

*Letters to the
Heart of Julia*

August 5th, 1987 at 13:30 p.m, the alarm rings, what release the herd afternoon period, ready to get to the gate of Stanford State high school, where it starts another period of studying.

Again at big and huge school in the fifth block, Julia takes a deep breath, and after only three steps she can find herself lost in her thoughts, she walking around the building corridor, when something scares her, Izzy, the boss inspector at school.

- Fast walk, slow girl, the signal has already rang fifteen minutes - Izzy screams while he drags her by her arms through the corridor inside the school.

Then Julia enters in classroom and quickly, as usual, she sits at last row of class without having her presence noticed.

It couldn't have been any worse, my two first classes were math, that's the subject I hate the most in my life. when I think of all those contents as arithmetic progression and pythagorean theorem my mind vibrates and my throb nervers, I only thought about going back home.

Once more I get myself thinking of Simon, just as a soft whisper in my mind.

- And here we go again.

I cover my ears with my hands immediately, I lay down my head on a table, but it is too late my tears are dropping down my face.

After I had hit my head in the wall accidentally while sleeping, Julia woke up sleepy with a blurry view of the twins. "Oh no, the beverly hills girls".

-Wake up, nerd geeky girl, said Fergie on a snob voice. The most disturbed girl of the twin sisters. She made clear she was looking for trouble.

I counted 10 mentally, then I got up and left to the canteen. Nothing has changed at the it, it's still the same disgusting rice, that old beef. Today is the birthday of a an old lady who i'm sure pretty she has been locked up here for at least two years, we had a party and we played Today is the birthday of a an old lady who i'm sure pretty she has been locked up here for at least two years, we had a party and we played many kindergarten games. kindergarten games. The time went by in a snap, after it I returned to my room 13 at the mental hospital, and before I could get bored with that unproductive Biology class, I was at home lying with Mom telling us there was strogonoff for dinner. Strogonoff, ah, if there is anything that can improve my life, this something is to have strogonoff at dinner.

5 months later ...

The semester is almost over, but i can't go on any longer. I have so many problems that makes me overwhelmed. There are my family problems, problems with society and the big problem "I"! Sometimes thinking of ending everything, with a simple huge dosage of medicines that would make me fall asleep forever.

After keeping my head down on that huge Rio Branco avenue. Simon began to attack my thoughts, overwhelming them and ending with what I had left of my consciousness. Once again I let my emotional side affect me, transforming everything into sadness, hurt and anguish into tears.

Everything happened was just fine until that moment, until the traffic lights opened and a high light shot me meters away, at that moment all I could hear were the horns and the impacts of the cars crashing against one another.

The rush in that hospital could be seen everywhere, the case was delicate, an internal hemorrhage in the right lung, it was remarkable that all that was fleeting and in a matter of seconds, I would enter into a terminal state, there would be no more pain nor anguish. Then my eyes closed

everything was dark, suddenly a movie of my life started and I soon recognized as second view on my past. On one side was Simon darkening all my memories and destroying any trace of hope that I might have had on the other side Miss. McKein, the psychologist, yes! It was herself, enveloped by a strong, but small light, clearing only a part of that whole film, the same one that kept Simon away for 2 years, 2 years without problems, until she died of an overdose. It was when I realized that instead of helping her, she only helped whom she believed she could heal, and that her biggest mistake, but she was once again trying to help me, at the point where I had no one else!

- 3, 2, 1 .. One more, she's waking up. said in a distant voice.

After 3 shocks in a row I woke up, with a terrible pain throbbing post surgical, no doubt the best time of my life, the first time I really felt alive!

The doctors jumped because they could have saved one more life. In that case, and I could only think of mrs. McKein, she was there, there wasn't any undesirable thoughts, no more anguish, no more suicide! And for the last time, I saw myself away from that huge depression, Simon.