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For Brooke

"I wish I had said that to her. Maybe she would be alive", I cover my ears but I can't block it out. I only hear her screams before she jumped of the cliff. "But why did she do something like this? I don't get it", I confess. The bell rings but before I really opened the door, the post man hands me a letter. *For Brooke* is their written in a beautiful handwriting. However, I haven't received any mail for weeks, who could have written to me? So, I open the letter and I begin to read.

Dear Brooke,

When you read this I'm probably dead. But I have to tell you something that I have kept from you the whole time. It's hard for me to write this but anyways. My life's purpose was unclear until I met you. I always want you to be safe, want you to be okay, to be happy. Whenever we see each other, I think about how lucky I am to have you. When we say goodbye, I wrap my arms around you and hope it isn't for the last time.

But then I noted, I love you.

For a time, I thought we could make it and could be together but the only thing you talk about are boys and how attractive they are for you. And this really hurts. My parents always ask me when I would finally have a boyfriend. But I am not in love with boys, I am in love with you. Whenever I ask them if girls can love girls, their only answer is that these people are disgusting. It seemed like I couldn't talk with anybody about my problem until I noticed that I can talk with my friend. When I started explaining my problem, she begged "Please forget this nasty thought. You're not normal." So, what could I have done? I decided to keep distance from you, so that I can forget my love. Nothing. Neither time and distance nor distraction have numbed my pain of loss. All I have are my memories. But even these rise to my head. My decision is that I have to go. It's time to say goodbye, Brooke.

In love, Liv

Tears spill over. This can't be true. I didn't know that she was in love with me, she didn't send me any signal. If I had known it, we could have made it together I have to tell it Liv's friend.

Now, I stand in front of her house. I ring the bell. Nothing. I am excited but not in a positive way. The friend finally opens the door but even before she really opened it, she sees me and wants to close. But I am faster. I start accusing her, "It's your fault! Liv is dead because you told her that she's not normal and freaky!" But she says nothing. Neither does she show a feeling of guilt nor offer an apology. "It's better when I leave. This is pointless", I realize.