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White as Milk, red as blood

Part 1.

Everything has a color of its own. Every feeling has its color. Quietness is white. Actually, I can't stand the color white: white is unconditionally spatial. You can even find white in phrases, for example; a white night is a night without sleep, waving the white flag shows surrender, leaving a white blank paper indicates that your hair is gray. To be more exact, white is not even a color. It is nothing, just like quietness, voiceless, quiet, and white. I cannot stand quietness, or loneliness, which is the same. I feel pain just above my stomach or stomach itself, I don't even know which exactly, but that pain encourages me to jump on my scooter, already half broken with no breaks – when will I ever get it fixed? – and just glance at girls with no goal in mind, just to prove that I am not alone, and when a girl looks back, it tells me I exist.

Why am I this way? See, I'm losing myself because I don't want to be alone. I need.... I don't even know what I need. Horror! When you get out the house, and you know you have a whole school day ahead of you, as well as boring homework assignments, parents and a dog, and everything until death does us apart, the only thing that can save you is the carrier of sound, the iPod. You put your headphones on and you enter into another dimension. You start to feel with the corresponding color. Do I feel the need for love, I'll play rock music? If I need to energize, I play heavy metal. To become self-confident, I listen to rap and other idiotic music, for most of which is swearing. That is how I'm not left alone, not in white. Someone keeps me company and gives color to my day.

This just seems like I'm bored, but I'm not. I have so many plans, thousands of wishes, a million dreams which I should achieve, so many things I should start, but yet I don't find the energy to do so. No one is interested in them and so I ask myself why even try? Just enjoy the stuff you have and leave it all.

There is only one life, and when it's filled with whiteness, my computer is the best thing, and there is always someone to talk to there. My nickname is Pirate, like Johnny Depp. However, my big advantage is that I know how to listen, I feel really good when I listen. If not, I just sit on my brakeless scooter and wonder around.

When there is a goal in mind I visit Niko, we play a song together, he's on his base, and I'm on the electric guitar. One day we will be famous, we'll have a band and we'll call it



Galija. Niko keeps telling me I should start singing because I have a nice voice but I'm just too shy. My fingers are the one that sing, and they never blush. No one will whistle at the guitarist, while if you sing... It's another story.

I meet up with the rest at the bus station, where every guy who fell in love, has expressed their feelings. Someone is always there; even a girl can be seen there. Sometimes, Beatrice can be found there too, and if she is there, I will leave the bus station.

It's weird. No one feels like being in school in the mornings and in the afternoon, everyone is there. That's because there are no vampires at that time, another name for the professors: the blood suckers go home or they either close up in their cabinets waiting for a victim. Although, we know that vampires act at night, our professors act during the day.

If Beatrice was to be seen in front of the school, that's then something totally different. When she opens her big green eyes, when her red hair is down, it hits me like dawn. If I was to compare her to a movie, that genre would have to be invented. If I was to compare her with scent I would compare it with the morning sand, which is yet untouched, and the color?

Beatrice is red, like the color of love. A Storm, a hurricane which shakes you, an earthquake that breaks your body to pieces. That's how I feel every time I see her. It's just that she doesn't know that yet, but one day I will tell her for sure.

Yes, one day I will tell her that's she's just made for me, and I am just made for her. The day she finds out, there is no going back. It will be all perfect just like in the movies. I just need to find the right moment and suitable hairstyle. I really think that the biggest problem is my hair, if Beatrice was to ask me, I would cut my hair that second, but if I lose my power over it like the character? No way, pirates never cut their hair, it like a lion being without its mane. My name is not Leo for nothing.

Part 2

T9 is the invention of the 21st century. It saves up a lot of your time, and it makes you laugh. When you type in a word, it finds some other word which is totally opposite. For example, I type in 'sorry' and the word 'fear' pops up. It's such a weird coincidence because I'm always scared when I need to apologize.

To be honest, I like T9. Who knows if Dante had something like T9 to come up with rhymes? I just don't understand how some people know how to do what they do, I guess they are just made for it. I still don't know what I can do, but I believe in myself. My English teacher



says 'I have potential but I just don't try'. There at least I have potential, I can do everything, I am just not sure what I want which is my I'm not trying. I can be the next Dante, Michelangelo, Einstein, Eminem or Jovanotti. I just don't know, I should try to figure it out however.

When I listen to Dreamer, it seems like I would have to find my dream and make it into a project, but if I ask him how to achieve that, I'd give him reason to think he is right, and I am really not bothered for that now. Besides, that urge to know what my dream in life is while being only sixteen, doesn't really excite me, but never the less I know Beatrice is in it.

Now that we are talking about her, she didn't reply to my text, I thought that Dante would at least be able to touch her. My heart is being filled with whiteness, and my stomach feels weird. It's like Beatrice wants to erase my with a pen corrector, just like every mistake. The paper stays white, clean and no one notices the hidden pain underneath.

Poetry is stupidity in a verse. Uh, Dante just leave!

Dreamer – nickname for a professor

Beatrice – girl in which the narrator is in love with, also the name of the girl to whom Dante writes poetry and dedicated the comedy to

Part 3

After leaving me for half an hour to sob (when sobbing you release double the amount of salt water...), Dreamer stops the silence that followed after me sobbing, just as the sand quietly rolls after a fierce storm.

"I will tell you a story" as he hand me a paper towel (vanilla scent).

"one of my friends really loved his father, they fought but one time he lost his temper and patience and sent him to hell. They sat down for dinner and his father wanted to tell him something, but he just got up and left, without saying anything.

He didn't even want to listen to him. He felt powerful, he won, he was right. The day after his father's place at the table was left empty. He had a heart attack, and that's how things ended between the two, with no words.



How could he have known it would happen? Ever since he can't forgive himself, he's ashamed as he killed himself. Do you know the reason why my friend will never forgive himself telling him the last goodbye?

He shakes his head while blowing his nose.

"While having the heart attack, his father said that he was a wreck, that he choose a job from which he wasn't able to live from. His father had a great job which his son could have inherited. Now you tell me, isn't that something he needs to be ashamed, and run from it?"

I hesitated there for a moment before I answered.

"How did your friend get over it, professor? "

Dreamer furiously hits a can with his leg

"He is living with it. He knows it's the only way. He promised to himself that he won't miss another change to make a relationship with someone, even for no reason, or after some drama, there's always a change to make things better."

I wish there was a 'return' button in life, unfortunately, there isn't. Despite everything life goes forward, and plays its game, whether you want it or not, all you can do is lower or intense the tone and you got to dance to it. The best you know. However, I am less scared now. Dreamer interrupted me thinking.

"We are all ashamed of something. We all ran from something, Leo. It is what makes us human. Our faces turn natural the moment we do something we are ashamed of..." "Do you ever cry professor?"

Dreamer stays quiet.

"Every time I cut onions"

I ball out of laughter even though the joke is stupid. I breathe through my nose and save the last tears.

"Its normal to feel scared, just as its natural to cry, it doesn't mean we are cowards. You're a coward when you're acting like nothing is happening and when you turn your head to avoid it like you don't care. I believe you ran, I believe he got you mad, you were angry at yourself too, and that is normal. Yet, if you are mad about everything, it won't help with Beatrice. You can go mad, crazy mad. Once I read in a book, that love doesn't exist to make you happy, but to show you how much pain one can handle."



For a short while there, it made me sick to my stomach.

“I am the one who ran, me, the one who is supposed to be ready to die for her!”

Dreamer looks at me.

“You are wrong Leo, maturity isn’t proven with the wish to die as a sign of being noble, but live humble for her. Make her happy.”

I stay silent. Someone deep inside of me is coming out to see the light of day, someone who was hidden, hurt and called for help. At this very moment I am moving from the Stone Age into the Iron Age, the leap is not big but I feel I have the power to survive. The feeling is greater than the iron armor and fire within me I created with my own rage. This is another kind of power, this new power grew under my skin and makes it invisible, strong and elastic...