

Miro Gavran

Head Over Heels in Love

(excerpt)

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(...)

Dear Lana!

I am writing you this letter because I have a lot to tell you. You probably remember that day when I came to your classroom. Then I was unhappy in a certain way, and now I am unhappy in another way. The misfortune which happened to me was that I fell in love with you. I loved you so much and realized that being in love does not mean being happy. Especially when you are not loved in return.

If I had known that Greg was your boyfriend, I would never have fallen in love with you, because it's the worst thing in the world to love someone else's girl, who loves that someone back.

There, I have admitted that I am sorry you love Greg, and go for walks with him every day after school. Paul told me I should try to win you over by becoming a bad student so that you notice me, but, unfortunately, you don't even love me when I am an excellent student, so why would you love me if I was the worst one in the whole school.

What can I tell you, except that I love you terribly and that my heart was torn apart into a hundred pieces when I realized you would never love me.

I want you to know that I still think you are the prettiest girl in the whole world and that I am crazy about your short black hair and your eyes and your snub nose.

Everything about you is so super and I could look into your eyes for a hundred years, and enjoy every minute of it.

Just so you know that Greg is not the only person in this world who loves you, just so you know that I love you much more than he does. But none of this makes sense any more.

I would have been happy if you loved me, too, but there it is - that's life, someone always suffers because of somebody else.

When I realized that everything in this town was going downhill, I decided to leave Zagreb and my parents, who have stopped loving me in the meantime.

I shall never come back to Zagreb because no-one here loves me, and I couldn't keep going to the school where you are, because my heart would ache too much if I had to sit at the desk next to yours. If you only knew how awful it is to love someone so much, and have them right beside you, feeling absolutely nothing for you!

I will stay on in Gradiska forever, and even though I am so sorry that you love him and not me, I wish you lots of happiness with him.

Please burn this letter as soon as you read it, and don't show it to anyone.

I wish you lots of good things in life, my dear unrequited love.

Mario