Chapter 3 No.3

Uhm. Shall I start my journal now with 'Dear Prischelle'? I usually do this and write what happens every day in my life. I want something to read whenever I feel bored, and reading my own journal somehow makes me smile and reminisce what happened in that day or the past months. But the last two is about you.

It's changing, isn't it? From my daily life then now....you. I don't know why I'm writing about you, though. I just....want to.

I wonder if it's normal? I'm new to this feeling but I like how it makes me feel nice. I don't know what is happening to me anymore. I feel different.

Different and unusual. I must find it out.

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