

This is the horizon. And this, this is the road that stretches below the horizon. I can hear the delicate chiming sound of the leaves, in perfect tune with the gentle blowing of the wind. The sunrays are warming my frozen lips. A content happiness is making its way through my blood vessels, yet it doesn't linger there long. It cannot linger, even if I would like it to. Some of us are crying, some of us are sighing, some are grieving, and some indeed look pretty happy. Now the mood seems to have fallen.

What about me? Well, I often do feel alone when these circumstances happen. I did manage to carry all of us here, haven't I? Despite some of us, even myself sometimes, being dubious of the fact that it could have ever been done. Then why the miserable faces and endless arguing inside my mind? Why the dozens of waves spluttering in agony inside my chest?

And gosh, not that stupid kiddo again! Why the hell are you still pulling that dammed string? Oh, shut up, I'm just swearing like a normal teen. Don't you see it's cut in half already? Why are you saying old jokes into a plastic cup that leads to nobody's ear? I can hear you, do you know that? Have some mere respect for the elders. Don't say joyful things that hurt your older self out loud like that... Yes, you, your stubbornness makes me sad. It makes me sad because I can't do that for you. I failed several times at it. I just...can't... I'm merely human, goddammit!!

A kind and gentle freshman hugs me from the back. I can feel her puffy sweater on my t-shirt. She's warm and smells like mango shower gel. My heart sinks whenever I try to use that one. I stopped buying it anyways. She tells me we'll be fine. But I know she's saying these things merely out of kindness; she doesn't really know what will happen to us. She doesn't really know what will happen to her, and I can't warn her. I love her, in a protective way, because she's so fragile. I feel ashamed of how kind she is to me, despite how lonely she feels some midnights. I feel like that is my fault. I can't stand staring at her cuts; it's a reminder of how I failed to protect the softness she used to wear on her sleeve and get restless every day because of it. I feel like her heart is better than mine, and I compare myself to her often. Don't get me wrong, I also sometimes think that she was stupid, cruel, as well as pushy. I forgave her, though. But she hurt us both. Others as well.

I take a pen with dark blue ink. I fight with it like with a sword. My feet feel steady when I use it, and the girls get along better when I do. Corners of old photos leave cuts below my eyes, I know. My head is boiling because of my failures. Left-behind dreams cause my ears to bleed. The ground is sticky because of my blood, I'm aware. I can still move if I put one foot in front of the other. My pulse cannot hold us anymore. Yet I stare at the faraway sun. The sky is coloured in pink and purple shades. Perhaps the Sun will make us happy. Maybe we'll be content when we touch it, right? A small hand grips my T-shirt. I feel my heartbeat slowing down, my chest warming. Yet the sky is setting, I can't...

I glance at the kid. She wears a dark blue T-shirt and boots during the summer. Of course she does. Above her head, there is a pitch-dark sky. But filled with shiny stars. The girls invite me to sit down. I'm hesitant at first, but I do give in after all. We light up a warm fire and eat s'mores. The girl with the blue T-shirt invites us to sit under Lily. What a strange name for a tree, I think. But then I remember. I wonder how scientists picked the names of the trees. Were they as creative and full of life as we were back then? The more I stare at the dark sky, the more stars I can see. The more things that make me stop and cry, the things that make my chest uncontrollably ache. And when I do, I'm closer to freshman me again, and I can feel her warmth better. Some stars shine with bittersweet laughter, stopping my cries; some keep me going. All of them show me the silver memories, which lie before the horizon, real bits of

a life once lived, under a mysterious and nostalgic sky. They are the reason why I'm chasing Sun and happiness. So why not stop and cry for the night while hugging them? The horizon and the sun can wait, while we'll admire the Moon's beauty.