

## Rock-paper-scissors

"Well, if you win, I will apologize and listen to you; but if you lose, you are not allowed to mention it anymore, okay?", " All right". Every time when they quarreled, she would say so with her typical naughty smile, and he never won.

### One\*

He can still remember the last time quarreling with her, but who could have thought of it, this would be the very last time? Every time thinking of this, he would frown tightly, at the very beginning, clenching his fists, with a blushed face, and later, bursting into a wry smile.

It should be a windy day at that time, a little bit cold, which was exactly not suitable for a romantic confession.

"Hello, are you free at this moment?"

" Yeah, of course, what's up?" she didn't answer after several minutes, attached with her own white-bear expression.

"Cool, it has been several days since I came back, do you think it is necessary to meet and hang out a little bit, I wonder, are you still alive? Haha " Without thinking for one second, he replied.

"I'm so sorry, but it seems that, I've got a cold, It's pretty cold outside." With an expression of spatting out her tongue~

She should have used these pretentious words very often, " Oh, yes, ah, hmm ~ ", he thinks so, scratching the hair, she liked these stuffs.

"Fine, that's okay, it just makes the possibility of success a little bit lower. It doesn't matter, then I am going straight, do you think it is long enough? I mean, my assessment, do you think I am good enough to be your boyfriend? " After sending these words, he felt much more relaxed, thinking of that all the way, his worries, his hopes, going up and going down, he has been in the pending state for such a long time; and finally, it was going to be the end, feeling like being liberated. Just one second, the feeling of regretting overwhelmed his mind. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, ten minutes passed by~

"Hey, what's up, it doesn't matter, I am at downstairs now, and have some gift for you." Just after several minutes, He couldn't resist on any more, and surrendered to her first, again.

" I was thinking about it very carefully, exactly we do not fit for each other, so I'm very sorry, I can't. You're so excellent and good at every staff, but I'm only such a normal girl, so ah, you should go and find a better girl..."

He couldn't remember the latter part of the words, although he had thought about countless situations and results in his mind. Boom, just like being beaten on the head, like his old computer, suddenly his face turned bloodless, couldn't open his eyes, which were so heavy, it felt like something on his chest stopping him from breathing, he clutched his chest hardly, but there was nothing, nothing at all, no heartbeat nor pulse.

It must be windy, that day. It should be so, which was not suitable for a romantic confession.

On the end of the streets they had walked by so many times, she was in a white dress, it seemed that she didn't have the time to comb, the hair on her waist was a little bit messy, messy in the wind. Taking a long breath, he walked over.

"Good ~afternoon~" she whispered timidly, trying to make her voice a little bit softer

Fumbling in his backpack, with all the words, but he didn't how to answer.

"Thank you so much~" She opened the gift, with her lovely wide-open eyes.

It was a little bit chilly.

"We, how about, having rock-paper-scissors, one more time?" he said, for the first time he spoke like this, like the weak flag in the wind, up and down in the air, he couldn't even hear his own voice, "If You win, I'll listen to you, just like nothing happened; but if I win, you get to listen to me, okay?"

Without saying anything, she turned around, staring at the cloud in the distant sky. He felt, the cloud is close, but she was so far away.

He could no longer tolerate this suffocating silence anymore, which made him out of breath, that's all.

Hello, goodbye.

Two\*

She was just like all the protagonists in the Japanese animations, with a childish thought, but always showing him a look which was super serious and careful; She was so small, but every time they quarreled, she seemed to have infinite power. Just like the rose

in the Little Prince, she was so delicate, unbending and sometimes, a little bit vexatious. But still, the little prince fell in love with her, so deeply.

He likes the Little Prince, this is his favorite book; he wants a fox, but god sent him a rose.

Just like a bellicose angle, she broke her wings, and fell down from the heaven, right on the back of the horse of the knight. He always thought like this, when he was in a deep pubescent crisis. But later, he would sometimes joke, a bitch and a backup, perfect combination, awesome.

He didn't know when did it all start, when he realized it, it should be a morning in the early spring, it was still little bit cool, and the destined girl broke into his world, without any foreshadow.

He felt a little bit regretful later, he should not be so nice to all the girls. Thinking that he was the saint who would never touch any petal or dew while passing through the flower field, but exactly he was only a jerk fisher leaving his net all around the world.

The girl sat beside him, quiet and lovely; but he always turned around, as childish as drawing a boundary while in the preschool, as determined as focusing on the exams but nothing else. Until a morning like that, the sunshine of the dawn went through the sparse leaves sprinkling on her cheeks; the shadow flowed on the desk, like the stars. Occasionally there would blow a breeze, she would drag the dress, close her eyes and sip her lips into an arc. He was shocked, under the indistinct sunshine, she sprawled on the desk and had a snap, the short villus on her pink face, white and soft, sometimes like frost and sometimes like snow, dancing with the breeze. Just like a morning of the early spring, he woke up, forgot all the worries and glees, lying on the boundless prairie, and at this moment, there

came a gust of breeze, he was submerged in the spray of green, sometimes cool, sometimes warm.

Perhaps, he flipped.

Just like all the Korean series on the prime time, all the Japanese animations on the leaderboard, and all the classic French movies which lived in their memories, she reserved a seat for him, he taught her how to fix the math problem; they talked from china to Libya, communism to Islam; Sometimes it might be a little embarrassed when they were close, but when they talked, they can talk about everything, from the underneath to the sky, from the instant to the future, to the end of the time, to the damage of the world. They promised to stay out studying hard until two the night before the exam; they promised to dress in red during the exam, she told him, " I am so sorry, but I have no red dress", and later she wore a purple-red gown. She complimented his hand writing, and bought a pen; he played dota with her, leaving his battlefield aside. They promised to cook and have hot pot together, go to the karaoke and to the cinema, to ride and to travel, to continue their postgraduate even to study abroad. She told him that here came the menstruation, she was so painful, even to die; he told her do not hesitate choose caesarean section while in the gestation. He liked to listen to her singing, with a childish voice, and sometimes out of tunes, they both loved Jay Chou...

He thought, this, probably was the life he always dreamed of.

Tame me, please tame me, you will become the only one in my world, and I, won't be lonely and confused anymore, I will become the unique fox in the world.

She said, I'm so sorry, you're so nice.

She is always that guy who asks for a rock-paper-scissors, the guy who never follows the rules and cheat; and I, I am always the big fool who will accept it.

### Three\*

Many years later, he entered into the campus again, he would tell her, with all his pride.

He had listened to the waves of the Route One USA, appreciated the sunset of San Francisco, woke up with the bonsho in Chiangmai; He had built sandy castle at the white sands of Cancun, listened to Jay Chou's concert at Hualian in the deep night, ride his Giant and taken his Yamaha, from the south China to the north.

He tried to forget everything, to begin a new life.

He wanted to tell her, I could live well by my own, even without you.

### Four\*

Under the white birch beside the bridge, growing her beloved lilacs, her cross sits there quietly, with her tender writing.

" Once upon, someone loves you for a long, long time"

Will everyone find his love

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