Subject: Women i love
Posted by 123456 on Sat, 11 Apr 2015 08:20:52 GMT
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A few days ago she had flights to Sing with 3-year labor contract. Her friend since second grade to college gave me your diary. Her words, on the rainy days, sunny day, the overcast or very high sky all have my picture. The words like tearing my heart out.
"On the first day talk to the old, guy was next to me during youth, but when I was in danger and I needed you,where are you?"
The last time dressing changes, the doctor told me that, because of my deep wounds without scarring, the scar will be quite large. I looked down at my hands, the fingers still long and lean, hands still put up to wipe the tears, hands often find a place to base on, now, no place was unhurt. Suddenly feeling very frustrated about that. But it does not matter, I still live with the larger scars in my soul