


You taught me
How to be a butterfly
Only so you could
break my wings









This is where I first met you.
I had such a happy childhood.







I remember your warm brown eyes that sometimes gave me this intense look of excitement and something secret, pinning me to the wall and ~~tearing~~ making me not say anything. Because everything around me seemed to slow down, you created this confusing bubble where just the two of us mattered. Even now, I wouldn't know what my emotions were about this - I didn't understand it.







I had such a happy childhood.
And then you came along.



You destroyed everything.



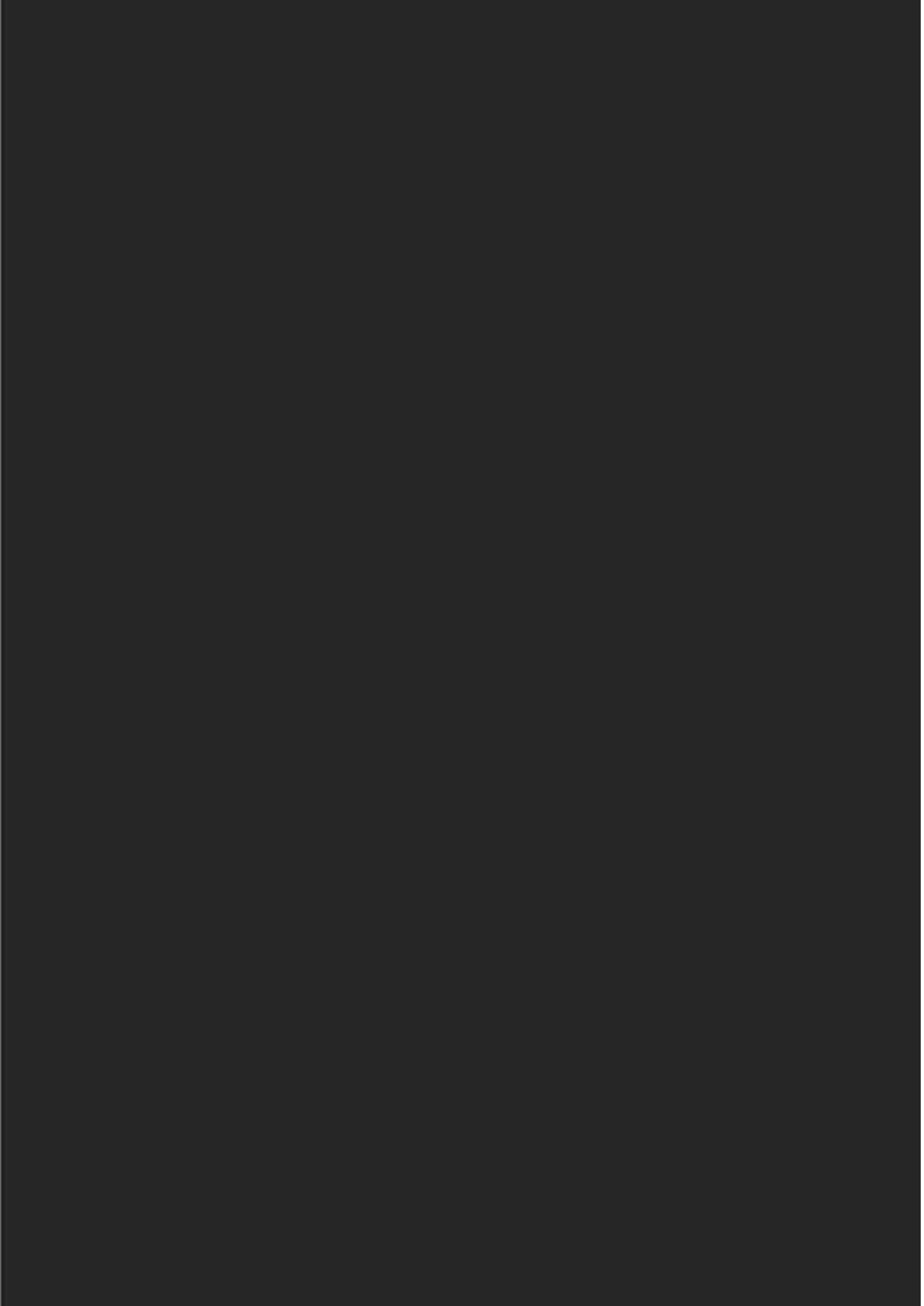
Sometimes, I really wonder about how only a few seconds can change your entire life.

Sometimes I wonder if this will ever stop chasing me.

I have already spent so much time on thinking about it.








So often I think about how much
easier it would be if I just
said I made everything up, if it
was a girl's tale.

Or if I had said something straight away.
Or if I just didn't care.
Or if he didn't exist anymore.



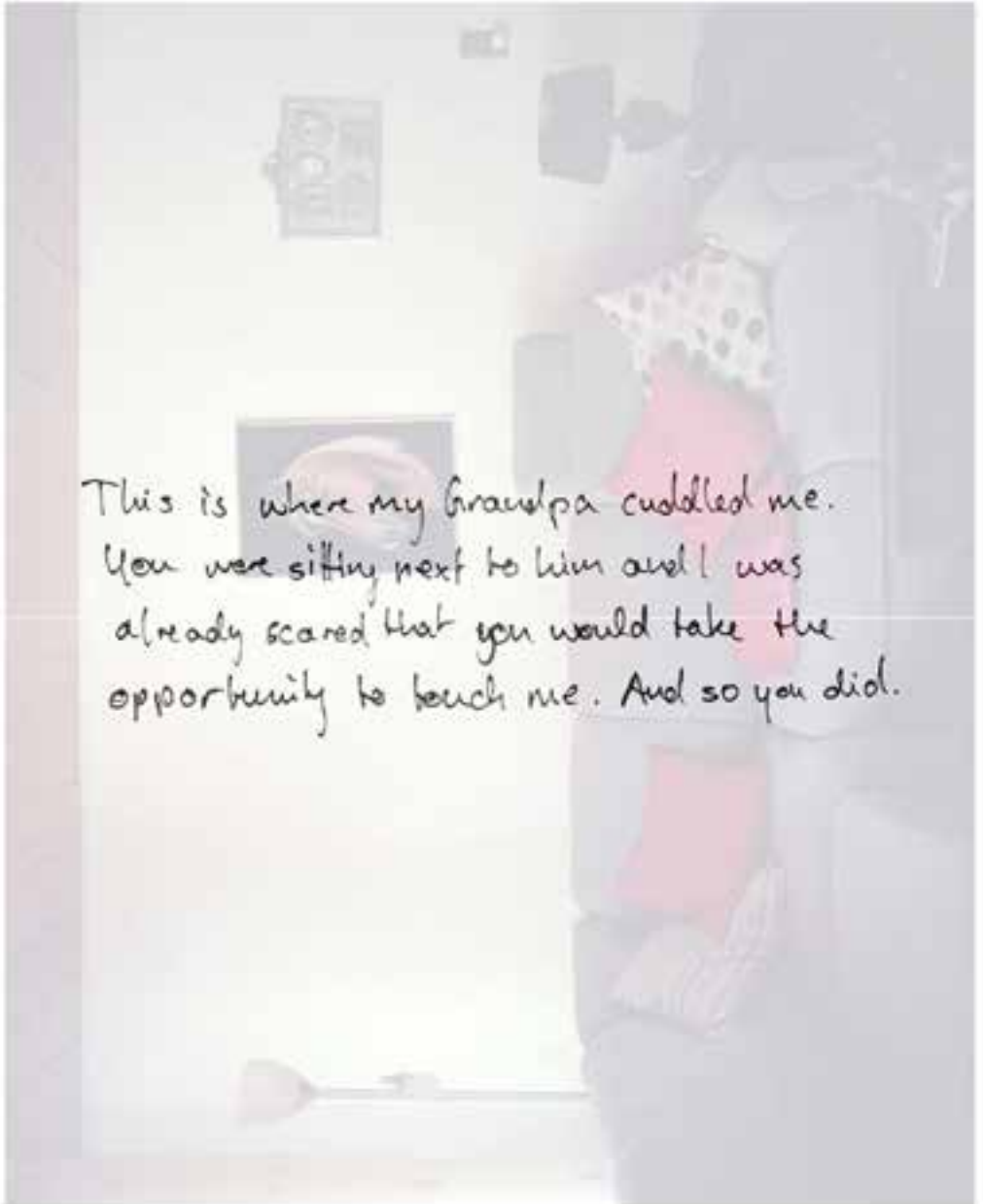






This is where you doorked your tongue
in and out at me while licking
your mouth with your left hand.



A faded, sepia-toned photograph of a living room. In the foreground, a dark-colored sofa is visible, featuring a red cushion and a patterned throw pillow. To the left, a floor lamp with a conical shade stands on a wooden floor. The background shows a light-colored wall with a framed picture and a doorway leading to another room. The overall image has a soft, nostalgic quality.

This is where my Grandpa cuddled me.
You were sitting next to him and I was
already scared that you would take the
opportunity to touch me. And so you did.

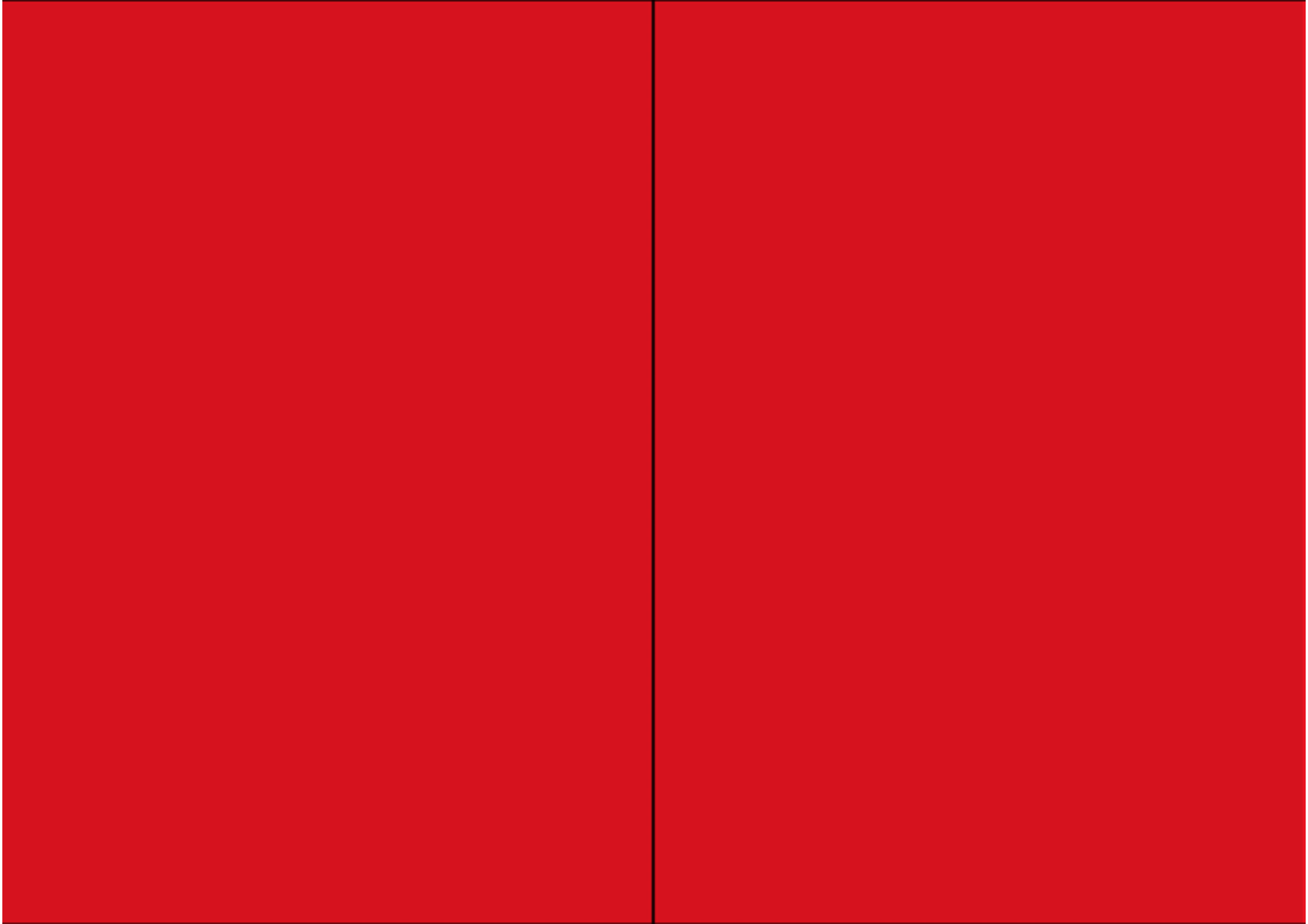


This is where you clearly crossed the line.
I could never find the right words for it.





I wasn't aware of what had
happened to me at all.





At my Grandpa's funeral
you told me: Oh, you look
very nice! While I was
crying.
What the fuck is wray with you?







Vorläufiger Arzt-Brief

Sehr geehrte Frau Kollegin!
Sehr geehrter Herr Kollege!

Wir berichten Ihnen über den obengenannten Patienten, für dessen Überweisung

wir gleichzeitig danken.

Untersucht / Verlegt / Erfassen als:

Befund: Hat Disphorie vorgetan und Disphorien
(von angedeuteter Psychose). Er zeigt typische
Folgen der Disphorie: starke Schmerzen,
Agitation an der linken Schulter, hat die Therapie unter
Kontrolle. Hat eine Disphorie erlitten.
Wird sich eine Therapie nach dem Vorbild hat Par-
oxydolytisch, er hat jetzt Paroxydolytisch, weil
Diagnose: Disphorie, Disphorie.

• Hemmung
• PPS wird als orientiert, Stimmung stabilisiert an-
gehoben, Selbsterkenntnis & Bewusstsein für psychische
Krankheit. Einmal in der Disphorie festgestellt.
Empfehlung: über diese Disphorie Paroxydolytisch,
• keine Disphorie

Anschrift des Hausarztes:

Medizinische Hochschule Hannover · D-30625 Hannover

→ Prozedur:
→ auch Paroxydolytisch
→ 50% Paroxydolytisch

Wir wären dankbar, um Ihnen schnell eine Nachricht zukommen zu lassen!

Mit freundlichen kollegialen Grüßen

Datum und Unterschrift des Arztes

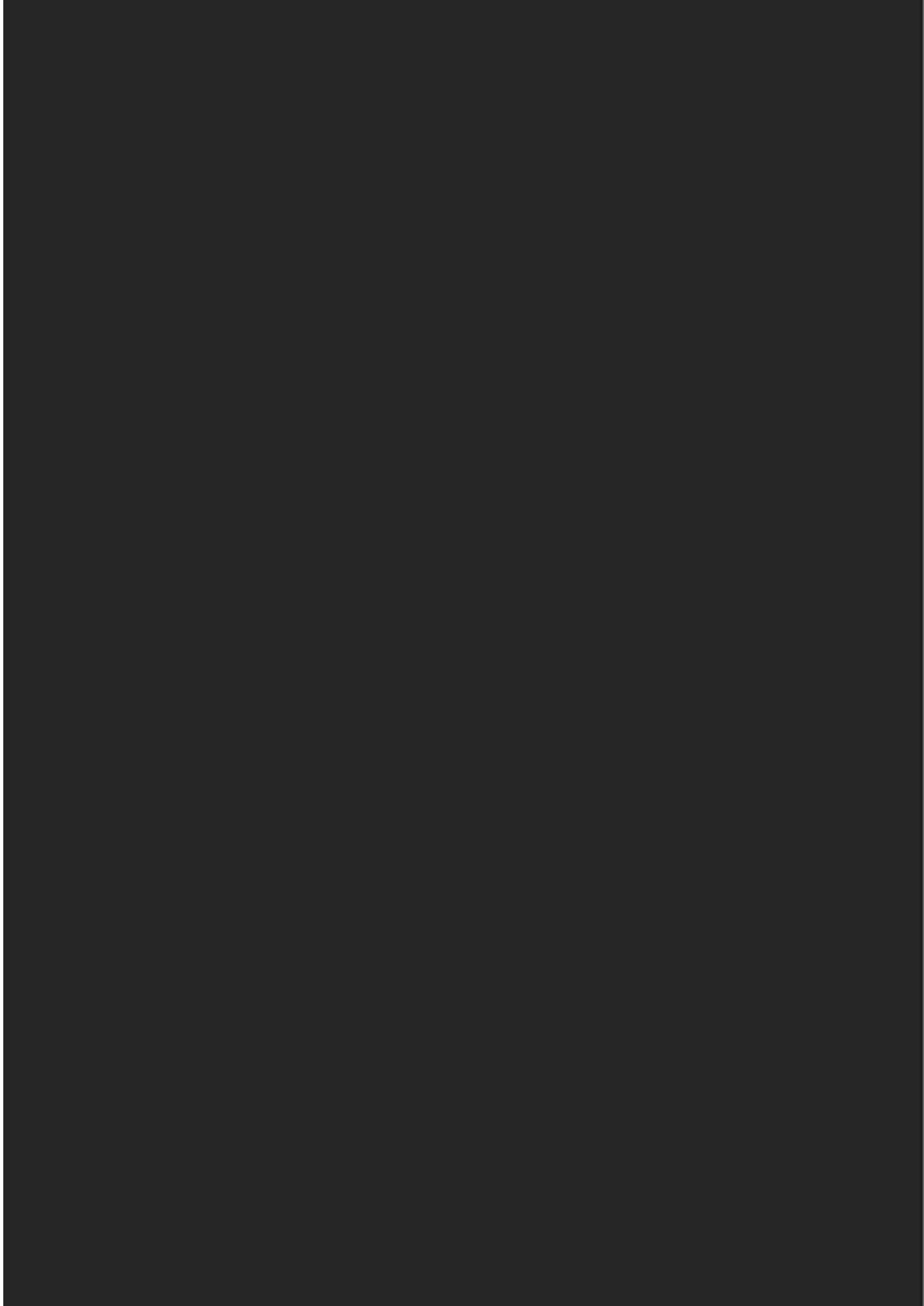
Ausführlicher Bericht folgt nicht

Vorläufiger Arzt-Brief



I grew up in fear.

After it happened, I needed to be a master in controlling situations and observing my surroundings. I watched everyone very closely to not end up in a room with just the two of us or to make anyone suspicious. You still controlled me. Maybe even more.



I fight.

I am fighting so hard to not
lose my family, to not become
angry as I should be, to not
let you make me someone I'm not.

All this destruction.

How can I not hate you?

I still don't.

I still have understandings for
you, want to give you a chance.







To watch the video ,Goodbye', please visit the following link:

<https://vimeo.com/282102242>

Password: ignoscentia

