

Item Code: 695

Participant Code: 055

'TWO CHERRIES'

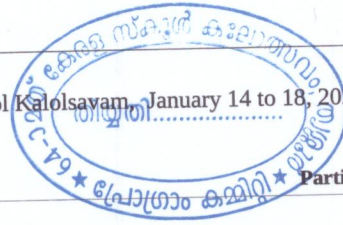
..... Rays of light entered through the cracks of the
 basement, opening a ramp for the dust. They fell on her
 ocean blue eyes, shining like a diamond. She was sneezing
 to death, her nose red as a rose, her eyes a pond in
 red, all mixed up. Maybe, Dr. Jose's remedies failed to
 fight her six-years-old allergy. She was rubbing her
 eyes so bad when she found out the half-burnt diary
 in the dusty-old box of much. She stopped what she
 was doing and took it, just to sneeze more. The pale
 pink tulips on the diary's cover was halved in colours
 pink and burnt brown. At some point after touching
 the diary, the disturbing sneeze came to an end and
 the atmosphere became quite. The burnt tulips were
 flipped and ~~at~~ some of the pages were not fully
 alive. She ran through pages and happened to be
 there, at last.....

08-09-2017
 Tuesday

Dear,

Maybe, yeah, started to write a diary.....

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The earth has completed one lap around the sun after my birth. Mom says today maybe dad would return from work a bit early and he'd bring a cake. My heart's tired of expectations, and tomorrow one year of boredom is going to be switched on again. I know, I always end up as an unwanted packet of plum cake in a world full of teenagers who prefer creamy cheese cake, the worst part is that my birth days are always surrounded by days even worse. Yes, I wish the most unrealistic wish I could ever wish, having a person actually for me. God, why don't you give me a boring person like me, but always someone so glued to socialising? Huh, whatever, I've to go further.

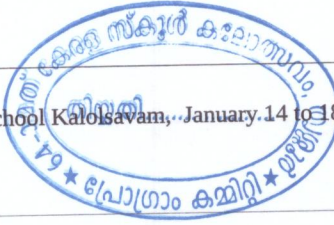
09-09-2017

Hello,

Found this girl at my class. Unlike me, short and chubby, fair toned. Maybe - a friend finally? She's kind. Name's Jane. ~~Thankyou~~ God. Ginger, short hair. Beautiful.

Thankyou God.

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17-11-2017

wed

Jane tells that me must hang out. And yesterday, she broke down to a heart breaking sob. Her eyes became reddish and her cheeks became pink. She said she ~~has~~ has never met someone so similar. Yes, she's the teacher's pet, she paints, she writes, and she's smart. Her dad locked her in a room and beated with his long rough black-belt. Saw a swelling on her right foot's ankle, at the toilet. We both got to know each other a bit more today.

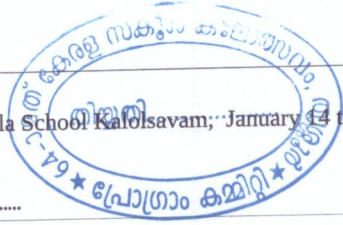
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28-05-2018

Friday

It's her birthday, and I thought I should give the first ever birthday gift hand-made by myself. When we went to the school garden, I took my bag and gave her the box. It was two cherries. One deep red, a mix of brown and red, it was long slightly that the other one. The other one was round and bright red. She smiled and looked at

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my face, when she got to know what that meant. I saw the glitter in her eyes, they were shining like diamonds. At some point in between, she hugged me tightly and we both were looking at each other's eyes. For seconds. She broke the eye lock quickly, and God, I was so embarrassed. After school, mom somehow let me to go out. We went out. At the cafeteria, she said that, she's into girls. And then I stood there, trying so hard to look normal, but we knew that our hearts were rising into a peak's height. We both broke down to tears, and they rolled in sides of a heart felt laugh, a laugh so genuine in a decade. She took my gift and said

"two cherries of the same root?"

"two cherries of the same root." - I said.

* * * * *

She found herself with trembling lips, watery eyes and shivering hand when she looked to the dusty broken piece of the old living hall mirror. She felt like she was in a dark room, surrounded

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by nothing, by none. She moved to the next page, and she knew it.

* * * * *

08-09-2018
wed

Hey,

Yes. The same line, earth has completed another lap around her lover. This is different for me and you know why, don't you?

~~Today~~, We went to Tane's. ~~She was~~ For no reason, she seemed to be mad at me. I opened her room and I saw there, a huge bouquet of pink tulips, and a box. Inside it, I found you, the blue diary with pale-pink tulips. The first page said - "happy birthday, my cherry!"

When ~~I~~ returned home, ~~I~~ opened you. Wrote this, no, writing. Got my old one and now you hold her. ~~She's~~ ^{her} ~~coming~~ arrival is re-written for you. It's between you and me. She is you. I hope you'd last till the end.

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12-12-2018

Monday

Dear,

- do you remember ^{the last time} being ^{called} ~~heard~~ like that?

I hope I'd never meet you again. Jane told me she wanted to have some space. But today, she went to the class next to ours, all the break time, I wonder why. Maybe someone else? Oh, what am I thinking? No. She seems distant. She was laughing with Joshua, she's with guys last days. God.

31-12-2018

Sat

I knew it. I'm in the girls toilet walls, the group chats. The gossips. Why? Why? And now she's so distant. I apologised, don't ask me for what. She called to my phone and went at her house. The whole ~~setto~~ ~~set~~ Sophomore batch and seniors were there. I saw, myself. I fell. ~~Wakeup~~ I was in that huge sheet. A chain, only



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a single chain on my body. My skinny body was sexualised by markers of blue and red. I woke up in my bed. Mom, dad, everyone's gone. Now what? 'Thankyou God'.

* * * * *

... Ambulance rushed to her house. The nurses got inside the basement area of that old-half dead house. They opened the door, and a pungent smell rose into the air. They found a skinny body decomposed, ruled by worms and licked by rats. Among all the dust the body seemed like a sad story. The nurse with ginger short hair took that half burnt diary, and at the back of that said "two cherries of the same root." She stood right there, between thousands of burnt, wrinkled pink tulips and a 'sad story', stuck on the line "two cherries of the same root."