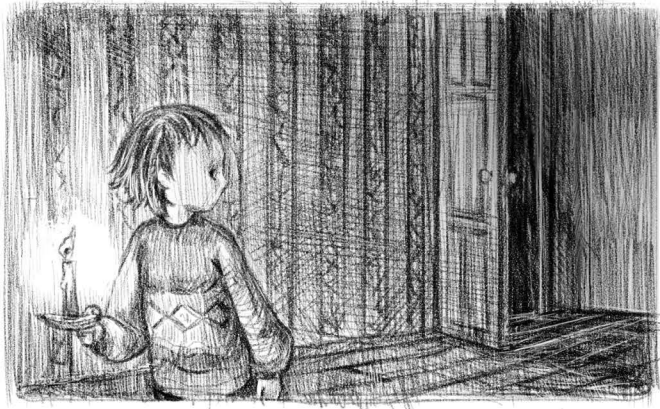
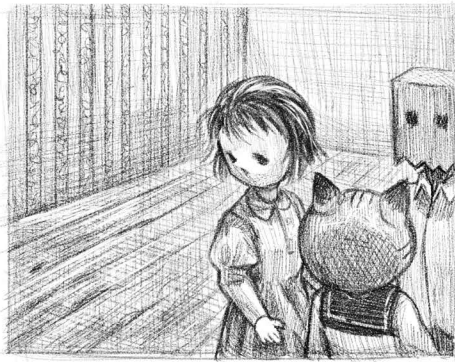


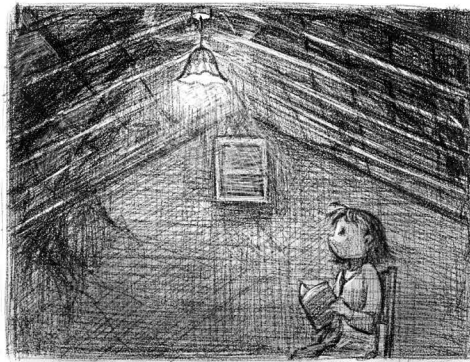
It follows



There's something following me.



When I'm with my friends, it disappears.



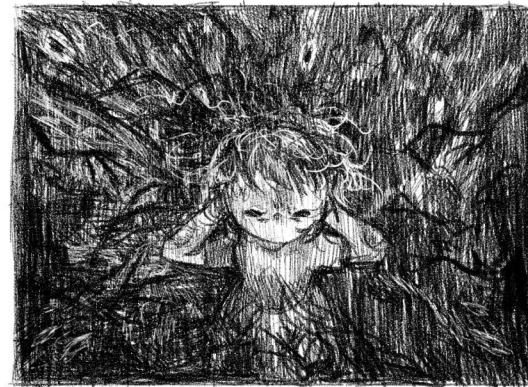
But whenever I'm alone, it starts to haunt me.



It makes me punch my beloved pillow,



pulling off my hair one by one,



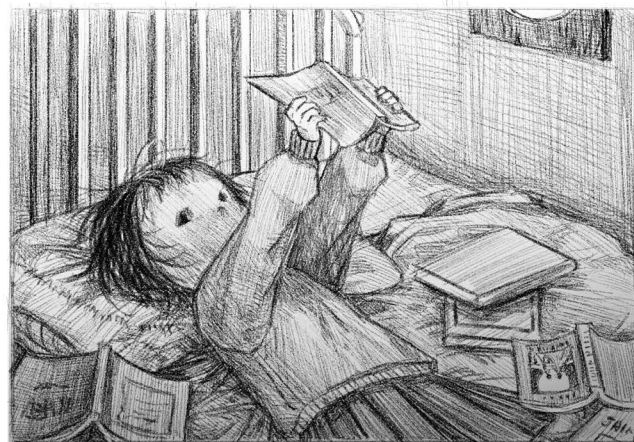
and creates a mess in my head.

Mum said it's always there.



No one can escape it. Maybe it will
go away one day.

So I read out every cheesy paragraphs in
romance novels,



talk with my plushies until midnight.

