



LIVE
LAUGH
DIE

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A NARRATIVE EXPLORATION
BY VAL BUI
GRAPHIC DESIGN STUDIO V
RUTGERS UNIVERSITY, SPRING 2023



I met the love of my life twice. I remember his kind eyes, freshly cut hair, and 4 x 5 rectangle. The funny, generational aspect of the story is that he actually stumbled across my Instagram. From the moment he requested to follow me on Instagram, I couldn't help but look at photos he chose to post. Then he slid into my messages. This was definitely unconventional. Most guys message with an ulterior motive. With him, I discovered personality and humor. We were able to talk all day and night without any hesitation or awkwardness. I felt confident about meeting, and certain nothing could tear us apart. Then he ghosted me. Without ever really getting to know me. I felt a drop in my heart. My heart sank so deeply as I fell into the rabbit hole. I was sure I would never love again. Then, thousands of miles away from home, he texted to say that he saw someone: a performer on Santa Monica pier in a leotard. We couldn't stop dying of laughter. Why on Earth was there a performer randomly wearing a leotard and juggling bowling pins that were on fire? We had so many questions. We talked non stop the entire day. Maybe destiny really does exist. I never give people second chances. If it did not work the first time, why would it work the second? There was an undeniable spark we just could not run away from. We both feared falling in love too quickly. We came to the agreement to use leotard instead of love to ease into the relationship. Little did we know that this relationship would blossom. One year later, we call each other "my leotard" instead of "my love."

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Live, Laugh, Love

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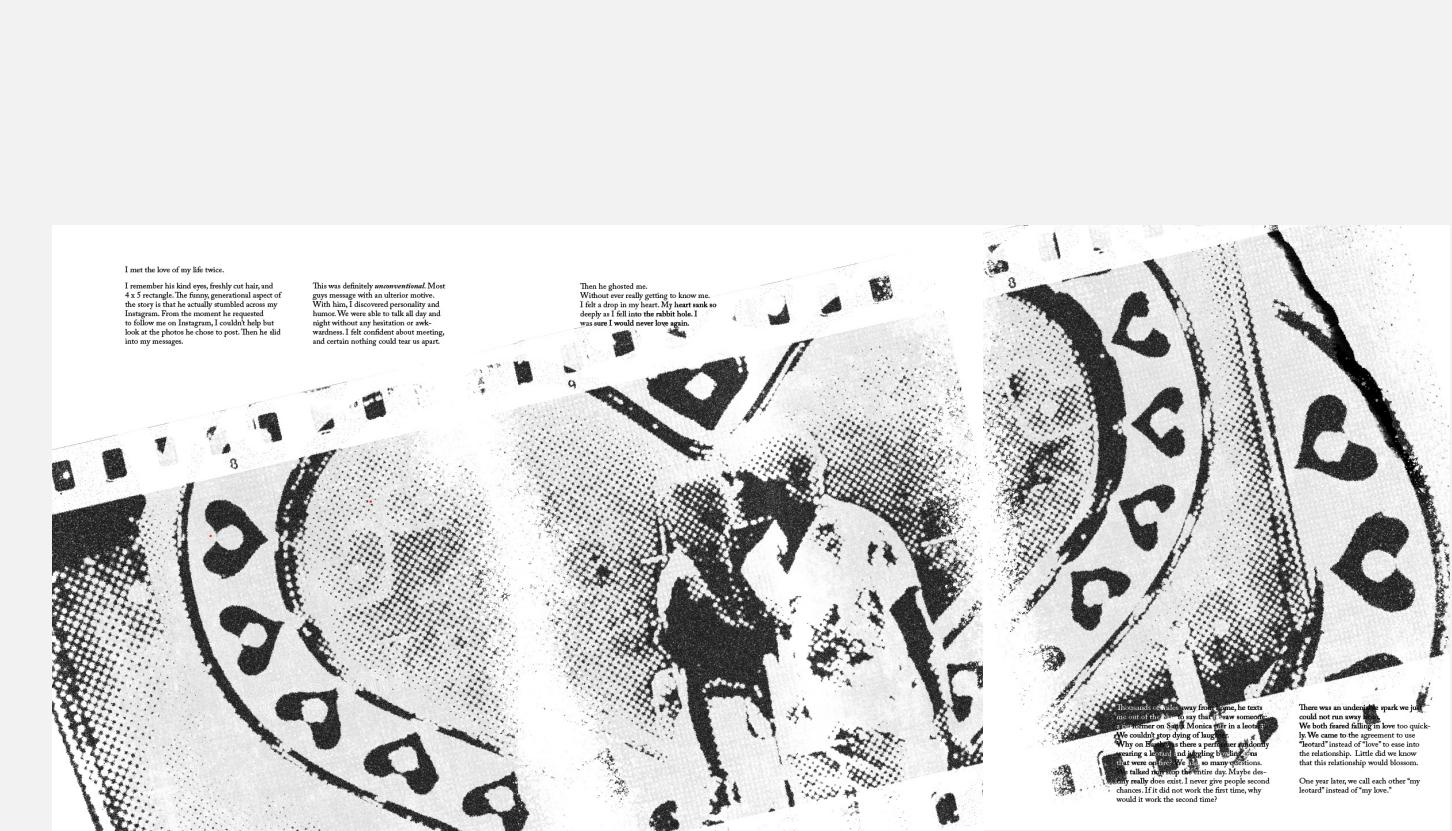
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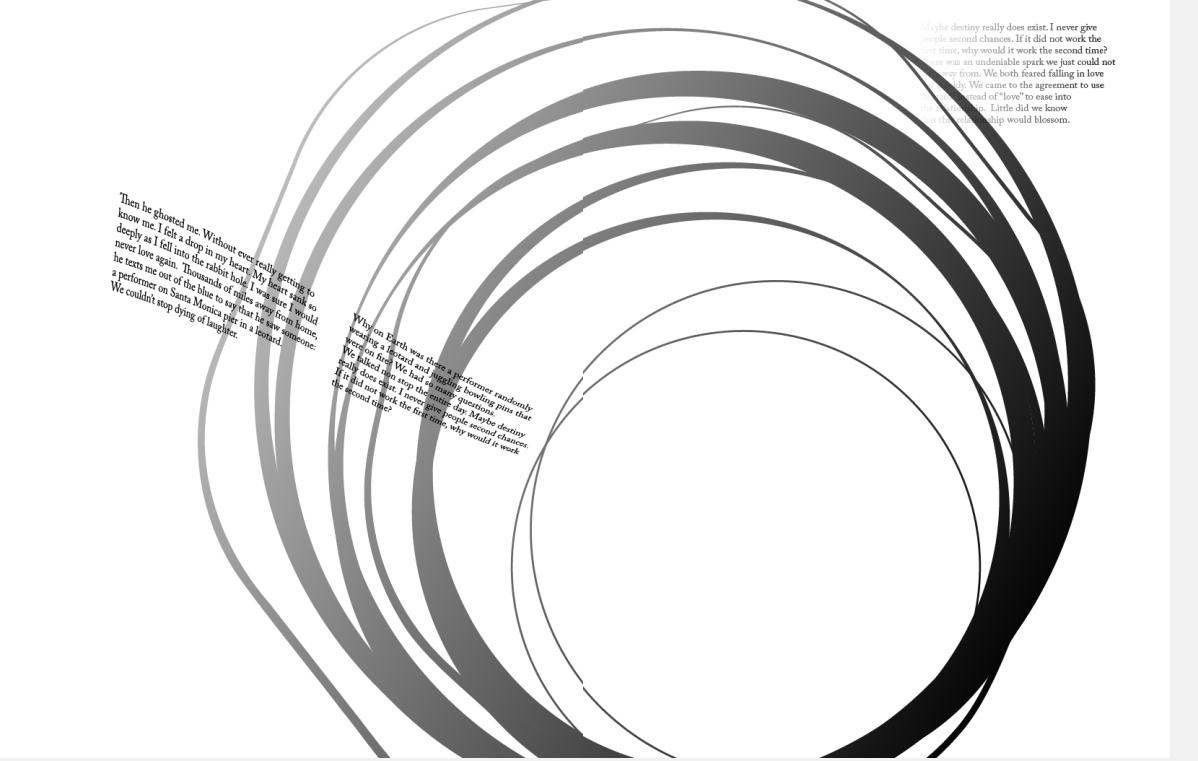
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Maybe destiny really does exist. I never give people second chances. If it did not work the first time, why would it work the second time? There was an undeniable spark we just could not ignore. We came to the agreement to use "leopard" instead of "love" to ease into the relationship. Little did we know our friendship would blossom.

Then he ghosted me. Without ever really getting to know me, I felt a deep hole in my heart. My heart sank so deeply as I fell into the rabbit hole. I was sure I would never love again. Thousands of miles away from home, he texts me out of the blue to say that he saw someone: a performer on Santa Monica pier in a leopard. We couldn't stop dying of laughter.

What on Earth was that? a performer randomly wearing a leopard and asking questions pins that were fine. We sat top the entire day. Maybe destiny had done its work the first time, why would it work the second time?

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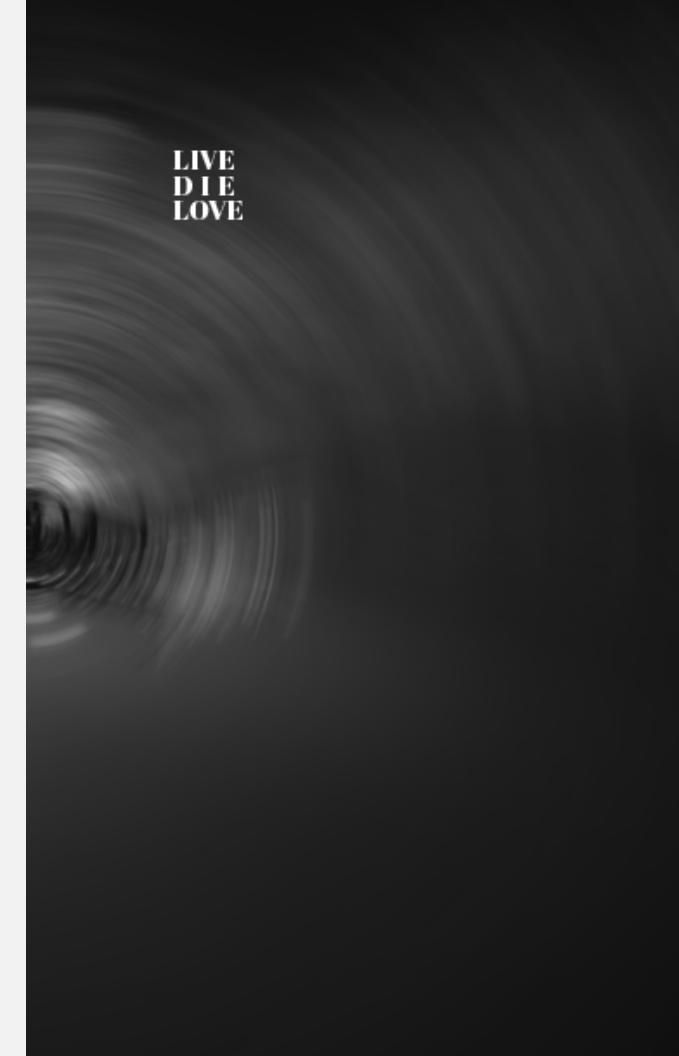
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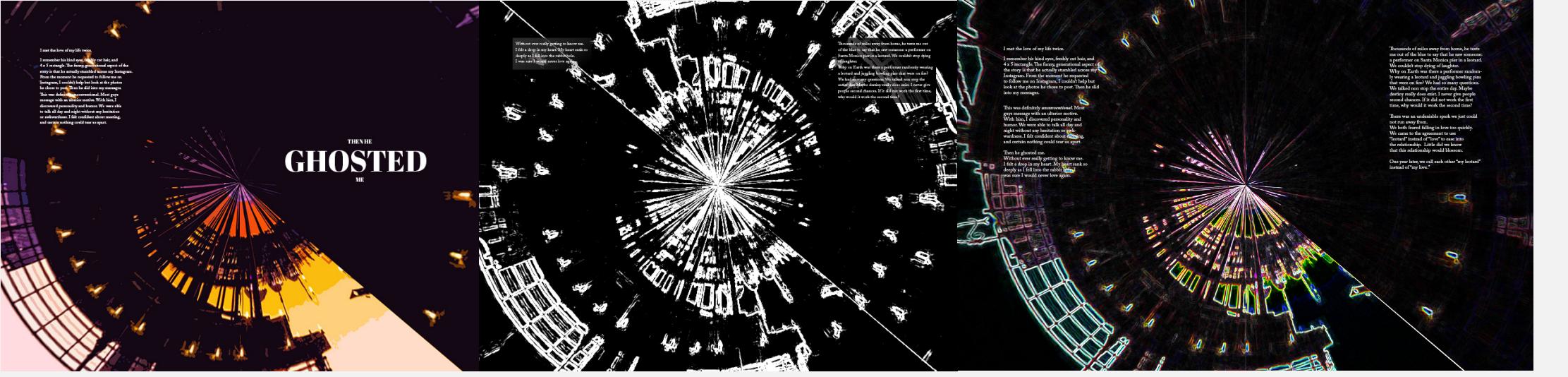


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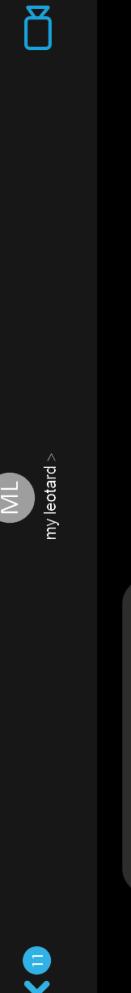






LIVE
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LOVE

11:11



ML

my leopard >

I met the love of my life twice. I remember his kind eyes, friendly cut hair and s.x. & recharge! The funny, gentle, animal aspect of the story is that he actually stumbled across my Instagram from the moment he requested to follow me on it. I was so flattered, I couldn't help but look at the photos he'd posted.

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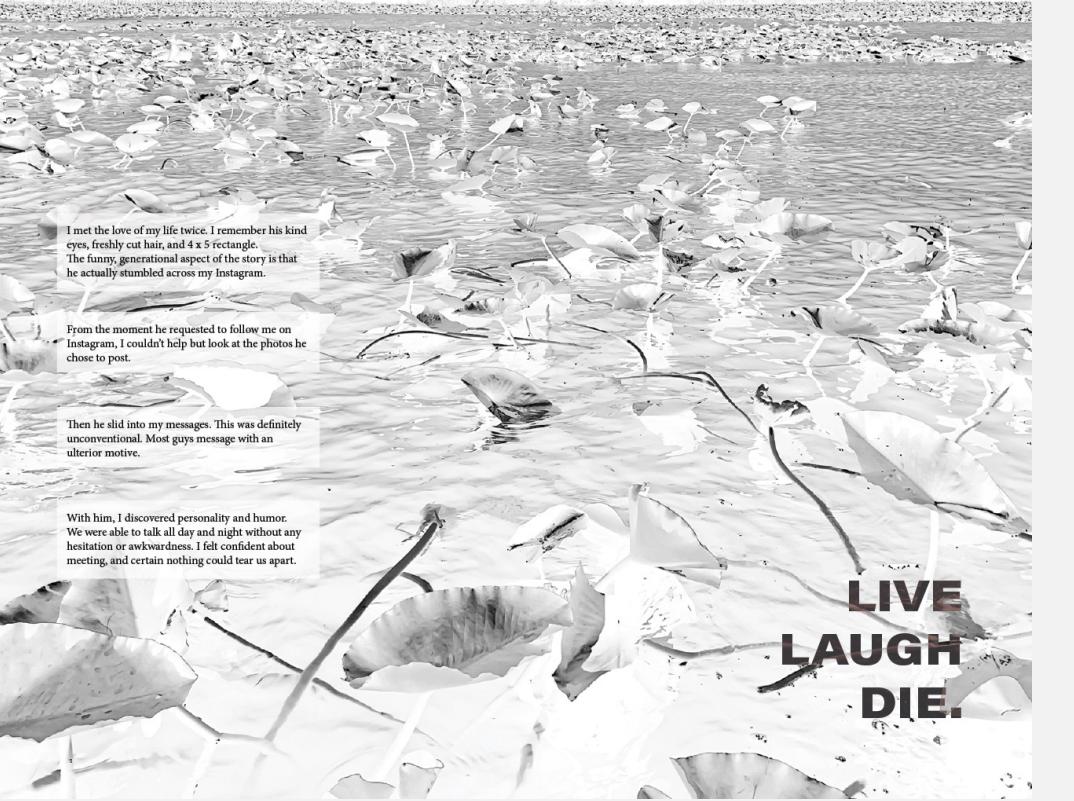
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Then he滑到了我的消息。这绝对不寻常。大多数家伙会通过短信传达他们的动机。和他在一起，我发现了个性和幽默感。我们可以整天聊天，没有犹豫或尴尬。我感到自信，可以见面，而且确定没有什么能伤害我们。

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