9th December 2017,

Writing at Shanghai, China

So, its December 10th already, and I am in Shanghai going to my home. I guess time passes by anyway. With all the difficulties, all the pressure, workload, I still made it to the end of the semester. The journey started on 1st August and classes at 21st August 2017. It all started with me being homesick to me now being in love with the women who doesn’t feel the same for me. All I wished before was to go back home asap and now here I am, contemplating and thinking all about Nancy (Shuaifeng Yao). Love can really change you, how you look into different things altogether. I met her on 4th October,2017. With all our chats, and she thinking about me sometimes, it all started. I fell in love again with someone who doesn’t love me back. I remember that day 15th October, 2017 when I met her for the second time and she hugged me. I guess it was the first time someone did that to me apart from my family. And I felt something, like there was going to be something. I next met her on 19th October, when we got to know each other a little better. Bacaro LA the name of the place- I would still call it the first date of my life. The return walk felt like something I never had before. Her favorite color: purple. That started it for me. There was a major disappointment when she didn’t come up on Friday for hiking. However I don’t blame her as she was sick. I fell in love with her that day probably. Then few meets here and there, how she remembered me when she didn’t feel good. It all felt so different, I started being happy, started missing home lesser. Then our big date day to the Japanese noodle place, that day was something. With our conversation over her family and sisters to my family, how I eat less. So many things. Going with her to Little Tokyo. Just having a good walk around. Then desert, when she said you look good. It meant something to me for sure. Then our walk to the club, where I held her to me as we walked. That was special. Infact, that whole day was special and I realized that she was the one. I started trying hard to meet her as much as possible. Because I felt a little different with her and it was a good feeling. Wish I could go back to that day. I felt extremely bad however that she couldn’t spend time with me on my birthday. Then came 3rd December, I all felt a little different with her. Like she was just there as a formality. Not a good feeling. Me touching her annoyed her. Never before was it that way. Even though it could have been a perfect date with all the elements, it never was. She was not herself. That love from her side was not there. I could feel it. Nevertheless, I had to take chance and so I did. Asked her exact words: ”Nancy, I have to say something to you, Will you be my girlfriend”, Answer: ”No, Not Now”. Just “Okay” from my side. Because I didn’t have the courage to say anything at all. With all my heavy heart, I came back home. I wanted to cry but I just didn’t. Love had failed me. I wanted to talk to her even after that, but I didn’t thing it was possible. Until the time, I decided to say goodbye and a long message. We met and had a decent time where I knew that this would be the last meet of my life with her. Because who has seen the future anyway. I declared my feelings for her and left it for her to decide where do we go next. With all this, a part of me got broken for sure. Even her I will miss you felt a little fake. Anyways, it was my final goodbye to her hopefully, until the time she messages me or maybe I might do it.