Hello Saferide, X Telling Me About The Loss Of S

I looked up at the ceiling the entire time. Well it didn't last for long. Like 15 minutes or so. They had said it would hurt, but it didn't.

His face all grumped up, veins were showing on his forehead. Closed my eyes and thought of dancers, closed my eyes and thought of dancers.

I thought of what my friends would say. I thought of how my life would change. I just laid real still there on the bed.

Afterwards I said, like I hear you're supposed to: Was it good for you as well He was proud, said: OK we can do it again and maybe this time, you can do it better than this I know you can do it better than this.

I faked to come, because I hear you're supposed to. There was obviously something wrong with me and I didn't want him to know.

I was scared he'd have a heart attack and die. I went to work at the shoe store and waved him goodbye. I felt sad, but I didn't know why.

Do you want those in red, I said. 250 with laces, I said. Years later, I can still vision that forehead.