

I'm with you!

The heart is something only others can see.

Von abgemeldet

Pain is Painful

The following thoughts are from Hikari, Hiyori's older sister, in middle school, before she met Ichiko and her friend.

"What's the most painful thing which can happen to someone?", I asked. "That a person you love dies, obviously." Yeah, that must be painful. It must be horrible, when someone so important to you dies. But is it the most painful thing? I thought about it. When a person near to you dies, you'll be sad. And – if it's possible – the person who died, will be sad, too, because he had to leave you and everyone else. At least you'll think that he is. But something else came to my mind. When a person you love, a person you want to help whenever you can, a person you would do everything for, leaves you. And leaves you, because he wants to. Because he doesn't want to talk to you anymore. Because he doesn't want to text you anymore. Because he does not love you, does not like you, because you aren't the least bit important to him. He just leaves you. You don't know why. You can't do anything about it. Knowing, that this person will never laugh with you again, that this person doesn't want to laugh with you. Well, no, that's somehow wrong. It's not that he thinks "I don't want to talk or to laugh with her again", it's probably more like, well, that he doesn't think about it. He's forgetting you, because you didn't manage to find a place in his heart. So – when a person dies, you'll never see him again. When a person leaves you, you'll never see him again, either. But to know that it was his decision to leave you, to know, that it didn't have to turn out like that, wouldn't that be...well, just maybe, more painful? I don't really know myself. But just hypothetical, when I think about it, I feel sadder. If someone dies, you can hate this world. This unfairness of our world we live in. If someone leaves you, leaves your world you live in, you can just hate yourself, if at all. You can't even hate this person. Because, no matter what he does, you'll still love him. Or at least the past self of this person you knew. For me, to imagine this, is pretty painful, I must say. Well, "imagine", I don't need to imagine it. It did happen to me already. Both occasions.