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My eyes move out on to the streets forty seconds down the road at that time. Actually, I think they do everything they possibly can: spooning, dispersing, wide, staring. I have a lot to take, and as my hands on my shoulder places and guides me around the side on the broadway, the first thing i've realized is how bright and dynamic everything looks. It may still be light, but it's all still incredible. First, I'm not sure what to do or what to say. I am silently dumb , for my eyes are left to right and back . It seems that not all new York-based movies are misleading, because the look in front of me is a valid copy of all the scenes that exist in Times Square that I've seen many times already. And this is exactly what it all feels: some incredible film, as if none of it is actually real. Huge neon-lit ads are playing around me and it surprises me how you can come here if you have an ewe. There are people everywhere. It's mesmerizing, and I don't even care if I look like tourists al-wa. I've been drunk on the Times Square picture for so long that I can add myself yet that I'm actually here. For each other I must forget the fact that The Bhab is also standing behind me with my hands on my shoulder, because I click out my phone and start taking pictures immediately. They're not the best, my hands are so shaky that half of them are blurry, but I'll send them to mom and dean yet. I've had some shots of The Yelaidi Bill, some stir crowd, some of the sky, which just looks cool because it's New York sky. Everything seems to be the caller over here. Even the yellow fit my idea of square at the same time. They are a second dangerously past-schemed, scratching drivers as possible to make the passengers to hallatis e.g. salim on their brakes. Traffic lights are moved between colors, the footers rush to cross the other side of the road. There is a strange smell in the air, like a mixture of hot dogs and peanuts. Times Square. It's real. It's actually real. So wide with a smile on my face that it's painful, I turn around and attract me, making sure the neon lights are behind us. I buried my body in my heat and hold my phone. I am much younger than him. My eyes are in line with his mouth. He made his head relax with him towards his face. Smile, I breathe, and as I do, I take the picture. Flash is a dazzalas to us for a few moments, but when my eyes return to normal, I look down to appreciate the picture. My smile is a good one. It's not wide, if not wide, and it's very attractive about how I can change around it and now like it is. Was brave enough to try too. I think I'm mad with what's going on with him in New York And it's been just three hours. Three hours and already everything is coming back, ten times worse. If I thought I had been dying to it before, then I'm totally used to it now. I like this picture, Heiko says quietly, and I feel my eyes being prepared for it. He's walking on the picture from on my shoulder, the way we both look happy. His eyes are still shining. I like it too, I say my neck has grown. I wish he didn't affect me. I'd like to have it wearing it last year, but it's not. I look back down to see my phone, which is about to die to someone else, and immediately I set the picture as my wallpaper. It takes place a picture of Dan. I almost feel guilty, like I've cheated him, but I actually think of what I'm doing, talking to me again. I'm taking you into the petrosant. It's an Italian restaurant on Ninth Avenue. Italian? Any of all the restaurants can be selected, they choose what is likely to remind me about Dan. I cut inside my mouth. You love Italian food, don't you? He suddenly seems upset, but true, suddenly I am too. And it's not because of the choice of their restaurants. You told me a few months ago, right? Yeah, I do. Every Wednesday I have dinner at Dan's place, and his mother makes the best Italian dishes. Dan thinks his mother's tradition is just embarrassing, but I think it's beautiful. His food tastes amazing. I told him a while ago, and the fact that he took note of it is because my secret is coming back in a smile. Italian food looks great right now. I, uh, actually had a table book for weeks of a week. He rubs resentment on the back of his neck and I don't think I've ever had this shame before. It almost feels like he's taking me on a date, which he wished he was. It's for 8PM, so we'll move. You don't care about seeing stores tonight, okay? Kako, C. I nod my head. He knows I'm not the biggest fan of shopping, and some bright lights and shining signs are not enough to motivate me about it. You know me better than that. He's not fun back with me, though; He is just shdoggang and is wandering around the earth uneasily. Sorry, I'm just... I just want you to enjoy New York. I want to make sure you have a good time. You're doing well so far, I told him slowly, but I'm confused. He looked completely confident and comfortable around him until we returned to the apartment. Since then, everything has felt different, and that's why I've had strange acting around. You'd like my tour guide for summer Yeah, I think you can say that. He rubs his temple. And then his nephew. And then that soap. Restaurant is Blocks to the North and so we are Nortahboud on the broadway, in our role of being your personal tour guide, with my briefing on every detail and some general information about Times Square. To start, I should not be able to stop the dead in my tracks and take pictures, which exactly I did just now, because locals get frustrated with us to block the way. Also, on the away occasion I have time without square, looking at a map is the worst thing I can possibly do. But I doubt I'm going anywhere without it, so I don't have to worry about being aware of the picpofets that I know are tourists. We left the Broadway off-broadway and fifty-seventh on the road after passing the famous red billiacharis over the Titus both, in which I stopped to take a picture, but i didn't block the path for long before moving on. It take us fifteen minutes to get the patasant. It is fifty-seventh and ninth corners, with wooden doors that have been opened to allow for an open air setting. It looks cute, and by the time it took me to this door he has got a showy smile on his lip. I, uh, asked around my building for recommendations, they accept, and many people said this is the best Italian restaurant around the place. I hope it stays up to hype for you. I'm betting that it's great, I'm trying to believe it. I can't figure out why he thinks it's been so much effort. It's just a simple meal, but even though he's trying to make everything perfect. He should not care so much. They don't have to impress me. I'm just his stupastor. We head in, and although we have a little while our batteries take us to our table without a problem. That's right, by the Italian alcohol collection. I sat myself under the opposite and immediately read the restaurant. The tables are wood, except for light, it is very small, and looking for a soft air path through the open door in front. I prefer it back here, in the eyes of those who are passing on the footpath. I'll try to closely decide whether I can listen to music games, and after a moment I think nobody, the sound of people around us, is mixed with some occasional laughter. The environment feels in-bound. Their fingers return edited to my attention to return their fingers to the table in front of me. When I look , his eyes go to silogina . Good enough or bad enough to walk out? Good enough to stay, I say, with a node of approval. I like it. Hope not to suck food . He chooses my menu, open it, and then my hands. He gets to him. Select anything and everything you want. It's on me. You're being great. I'm not that read doubt At the top of my menu, but he's just shrig, still smiling. I'm starting to wonder if they'll ever stop. What can I say? I'm the best guy around. I press my lip together and lift up the menu as much as i can to hide my face. I think the egoism of your roommate has turned on you. They laugh, but it's soft and soft, and as I think it's about answering, our batteries are our approach to order our drinks. He's young, maybe around our age, but he's sweet. When we scan the menu they disappear for five minutes to get our drinks. Their instang in the infinite list of Italian words ends when they cut their lip as they struggle to fulfill the language. I'll indicate that the English translation is on the reversionside, but its confusion makes it look beautiful, so I'm quiet. It's pretty pretty pretty, he says after a while, glancing at me. My eyes are boring in it, but I don't want to look away. Why can you love Spanish food? I put my menu down, decided that I was going to, and then support my arm on the table, relaxing my chin in my hands. Say something . What ? In Spanish I say . Say something in Spanish. Their lord is upon me . Why? I like it when you do. For a long moment, he thinks. I can see the incoming lidibe in my mind because he understands what I have to say, almost like he needs a minute to wire together a sentence. Maybe he's not so much a wee after all. I have to be estv murphy iendo banks, they quietly differ, almost the same. Bowing forward, they have their left-over sand sand sits on the table and I feel extremely in, and I know we are in such close proximity to each other that he speaks as I can almost feel his breath. It causes me to catch in the neck. I just told you that the vitres is coming. I look to my left and of course, our vitres is contacting us with our drinks, and it immediately battleback in its set. I want him not to be able to move . Such orders capelini prematmore (without chicken, of course, it has a vegetable), tried my best in italian pronunciation, while I am good to order Lasang Nn n n non na. And when the vatris take our menus and leaves, my eyes take back, just to find that she has the archives on me. He said the tone was crazy good . And that new York will be upset with the sins . His lips put him in a smile , and cleared his neck towards correcting him. Sorry. That tone was great. Due. All I've copied is dan's mother's voice. I reach for my glass water and lift my glass of cook and sit accordingly, and as we take each long SIP, we never Don't turn around. My eyes did their eyeon the edge of my glasses. In the caress, I took a breath of satisfaction and set my drink back down. Can I ask you? One division is concerned on each other's face for another, but it does not even highlight it, and soon he is giving me a go-to approval. Sure of that. I take a deep breath and collect my hands on the table. I haven't seen it off yet. What is everything? You know, with you? Really, Eden? The harsh expression of comfort as he nods his head at me, depriving all seriousness. You've asked me so many times like this. I know. I'm not smiling now. Instead, I'm concerned. If he's definitely okay then i have a bad habit asking, but it's hard to tell me on the phone whether he's telling me the truth or not. I need to answer you honestly, face on face. I can tell if you're lying or not. He rolls his eyes, almost how much it looks in Samacang, but after that he is stoutandand again wild, his lip pressed into a strong line. He's close to me anywhere before, and I think I've stopped breathing again. They are asking to speak to their lip . I'm fine as I can be, Eden. That's true. I'm not lying to you. He has dramatically geography to his eyes, although to prove that he is sincere, so I will find anything in his characteristics that will tell me otherwise. He does not give me long, though. Just a few seconds, and then he retreated, to dwell back against his seat. Cmon, they say slowly. He has a little tittus to his head, sees me from under his eyes. You know if I'd mess up, I was expelled from the tour. I consider it for a moment before realising that it has a point. If he was caught drunk, high, involved in handcoffs, or in any trouble, he was taken away from the program. His job was to tell his story and set a positive example. The fact that he has participated in each event proves that by the end he has not just been able to get into any trouble. Which means he's okay. But it's hard the way things are used to be a few years ago, and sometimes I can't help but if they ever end up in this state. But now, he's doing well. I'm not even sure why I had to ask him to clarify me again. I should know that he was telling me the truth, that New York would be the best thing for him. From that moment I saw it at the airport, but there is nothing radioting a positive vibe from it. I think I keep a smile. When I took my attention to taking back my own, she's waiting for me to say something, but I can't take a word. I can't hang out on it, in his eyes, are still wide, look older than what he really is in the right of his lip, because he keeps a smile back. And then it happens to me at the end that it is not one of those things that More than that attracts you. It is And he would go around him. The way they have been able to change their entire mindset and attitude within the space of two years is. I can only imagine how hard it is for him to stop hating everything around him, for at last he was in a sahati childhood, yet he managed. He did it. That's why I'm already more dying than that. That's why it's inuse. It's been two years since our first summer. By this time I want to be more than that, but now it looks like I will never be. New York was a bad idea. I should never come. I should be with Dan in Santa Monica, not here, fall too hard for his best friend. My belly is Rasn, and I can only hope that it is out of hunger and not guilt. Reach for my water, I take another long SIP and buy some more time to collect my thoughts, to think about saying something. After a moment, I have to think of the words of the seventy-seventh road subway station to take back. I put my glasses back on the table and look at it, the more the titted. Who gave you a strict command to see after me? My mother? Soap in the subject change before layering their dimensions across their right-sin, their currency still direct. He drops his eyes on the table as he presents the smallest of shrig. Yes. Your mother, my mom... They look back up. And Dan. Oh, I say smooth. It's not amazing. It's a dan thing to do. Faroonang, I look at my glasses and run my fingers around the rim, not exactly sure what to think. What did they say to you ? He has to make me travel worth it. You know, because you've chosen it on it. Shrig again, and I can feel the growing tension around us. Or maybe it's just me who can feel it, because I'm guilty. I'm the one who's walking on one in the middle of an Italian restaurant in New York City while my premium is on the other side of the country, most likely still crazy in my left. If you don't have a good time, they'll be angry off. What did you tell him ? I told him I guarantee dwelled on him, he says, and he smiles again, wide and sincere. The silent family. This is mostly because I have no idea how to navigation the whole Dean's situation, but partly because I'm so uneasy to see the bikal. He's looking very comfortable and calm to talk about Dan, like it does not bother him now, which is what he has on me that's just more proof. Totally and completely on me. My heart sinks, and I just decided that I'm just going to go for it. I'll just take it out and ask. I just need a human being and to get along with it, otherwise I'm thinking of my entire vacation what would happen? I just direct it Need for. I think let's admit it will kill me in, but hopefully it will also help me get more of it. I have to. I've got to tap the bale down in my own right And take a deep breath, try my best to keep calm, but the fear still notices that I will suddenly show up, because his smile slowly goes away. Are you all right ? I force my eyes to find, and when I finally do, I share my lip to speak. My voice is nothing more than a quorang whisper when I want to ask myself, does it bother you? The sine-abe immediately bahena. What ? Dan, I say. Our next table is to end up with a group of people laughing, and a division about my attention and the attention of the grab, before they come back to my education. I press my temple a hand and lower my voice even more. Does it bother you that I am still with him? Eden there is no tresof of a smile. Now his lip is a bold line, his eyes are sharply together. What are you doing? I'm just thinking, I'm quickly splothering, and I'm so nervous that I can't see it, so I pressed my hand over my eyes and swayed my head towards the table. It still bothers you a year ago, before you left you. I just want to know that it still does. Eden says again, his voice thick, firm. He pauses for a long moment. I'm too afraid to move my hands away. Finally I breathed it slowly, and his words are too slow. Are you still asking me... You know? I'm trying it, I'm whispering. We're not talking about it here, he says achaanchak, loud. Loud enough for me to lift my head and hand over my eyes. His beads are cbenched, muscle supphesis. My voice grows to meet him, and I keep on moving. Are you on me ? Eden have you met someone? Are you the only one? I'm very disappointed and at the same time it's over giving the wind to get more excited than i'm scared of, and in a matter of seconds I'm brave enough to look it straight in the eye, and that's also staring back. When did you get me ? I just need to know, so please just tell me. Eden he said that more forcefully at the time. Please stop talking. So this is it? I moved my head in disbelief, my anger quickly increased. It's all been going on for a long time. I need to know if I'm wasting my time. I need to know that he and I'm due to lose. You're not going to answer me? Are you just going to leave me to go crazy on this? No, he says, and his voice is much more saanity than i do, yet his qualities have increased. He's definitely increased. Two years ago, he lost his mood from now on and he was cursed at me and was done with him and went towards him. Instead, I'm the person who's losing it. In I'm not answering you here. Where, then ? When we take the apartment back, he answers, and he is able to keep his eyes in small slots because he reformed me with a firm look, such as Tell me now, what I do, but only because our vitresis is reaching with our food. She must think I'm raw, because I'm too busy with it at this table when she keeps the dash in front of me, and I barely blink too. Once he disappears again, Jingley moved to capture his own umbrella, and his smile came back in terms of seconds. I still have something you need to show, they miscellaneous, rapidly murmuring the passaround around its fork, their eyes on their plate. What ? He touts his head and a small smark on the right hand of his lip. It's a surprise, he says. But here's a hint: it's an amazing approach, and we'll talk about all of it. Page 2 It's only when I realize the land at New York's Roberti International Airport that I don't even have it in New York. It's in New Jersey, and it's packing. Despite taking off ten minutes late, we landed ten minutes ago. My body is still telling me it's 2PM and I want lunch, but really, it's 5 now: 17PM here. Which means no other now, I'm looking at it. My eyes scan the information signs above me as a defeat waste to my heart. I'll take a moment to stop it and find out where I want to go, but I can't stop now. That way I can't delay at any time. I just want to see it before, so I throw my bag over my shoulder and follow the people who have made the same flight as me. But with every step, i feel more under. More I think I didn't come here. More I believe it's a bad idea. Of course it's a bad idea, I think. If I spend time alone with him by getting on. If anything, then it's going to make it worse, harder. It's easy. She's probably long on me and she's most likely dating some cute girl with a New York pronunciation. And then I have, a whole year spent what Beukov is still thinking about. I know when I see it, everything I felt would come quickly again. I can feel it already. I can feel that i have the same nervous feeling in my stomach whenever he smiled at me, and I can feel my plus racing at the same speed whenever his eyes met me. I wonder if it's too late to change around. The group is following a dynamic xina bottom head, but I hesitate at the top and step towards, Joinfor a moment. Maybe it's not going to be that bad. I encourage him to see, despite the fact that my nerves have encouraged me, and I've been waiting for him for a long time to see that it's beucoff for other ideas. I'm just confused and my head is a mess, but I'm here now. It's time to see it for the first time in a year. Capture Me The bag is added around the leash as I step on the dynamic Xina, and my heart is very literally fat against my resin. I wonder if people are I can hear it. It feels like I'm heart attacking, like I'll end any moment by now from a problem overloaded. My legs feel stiff, but somehow I manage to keep moving, somehow manage to get away from the dynamic xina and move forward in the level of the aeroils. I'm half looking for a pair of luggage-co-oraidies and half green eyes. Around me, I can see people hesitating. People in the suite-threshing. Families looking for vibrant xina closing crowd. I taught them well twice in the return. I know exactly what I'm looking for. For a moment, I think I see it. Black hair, height. But as about my heart being prevented, he warns a woman in his own wells and I realize that it is not at all. The concourse in my eyes came back to the rooming as I was making my way towards the baggage claim, still forcing my feet to move, but Sunan felt my legs. I'm stealing eyes on the line of the swayas i'm taking in the last name, thinking they're coming to New York. My thoughts are not long, however, because suddenly a playcard will get my eye up. It pays my attention, of course, because I see my name on it in the sakarproon, each letter slightly aligned with the next one. And when I see it. That's when I saw it. He's holding his this beucoff postcard under his eyes, and the other mine is from him, he's aith on the ears. He is jinging . Suddenly, everything's the hell. My tightness in the comfort of the sand. My heart stops fat against my resin. My plus is now getting up the tis under my skin. And I stand there in the middle of the coming area, allows myself to be mis-masked by my fellow passengers. But I don't care if I'm blocking the path. I don't care if I'm losing. I know that's all over here, that we're in front of each other, and it all feels instantly like it's back in this place. It's been 359 days since he last smiled at me the way he is now. He has reduced the postcard to fully reveal his face, and his smile and his face and the color of his eyes and the way a well slowly reminds me of some of the many things I use to like about it. Maybe I still love these things, because now my feet are moving again. And fast. I'm getting my way straight, getting up to speed with every step, my eyes are closed on it and nothing more. My line forced people around me to move out of my way, and now I'm running. In the moment it reached, I threw myself into his wells. I think it takes by surprise. We return a step They are, take their postcards to the ground as they have grassps to my body, and I am so-called aware of some people around me as! As we meet the couple online over long distances for the very first time. This is Look like this because that's how true it is. It's been a long distance relationship. The stupasalong relationship, that is. However, I don't pay attention to my small audience. I wrapped my legs around him and buried my face in my shoulder. I think they're getting the wrong idea, the miscellaneous by my call, a little laugh because they have us stable. I've heard her voice on the phone every week during the year, but it's totally different hearing it in this person. Almost as i can feel it. Maybe you should put me down, I whisper, and that's exactly what he does. With one last, strong squeeze, he gently backs me on my feet. When I look to meet her eyes, close this bar. Hi, I say. Hey, he says. He has his own fireon on me and such comfortable and positive vibe radioting is by him. I feel it impossible to stop Jing. Welcome to New York, New Jersey, I'm right, but my voice is a whisper as I stared at his face. He looks like a place to be four years old, but I think it's mostly because of this henty that now has his ass. I don't try to think about how attractive it is, so I move my eyes into my own areas instead, which just makes the whole thing worse. It's larger than the memory in the bakiups, so I've got a bale around my neck and instead staring at his abyss. I can't possibly change me. Seriously, Eden, what the hell? New Jersey, whatever, says Hey. You're going to love the city. Thank God , that thou hast come . Catch. I take a step back and get it over, titting my head. I'm sure he just stressed his nerves. Is this one... Does it hear a New York pronunciation? They rubs them on the back of their neck and shrug. a little bit. A few rubs off you but you know ? This snake from Boston does not help. You are lucky that I am not running around the fall of my R. Your roommate, okay? I try to remember all our phone calls over the year, when I visited that day and tell me about doing something good about what it has done, as it spread around winter and it first witnessed snow in real life, but I am very upset with the slight change in its sound. I don't know why I never saw him whenever he called. What did you say that his real name was again? Stephen says, with a quick roll of His eyes. C-Monday, we should get out here. He changes towards the exit, but I've immediately informed him that I still have to occupy my luggage, and he directs the stuff on the carcell instead of blushing. I've wasted five minutes throwing up on my own, so thankfully it's not crowded yet. I just place my suite after a minute, and soon we're making our way out of Terminal C and into the parking lot, my suite Stretch ing Behind it. It's extremely hot. Like, compared to the hotter than Santa Monica and hotter. I shoulder my hoed away and his stuff in my bag is just close to his Ord, which, surprisingly, is still in ancient condition. Honestly, I thought it was now decorated in the graphics, or at least one window or two is dissuased. Open the trunk to open the yanux-which is actually in front of the car-and is present in my suite, before slamming before, right. How is your mother catching up? He asks, but he is samanagang. I slide my eyes and into the passenger seat, waiting for me to add me before Answering. Not very good. He's still working as if I'm moving here permanently or something. I set my fingers and run with breathleather. Wood. We've had Benlee Colon. Oh, I've remembered how that curse is. Dan's crazy too. The eyes of the timmahott ended up reading me for a moment. He looks far, starts with the engine, and he inches on its sattable. Are you still good people? Yeah, I lie. Honestly, I have no idea if we are still good or not after our argument that morning. I think we are. Knowing Dan, he's most likely to blow it up. We are fine. I got my eye out of the right-end and they'll react so wait to see it, wait for something to be done, anything. To strengthen his or her son. His eyes are tight . But he supports out of this place as he has a smile. Well, he says, who immediately has any vince of hope. Of course he's not crazy that I'm still not getting to meet Dan, because he's totally on me. How is he doing? I fingered and attached to it, i try not to ignore the corruptions. I should not be anyway. I should not care. He's okay. A simple node. His focus is now on the road because we sprinkle towards the exit. How is my mother? He asks, their voice soft. I feel like every time he's called, he gets more and more light. Like, 'Yes, mom, I'm doing my laundry. No, I didn't set the apartment on fire and no, I didn't get into any trouble. He gives a little laugh and then couples, yet. Apart from this ticket you got when the police pulled you out for speeding, I pointed out. Just normal work. Comfortable and calm, I tell myself. As we wander edited out of the parking lot and on the interstate, they gave me a small scar. He does not know it will not hurt him. But serious question: Is The Girlfriend of The Game Hot? I shall shreg upon him, and he is innocantal . You're such a man, I say. But yes, he's cute. I don't get to see Jean too much, mostly because The One of The Last Time That I Live Away From Them Is That He Brought Her Home. Apparently, you're a brother's girl I'm not informed that he took the Al-Zamma road. Sleep is against brother's code of conduct. Hey, guess what happened the other night? What ? Chis was asking your mother if she could have some girl in their class to study, but it's summer, so what the hell are they studying for? Study, examination. It's smooth for an eighth grade. They have finally changed video games for girls. My lip is a climbed-up smark in the wor, but he's not even seeing me. She comes to get a girl when she looks to take her brother after. I'm going to kill them both when we come back, those miscellaneous, but he's laughing. Steal my high school reputation. Fully derivative. We're going with the interstate, but it's early hours, so traffic is moving slowly. I reached for the sun wessor and hit it down. The sun is starting to hurt my eyes and my colors are in my suite, which was a stupid place to put them in the return-spout. Do you think the year has passed fast? When traffic pushes another stop, Raku get a chance to see me. He thinks for a moment and then shrig. He's not smiling at all now. No. Feels continued twice a month until it should be. It's waiting for hell to come around the summer. I thought it's gone for you immediately, I say. You know, with trips and stuff. You were always busy. Whenever I had to talk to me, he always kept up to date with this program. There was a lot of travel around schools and other organizations, raised awareness about child abuse by sharing the story of violence her father delivered when she was a child. Sometimes he'd be in the main. The other day he'll be in New Jersey. Many times he was barely in New York at all. Although they were often tired, I'm sure they'll enjoy their time here. He nods his head and comes back on to the road, traffic shifts again. Sure, we had an event that dates, days would go faster, but nights seemed to be drawing forever. I'll get home and Stephen that are trying to finish the sinuments for class on his computer and was bored as hell in half time like that. You run out of things to do in New York, like, a month when you barely know anyone. Neither said that he was never bored. During our phone calls he was always telling me how much he loved the city, and that it was quite good in New York, and that he had the time to be the kakasus. It didn't appear to me that he was lying. If you are very bored, why do you like to be around another six weeks? For a second, I think he almost smiles. Because you're here now. What should it do-? Hey, I love this song, they reached to the intremects, the volume of radio to cone, tap the screen immediately. I don't get to finish my question. I have a swell on it as he nodes his head in harmony with the track. I think it's The New Single. Kanee West left her new album today. Uh-uh, I say, but I'm barely paying attention. Honestly, I really can't care. I don't like The Cani West too. Or Drake. I'm not sure at all that our conversation is even after this point. It mostly just comments on something just without being just and I agree. There's kind of traffic money, and the fact that the weather is great, and that soon we'll leave New Jersey and enter New York. It gets me a little stoced. End. This car is around some kind until we approach a row of towels. Merges a cash single lane and put in the banktowards the barrier. You know I think lincoln is weird about the tinn? As she inches out her wallet. What ? You can head new jersey for free, but you have to pay to head to New York. He would sway his head, cash in his hand, and then sit till the boot. Creates a small meaning. Nobody wants to go to New Jersey. I have to laugh that he keeps his window down, and the car is very low on the ground that he has to pull out of the window just to reach the boot. Man maning it takes money, miscellaneous, good car, and then obstacle lifts for us, which are shot through immediately. And not without reviewing the engine, as in response to the man's comment. I angle my hair and my body to face it. Some things don't change, I commented. Samarcus, but it's a little show. The power of habit, they say with a little shoulder. After just a matter of seconds, we entered one of the three nods as we got down on the sunlight that is beating, we left in a hot orange glow. My eyes take a moment to adjust the darkness. Once they do, I'm not able to see the window out and still have a lot to look at except solid walls. I look forward and on to the roof of the surf. What are we under? The Hadson River tells me. It's great. I shave dissipating on my lip and re-solving against the set, suddenly reminding me of the fact that I'm actually in New York for six weeks. In the last half hour I've forgotten where we're going, but just mentioning the famous Hadson is enough to bring me back to reality. Welcome to New York now, a minute after Heysays. He raised his hand to point out the windshield, and I pointed to the wall of the surf as I follow edit edited their raised fingers direction. The wall is running down a vertical line. On one side of the line, it says New Jersey. Second, New York We're going to approve the state line, which means we're in New York, finally. We'll be in The Be in The Month of Mantan, Jaco connects. I think he can understand mine Because the fact is that I'm too abeibhut to say anything, he still drives as he drives a smile on me. And I was thinking that if you're not over too much, we can head to Times Square later. You know, because it's your first night in town and all. You have to spend your first week getting tourists out of the mandatory. Times Square looks good, I say. I'm trying to collect, like I'm not about to cook any other. I had not left the west coast until now, and i'm not just here in the east, I'm here in New York City, all of the places. Very likely, except for Los Angeles, the largest city in the country. At least they say . Soon, I'll find if they're right. Page 3 begins to filter into the light's surf as well as when we reach its end, and once we are coming out in the day, sunlight is almost beyond us. I'm not going to be able to get through it, yet, Because I don't want to miss each other of the city. I want to see everything . And first, everything almost feels familiar. Maximum amount of traffic on roads. People constantly flow making their way down the footpath, running on the streets. The height of the buildings, which for a moment almost made me feel a little cholesterolbook. Santa Monica feels like a field in the middle of The Urcanas in the competition. Everything feels packed in it, very tall. However, buildings offer shade from the sun. It seems to be a complete and sheer feeling... Basandi. Nothing seems calm, or comfortable, or slow. Everything just looks fast, everyone is quick to do everything and like that, and I think it feels familiar that way. This is exactly what I expected, just without it steaming from mansoles. Films should be an exaggeration. Ah I say the same thing, says with a laugh, but he's looking at me from the edge of his eye because I take everything, and at the same time he manages to get himself off his way around the footmen and pantry, heading along the road forty seconds. Feel like crazy, right? I mean, this is New York, I say. New York's freeqin' city is this dress district, he tells me. We're going to Midtown. I'm focusing on it so-called, listen to their words but don't take them immediately. My eyes are being developed on large buildings around us, and trees that line the footpath, and the fact is that many roads are one-way. I can windshield forward so I get a better look at everything above us. Your apartment is on the east side, okay? I focus on back again, so I understand my chakanachapa smark. We come to stop by some traffic lights. Do you expect anything less than my mother? No, I admit. There is no way he would have put you Like Harleem. He touts and gives my head a nod. Oh Sien, Eden, I thought you'd not do that much stereotype. East Harleem is actually not that bad, but it's probably because I can speak Spanish, so I fit in completely. This is the ispany gene, seriously. You are, like, 25% hspany. You don't see that too. I have not tried to pay attention to the multitude of people who are waiting to cross the road looking at a quick picture of the snapping car which we wait for, but it is almost impossible what they are doing. Ignores it . Still Hispany Jain, he said That Difaansawali, which is great, thanks to Grandma Maria. And my dad, I think. For a moment, I'm not saying anything. I'm a little surprised that he took his father too, and I'm waiting for his big way or his mode to move, but he points out the windshield as he just keeps on smiling. He must be fine with talking about his father by now. He's been doing this for a year. If you didn't feel, Times Square is okay. What ? The light flash green is just as my eyes are playing on the road ahead of us, and to immediately have the gas floor so that the car shoot around the side, leaving behind us a slush of smoke, in which doubt our audience will not impress from behind to stop. I snap back to take my eyes again. We are taking a fear, he explains, My bemosad is the jing on the expression. I don't want to see you yet. Not till tonight. Really? You're really going to tell me that Times Square is right in front of me and then run away before you can see it. I put my face across my right and look away from it, my irritation is damatajiang but also smile. It looks better at night, says Hey. We are living along Eighth Avenue, Northabond Hotel and shops and restaurants and hundreds of course tourists. It is easy to make a difference between local and tourists, mostly because the latter are playing on their faces and taking pictures of almost everything. If I were not hidden behind the color windows, I would blend directly with them. Crossed broadway, the fifty-seventh street after closing almost immediately after the miscellaneous. The main park has two blocks to your left. The Carnage Medal for Hall is about what you have in your favour. Stop it I throw my hands into brahmins because I'm burning fire around my eyes, hoping to catch everything again. I look to my left, hoping to see a flash of green, but there are two blocks of tiltbuildings on the way, so I focus back on the road that we're across: Broadway. It is not parallel to the streets of the rest of the city but instead the dragon walks, which looks great. But besides that, Every other street looks like we've approved, so I move my eyes forward on to the road and wait for the Carnegi Medal for Hall, although I'm not sure what it looks like. I just know what it is: the famous and the sweetness. There, hesays, and the node of the building on our right as we move it. I just want to look at it for a few seconds, but for me it's enough that it's a lot to get around with everything around it. Maybe if I was in classical music I would find it more interesting. Is it? Yes. We're living along the fifty-seventh road to the east, preventing traffic lights every few minutes. There are many stores i have never heard of before and soon I am trying to remember half of them too. It's important to take people to shopping in The Mainton forever. When I look at my left and finally can see green, we are preventing in some light: the main park. Its just edge, but enough to make me feel motivated again. The initial rush of being here is over twenty five minutes which we are patrolling through The Mainton, but it is coming back again. The main park is the place I'm most awaiting. It should be an amazing place to run. Fifth Avenue, I informed me. He's nodgas to my arm, seeing that I'm not focusing on luxury shops that are within meters of us. I could not care less about them. Finally I prevent my eyes from my own by the trees. Is this the main park? They're gruns yes. And then the lights are green again, and we can return before a last time. The city feels huge and confused, but it seems to know its way around, and we change north on third avenue, in which I have to think of the third road and the verdeck and Santa Monica. I wonder how Dan's own day works. We're almost there, by the way, hesays. About fifteen blocks. Just seventy are visible for the fourth road. I ignore the window. The road before sixty. Next, the avenue looks beautiful. The sky is clear and the buildings are all illuminated by sunlight so most of them look white. And then we come to the 77th road , wherein I don't even feel that by this time no one goes out on a narrow road . Almost immediately the car slowed down and practiced in a place by the footpath between a Honda and a truck, leaving barely a couple of inches between each. I want to move ahead of us through the windshield and the secret. Don't you worry that when they try to get out they will kill your car? He said no, they never move, he says they kill the engine. He shinches the keys by and drags his sattable, and I follow the suite. The truck belongs to some old man in the building next door who no longer drives and the urban something The house is. It's been parked here for as long as I can remember. He comes Sleeps every night and in it. Their expression is neutral, so I can't figure out if it's fun or not, and I don't have to ask him because he's already saying, Cmon, I'll capture your stuff. I open my door and step out, push my legs. And so is: saqaba. New york. I'm standing in New York. Actually standing here on the streets of The Streets of Mantan. I look down. Too much is missing. And some waste waste . But still. In The Main Tin. Are you okay ? My eyes picture dissed from the ground. The boss pulled my suite out of the trunk, not careful to hit honda soc with it, and he's got the archive steaming on me. I offer him a showy smile and grab my bag before going into the car and tilting the leash on my shoulder. It's just that it... It is real. I think I can hear bisandi now. Engine sound. Sounds. The sing-balasting. It feels loud yet loud at the same time. Like the constant smell of noise I think I'll get used to. Now I understand that the new nine and each other are so loud. I know, say. He turned off the trunk and the lock. You'll use it for all within a week. He's around him and when I'm about to ask where his apartment is, he nodes in the building across the street. Most on the block. On the right-hand

side. It looks good from the outside, off the windows with white braccang and large brown. Yeah, it was definitely your mother's thing. The best looking apartment of the course opted for the building. I wonder how that will be inside. The number of floors number edited by the number of floors, titting my head back. Twenty. Which floor are you? 12th. Apartment 1203. He's still smiling at me. I don't think he's been stopped since the airport. Want to head in? I followed him and followed it across the street towards a set of glass doors. He's a sharp beip as a code in the number pad, and the doors lock. When inside my suite, I live by him and study the entrance because he gets me on the elevator. The whole wall, and a combination of mailboxes covering some of the welding machines, but mostly it's a snare. The elevator is too big, though. Maybe you can fit twenty people inside it, but only one is. He stands on one side and I stand on the other, and it feels like there is a lot of space between us, as if we should stand close. Or maybe it's just a long-swaying thought on my part. The snake should be back from now on, he says after a moment. The elevator walks with a gentle shake. He led out with some people from school, but I'm sure he'll be here. Do I have to call him? I don't have the alias, but theirs just looks ridiculous. Should he be told? Can I just call him Stephen? Yes If you want to hate it, Didpins. Slow, he's a smile-dare. After a while, it then stops the beucoff sound. Especially when you're doing it across the road. You learn to ignore the strange looks. There opens a ding and elevator door, shows a log that is paint out of white, perhaps to meet the outer brick. Three doors down, I scaremy suite out of a stop outside the apartment 1203. I died for you that morning, but if the snake house then I can't promise it that way when I left, the back of his genes reached into the pocket and would have a set of keys. He looks a little nervous. I say , I don't mind . Now I'm smiling again. I tried to clean my apartment for my house, for my sake I feel that maybe they hope to impress me. But as much as I think of it, I doubt more. There is a click and once again open the door, step back to allow me to enter first. I think the first thing is: yeah, telly. I stand before setting an open plan. The verandah is located on the wall between two large windows, with a large view of the large window, with a large view of the large screen carpet, red plush sofas, large black furniture, incredible large flat screen TV. There are two doors in my favour, which I lead the bedroom, and a kitchen on my left. Everything follows a black, red and white color scheme. With open plan setting, the kitchen and living room are divided by just one kitchen counter, making you able to stand in the room while standing in the kitchen. The closet doors and granite are a large white. On one side of the kitchen, there seems to be an open door which is laundry room. At the end of the opposite, there is another door, but it's closed. Man, are you? Its a voice from the other side. 'Something's wrong with the shower again. Crazy cold of water. Will not warm. I arc my abominable in the sound of a Boston accent. Compared to this, once again its strange blend makes the sound completely normal. The bathroom door is open and a tall, blonde hairy man wanders out. He's not paying much attention to the paeal atom and clearly, because he makes his way across the kitchen his hand is inside his swetprints, fuma-blogging around, adjusting himself. This bastard really feels i want to freeze my balls - he closes when i'm notified. The walk stops. His hand gently takes it from his persine . Oh, shit he said I fire his eyes. You warned me or something. The hko gives me a laugh and sideway sways with a laugh, almost apollogitacual. Eden... It's snake. Hey, I say, but I feel a little weird, like I just have a total man drive into the cave. In a way, I think I'm like Antawang. Good Meet you. I can think of good ways to meet someone by hand on their cleft. Yeah, you too, they say as he links us through our door. The first thing I've felt is that his eyes are really very slow. Blue, but so bright that they almost look clay. He extends his arm and presents his hands, but I don't even even get my head off. That samarcus , and the samarcus . Don't you want to have my hands swayed? Not specifically, I say. Cleans his throat and is glancing his own wells in his right- ness, between Stephen and I interacted. Right, first things first: the ground rules. Ground Rules? Stephen-or-snake, whatever-echo, almost like he has not already heard. We've got a girl living with us now, so close the bathroom door when you're there, explained. Eden gets the bathroom in the morning because she will take more time. I'm about to object to it, but after that I'll be beating up at the door telling me to hurry up if I'm the last one. Are you not the only girl in the world? I'm going to share an apartment with me. How much better can your life be? The snake looks at me and its head is chacked, raised a well. Just roll his eyes. I mean, you're living with the best man you'll ever meet. I've got a face. Are you always like that...? Charming? Yes. He gets his head to the stomach in a tolerant way—thankfully, not already, upset hand-and then changes to sofa. My tv. Don't worry, i'm silently miscellaneous to my ear, it's just his comedy. I'm not really paying attention to his words, though. I am focusing on the fact that I can feel my breath on my skin and I will not react to it. I reach for cutting and touching my suite to prevent my lip from threshing. Um, where am I, uh, put my stuff? My room, he says. He has the grebs from under my grip and drags him across the carpet for the first of the door to the right side of the apartment. Open the kanyang door, he allows me at first and then keeps his suite down by the king size bed. Dirty as his room is not used to be back home. The verandah is a respable carpet room and its helper is red, garden- free. The walls are covered in THE NFL and THE M.L.B. posters. Since you were interested in baseball? I ask . Since I moved to New York, he says with a little smile. He's node on the bed. You can get my room. I'm taking the sofa. Why are we not just bunk? oh my god. Words slip out of my mouth so fast I told them I've seen until I finish their smile. They rubs them on the back of their neck and shrug. Sharing a bed is not entirely a wise suggestion. I guess That I just want to be on Sofi, Eden. He's trying to smile softly at me, but it's this A little forced, and suddenly the atmosphere feels so small that it made me want to open the window and climb out. I know the advice was Beucof, but he still rejected it, which means he's totally on me. I force myself to work comfortable and calm, like I'm actually breathing. Yeah, it was a dumb idea. Do you think I take such a sleep? I'm really tired. I look at my watch. It's 6:30 am by now, and although it's only 3:30 back home, my body still ends suddenly. The early morning flight was a bad move. Yes, sure, go ahead, he said, take a step back to the door, as if he's getting ready to escape him from his crazy stepmaster who is trying to dragon into bed with him. Do you want to cancel the square tonight? We can go tomorrow instead. No, no, I say soon, a little too much. I still want to go to Times Square. Just give me an hour to sleep and then we can go. Just an hour? I see the doubt. So she learned anything about me over the course of two years, so that's the fact that I will sleep constantly. I think he doubts I'm human again. One hour, I'll be able to verify. Get me up if you have. I hope Times Square can wait. In page 4 I roll towards me as I flex my hands, insisting the sheets looking for my phone. The bed is very hot and I'm glued to the sheets. As I push back the wizard and sit down, not sure what time it is. Sunlight is still streaming in the room and through the doors of the recusing bedroom in the sound of the tv's bemann. I slide my body out of bed and just open the door to discover the sloampad and snake on the sofa, watching some football games. I didn't take his own heed to clean my neck. She immediately cranes her neck, lighting her face to manage. Snake, however, doesn't even bat a pota. He just has curses on tv and takes a lid of beer in his hand. How long was I asleep? I ask, my voice calm and a little bit raspi. He gets on his feet and makes his way more than me, which is just my heart race yet. I hope tomorrow by i will be able to focus better and they will not beat me all the time they look at, talk to me, or come anywhere near me. Twenty minutes, he tells me. I am a wee twee on it . Twenty minutes? There is no way. But when I see my watch, I realize that he's okay. It's not even 7PM yet. Oh. Are we still going to the square ? Yes. I'm taking you for food, so I hope you're hungry. His smile comes for a moment and he's a preson, maybe I'm waiting to object. G I'm hungry, I say. With the initial flight and travel and time difference, I have somehow succeeded in getting 7PM without the same thing to eat every day. Is. I count on the airport quite a morning. Back comes the smile of the return. Half an hour says? Yeah, I'll be ready. Snakes still don't pay any attention to us, and my eyes moved towards it at its past and bathroom door. I will chill towards him . Can I? Don't ask you, Eden, Hko tells me with a laugh. This place is yours. Go ahead. In this exact moment, we both change to her bedroom. Her clothes are in her closet and my clothes are in my suite on the floor, so I smile sideway on it because we both enter the room. Since this is your room and now, it looks like you have to use things to come in possession, they joked while opening the door to his closet. I'd knock first. Don't worry. I roll my eyes and down my suite from the floor, finally struggled to lift it up before throwing it on to the bed. I'm not particularly sure what to wear, so I'm unzithing my case that I see out of the right-eye- to see that those clothes are comfortable and calm. After a few minutes of shuffle around in her closet and walking by her sine, she gives a pair of gold pants and a button-up black blue denim shirt on the bed. You're taking the bathroom, okay? Um, I immediately left my eyes back in my suite and felt his eyes on me. Yes. He's standing from the window, waiting for me so he can change his organization, so I fast as sift through my pile of clothes as I didn't wait for him. I occupy some options and then make my way out of the room. I'll be quick. I'm going to the shower. He called the toes are on the second shelf in the cabinet. When I closed the door behind me and entered the living room, there is no longer any in the snake sofa, although the football game is still playing. I make my way to the kitchen and suddenly a head appears from behind the refrigerator. Snake got a bottle degree. Do you want beer? A beer ? I've re-created. His Boston accent is not clear. Yes, a beer. Don't you or you? Sure, I say. I'm trying to stretch my hand and wait, but I'm half hoping to return to his offer. However, he yanx a bottle of crown out of the pack and slide into my hand. This is my first night in New York City, so a celebrating beer will do no harm. Wait, let me get it for you. Catching the bottle opener from the counter, they revolve around and pops up my drinking hat. He'd make his bottle from the counter and take a sip. I didn't take you as a beer girl. And I didn't take you as a man with many guests, I shot back, but we're just playing. Thanks for drinking. They have a clate to their bottle against me, because they say, Welcome, and then takes another cover as I made my way into the bathroom, my clothes clothed Beer in hand and other. Don't you want to leave the door open so I can get a good view? I turn around back and narrow my eyes on it. I'm not sure we share a similar sense of comedy, but I'm sure I'll finally use it for it. Definitely not. I closed the door and lock it. It doesn't take me long to prepare, mostly because I'm not washing my hair, and once I've done freshind and washing my sheringar, it's really a matter of stretching on my clothes. I left my hair down and step into my pink skitskirt, a denim jacket fission on top of a white tank. I've used the whole bottle of beer in time that takes him to get ready, so I got back to me as I took my luggage to the rocked room. When I enter, they have sprinkled the colon. Benlee one. Did the snake give you this? He asks, nodding on the bottle in my hand. For a second, I think he's neutral, but he keeps his expression neutral. Yes. I put beer at the top of the table by disturbing me and throw my clothes in my suite, don't put them. I'll arrange it out later, but right now, I need my shergar bag, which will run out from under a pile of sandals. I look for a a lookout immediately around the room and spy a little one above the chest of the drawer that stands by it. Can I get there for a second? Sure, he says. Step towards, he allows me to position myself in front of the inthe front of the camera, seeing me as doing so. Did you do anything different for your hair? He asks after a moment. My hair? I raised my head and look back at it in the inthe look. Just a few highlights. He just gives me a drop back, so I find it through as I leave my eyes back to my sheringar bag. I don't want to wait for kajal, so I just request my eyes to pop a little bit. I don't know if it's about two of us, but suddenly it feels weird. It was not strange at the airport and it was not strange on the ride to The Mantan, but now feels something different. I'm starting to worry that maybe it was my inappropriate suggestion that already feels uneasy. Suggest about sleeping with each other. Or maybe it's just weird because he no longer cares about me like that, the way he should not. Ready, I say silently, as I wander around forced a smile on my face. I didn't feel it when I was looking in his chest, but he's wearing his brown shoes, which just gives me. I wonder how much I love him if they wear them. What ? He asks. Nothing. I blushed my lip To stop cutting in an attempt and immediately capture my conversation seonfrom the floor, stand on them fission and directly. Let's go. I follow him back to the living room, and the snake is again from the refrigerator, fetching Another beer, which I think could possibly be its third. He tells me to enjoy Times Square, despite the fact that the whole thing is just overrated, in his words, and then he finally guided me from the apartment building. When we get out on the seventy fourth road it's still extremely hot, and I can hear the noise-bz after that. There are still a lot of cars, but I absolutely like it. It's almost comfortable and quiet, in a strange way. I have nothing to say as follow him across the road, and then I think by the passenger door of his car. The truck and Honda have not moved. We're not driving there, I'm sure I should know that we will not take his car. He stared at me with a few feet, smiling, which I hope some what i hope was simply temporary in his room. We're taking subways. Subway ? I remember mom telling me not to go on it, yet I've been in New York for just three hours and it looks like I'll break that rule already. Also, I always wanted to use it in my life, just for her experience. Yes, we are catching 6 trains on 1, 7th to 7th road, he said. I don't think he realizes that I have no idea what he's talking about. We are going to the city center grand central, he said. You know what the grand main station is, okay? Really famous station ? I match my pace with me as I followed closely by him, although I'm paying more attention to my surroundings than in him. Yeah, that' he says. We'll get you ones. What ? He thinks I as he try to cut another laugh back. God, you're a tourist really. We make a right on Lexington Avenue, where buildings seem to be daingir. They are all a foggy brown or red, and have the same amount of traffic as the third one is on the avenue, but it still seems to be bossy. We reach the station in five minutes, but I'm worried about which door to take, there are eight of them: two on each side. I approached. Why are there so many stairs? He said, these are for four uptown trains, he explains, pointing to four entrances on the eastside of the road. Then he nodes at the entrance to the opposite side. They are for four downtown trains, which we are going to. When there is a clean in traffic we almost tingle in the street, and then Navadaas dwelled towards me towards the subway stairs. Let's look down, it does not get anything more than a sift den. I have a feeling that once we don't stay out of day flights from outside, and the power discipline reduces the light. I've seen enough horror movies that I'm more likely to die there. The footers are past us walking as they get out and enter the station, but I am still He is tying his left in his right and he is teaching me. Do you do it a lot? I ask . Too much every day, he says. Trust me, it's safe. I'm still not expanding. I'd rather walk on the square than times, but many blocks are off it. I stared at the big. Are there buses or anything we can take instead? He rolls his eyes, changing the shirt's shirt's shirt's ass before he reach my hand. It's out of nowhere that I think my body prevents work, even when Yankong started by getting me down the stairs. Young children go to subway, Eden, so I'm taking you on it. End of the discussion, he's called on his shoulder. I'm not even answering. I can't answer. It feels like I'm in middle school again and my eighth grade run has only held my hands for the first time. It's a simple gesture, but it feels very important. Its skin is warm and our fingers interlock and almost completely fit each other. It feels exactly like I miss him, and it also feels like I can't breathe, and I can't say he's touching me or because I'm underground. I try to convince myself that this is the latter. Look, it's not bad, okay? The echo is in my ear , and his hand quickly disappears from me . My senses are back and I look around it, wondering how many flights of stairs he has pulled me down and even there is a lot of light thinking there, while my eyes didn't finally solve it again. Well, I say, but my voice is almost a whisper. I'm such a kid. He was all directing me to a subway station. I see his hands, which are now filled within the pockets in front of his pants, and he is watching me with an interesting glimpse into his eyes. So what is the ones? The thing that's going to get you through them. He backs me back into a row of nodes and it just happens to me so how high everything is. I can hear a train reaching in the distance and it almost feels like the earth is on the mix, but it is not. I think I can have a bituson on the platform anywhere. Over here. Some machines are a wall-side and I follow them about them, close to the back, partly because I don't feel safe and partly because I hope they'll grab my hand again. He does not. Do you still have to get out? He asks. They're on screen as they steal a look at me from the right of their eye, struggling to keep up with what he's doing so fast that choose options. It's making me feel a little cholesterol-booked, I admit. My eyes grew around the station. I'm not sure how far we are, but it feels like we say Stuck in the middle, no one seems to be looking after the world yet. They're definitely not tourists. You'll use it in a few days. You will get New York to completely new by the weekend. Taking her wallet, she would touch her credit card and slide the lower part of the machine, type in its pin and finish the card again. Shoot out of a slot on top of a yellow and black card. Unlimited for a month, he says, cards related to me. You're good to go. I've been disheartening him for a moment as he slides his credit card into his wallet and gets his own users out. How much did you pay for this? Why does it matter? He looks hard to me. Almost as he is the chinthat I am asking. For Now I will give you a loan . He allows a laugh out in the middle of the station and rolls his eyes on me twice. Get out here. So i will not give me any debt . I'm under strict orders to see after you. Throwing his arms over his shoulder, he swayed me against it and squeezes my body before pushing me forward. It's just alive, but their contact has still made me hallartis for a few seconds. And once the feeling is over, I can focus on his words. Under strict orders from him? Cmon, there's a train about coming. Completely ignoring my question, he keeps his hand on my shoulder blade and directs me back up, and i have to slide my my eunisers through the slot before forcing my body through bars. Just right behind me. Overall subway station is not busy, as I expected it to be. We are two of the fifteen people standing on this platform, but the most likely reason for this fact is that it is now 7:45PM. Rush time is long. Here it comes, Says Hetto, and he has to raise his voice to hear him clearly on the sound of the train as his approach. The earth is definitely now on the mix. I can feel my ears ploughing down me as noise exercises, and when the hunting train sits at a stop by the edge of the platform I'm scrunching my nose. Push me on to the middle car of the train the second door slide is open. There are several people sitting and a few by the door. It's shooting in a surprise dissonant look, so he stays standing. We're closing in three minutes, he says. Literally. Where? The car is quiet a lot, so I keep my voice quiet in fear of preventing the peace of the people around me. Grand Central ? Yes. And then we reach this sashtilla by forty seconds . He's holding on a slander and I'm holding on to the opposite of one, and we're both hanging out with each other. The right-of-his-lip would sit in the smallest of the samarcus. So, first dinner? Page 5 is in the case for the rest of the evening, it works very comfortable and calm that it almost does not need to respond to standing with each other. He works on things that are unrelated during dinner, tells some jokes on the walk through Times Square, and I finally crack a smile until I'm constantly on the subway by the side of the waggling while trying to please me. It's fake, of course, and the other I get away from it I anoint it with my face. Where is this place with a wonderful view? The Ampere State Building ? Statue of Liberty? I put my hands in my own right hand and see it, waiting to answer. But he only taunts himself , and he grasps the wicked , and I swear he wants to laugh . I'm betting that he was going to be back to the restaurant. I bet he's going to show me all the place in the city, the best place to piece his heart into pieces. Absolutely not, he says at the end. C-Monday, our stop is next. We have doors for a few seconds, train ploughs and noise-milling in my ears. I'm starting to understand that the majority of people around us have airphones. But it has suffered for a few minutes what we are here, and when the train is scratchass to stop at the next station, my tomorrow immediately arrives and i have yanx on the platform. I immediately recognized the station. It's a seventy seventh street, which means we're nowhere other than the apartment of venuring, it seems. When we exit the station it also gets more clear and the way we came before. I keep on talking the whole time, but I've seen it out yet. I'm getting a foot-in-the-foot with my chis as I walk, slowly feeling sick to all his drags. I'm switching so fast between being frustrated and nervous. I'm mad at it one minute to get more of it with this restaurant back, the next I'm thinking I even brought it in the first place. We move our car (and trucks and citizens) and as soon as we are about to head inside the apartment building, I'll make a stop at it. I swayed my head back and dispersion in the building, which is longer than around it. She returned from the door to open the door and her arms across her chest as her arms began to press her weight as her door swayed. What is it? I left my eyes to him. You said a good idea, didn't you ? Yes. I think he knows I want to ask the next one, because his mouth is shaping one of his smiles. It's a collar now and the wind just picked up a little bit, but there's enough to blow my hair in my face, so I tick some of the sands behind my ears and ask, is it the roof? I don't even have the answer to start with it. His smile grows in a smile as my eyes just solely solely on my sole sway. Finally, those differences, maybe. I'll tell the point of view that's really beautiful, but honestly, I want to tell him just forget it. I don't have to take the way enough to get the words I'm expecting That's how he wants to be cruel. It's not too much, he says I follow him in and towards the elevator. He pushed the button to the 20th floor, the final one. I mean, there are some chairs and some plants, but it's mostly just concrete. It's cool, though. You know, to go there. I do my hands in my jacket pocket and look on the elevator floor, cutting inside my gasl as I try to think about the next few minutes being hurt. I think I want to cry when he accepts it, but I'm praying that I'm not going to get away from it. I'm worried that I'll look effective, but even more concerned that we're sure we'll be just comfortable and weird in summer. The elevator door fantasises open, and after that time I don't stand back to go out first. Instead, he cleans his neck and makes his way into the log. He's trying to work comfortable and calm, but I can tell he wants us to hurry up. Some man squeezes past us, heading in the opposite direction, but let's walk on until he comes to the left to stop by the very last door, which looks different from the rest. It's because it's not an apartment but just a door opening for the flight of metal stairs. Just here, he called on his shoulder because he makes his way, three steps at a time. This slump is bright, but it's just a flight of stairs, and when I reach it, waiting for me to get out of the fire. He offered me a closed smile before shwang ing the door open. We come step on to the terrace, and now it's godly by, so first of all I can see that the area has top of the other long buildings. As I have already been told, there are some wood-related chairs which are completely by some matching tables, and some pots of plants drying in the heat. As I'm glancing, it's around to take my body, and nowhere am I holding my firm to my waist. I feel his touch in the second i breathed around my neck, and I tried to take some blocks away because I would not focus on the fact that I felt breathing on the back of my neck. His lip near my ear, suddenly mormorang, check it out, in a snow head. It's enough to send the third-pinaharan down my spine. With his hand still on his waist, he supervised his body towards the edge of the ceiling. And the moment my eyes look below, I completely forget because we're here in the first place. I forgot that his hands are on my body. I forgot that he's about to tell me that he's on me. Because I can think of this other, I can act, how beautiful the scene really is. I think this sky is a deep with pink colors The color can be that existence, and I think it could be everything And now there is a gloss around us, but I can only imagine it is more spectacular at the time, at night, than during the day. The lights and street lights from traffic make everything orange visible, and the florescent lighting from windows buildings creates a map of scattered frecks of visible light. More distance i look, the more it all just becomes the abundance of buildings, as if they are plyed at the top of each other, shine through the light. I instantly realize that it is known as the city which never sleeps. Now the city seems even more alive than it was just an hour ago. I don't realize that he's not allowed to go by me until he's standing by me. He's wild ahead, folds his arms on the wall and breathes. They say quietly, I love it from here. He does not have to raise his voice . The city is even getting stressed at night, but even it looks just like a lot of background noise. I want to tell him i like it too, but I'm still a marulong in the city around me, try to talk very hard. It's almost horrible how big it all is and how ordinary we look in comparison. How many others are standing on the terraces around the city? How many others believe, in that exact moment, this city belongs to them? A soft air whistles between us and my hair around my face uzbekistan. I raised my hand and press a finger on my lip, and i moved my eyes from the city more than one. Her eyes are carefully studying the scan line, but she must feel that her focus is now on her because of the muscles in her join edifying the bow. Exhaling, he reduces his head and stares at the top of the wall for a moment. I think you want this thing, those miscellaneous. Part of me still wants, but the other will do something more instead. It's very perfect for him here, but I've already got to get to my own in this situation, and can't give me another chance to get more of it. I'm waiting all year to find. Why wait now? Why do they do it to ye? I take a deep breath and re-dial the nerves back. Built back into the restaurant which the excitement-booster has gone so long so far and I can only pray that it will take it again. Maybe that's how painful it is about it. I look down at third avenue. We need to talk about it for a while. There is a brief silence as it goes by them. Then he unfolds his hands and instead contacts his hand at the top of the wall. He stares at them . Where do we start? You tell me that you are more than me, I say, but despite how I am trying to be strong, my voice is also a dare on the last word. I closed my eyes and swayed my head on the ground, away from the edge, taking steps back from the wall. Just accept it I'm all of it It's crazy how many things can change within a year. Before Joni last June, we were still some, in the environment whenever we were around each other. We both knew it. We just didn't talk about it. I did already what I thought was the right job to do. I had already made it clear that none of it would work and we were wasting our time, but until the month went on that it appeared that each other was more difficult than the other, I thought it would be. Whenever I dropped by the father's place and after that, it always felt that we were forced to act innocently from our parents. We were not guilty, but we always felt like we were. Even hanging with Dan, Real, and Meithen will be difficult. Five of us will be in the pierre with each other and no one was found after that when he would be seen between The Pesphaq Park and me, and I always remembered that time he took me there, because it was our first and only date. None of our friends have ever seen samarcus. But I always did. Sometimes he'll have on me in the halls at school. Sometimes I'll come back. After that they would smile and turn away, and I'll bring my attention back to Dan, who was often from me. I used to worry about Dan to get started. I thought myself hated me for it, instead of breaking their best friend and for the milling. But he never commented on it. Ever. Only whenever Dan and I were together were collecting their eyes. But it was all before he left. It was all a year ago. Now it's all different. I can tell. She's already more remote, more comfortable and relaxed about Dan and me. I don't know why it hit me so hard. This is exactly what I expected. I mean, a year in New York City? I can't possibly think of a better city to try to get someone. How many new girls have met during this month? How many new people have surrounded their own while doing events? Maybe he's dating. Maybe he's already seeing someone. And even I am, standing on this terrace by him, still in love with him. I'm not going to tell you that I'm on you, he says eventually. My eyes are open-titted and I raised my head, she lowered down down down