

Final Letter to Legal first and last name.

Hi Legal Name.

This will be the last time I will write to you, after almost 2 years after our friendship ended. I wanted to say these last things to you, as a form of closure. I would have liked to say some of these things in person rather than like this, but the last time we talked in person was that day on Rami's birthday when I asked you if we were still friends and you gave me that cold answer and ended our friendship without saying why even. (I said there never was one.)

Part 1. The beginning

In our first year, we did talk a bit, but I deliberately kept my distance from you since you already had a relationship. It was you who started talking to me with all that Ghost Boy stuff and it was you who was interested in me, not the other way around.

(Ghost boy, because, Kevin had applied to our uni before, but also applied to a different one. The different one accepted him which is where he went but our uni accepted him too and so his name was in the system and it was never removed, hence why for 3 years every new first year class was supposed to have Kevin in it, so they heard his name but he was never there.

Hence, ghost boy and I asked because I heard of it from the second years and wanted to know how that happened. By the way, the other Uni that accepted him earlier, that he went to for a while before coming back to ours, is notorious for working their students super hard. Anyone who manages to graduate their animation course will end up being among the better ones in the field if not one of the best. I would end up interning under someone who graduated that course, who told me a little about it. Needless to say it is no surprise Kevin didn't make it.)

We talked more in the 1.3 of our first year, again it was you who started talking to me again and asked for my help with 3D stuff. (He was good at 3D animation which the project at the time and lessons were about, I sucked at it, I still do. Hence why I spoke to him back then, because at the time he was our resident expert at it)

At the start of our second year, we just connected and became good friends, during some projects. Somewhere in the middle of our second year, I did start to think about how I felt for you since I did enjoy hanging around with you too, but I was struggling with how I felt a lot since the situation was difficult. I never hid that I liked you in the first place from you. (I was in a different place back then mentally. I would have been oblivious even if someone had brought me flowers and chocolates for valentine's day. No joke. I often feel like this all could have been avoided if I just hadn't been so stupidly insecure back then...)

I always thought you knew this...I mean you did say some things that hinted at it at least a few times. (I did not) I always thought we were fine with how we were back then, since you seemed to realize it from the start, and you never seemed bothered. (If I had realized it no I would have been very bothered) In fact, you seemed to enjoy it and getting compliments from me. (Bitch you gave them unsolicited, I was incredibly insecure and had not yet learned how to accept compliments)

As I said, I was struggling with how I felt, since I could never really understand what you were thinking. Sometimes I thought you liked me more than you should, but I never could get a good grasp on it.

I've been friends with you for almost 3 years. My friendship came first place for me. I have thought about this often enough back then and I decided that my friendship with you was the most important thing to me and I didn't want to ruin it, by trying anything only because I felt attracted to you. I never made any move on you or tried anything, because I had so much respect for you as my friend. I always treated you right and never stepped out of line. I liked talking with you and hanging out. In all honestly, I kind of hoped that you would view me like a brother and would trust me. (So if you were satisfied with just that, and totally aren't hung up about me romantically, why tf are you writing me this on your fucking birthday of all days?)

Part 2. Past moments

I don't know if you still remember this, but when we went shopping at the Albert Hein once, and you said that you felt quite insecure about your appearance, I said; That I thought you had a cute and pretty face and a nice sporty figure, many will envy you. I also mentioned a few times that I just love your character traits and how you are as a

person. I have said on other occasions that I like your character traits as well and how freely you could express yourself. In the early part of our friendship, I complimented you a lot, but looking back the strange thing was that we were getting closer and closer back then and you didn't dislike it at all you went along with it and complimented me too. (I did dislike it. I just didn't say that. Because I didn't want to be an asshole about what I thought, was a well meant compliment.)

You seemed to fish for compliments from me even. I loved teasing you a bit and trying to get you out of your comfort zone. I also felt that you kind of needed that.

Like with the windmill, where you first didn't want to go in, but in the end, you did it and you loved it. (No. I went along with it because everyone ELSE said they wanted to go after you tried to force me up there. So I caved and played nice) I liked it when you were this cute and mad at the same time, When I paid for your city pass for you, you reacted that way too. (So you admit that me being upset about my boundaries being crossed is 'cute' to you. Yet you wanna sit here and tell me how great of a guy you fucking were. Also you paying for my city pass. Lemme explain to everyone reading how that went.

He had bothered me about the CITY PASS for months, he had bothered ALL of us for months to get one, so that we could use the discounts it gives you in the city, with him. I eventually went to get one because the place was across our school and I hoped it would shut him the fuck up, but they only took card payments and no visas, me not having a dutch bank account, could therefore not pay. And as I was ABOUT TO FUCKING LEAVE, he pulls out his card and put it on the reader.)

I always actually loved it when you bit off the way you did and how confused you looked and that you were very happy and a bit mad at the same time with me and tried to express them both at the same time. I made sure I never went too far or pushed you because our friendship was important to me. (I wasn't happy. I was angry. And offended. But I also still couldn't be MAD because again I was convinced you were trying to be nice. In reality you just wanted to force me to go do all the stuff the pass allows you to do, with you.)

We also did do a few nice things together eating at all kinds of places. You explained to me afterward why you didn't want me to pay for your things and it made you feel guilty. (I got lunch at a kebab place after school a lot. And he tagged along. And one time before I paid, he pulled his card out and did it for me as I was reaching for my wallet. And then when I asked him what the fuck that was about, he said I'd just pay for him next time. Forcing a next time upon me. I did not pay for him. Ever.)

I guess I didn't realize that, that I made you feel guilty and that was never my purpose. I just wanted to help you out and I was simply enjoying your responses. And how it even started was something I still remember well. It was when you broke out in tears in class, because of the financial issues you had back then, I know what it is like to have no money and I just wanted to relieve some of your worries so that you could enjoy your stay in Rotterdam and actually try new things, laugh without worries and eat some new things, there was no ill intention.

Like I know those problems too, luckily, I don't have them anymore and I simply thought, I would have been happy if someone helped me back then too.

I just wanted to help you, nothing more. I am mentioning this since it seems that this still played a role for you, even though we talked it out together and it was only from the early part of our friendship. The most expensive thing bought for you was the Rotterdam pass for 12 euros and I paid for (again you did that against my will) that because I was just happy that someone wanted to buy the Rotterdam Pass as well with me and it was only like only 5 more months valid that year (not true. It was January. And the pass would run out february. I had 1 month left, stupid), so I also felt a bit guilty of letting you spend money on it when it was my idea.

Don't you feel like you are exaggerating about what I paid for you in general? It was probably in a total of 25 euros. I mean you even made me promise that I won't buy you anything expensive and that I can only buy you something for your birthday, but only something small like a donut or a cupcake, but you forgot about that at some point too sadly enough.

You know for me buying a present of 15/30 euros is normal for a birthday present and that I adjusted to your lifestyle, was because you asked me to, but you never considered what is normal for me. (Idgaf what is normal to you. Normal to you is drawing half naked pictures of me apparently.) You were never afraid to say what you wanted when we were walking next to each other you said everything you always thought, and I really looked up to you. I

would never want to chain your free will! The way I thought you were was what I liked about you (but I was wrong about you clearly.

Even though you were open with your thoughts, apparently you didn't dare to say everything to me (I guess you were not open with your feelings to me) and you were always different in your apartment room, when we were alone, like another person, shy and hiding in your shirts and only quietly staring at me. (because the moment you stepped in...I had realized I made a terrible mistake and also couldn't kick you out because, 'the vibes are off now' didn't seem like a justifiable reason to ask you to leave. Again I was not good at asserting my boundaries and underestimated just how uncomfortable being in a room alone with you would make me. Which is why I tried not to let it happen again after that! But I was a fucking doormat the way I had let people walk all over me in the past...)

It confused the hell out of me, and it still does, like did you like me back then? (No. the opposite, I got more uncomfortable than I had ever been, I felt my skin crawl like the day I was Sa'd but you hadn't done anything to me so I felt guilty FOR THAT FEELING) Was it too much for you to handle? You were the one who invited me to your room over and over, (I LET you into my room 3 times. I never WANTED you there, I felt pressured)I never asked you to invite me to your room (no you asked me all the time and most times I said no except the 3 times where you fucking wore me down) except for 1 time after you unfriended me to talk things over together), that was all you, and I have been like 30 times to your room even, (The times you were there in your jerk off fantasies don't count) if that doesn't already prove that I would never do anything out of bounds to you, then I don't know what else could... You said that you were experimenting with our friendship, but you felt it didn't work, I thought it was weird, like who would even experiment with friendships after 3 years, but in this broader context, I can understand what you were hiding. (I said. In my message. That I TRIED to be friends with you because I couldn't find any glaring reasons to dislike you. Because I thought you were just too autistic to understand whenever you crossed a boundary. Turns out that's an insult to autistic people.)

This feels more likely with your personality as well. (the one you made up in your head, you mean.) I guess looking back I did see you struggling sometimes too, like how we could hug sometimes, and you pressed your head on me, and other times you got frustrated and I had to calm you down. (I got frustrated because you refused to learn no matter how many times I tried to make you respect my boundaries you fucking idiot) Same thing when I told you that I was happy you trusted me that much, I could immediately see on your face that you realized that too and I saw that you were struggling with it again, back then I just didn't realize it or maybe I just pushed it of in my mind, that it can't be possible (this was Blank after all). (no. What happened. Was that you did a tiny thing for me. adjusting the lighting in my 3d animation. Which took you 2 clicks. And then said to me, how happy you were that I trusted you so much to let you help me with my project. I realized in that moment that this gesture meant so much more to you, than it did to me. And that is why I distanced myself because I realized that you clearly misinterpreted the situation and wanted to not give you the wrong idea. Turns out, I cannot win and you got the wrong idea no matter WHAT I did)

Even on Rami's birthday you said and asked some weird things to me when I was talking about my Minor and my group back then like you were trying to make me just dash out complaints like you would usually do yourself... You were testing me for the last time that day I suppose. I remember how disappointed you looked, and it was so out of character for you as well. But what did you expect of me? I would complain that way about my teammates on a birthday with parents present, but I was still figuring stuff out and trying to get that Minor group working. I guess... I should have just complained like crazy back then, especially since those people sucked. (You are forgetting the detail that after I told you not to say creepy shit to me, After you told me you waited a whole yr to see me again, that you were giving everyone the silent treatment and being a pouty toddler, pulling down the mood of the party, so that I had to inquire into you so you would stop ruining our mutual friends birthday you tactless cunt. You said you didn't wanna ruin his birthday? YOU WERE! MY QUESTIONS To get you to stop being a pouty lil shit, weren't TESTS, I was PLACATING YOU because you are a fucking 5 yr old.)

Honestly speaking Blank, if you tested me in a better environment and it would be just the 2 of us you definitely wouldn't have disappointed you. It's clear by now that there was more going on and our friendship was difficult for you, I assume that's what you meant when you said you experimented with me and see if it could work. I think you were just trying things out with me in your way and trying to figure it all out for yourself and what you wanted. That is of course fine, but how you ended things between us isn't fine, it really is not! (

That you thought I was intentionally bothering you at some point hurts me, I would never do that, I rather die than be something I hate! When we were walking together through the shopping streets and when I taped with my hand on your shoulder, you behaved weirdly back then, and you apologized for behaving like that and you explained that thanks to your mother you had developed a problem with trusting men. I never did put my hand on your shoulder again after that. (you were trying to put your arm around me. Stop. Lying)

Why you never realized this yourself is beyond me. I always listened to you and tried very hard to respect your boundaries, even though you never asked me to respect them. The only reason I taped your shoulder back then even, was because you have a hearing problem on one side. (I never said that. I said that I had a slight ear deformity on one side. Which is true. One of my ears is missing a piece of cartilage that would hold it close to my head, so it sticks out a little bit. I never said it affected my hearing. I said it affected how earbuds fit me.) It was for that same reason I didn't stay at your place when you invited me to sleep in your room on your bed. Probably a mistake looking back now, but who knows if I did stay for the night, things might have been different. (I never said that, idfk where he got that one, probably his jerk off fantasies again.)

I just didn't want you to feel pressured in any way and I wanted to try and just be your friend and prove that you could trust me.

So, when you invited me to sleep over, (never did that) it confused me like crazy. There were many moments that confused me about how you acted towards me and what you said, like the compliments you would give me, but I simply tried to ignore them because I thought it couldn't be true since Blank was probably just fooling around with me and doesn't mean it like that. You said some confusing things to me. (I would give compliments back to you because you kept piling them onto ME and it felt selfish to just...take endless compliments from someone and never get any back. Because again, very insecure, super low self worth at the time.)

You even said on multiple occasions that I deserved a blow job from you after I helped you with schoolwork (those words never left my mouth. Again. Jerk off fantasies do not count as memories)...you have no idea what thoughts that puts into a guy's head when a cute girl says that to a guy... and why say it so many times to me even? (I hate the way he calls me a cute girl. Something about it is so fucking ick...like the way Chris Chan says he wants 'a cute girl') Perhaps you were just playing with me, but it's still not fair towards me and honestly, you are lucky that I am a decent human being who lives with my morals and honor. (M'lady *tips fedora*) I don't know why you struggle so much with your identity.

I know you felt weird about your partner's own identity (with all the switching they did) and what to call yourself and meeting Emma also made you probably think about it a lot since Emma said that she was bisexual (I mention this since I remember you having a conversation about this with Emma once very long ago and you reacted kind of surprised (there were also some others, but I don't know who those were anymore), I didn't pay too much attention to it, but I heard some parts of it since I was sitting close by), so you probably saw yourself that way too at some point.

I also remember at one point you said that you were pansexual in our friendship, instead of calling yourself lesbian, at that point it already struck me as odd, since you said it out of nowhere to me, at that point, we were starting to hang out a lot, so maybe that was the connection, but I was unsure to what to think of it. You were maybe just experimenting with me, but maybe by doing so, you also started liking me too much, more than you expected. Well, in some way it's the same for me, that I was trying to see where this road with you would take me and by doing that, I started liking you as well.

Don't you think I felt weird for me hanging out with a girl that originally said she was into girls and had an identity crisis of who she is, but at the same time complimented me and smiled at me every time she saw me, what was I to think of it all Blank? (I had been openly bisexual since I was 14 years old. EVERYONE in my friend group has known since at the latest week 1. I never called myself a lesbian. I never said I was a lesbian. Again. Another example of how he doesn't listen and only hears what he wants to hear. That I was a lesbian turned bisexual by his irresistible gentlemanly charm which consisted of, giving me shallow compliments and not raping me. sexy.)

When I made that drawing of you at that time (the blue one on 10 March) that I showed you. How you responded to it, made me at least believe that you already knew that I had feelings for you. (I did not. I was uncomfortable.) After that drawing, you asked me not to make another one out of my head, because it made you uncomfortable, because I drew it out of my imagination, but you also said it was all right if I drew you like in model drawing sketches when you are around or if I was in your room and I wanted to draw you and I should just ask you if

I wanted to make a drawing of you and you would pose for me then. Just so you know I did my best to honor what you asked of me. (no you didn't. as the images of my previous post have shown AND as the images in THIS post will show. And when I said you can ask to draw me. I meant, practice sessions for victors class like we did in first year. Whenever he gave us homework to sketch 10 poses in 30 seconds, we would pose for each other as classmates to help each other with this homework. THAT is what I was fucking talking about.)

Part 3. Our friendship.

I am just tired of thinking about this and feeling sad about all this, only feeling depressed and not even knowing what I did wrong. Darn it Blank, couldn't you at least have said one nice thing to me, or said that you at least appreciated our friendship, but that things are just too difficult for you? You have no idea how hard it is to be unfriended by everyone and then by you too without knowing the reason and not knowing why. It would have meant so much if you could have said 1 nice thing to me or at least said goodbye to me in person. (Because I was done lying to placate you. But it seems that you only continue to lie)

you have no idea how much I suffered because of you and what you did. You simply said that we were never friends and when I asked you what the reason was you started the text with how it's not my fault, but then immediately wrote a whole text about how we do not vibe and that I am simply not fun and that you felt forced hanging out with me, to make it worse, all this doesn't add up with the time we spend together as friends, since we did have fun and you were laughing and even to the point that you were copying me. (by copying me he means that I got a black jeans jacket. He also has a black jeans jacket. His though, has hoodie sleeves, mine does not. And was also a gift from my now ex partner. I was not copying you. I was wearing a gift from someone I loved very much back then. Something you will never experience.)

As I said before your reasoning is missing your actual reason and normally people would come up with a bunch of examples, but you couldn't come up with a single one because there was never a single reason for you unfriending me. But argh! Why are you being so hateful towards me in the first place? You couldn't even say one nice thing, and at a time I could have used a friend too. (it wasn't. I told you my reasons. You just don't think they are good enough. Because no reason would be good enough. I could have said you killed my dog, and it wouldn't have been a good enough reason for you.)

Your answer only made me question myself as a person and if I am truly this despicable thing that you described, it only made me sadder and it only gave me stress. I could have used a friend the most with all those sorrows happening at that time you just dropped me into the abyss and never looked back.

I never wanted to bother you with any of my feelings, how I felt towards you, or that I was dealing with my problems and grief, but I did tell you about my cat Bino and that it was hard for me, I told you because I trusted you. I was happy that you tried to at least support me back then, but even then, I noticed how uncomfortable you already had become with me and you did ask me if I wanted a hug, and when we hugged. (The bino thing happened before I told him to fuck off btw. I didn't just take him back because he said his cat died. I just wanted to clarify cuz the way he frames it makes it seem that way.)

I felt that it was weird for you since you were stiff, so I stopped hugging you and when you asked me later again if I needed another hug, I declined it, since I didn't want to bother you and I knew you felt weird about it too. I wanted/needed another hug, but not if you don't feel comfortable about it. That's how good a friend I was to you, I always placed how you felt above my feelings.

That you now think of me as creepy is not all right, I always treated you with the best respectful behavior possible and always placed how you felt above my feelings. (if respectful behavior is what you think this was, I pity any girl you ACTUALLY try to rizz up in the future)

Part 4. - your relationship. (I have some words from my ex on this one actually they will be in blue.)

I've also tried my best to listen to you take an interest in Elliot and understand Elliot's story you told me, and I tried my best to show interest by asking questions about it.

I didn't do that because I cared about Elliot, but I was trying my best to be a friend to you. It wasn't easy, but I felt I should just be a friend and support you since that is what friends do. I guess, you were not used to people asking you in depth about your relationship, since it always made you sad.

I noticed that it was best not to ask too many questions about it because then you would also become unhappy about it since then it often came down to Elliot not finishing school or giving up something that you used to talk about so proudly, like baking or their career choice. I could read on you that it was hard for you since every time you tried so much for Elliot to get into those topics and then they just dropped them not much later. (I at the time was a little younger than Blank, and still figuring out what I wanted to do in life, therefore switching plans often, trying to find something I enjoyed doing. Which to a point yeah did frustrate Blank sometimes but they also understood it because we weren't at the same life stage.)

It was sad to see you trying so hard for nothing and it made you very sad. Or the time, Elliot had a family drama that was made to look much worse than it was when in reality deliberately, it was just Elliot's dad staying at their home (You always panicked so much, and it was sad to see you so worried and panicking about something that in reality was no big deal). (lemme explain this one. Elliot and their father were not on good terms at this time. And we were having a phone call and Elliot fell asleep during it. And all of a sudden I hear the voice of a strange man, coming in and berating them.

A voice I did not recognize from the house, so I started yelling back, hoping that if this guy realizes there is a witness to his bs, he would stop whatever he was trying. In my mind. This was a stranger, who made their way into the home of a young woman while she was sleeping. To minimize this is so in character for someone that believes he is a gentleman for not raping me. To know this is how you really think Kevin, makes me even sicker of you)

Even calling Elliot your boyfriend or girlfriend or partner seemed difficult for you since even that switched non-stop, which seemed to confuse you on who you are, and who you are is important to you. It's still engraved in my memory how sad you looked at that time. Your schoolwork suffered because you had to stay up way too late to talk to Elliot online since the time zones are too different. I still remember from the sound walk when I asked you for the first time about your relationship you told me this.

(I was having some gender struggles at the time and so was Blank and we both just spoke to each other to explore our identities and try and see if maybe there were things that fit better. But having a crisis phase at some point is kinda normal for anyone who doesn't fit into the gender norm. Like me, I experimented but consider myself a Cis Woman and am happy that way.)

(My schoolwork didn't suffer by the way. I always turned in my shit on time, and Elliot actually helped me with some of it.

Yeah sure I sometimes lost some sleep or came in late like...3 times but, Isn't that the university experience for everyone? I got better fucking marks than you Kevin. Not to mention the timezone thing wasn't a problem for JUST me but also for Elliot SHE lost some sleep to. Stop making it sound like She was FORCING me to stay up.)

That Elliot just asked you out of the blue to have a relationship and you were unsure about it but said yes anyway because you felt pressured, because of their constant nagging. I also asked you if you were happy with your relationship with Elliot back then and you said; no not really, but you did feel content with it and you had the urge to take care of someone, because you wanted to feel needed, so it was fine. In all honestly speaking, feeling content in a relationship sounds really crap.

(Elliot did not nag me. yes they were the first to ask and at the time I was simply not sure, and was also very afraid. I was under the impression back then that...being in a relationship would mean that I would be manipulated into being someone I am not. Because I thought that nobody would want to just, be with me.

They HAD to have some sort of ulterior motive to make me into someone they wanted, because they couldn't possibly just want me for me, because who in their right fucking mind would? It took getting to know Elliot better to realize she wanted me for me. And despite it not working out I don't regret that decision)

Taking care of someone is the lamest reason I have ever heard in my life for a relationship, what would you do when things get tough on you and you are the one who needs taking care of, whether physically or mentally? Do you think someone who has a bookwork of mental problems of their own is going to take care of you? How long do you think they can keep that up? (I do have problems, but am far from helpless, and I work very hard to fix myself. It hurts me to read this, because I used to think of myself as burden to Blank a lot of the time, which they always assured me I

wasn't. We supported each other, Blank didn't just support me, heck I was the one who realized first what Kevin was doing and tried to get Blank to realize it, but they insisted he was just a little socially inept, but I was worried a lot that Kevin would end up doing something horrible to Blank. And I do wanna say here, I kinda called it that he was a creep) (thank you very much XD

If anything one of the things I admired most about Elliot was their resilience to always better themselves and improve and work at themselves. It was one of the reasons I loved them so much

Also. I don't want to hear from someone like You, Kevin what a good reason for a relationship is. You who wants nothing more than his lil dark skinned, tomboy, tsundere hentai waifu, whom he fantasies about taming with his dick)

The situation will always be about them and their problems instead. It's probably your female feelings that are inside your genetics that bring this urge to take care of someone else out of you. I just found your relationship sad and toxic for you. A relationship should be about romance, truly loving someone, being equals, and placing the other person above your feelings. You are, stuck in a relationship with some sad shit from America that will probably end up trying to keep you hostage in the relationship by making threats on their own life when you finally do try to end it, but hey that's your choice. (Funny thing. Before I started the relationship one of my conditions was that neither of us ever got to threaten to kill themselves to keep the other hostage. It was a condition for me to say yes. And neither of us ended up doing that shit when it ended. The one time that I DID assert my boundaries at that time, was when it came to suicide threats, because I'd been on their receiving end before at that time and did not wish for a repeat.)

Someone needed to tell you the truth at least once. But I knew even with all that crap that made you super unhappy you still tried your best for Elliot. If there is a single moment you would stop trying for that relationship it would have ended immediately, but only you kept it going. You tried your best, like even if Elliot was into weird stuff, you tried it yourself, even if you thought it was weird yourself (for example the gore-porn crap. Ironically you thought it was weird when I did the same and tried to play the same games as my friends did, like the Smite game (I didn't like that game, it was boring). (Elliot wasn't into gore porn. WE both liked gore art at the time, and I had a character who in the story I made for him was a necrophiliac-but again, selective hearing. He thinks everything is just about me being a naïve lil shit being manipulated into trying to please people. A part of me thinks he needed to believe that so that he could convince himself he could have manipulated me into pleasing HIM. Everything that I liked, that he didn't want me to like, he just convinced himself I only did because I was forced to by someone. That's how he justifies fucking everything)

Because you were my friend, I respected your choice and tried my best to support you, even though it did hurt me to see you so sad all the time (considering your social skills, I do not believe you can distinguish facial expressions well.) and that even your schoolwork and health were declining because of it.(my health? I was sick cuz the Netherlands is windy as shit and therefore fucking COLD most of the goddamn time!) I tried helping you with your schoolwork a lot because you were falling behind. (tf did you DO?! Also, I was falling behind because I am bad at time management in General...because I had undiagnosed ADHD at the time. Got diagnosed this year. Taking my meds like a good boy now. Also partially thanks to Elliot and my other friends)

I would honestly have felt better if you dated someone else (not me in this example(right. Totally not you. mhm.) , but anyone else who would treat you better) who cared more for you too, and your problems, health, and school and helped you with all that. But there I was. A fool trying to comfort you, trying my best to make you happy and support you, all in the name of friendship. (Elliot did care about me and helped me with my health, and school, you just didn't see that, because that would mean she's better than you. Which IS true, even now, despite us no longer being together)

Do you even realize that I had nothing to gain from all that and that I just wanted to help you, even though it kind of killed me inside, but I decided to be your friend... Looking back, I actually think you went with Elliot because you were afraid of studying abroad at the School and connected yourself with a weird relationship with someone from America, where you actually know yourself that it will never work from the start and you secretly felt safe with it, I guess feeling safe in this way, where you don't have to think about lives chooses is just important for you, even if it doesn't make you happy. (sure long distance relationships don't always work out and I was aware of that possibility. But that didn't mean I wasn't willing to give it a try for someone I cared about a lot)

To substantiate this, you only have that relationship when you came to the School because you are quite insecure and again you want to feel safe. Too afraid to make real connections with people; You have said this to me on several occasions, that it makes you panic about trying to make connections with people in real life. Heck, you were already saying this back then on the Soundwalk and many other times.

I guess back then I still felt happy and proud that you trusted me as much as you did back then because you said all those things and trusted me with all that personal stuff about yourself. As long as you were with Elliot, I would never have tried anything with you, because I cared about you as a friend. That is just how much I cared about our friendship and how much I cared about you. (again this was not me trusting you, this was my bad oversharing habit. Which is also part of my mental illness, go figure.)

I never said what I thought about this thing of what you call a relationship, since it was your choice and I simply supported you. Know this, seeing and hearing you cry over it, all the time wasn't making things easier for me but I did help you regardless and I never asked anything for all my help. Friends help each other, without asking for anything in return, that is just how friendships should be. (you are saying it like I cried on your shoulder. YOU asked, how things were going, every. Single. Day. We met. I said, how things were going, sure I probably said a lil too much, because again, oversharing, but I just answered your question. But you interpreting it as me crying about it, is on you.)

Part 5. The 4th year (2022).

Our friendship was the only that made coming to that god-forsaken school worthwhile, but even that turned out crap and now I didn't even get a chance to stand with my classmates at the graduation show, the diploma photo, and end our time in a positive way. All that was taken away from me by you and you even made it so that I couldn't do my end project because I had to go to the school commission and defend myself against a corrupt principal and manager...

To show you what kind of monster pit you put me in with this corrupted Dean. Here are some articles for you to read in these links, especially the comments of other people. (You can let the web browser translate the pages, since it is in Dutch.)

(Links have been removed since they are news articles about our school which I am not exposing here)

Here is the link to 2 WhatsApp conversations in that shit group that monster Chleo dictates. Link:

(link is removed the post will include the screenshots he also included in his long ass class letter.)

I am the one person who never tried to influence you in any way, sure I tried sometimes to do some fun things with you, but I always asked you beforehand, and I never asked twice after you said no. (again. Not true. You fucking liar) I always asked your opinion and respected your boundaries. (if you had we might even still be talking today) I wanted you to think about your own decisions and that you stood behind them. I truly liked you as a person and I would never try anything to change that crazy side of you. That part of letting you think for yourself and being true to yourself was what I liked and what I encouraged. Sadly, you never learned anything from that encouragement and never asked me questions yourself about any of it. (No. you 'encouraged' me to have new experiences I didn't want, so that I would be oh so happy to have tried it, and be grateful to you and give you a blowjob as a thank you cuz I am just such a crazy manic pixie dream girl who is so quirky uwu. The truth is I was an insecure introvert, who didn't feel worthy of having boundaries respected, trying to just survive a university that had worse organization abilities than me, which is saying something.)

I always knew that when we left school, our friendship would diminish in time, (this was my original plan. To just let this happen. But then he managed to push me so far that I had to do what I did to just have my peace) but I always hoped when we would see each other a couple of years later that it would be like we never left each other's company. (oh no worries I am much angrier at you now than I was back then because it finally sank in just how disrespectful you were. So if we do see each other again, call an ambulance but not for me) It surprised me that you couldn't handle my presence and became so emotional when you saw me.

At some point I just saw you as my best friend and thought you didn't feel the same way I did, so I just tried to be the best friend possible. (if this is how you treat your best friends, I am not surprised you have none)

Another thing that was just weird was how you unfriended me in such a cold way, so out of character (no. it was the first in character thing I feel I have done in your presence) and I guess that also explains why you unfriended me in such a way instead of just letting things end normally, like after we were done with school or talk it out with me, it

was really weird and it didn't make any sense back then to me, even to the point of avoiding to have talk things out together, even if a teacher would be present.

That you just can't handle seeing me kind of proof it, that you do have feelings for me, (Hurgh!) but simply don't know what to do with them. I feel stupid now, that I never saw that you were testing me all this time, there were so many times that you were testing me and trying me out, but I was just blind and trying to be a good friend that I just couldn't see it. I guess my trying to be that perfect friend has led that I didn't see those hints anymore. I don't know what to think about it anymore now if I look back to it. (as you can see, this boi is now twisting it into, him having fumbled, when there was never anything to be fumbled in the first place.)

I just wanted you to trust me and feel proud of our friendship, but the opposite happened apparently... and you started to hate me for not a single reason... I still remember when we met again after a long time on Rami's birthday what you said to me. I asked you when we were going to hang out again and you replied annoyed that I should stop asking and said that it was creepy. (no. you said. And I quote since your memory is so shit "I waited the whole year to see you again" and I said. That that was creepy. Which it was.)

Do you want to know why I wanted to meet you so badly after summer vacation? It was because I wanted to buy your darn Birthday cupcake that I promised to buy for you on your birthday in WhatsApp (go scroll up in the conversation and you will see for yourself) and I wanted to show a nice gesture since it hasn't been easy for you as well in that year. (I wouldn't eat anything you touched)

I tried my best to be there for you too when you lost your best friend (he originally said her name here. which when I read it made my piss boil, because he has no right) and I was glad that you took my advice on writing the story you had with your best friend, you not only did that but made an amazing animation filled with so much emotion too, it was truly beautiful in its way I know I couldn't be there physically for you because of the quarantine when even traveling to other countries was restricted and I am sorry I couldn't be more of some help in those tough times for you, but you were with your friends and family in Germany so I thought everything would turn out all right for you.

But still, some things you wrote had me worried about you and if you were doing all right mentally, so I wanted to cheer you up. I just wanted to give you something for your birthday nothing more. The FUCKING quarantine and then you had a shift of behavior towards me out of nowhere and you just got more and more annoyed by me asking to meet up and probably you had people whispering lies in your ear, asking if you loved me or that I loved you.

(I did take your advice, it was one of the only good ideas you ever had. The animation I made right after I found out during an allnighter because I couldn't sleep for obvious reasons that day. Go fuck yourself. Also. Cheering me up? Like you tried to cheer me up after I told everyone what was going on, and sent me a link to AN ARTICLE ABOUT THE ACCIDENT, with fucking PICTURES of her wrecked vehicle? I know you wanted to send it to me, to say that a lot of accidents happen at that particular road section, but at that time, it was really not the most fucking tactful thing you did and the only reason I didn't blow up on you is because I was too fucking in shock and out of it, to DEAL with your socially retarded ass. Also, and I am sorry if I sound like the Will Smith meme but, keep her name, out of your FUCKING MOUTH!)

All creating stress. Urgh..., it's sad that you weren't strong enough to let those people talk thrash and not listen to them, so now we both lost a friend (no. My friends gave me strength. They gave me the strength to walk the fuck away. In the words of Megan because it really fucking fits here, you Chris Chan ass motherfucker: I can't keep throwing away my pride little by little just to keep you satisfied, you know what I mean? There has to be an "enough is enough" at some point. And I cannot continue to disgrace myself by forgiving things that I never find forgivable in the first place.) That Troll Chleo was laughing at us and enjoying the spectacle, I saw it with my own eyes. That ugly bitch was the one responsible for everything, that demon was so afraid that we would be a couple that she ruined our friendship. You have probably already seen the letter I sent to almost the whole class, except for you of course. Even though it was that disgusting stalker Chleo who manipulated you, make no mistake, I fully realize that you decided to believe those cursed lies and it was you who never asked me anything, instead you were the one who pushed me out of your life for no reason, set the whole class against me and it was you who falsely reported me twice! Anyway, you can read that letter in this link;

(link has been removed, again, but no worries....you can read it in a diff document if you are interested)

If all this wasn't enough, you even reported me to the school that I was bothering you? Even though I was avoiding you all this time after you unfriended me. Do you know how hard things have been for me? I was avoiding you because I couldn't handle seeing you anymore, it was painful for me. (You should read the older messages; I was clueless about what was happening and why you did those things to me).

I believe as well in WhatsApp way back then I wrote this, that I know how stubborn you are and that talking to you was hopeless, so I simply did not talk to you and that if you wanted contact with me, it should come from you. I knew if I did try to talk to you, it would make it only worse, since how you acted already towards me. But then you started getting annoyed by seeing me and by my presence to the point you couldn't handle it and reported me to the school. No matter what your view only got worse, I didn't go to the third lesson from Victor, (you went to the first two though. And for those reading. It went like this: first one, he came in late when everyone already has their easels picked out and was working. He stood behind Chleo and I in the back...and just didn't do anything. He didn't pick up an easel, he just stood there. Eventually Chleo turned around and said 'do something' because if he was here to fucking model draw, he should model draw. And he did pick up an easel and got to work. Dude really came in, stood directly behind us, and didn't have the decency to pretend to be busy, just staring like Michael fucking Myers. When everyone got ready to leave and I washed my hands, he made it a point to walk past me as close as fucking possible.

The second fucking lesson we had a nude female model. And as I was preparing my space, having come early, some other guy puts his easel behind me and it was fine, but then Kevin comes in, and I hear him ASKING this guy, if he could have that space, and since the guy had no idea who Kevin was he just said sure, since there was plenty of space left still. Kevin went OUT OF HIS WAY to ask a guy if he could have the space directly behind me.

Also there is an etiquette to nude model drawing classes. One of them is, you do not touch the model. If you want them to do a certain pose you demonstrate the pose yourself so they mimic it. You do not touch them to maneuver them in the way you want. We were also allowed to bring props, and Kevin brought some of those articulated claws you can put on for her to pose with, and he attempted to HELP put them on, which if this was a normal clothed person would be fine but this is a naked, female, stranger.

Victor our illustration teacher immediately stopped him saying she can do it herself and she did. Just...the fact this guy could not read the goddamn room, that he as a clothed, man, is in a way different power position than a naked female in a room full of people, I felt so sorry for her and was so glad Victor was there and she took it with grace but dear lord he disgusted me a thousand times more after that. After seeing his non-existent regard of the situation didn't even apologize and be like 'sorry I wasn't thinking' he was just silent and watched as she put the claws on and then went to his place.)

and I didn't go to any parties of the class after that first one (since you went there too), I tried to work with the first years in a way that I would avoid the main animation floor, I tried to avoid going to school in general for you, I was afraid that you had some mental problem...but even if you saw me only like 10 times in our fourth year I hadn't talked to you since the day you unfriended me, you still went on and on with hating me... I don't want to believe that you realize what you were doing and that it was on purpose and truly believe in the story that you created around us, but for me, it was truly a shock. (I'm not the one making shit up Kevin.)

The one person I cared for the most in that school, tried to get me expelled I felt hopeless like you wanted to force me even more into the abyss... What were you even trying? Were you trying to push me over the edge? I really can't handle any more of this, it broke me.

I just hope that wasn't your intention at least to try to get me expelled and hurt me so much, as you did, and to make it even worse you even reported me a second time when I asked Julia (a different friend of our group who is actually Chleo's childhood best friend) to ask some people of the group to talk some things out with, who I had a discussion with. You were not even part of that discussion, but I did understand that you were the only one that responded and ruined my chances of talking things out with some other people, by ranting whole pages of text that only were negatives about me.

I was hoping with that meeting to expose that devil Chleo of what that thing was. have no idea why you felt the need to respond at all, it wasn't about you! It was not easy for me, I mean how I felt towards you and dealing with those feelings, but I did try my best to be a friend and not bother you with my feelings, since I knew that would place you in a difficult spot too.

So, I did that and never bothered you with my feelings. I knew that you had this character view of yourself and that certain aspects of it were important to you. That character view of yourself, also scared me, since even if we had something, would you be happy with me, I felt like you would feel uncertain with yourself because of that character view, I think that character view also plays a part in all this and why you are so uncertain and what led to this whole mess.

Like I already said to you in our second year, you are a bit weird, but I could see through all that and see the real you (at least so I thought). It's not like I chose to hang out with you, you know it just kind of happened because we both enjoyed it. (No. you wanted to hang out with me. And I said yes because I was running errands and I lived close by enough that I could quite literally just go home and slam the door in your face if I had enough.)

You had a say in it, you enjoyed it and it was your free choice. All the hanging out together played a role for me, but I embraced the idea of just being friends with you. Why is it that I can accept you and who you are, but you can't accept me?

Part 6. Last say

I've always liked hanging out with you and doing all those things with you and even helping you out. I look back at our friendship as fun and exciting but with a painful ending where you betrayed our friendship. It's sad that even if you wanted to end our friendship you couldn't at least have one talk about it in person with me, but you didn't want to talk to me anymore in any way.

I see myself as rational and someone who is considerate and is always open to a talk, if you wanted to end it then I would have agreed to your decision, since what choice would I even have in the first place? I deserved that much from you after being friends with you for 3 years and helping you with everything.

As you said in your message in WhatsApp; friendships cannot be forced and end up sometimes being one-sided and they just end. I always listened and you were the one who made all the decisions in our friendship, I just came up with ideas for us to do and you would agree or disagree. Well, it definitely ended up one-sided in this friendship, but that's only because at one point you didn't talk to me anymore and that was after 3 years of friendship.

It didn't just end, it ended so suddenly, without any explanation, which only makes it harder to deal with. As I said, it was your choice and I have always done my best to listen to you and what you wanted. If you ever felt that I was bothering you in any way you could have just told me yourself, I mean I would still be confused but I would listen to you anyway, since I simply didn't want you to hate me... I would have liked to do many nice things with you.

- Eating lasagne together when we graduated, since I know it is your favorite food.
- Eating the Thailand food that you would make yourself, that you promised me.
- I wanted to see your hometown in Germany once in your home town(see that bridge and church, that you told me about), and get a personal tour from you, as you promised me. (I said, at the time nonchalantly 'if you're ever around maybe I'll give you a tour' knowing that that would never happen. It wasn't a promise, it was one of those things ppl say when they talk about their hometown that you will never visit)
- In all honestly, I was hoping that you would make a character inspired by me, (like you did of me?) in one of those stories in your book/verse. Heck, I was even originally planning to put up a commission to make a character inspired by me in your style. (so when I don't do it of my free will you would just pay me to do it) But you never had your commission then and when you finally did, I was trying to be your friend and I was just afraid to make things weird between us by asking that. *You can have these images, after I send this letter, I will throw these into the trash can and delete them forever. Everything I ever drew of you was only as a friend and that was how I drew you, and only because I admired you as a person, they were never out of context or something weird. I don't want to see them anymore. Link:
(link has been removed again but I promise you...he did not. Draw me. as a friend. Ever.)
- Making a lot of animations together that we could be proud of. Like some cool fighting animation. I always thought your drawing style was impressive and wanted to do some productions with you in the future.(I will die before I work in the same studio as you)

- Going to Comic-Con together. I saw the perfect game character that you could have cosplayed. Jade, from “Beyond Good and Evil 2” That new version of Jade from the 2nd game looks exactly like you already, you would only need the jacket and some cool sword. (googled who she is. Of course he’d wanna see me in that. Also feels like he is fetishizing my race a lil bit ngl, das like calling your Indian girlfriend ‘jasmine’ or your ‘indian princess’ or some shit like that)
 - Go to all kinds of amusement parks together, as we talking about doing. (no we didn’t. I talked about how I went to universal studios orlando, with my girlfriend of the time.)
 - Heck, I would also have liked to go to a hard-rock (metal) concert with you.
- And many other fun things together, too many to name them all. It’s also a real shame that all those ideas we’ve been talking about are never going to happen. (too many to name? even the ones you named I never agreed to)

I don’t want your Apology; (you’re not getting one) I don’t want anything from you! I never did!(yeh you did, I was just too dumb to realize it early enough) I already had that experience with you when you apologized and said sorry a bunch of times, you never thought about how I felt about all this, and you never even bothered to talk and check how I was doing, no you were so convinced of the web of lies that you were trapped in that you never considered anything else.

At least I know now who you are now. Even until the last day I hoped to hear a small whisper of you saying goodbye, but that didn’t happen, no instead you were hiding under the desk of that demon Chleo, the one responsible for it all. (nah that was all me. she supported me AFTER I told you to fuck off. That is also when I learned of all the other shit you pulled that I wasn’t there for) She must have had a real blast of you acting so pathetic and that you did not even once have a conversation with me, you made it so easy for her to manipulate you.

If I could turn back time, I would never help you with any of it all, helping you with homework, writing, schedules, 3D and so much more... it was all a waste of time. I never hated you, not even now, even though I have more than enough reason for it, you just disappointed me more than I thought anyone could have. Our friendship ended the day you threw it away for no reason in December 2021.

It was your choice and I never had any say in it. (yet you tried) But I do want to have my say in all this and give you a full view of how I experienced it and maybe you understand some parts better now and how I looked at you. I will never know what you thought about me, but I don’t care anymore. This letter is my farewell to you for good.

Tschüss Legal Name.

(fucking die.)