Dear Professor:

What can I do? My friends call me a romantic and sometimes, I believe I am one too…

I identify myself with the medieval maidens who supported their elbows in the windowsill, and their chins on their hand and waited decades for a knight in shining armor to arrive, but one that would never arrive and they died of sorrow, sadness, disappointment, or married some random peasant or candidate that lacked all the qualities a knight in shining armor should have.

I feel that I live in the wrong time. I read and read love stories to satisfy my partial need of drama, mystery and a lot of other thing that are no longer in my life. But I do think that crawling through the pages, I get lost in my own story.

Sir, forget what I said. It’s just that I’m in the middle of a cold, and I feel so pessimistic, that I feel each Word I speak and think might be my last, so I must choose them very wisely and carefully, which is precisely what I’m not doing right now.

The worst part of this, is that I love being sick. I love the overdose of bed, sleep, medicines, the mysterious chicken soup and the constant caring and showing of affection, but I also think it’s a little bit masochist, so I try not to show my pleasure –as if I could conceal the orgasm of joy that I get when I get to stay home –and in the end of it all, that pleasure is what keeps us living.

Anyway, my bed is calling me, there is an apple and cinnamon tea waiting for me, and you know what they say “Never keep a tea waiting, as they are very resentful”. Especially if it’s from one’s mother. Mothers are also very resentful.

I will write you another letter as soon as I recover, but I don’t think it will be soon.

Sincerely,

Sick student.