**MAD LOVE**

**FINAL VERSION**

A year had gone since he left. In those distant and difficult months I had written my first novel: "The Phoenix and the Albatross: he story of our love~~.~~ I had also travelled a lot in search of a place where I could be reborn, like the protagonist of my novel.

I will never forget that day: I was presenting the book to a group of readers from the city where I lived, close to the seaside when he suddenly came back to my mind. His gaze, his smile, our first date when all of a sudden I thought I had seen him there among the audience. I broke up: ~~a~~ pain pierced my heart. Oh, the pain I felt. I needed to be alone and clear up my mind.

I started walking through the village streets when it started to rain. I decided to take shelter inside the local cinema. "Amour fou."was on. A suitable film for the moment and therefore decided to get in.

When I entered the room, I was alone. Only later I discovered he was sitting there, too: some rows behind me. Looking backto those moments I had the feeling of bing observed. I remember I turned around and thought I had seenhis shadow: to tell the truth I was going mad again.

A few days passed since that afternoon but I had not gone mad. Can really appeared in the distance in front of me while I was sitting on the quayside. When I saw him I had been thinking about the days we had spent together for a while. It was the time we had both been happy. I turned around and fixed my gaze more carefully and I really saw him at the beginning of the pier.I got up. I wanted to leave, to escape from him and all the sorrow I had experienced but he was getting closer and closer and calling me. I believed I was going crazy again after all those days in the clinic, but he was indeed shouting my name. I had a heart dip and froze. He reached me and took my hand. Itwas really him.I could feel his touch. One I still could recognize amang man.I stepped away but I managed to tell him what I had been feeling like during that interminable year. He did not say anything. He seemed speechless. He neither apologised nor reacted. He said only he was there by chance and that he would leave that same evening.

I turned my back to him and ran away in tears. He hadn't changed at all. He was the same Can of the previous year: he had left and let me alone, not caring about anything and anyone and me as well.

Back home, I decided to put black on white as I was feeling in those moments. I wrote in a jet-like speed and without realizing it I finished my second novel: a novel about my year of solitude, his return and his departure but as if I could change my destiny on the paper I suddenly decided I would change as I would have liked it to be.

"... *After Sanem had left the wharf, she ran home and decided to make a perfume to distract herself from her fixed thought. But without any notice Can appeared behind her and asked her if he could have one of her perfume samples he was so much attracted by. He also asked for explanations for her strange behaviour, but the disappointment Sanem felt had taken the words out of her mouth. She was not able to say anything. He told her a sigle word that allowed no reply: "Goodbye". He left her without breathing.*

On that very moment she realized that she would lose him forever. She chased him, but it was too late: Can had already sailed. Desperately Sanem touched Can's only remaining mark with her hands as if that gesture could keep him from going. At the helm, Can was reading some pages from her novel. Between the lines once and again he could feel Sanem's full love, a special love for him together with the sorrow his departure had caused her. Caught in the sewer, he ran below deck, tore a fuse off the engine and threw it into the sea. The boat stuck in the sea. He had to go back to their reality, no lnger undecided between love and freedom."

CORRECTED VERSION

~~It had passed~~ A year had gone since he left. In those ~~twelve~~ distant and difficult months I had written my first ~~book~~ novel: "The Phoenix and the Albatross", ~~which~~ It tells the story of our love~~, and~~ I had also travelled a lot in search of a place where to be reborn, like the protagonist of my novel.

~~That day~~ I will never forget the day I was presenting the book ~~in my~~ the city where I lived, close to the seaside and he came back to my mind: his gaze, his smile, our first date. I saw him there ~~in~~ among the audience, I broke up. ~~A~~ pain to the heart.The heart pain I felt and the need to ~~stay~~ be alone and to clear up my mind.

I started ~~While I was~~ walking ~~throw~~ through the ~~streets of the village~~ village streets when it started to rain. I decided to take shelter inside the local cinema. ~~The film was named~~ "Amour fou."was on.

When I entered the room, I was alone. Only later I discovered he was sitting there, too , some rows behind me. Looking back~~, in~~ to those moments I ~~was~~ had the feeling to be observed. I remember I turned around and thouht I had seen ~~saw~~ his shadow: To tell the truth I thought ~~to be~~ I was going crazy.

A few days passed since that afternoon and he Can, suddenly appeared while I was sitting on the quayside. When I saw I was had been thinking  ~~thinking~~ about the days we had spent together for a while. It was the time ~~when I thought~~ we ~~were~~ hab both been happy. I turned around and I saw him at the beginning of the pier. I got up to leave, but he was getting closer and closer ~~got closer~~ and ~~called~~ was calling me. I believed ~~to be crazy~~ I was getting crazy again, but he shouted my name. I had a heart dip and froze. He reached me and took my hand. It ~~truly~~ was really him. I stepped away, told him what I had been feeling like during that interminable year.

He neither apologised nor reacted. He ~~but~~ said only he was there by ~~case~~ chance and that he would leave that same evening. I turned my back to him and ran away in tears. He hadn't changed at all, he was the Can of a year before: he had left and let me alone, not caring ~~of~~ about ~~everything~~ anything and everyone anyone, ~~even~~ me included

Back home, I decided to put black on white ~~what~~ as I was feeling in those moments. I wrote in a jet-like speed and without realizing it I finished my second novel. ~~which tells~~ A novel about my year of solitude, his return and his departure. In the end I suddenly decide ~~however~~ I would change ~~ed~~ the ending as I would have like it to be.

"... After Sanem had left the wharf, she ran home and decided to make a perfume to relax. Without any notice Can appeared behind her and asked her if he could have one of her samples. He also asked for explanations for her strange behaviour, but the disappointment Sanem felt had taken the words out of her mouth. He told her one, heavy word: "Goodbye" then left her. ~~At that instant~~

On that very moment she realized that she would lose him forever. She chased him, but it was too late: the man had already sailed. Sanem was keeping Can's only remaining mark in her hands, while he, at the helm, was reading some pages from her first novel. In those lines he finally ~~understood~~ realised Sanem's particular love, a love for him and the ~~displeasure~~ sorrow his ~~leaving~~ departure had caused her. Caught in the sewer, he ran below deck, took a fuse off the engine and threw it into the sea. The boat ~~stopped~~ stuck in the sea. He had to stay there, undecided between love and freedom."