

DEAR PRISCHELLE

Chapter 12 No.12

Dear Prischelle,

It was lunch that time, the first time I saw you eating at the cafeteria. It was a two-seated table and you're alone.

After getting my food, I purposely went to your direction and planning to sit in front of you. But my friends called my attention making me gritted my teeth silently. I want to sit with you, damn it. Specially that you looks like you have no one to eat with you. I'm willing to be that one and strangle my friends but I compose myself. I...I don't want you to notice that I want to be with you.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

After sitting at my friend's table I turn my head, only to

find you walking away with the tray in your hands.

I lost it again. Again! Damn it.

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