

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO DO THIS?

It was in the middle of the night when I finally decided that it had arrived the time to send the message that I had been writing over the past two days. Those sentences scared me so much: all the words made my heart beat extremely hard. Just three lines. I summarized all of my feelings in just three simple phrases, which I finally sent.

“Hi, how are you? If you need, you can call me whenever you want”, this is what I wrote.

Pathetic words and sentences already known, you could say. For me, at that moment, they were everything except simple sentences written just to say something.

The story starts one month ago when I first met one of the most beautiful and at the same time dangerous people in the world, my first and last boyfriend, Max. I don't remember why I liked him so much, the only thing I can remember very well is the way his eyes were shining when he looked me in my eyes for the first time. I wish he never looked at me that way because he brought more problems than happiness.

He seemed so calm and serious; I would not have never imagined what he could do to his dad.

I was so stupid. I could notice how nervous he was and that he always had some strange red paintings on his hands. It's so real that love makes people blind!

Returning to the story, it was our first week together and he decided to introduce me to his parents. I was so excited, it would become something important, and maybe he would take it seriously...

It was a dream, luckily.

Who would have said that I, the one who was more in love, at the end would set the end of the relationship?



The morning of the meeting I was very happy, I didn't really know the monster that I was dating.

The evening in which I met Max's parents was a disaster. His mother was late because of the traffic, his father was sick and Max was so nervous. I said many times that maybe it wasn't the best day to meet each other but they insisted, so I remained.

While we were talking Max and his father started to discuss about something they had done before the date with me. They were mysterious and both had some red paintings on their hands. At the end of the dinner I understood that Max did something really bad, but I didn't know what exactly.



The day after I received a call from the police. I had no idea of what was happening. I answered and it was him, crying and screaming. He said that it was all a mistake and he would never ever do something like that. I was so confused and angry.

Why was he calling by the police's telephone? Why was he crying?

I decided to end the call. He wouldn't explain to me what he had done, so I called his mother. She answered while she was crying and told me what happened.

The day before when I left their house, Max and his father started an argument and ended up fighting. They were too angry to stop, no one could divide them. They screamed for hours and at the end, Max made his father hit his head on the ironed chair.

Max's father was old and already sick so the incident caused more problems than what Max was expecting. The ambulance came and the doctors recovered his father. I will never forgive Max for what he has done, even if he was right he should have never reacted that way. It was disgusting and unforgettable.



I can't explain how I felt when I heard his mother's words, when she told me how it went. Furthermore I can't explain why I continue to ask myself if he had good reasons to do that. I'm trying to forgive him and I'm wrong. There are no excuses. Nevertheless, I wrote him that message. I am still angry. I am so stupid. I am justifying him and I don't have to. I can't stop my feelings, I know that he didn't want to do that to his dad. I know that he is feeling bad. I can't explain the reason, I can't control that. I don't know why, but I am happy that I sent those short sentences.

Amata Silvestri