

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I would like to present you a story written down by my very friend, Luke. Few days after receiving this story I lost my friend, since then I have been thinking about sharing his letters with you. I will do my best to finish this story a little further than he did.

9th NOVEMBER

And so it is, my friend. The day I've been waiting for is just about to come, although phrase "I've been waiting for" doesn't show my real feelings right now. It surly seems to you like I'm happy this is going to happen, but I'm not. I mean – I am not ONLY happy. I'm terrified, amused, shocked and all other possible states you can imagine. Believe me, you've never experienced such racing thoughts as I'm experiencing at the moment. And all of this is her fault. It's my fault. I'm not sure. Right now, when writing to you, I'm considering each aspect of the decision I've made. All memories are floating in my head wanting me to focus on them. Her smile, scent of her hair, her low voice beneath a sky full of stars, a bonfire warming us, silly songs we sang and all this little things I've never thought of them that could be so important to me. Very clearly I can see her waving me for goodbye and my heart stops as soon as I imagine us seeing again. Oh, my friend! I'm looking forward to tell her everything so much! I am not scared anymore. The longer I think about it, the better I believe it is. Why, why it is not tomorrow?! It's getting darker out my window, I wish I could get up tomorrow, live few hours of my life and meet her and confess to her how I feel. How beautiful will be this Wednesday! Only when I imagine her by my site I can feel calm right now, I'm sorry if my enthusiasm crazes your reasonable view of world, my friend.

11th NOVEMBER

It's a dark day today in Bristol. It's been showering since morning and so goes on. I saw with her, my friend. I finally saw with her. It's her birthday, you know? I don't understand why there is such a terrible weather when so wonderful girl has her birthday. Maybe clouds are crying over my broken dreams?... Then why since the morning?

12th NOVEMBER

Even though you will probably receive all my letters at once, I'm sorry for writing so laconic yesterday. I'm broken. How could this happen, my friend? You are my witness, you are the one I told everything from the very beginning, from the first minutes, so tell me, how could I not see there is no love in her? There is not, and there has never been even a little of love for me in her heart. She told me that straight in the eyes, almost as I'm telling you now. I lost my love, I lost something I have never possessed. I lost something I dared to imagine I could have. Be honest with me, my friend – could I get all this things wrong way? Is it possible she never felt anything and my love was big enough to pretend love of two people? Tell me, my friend, is this the most thoughtless man on earth writing this letter to you? It will take time until you respond, but for now – I believe it is. I apologized to her. I apologized! For what?! I don't know. For loving her, I guess. So pathetic, my friend. This is the truth about me – I am pathetic. I've read so much about love I believed it's for everyone and it's easy. But now... I tried poetry, novels and music... What I need now is a good sleep. How can I fall asleep, knowing I lost her?!

30th NOVEMBER

Little did I known about how good classical music is. Last three weeks I spent mostly lying down on my room's floor. I'm not neglecting my duties, but all free time I have is being consumed by thoughts I've already shared with you. Today I met her again, absolutely accidentally. We chatted for a while like nothing has happened. She seemed fine to me, no words about feelings were spoken. Although she asked me, why I look so pale. I told her everything is all right. Can you believe it? I looked in her eyes, smiled painfully and whispered that everything is okay! I'm sure she knows that nothing is all right, and I hope she knows why. Sure she does, my friend, because she looked very sorry for a little while. Then I walked on, hearing her voice deeply in my mind. It's still there, all my memories are now surprisingly lively, all of them want me to think about it once again. And once again I'm reminding to myself her cold hands grabbing mine on a beach, again I feel her warm body next to mine like when we slept in hotel hall because there were no rooms left. Again and again I hear her beautiful voice whispering: "Look at this!" like when there were only us, and a few more friends near a bonfire, under amazing sky full of stars. And again there is sorrow and pain, because she is not next to me right now and she will never be. I'm sorry, my friend, I know I'm boring you, but you are the only one I can confess to.

15th DECEMBER

I talked with her today. Why there should be other reason for writing to you and not sending the letter again? I tried again, my friend, as I made a vow to myself I won't give up so easy. Once again I tried to tell her everything from my point of view, I even dared to read her my poem out loud, what an idiot I am! Nothing has changed and she told me nothing will change. It's not my fault, she said. So whose is? I don't know, neither does she. It's awful day in Bristol today, snow that had fallen for last two weeks is now melting. I'm wandering through streets of my city with nowhere to go and nowhere to hide. I have here none to talk to as honestly as I can talk with you. She will be gone now for Christmas, so will I. Well then, Merry Christmas to you and your family, my friend. I write it, although I know you will read this a long time after you should. And it will be my fault this time.

29th DECEMBER

The New Year is coming. You know, it seems to me like it was yesterday when we spent holidays together, but six months or even more has passed. It seems like it was few hours before writing this letter when she abandoned me, but it's been a month ago. I'm hollow, my friend, now I realized it. All good things I had were connected with her, of course except our friendship, but right now – I'm not so sure. There is a lot of snow this year in my neighborhood, which is fine. In spite of everything else, the weather is wonderful. Tonight I had a very strange dream. I was in my kitchen doing some washing up, when someone knocked at my door and as I opened it – I saw you. You asked me whether you can stay for a while, wait for your girlfriend, as she was coming the next train. You know I like you guys both very much, even if it was just a dream. I agreed, of course. Then a phone rang, I picked up and heard your girlfriend's voice saying she was on her way. When she ringed the bell, I let her inside, you guys kissed and looked so lovely, that I smiled. As she stepped back, I saw her face changing and after a while she looked as my dear beloved. We stood in my kitchen, the tree of us (or maybe four?) and I had my heart stopped. I couldn't say anything, as she was smiling so amazingly... Just like she did before I ruined everything. I'm sorry my friend, if my night dream or I should say – nightmare – hurts you, but believe me, you are the only one I trust. And this is why I tell you what follows: We may never see each other again. Should you meet her one day, tell her I still love her. Now it's about time to send you all this letters, my dear friend.

Happy New Year, pal.

5th JANUARY

I will never forget the night I read those letters for the first, second, and even third time. It was a nightmare to me, all these things Luke wrote. As soon as I could I phoned him, but none respond. Then I phoned his parents, from whom I learned what happened:

On the 31st December Luke left his home, as he had been invited to the party at Mary's, but he never made it there, and never came back.

Next day he was found in a river, near the Valentine Bridge, dead.

Three days ago was the funeral and the story of my friend reached to its end.

Since yesterday I have been trying to phone Emily, his dear beloved, but her phone is still out of signal.