

I can't swim. I don't want to swim. I will be cold and shivering. I will be out of breath and with no clothes to wear or air to breathe. My lungs will be full of water and chlorine and I will be gasping for air. My parents put too much pressure on me. They want to drill a hole in my head. I can't keep swallowing these mouthfuls of water and coughing them up one by one.

I do not want to play. I don't want to play piano anymore. There's nothing else I'd rather do than to stop playing. I feel so drained every time I play. People will only know me as the person who played piano. I don't want to have won my life as a pianist. I will be stuck playing piano until I die. I wish they could stop being so angry at me. They have no reason to be so crude.