

# DISTANT RAMBLINGS

SHREYOSI ENDOW & SHAAMS SHAHRIAR

Dear Lilo,

How long has it been? 6 months? A year? Hope you still remember me. School here is different; everyone's weird. I've tried making a few friends, though. I am writing to you from the dorm room now. Everyone's at a party. I didn't want to go. It's high time I wrote to you.

Remember how I "vanished" for three months back in 5th grade? You pestered me a lot to tell you where I was, but I didn't budge. You didn't talk to me for a week because I wouldn't tell you. Well, I'm telling you now. I was at my grandma's house. Not the sane one that visits us every August; the crazy one. She'd make me sit in front her every night till 12 o'clock. She'd tell me stories so I'd have to be awake, and listen to them. I couldn't be sleepy.

I always was. So she'd have me stand and stare at the bulb in the room without blinking. She was very strict, now that I think about it.

I don't know why I am telling you this. Did I tell you I can see the sodium lights on the streets from my window? They're beautiful. Sometimes I keep staring at them. I don't blink. I don't know why I do that. Back at gran's, it was to keep me awake, maybe the same motive applies here. Love,  
 J.

Dear J.,

*There are some things that remain dormant for a long time, some memories that don't fade, and it only takes a spark to ignite them. I cannot believe you wrote after all this time. Getting accustomed to a new environment can be tough at first, but it gets better, usually. Maybe you should try going to these parties. I remember you liked loud music.*

*This place is just as you left it, wintry and silent. The snow's a bit thicker this time though. I still take strolls on the streets in the dead of the night. The silence soothes my ears, and the mellow light from the streetlamps is relaxing. It feels like heaven compared to what goes on at home.*  
 Love,  
 Lilo.

*P.S. Sorry for the delay. I was at the hospital for some cuts on my wrists. Nothing serious, although ma was a bit mad.*

Dear Lilo,

Cuts on your wrists? What are you talking about? You never give me the whole picture. I hope you are alright. I really hope so. I am happy you wrote back. It's nice to have you lecture me on stuff again. Well, to tell you the truth, I did try going to these stupid parties. I even tried asking a girl out. Maybe I'm not doing this right or maybe I just suck at this. Even my grades are kind of falling.

Enough about me, tell me about yourself. I want to hear more about those lovely walks. You dating anyone? Give me the details already.

Love,  
 J.

Dear J.,

*You still sweat the small stuff, don't you? A little blood is really not a matter of concern. What is concerning, however, is that your grades are falling. J., you are the biggest brainiac I've met in my whole life. I'm sure a little effort will solve the problem. You will get over this phase soon and one day, I assure you, you'll grow to love that place.*

*School really isn't a magical place anymore. I tried socialising but unfortunately, that shed light to my "flaws". Baggy pants and nerdy glasses aren't really "cool". There's a storm raging at home, that leaves me scared and confused. It is just those times when I'm alone that I enjoy, when I take those lonely walks on frosty streets that I feel alive. To be honest, I really haven't met anybody that enjoys silence as much as I do.*

Keep in touch,  
 Lilo

Dear Lilo,

I keep re-reading your words and I have trouble picturing you say them. Maybe we've changed so much, our own words sound robotic to each other. I don't understand.

I hate the sun. You talking about frosty streets and late night strolls has triggered in me memories of old times. Remember when we used to cut classes and wander about the streets downtown pretending to be tourists? We used to have so much fun.

Anyways, I mainly wanted to write to say that I've made up my mind. I'm ditching this hell hole. I'm coming home.

Love,  
 J.

Dear J.

*I am exhausted from feeling so numb all the time. Ma and Papa...well I don't even know if I can call them that anymore, but things have gotten worse to a point where I just cannot tolerate them anymore. I am starting to understand what "peer pressure" and "bullying" mean. I've started hurting myself, J. (I hope you have your answers now.)*

*Every time I look at myself in the mirror I don't recognise my reflection. I've become what I loathe. And this cannot go on.*

*I don't know if you will receive this letter. But I am leaving J. I have to live again. There is a school in London that offers some really intriguing subjects. Sometimes you have to follow your heart, your passions; sometimes you have to learn how to breathe and this is what I'm doing. And I hope that is what you are doing to. I wish I could take those strolls with you again. Please keep writing to me.*

Love,  
 Lilo

