom, and more importantly, myself.

He seemed to know how to tell my mood very quickly. When I stared vacantly on the marked test paper, or silently sat down at the corner doing the math question I did wrong on the test repetitively, he would come over and pat on my shoulder: “Relax, Dan. Look, I just got 50. You’re way better than me. It’s just one test. No big deal. We can do better next time.”

I tried to keep focusing on that math question and ignore him.

” Smile, please. You just look as serious as my mom. Just smile. Don’t put on that pokey face. Look at me.” He kept repeating like a noisy bee. Eventually, I lost the battle.

I looked up. That’s probably the funniest face I’ve ever seen. I tried to hold my smile and pretended to be expressionless at first, but I couldn’t help laughing.

“You’re like a 3-year-old child. Why are you so annoying?” I didn’t know whether to weep or laugh. I ran away, to hide my blush.

I heard him shouting at the back: “So you’re happy now, right?”

I didn’t want him to spot my shyness at that moment. But for the first time, I felt being cured by someone else, instead of myself. “Thank you for helping me relieve from the anxiety for a little bit, Zhan Hong. “I said in my heart.

Since then, I couldn’t help laughing whenever he told some stupid jokes or made naughty pranks on me. Although his acts were childish in my eyes, they brought me the simplest happiness I had always longed for.

I realized I had a crush on him because I found myself giving up on hiding my feelings in front of him. However, the one last secret I hid from him was the fact that I like him. There was a barrier for me to express my attraction. I didn’t think I could ever cross it.

Every time I thought I could not held this secret anymore, there was always a ghost in my head telling me “You don’t deserve this.” Yes, I admit it. I was a girl who occupied with dark clouds and shadows. It’s unfair for someone trying to walk inside my heart with joy and hope and eventually finding that it was tightly locked up.

To retrieve the peacefulness in my heart, I came to the lake again. I found I haven’t come here for a month. Goose hissed loudly at me, seemed blaming me for not coming. I lied down on the grass and looked up to the sky. Strangely, the color of blue seemed not as pure as before. My mind was also not empty anymore. All I thought of at that moment was him.

“I need to stop this.” I said to myself. “I was better to be alone.” Starting to rely on someone was not a good sign for me. As I was being heavily weighed upon by my mom’s expectations since my childhood, I got used to expect nothing from others. I was afraid of receiving disappointment and that all my fantasy at the first place got ruined. Ultimately, I had no bravery to tell him the truth because I could not face the unknown, the probable failure. I know what would come for me: the endless sense of insecurity and suspicion to myself that could destroy me.

Escape seemed becoming my first choice.

My sudden shifting attitudes towards Zhan Hong made him confused. When he asked me about difficult homework questions, I purposely turned away; when he told jokes trying to make me laugh as usual, I put on my pokey face, saying “It’s not funny.”; when he got a low grade on the test again, I teased on him by calling him “dumb”.

I had faked it so hard to make him think I dislike him, and to force myself believe that I had no feelings to him. I thought creating that distance would make me stop liking him. However, looking at it from now, I know I was just deceiving myself by pretending to be emotionless. I was helpless at the point because I had no one to talk to about these trivial feelings. At least being numb made me feel less painful.

My indifference eventually pushed him away. Still, I could see his face full of question marks whenever he looked at me. He would never know the reason just as I would never know if he had liked me once. Until one day, he said to me: “Dan, if you’re not happy with me being your deskmate, I can ask teacher to change my seat.”

It was the first time I saw him talking so seriously.

Although I was crying in my heart, I still nodded firmly, without a single word. I made up all the lies only to avoid getting hurt, but I did not expect what really hurt me deeply was the moment he left silently.

At the rest of the middle school years, we had no intersections to each other, like two parallels that would never meet again.

I decided to go to international school preparing for studying abroad after graduation, while he, as I heard from others, followed the path of his father, going to a military school for training.

At the last day of middle school, we followed the tradition to pass on our yearbook and record our memories to each other.

When It passed on to me, I flipped through all the pages. I was moved by all the blessings written down by the classmates. They weaved the precious memories of us being together as a big warm family. When I was about to close the book, there was a line made me pause and stare for a minute: “I hope you don’t hate me. I just want to tell you that you’re always my best deskmate.”

I felt tears rain down my cheeks. I know it’s him. I could tell by the rough handwriting.

*Of course I don’t hate you, fool. It’s you who let me taste the simple joy, happiness, and enthusiasm in life. But I’m sorry for always being a selfish coward. It was the only way I chose to protect myself.*

However, he could never hear these words from me as I never got the bravery to truly open myself.

I left a line at the bottom of the page: “I will always miss you, like a darling.” without leaving my name.

Swirl

At 10 p.m., I was already on my bed with light off, telling my mom I went for sleep. But actually I was wide awake. Lying down in the dark, I wasn’t fearful because I had something to wait for. After a few minutes, the screen of my phone lit up as I expected. It was Stevenson calling. I picked up the phone delightedly.

“I just had a shower. What are you doing right now?” I heard his gentle voice from the phone, a voice that could soothe my nerves and comfort my heart.

It already became our habit to call each other every night. I did not know why we started this at the first place, but I did know it was our 80th phone call. I started counting this secretly at some point because I thought if I recorded it I could sustain this magical connection between us. Just like I kept my favorite toys in a treasure box in my childhood so that I would not lose them forever.

He was not the kind of boy like Zhan Hong, pure and bright as if I could look directly into his inner world at my first sight. There’s complexity or even obscurity in his tenderness, which often touched my heart. Rather than being opposite, we’re so similar to each other. I remembered I had a strong sense of familiarity to him since we first met, just like greeting to an old friend known for 10 years. Both ingrained with sensitivity and insecurity in our soul, we’re naturally connected.

We shared everything to each other. When we talked, time seemed pause for us. We often didn’t notice the pass of time. Only when we both felt sleepy and decided to say good night to each other, we found “Oh, we have talked for more than three hours again.”

Sometimes we could keep meaningless conversation forever, talking trivial things like why today’s noodles in the dining hall suddenly became tasteful or what made our Chinese teacher finally change the color of his shirt.

Sometimes I just wanted to listen to him talking, as if he was by my side.

I thought this time I had found someone to be candid with. The failure of admitting my love in the middle school often haunted me now and then. I couldn’t forgive my cowardice.

*I need to face truthfully to myself this time.*

It had been three months since we started intimately connecting to each other but we haven’t talked once about being together. I thought he must share the same feeling with me at this moment. However, recently I felt like he unconsciously avoided to touch this subject, which made me drown into the feeling of insecure again.

I had made the decision to tell him my true feelings at that night as I was no longer able to suppress it anymore.

“I was thinking of you.” I replied to him.

I heard there was a moment of silence. Not a peaceful silence as before, but an unsettling and strained silence. Luckily it did not last long. I almost felt my heart was about to stop as I eagerly expected his response this time.

“Me too. I was thinking that if you are happy today.” He said with a calm and plain voice.

He was avoiding the subject again. I was so nervous that I could not bear with this beating about the bush again.

“I mean it, Steve.” My heart was beating faster and faster.

“Do you ever thought about us being together?” I couldn’t breathe at that moment.

There was another longest pause I’ve ever experienced.

“Dan,” he paused again. “I always treat you as my special friend.”

I was waiting him to finish the sentence but it seemed that he already did.

*Is that all?* I was shocked.

“What do you mean by ‘special friend’?” I asked directly, almost at the edge of the despair.

“Someone I will share everything with…And we can understand each other just like you and me…”

I felt his voice became lower and lower until I couldn’t hear anything what he’s talking about. My mind was blocked by that feeling again, the feeling of doubting myself I had since I was 7.

I couldn’t dare to ask further for the fear of disappointment. I couldn’t even say a word at that moment.

My mind was blank, completely. I felt betrayed.

*Why? Why? Why?* All I had in my mind was that one word repeatedly circling back and forth. Was being rejected the only result I could get? Was it because I didn’t deserve the world of love? I thought I could overcome my weakness. I thought I had been away from that trap of failing to love for a long time. I thought this time would be different.

However, the swirl that occurred in my childhood dragged me into the abyss of hopelessness again.

“I thought you like me…” I sobbed and couldn’t keep saying. I was broken, pieced apart. *Bravery hurts.* It was my first step of trying to unlock myself and I was about to move back just in the middle of the air. *You’re destined to be alone.* There’s a voice in my head.

I hung up the phone and sat in the corner of the darkness, holding myself. The darkness could swallow my whole and warp around my devastated heart as an intangible protection. I wanted to immerse myself in it so that I could forget what happened in the last 30 minutes as if had a life-long time. I calmed down and started thinking.

*There must be a reason.* If it was not the soul, it must be the look, the appearance, the body. I started self-examine. I looked myself in the mirror. My whole body looked like a round shape. Big belly. Short legs. My face was a big circle. I didn’t think there’s a single part of me, apart from my wrists, that was small. There were even marks on my inner thighs because of the extra fat. I escaped from the reflection of the mirror after a few minutes. This awful feeling reminded me of the moment from long time ago, when I was in the ballet room looking at my reflection in the mirror. I was no difference, fat and shapeless. I thought at least I grew stronger after all these years and wouldn’t easily got hurt. Pathetically, I was even more fragile than before.

I stared at the mirror again and I realized that even I didn’t like myself. Then how could other be attracted to me? I was a mess. A scene buried in my mind suddenly came back me: two girls passed by me and Steve, and whispered “They look so unmatched. One is thin, while the other…emmm…So strange they walk together. “ This voice became louder and louder in my head and I couldn’t get away with it. It even triggered my memory of feeling Steve’s sight often stopped at some girls, who were slim and beautiful when we were walking together. I became suspicious about everything.

I was entangled by the endless self-negation, for feeling totally unworthy of love.

*Hope is a poison. I should not have it at first. At least I’m safe being in that little box.*

I began hiding from Steve since then because when I looked at him, it reflected to me not the magical connection between us, instead, only the image of my negative self.

He’s not in my treasure box anymore. I lost him in my world, replaced with sadness and shadows.

The phone never rang at 10 p.m.

Disguise

I found something I could take full control of, my weight. Every morning I would stand on the scale to check whether I weighed less.

“53kg. 0.5kg less than yesterday.” I recorded every day to see the change. The process was simple and direct to me as I could get the results I expected as long as I ate less and exercised one hour every day. The stable relationship with food and exercise made me feel secure. I could feel a sense of relief seeing the decrease of number on the scale.

After half of the summer, I had lost 10kg. The change of my body was subtle at first, but it turned obvious after. The first time I noticed it was at the fitting room of Zara. I found the small size of the shirt looking good on me and this never happened for more than 10 years. Normally I would go straight to the large size.

It was a magical transformation to me. When I looked at the mirror, examining carefully about my body, I found that my legs looked longer; my belly was flat; my face was not a round circle anymore; and the place between my waist and hip even showed some curved shape. For the first time, I was satisfied with myself. I felt I had achieved something this time, rather than admitting my failure weakly.

*I’m fit finally.* I was almost screaming in my heart.

As my body became slimmer, I sensed the growing confidence in myself. *I can be beautiful as well.*

I became obsessed with shopping. Matching clothes with different colors, patterns, designs to create a uniform and harmonious style brought me genuine joy and excitement. Sometimes I would compose different looks depending on my moods of the day or what I was thinking at the moment. Every morning I would set a theme color of my outfit of the day. Green would be my brightest; yellow was my tenderness; purple could be complex and moody; black when I need to hide my feelings; dark blue would be my anxious moment…

Styling gradually became my way to express myself. I felt clothes have lives and personalities. They were vivid in my eyes, like a friend who I could make virtual conversation with.

This secret was gradually spotted by others as many people I did not know would made compliments:” Your outfit looks amazing.” At first I thought they were just being nice, but slowly I was convinced by their sincere tones and the gaze on my clothes.

The confirmation by others did made me feel all the things were worth it. I could recognize my own self, my beauty.

The passion on styling even got me an opportunity of entering a fashion platform in college, *Glance*. I became one of the writer of *Glance*, sharing my insights on the relationship between people and clothes. I gave tips of dressing accommodated to different seasons and also embellished with delicate details of recent trendy elements. I was fluttered that many readers leaving their comments, saying that some recommendations and advice made them feel more confident in some occasions. The process of back and forth with readers made me realize that there were numerous people out there in the world like me seeing clothes as the protection or even disguise to fill or mask their hollow inside.

Clothes did bring me joy as I looked at mirror or received praise from others. But they were not the real source of my happiness. It still originated from my shadows hidden inside, my eagerness to be confirmed, and same time my deepest despair of inability to accept myself. I knew it in my heart. I just didn’t want to admit it and be too harsh on myself. Self-deceiving as a way of “self-care” is necessary for our life. No one wants to know the real cruelty, we all leave ourselves a little space where we can be free or simply creating an idealistic world of our own that are pure and tranquil. Fashion was that world I chose right now. The fantasy built in that world could blur the negative image of myself I buried in my mind at high school.

I realized that all these years I had been attempting to run away from that bottomless self-negating hole I trapped myself in at the first place and seeking things that can compensate the loss and insecurity rooted in my heart. I made myself to forget it though most of the time I failed. The feeling of emptiness would often come back to me from time to time.

Although having many friends in college, most of the time I felt myself alone as I didn’t want to expose my vulnerability to others. *Only I can cure my damaged heart. Having hope to others will only end up like before.* I often said to myself.

My Key

For a long time, I had abandoned the thought of seeking support from others as I didn’t want to receive disappointments afterward.

However, you’ve got to believe there’s always someone for you in this world. They come only for you.

As indeed, a man dragged me out of the dark corner I put myself in. How could someone know you so much just in the first sight? I often thought our meet was magical.

I didn’t expect much at first as I was bored and swiped people randomly on the dating app. Sometimes it was weird that when you expected nothing, the hope came to you. And we found each other.

I didn’t realize that I got used to keeping distant from others. My unconscious act of creating that distance made him uncomfortable.

“Why aren’t you holding my hands?” “Why didn’t you hug me when you were upset about my leaving?” There’s been a long time I haven’t heard anyone said these things so bluntly to me which stabbed directly to my heart.

Every word he said was true. He spotted my insecurity, but I felt relieved at that moment and let go all my defense. Sometimes I really need someone to say it out loud, to stop my self-deception.

He saw through the whole me as if he had accompanied with my past life. The one time he touched me the most was when he said: “Don’t leave all the struggles to yourself. It’s ok to rely on someone.”

“Now you have me.” He hugged me tighter.

I was about to cry. My wounds were completely revealed to him, undisguised. But it’s not hurtful this time, rather, I felt being saved when I was drowning.

Although we were often geographically distant due to the reality issue, our hearts were never distant from each other. Maybe he was the key of my heart lock.

I often wrote letters when I thought of him. I kept the old-fashioned, but to me, the most intimate way of expressing my feelings.

I could share my random thoughts to someone now, not only myself and my diary. This time, to him, specifically:

“My dear,

I’d like you to see the light in my room,

A sudden sun shower,

The 5 o’clock shade and shadow in the balcony,

When you watch carefully, all the leaves are showing you different shades of green.

At the time we just started dating,

No one knows how this journey will unfold.

I was listening to *I think of you*

By the mysterious Rodriguez

Yes, I think of you.

It was something I wouldn’t dare to say, for the fear of disappointment.

We were unfolding our feelings in such a careful way, like two children sit around this precious toy.

It was too good to be true.

We need to unwrap it carefully, to experience the every bit joy when it occurs, to show how much we cherish this, and to be thankful every day

I still remembered when I first met you, this feeling of familiarity.

Our dynamics is so different from anyone I met before, and it shocked me, like electricity.

Thank you my love, for making me the happiest girl on earth, I genuinely mean it.

I will forever remember the way you held my hand, the gaze you stared my eyes.

You told me, *tomorrow will be fine. It’s just you and me, as long as we’re together. We will always be fine.”*

Yes, we’ll always be fine.