

Dear Friend,

I felt inclined to write to you because you were the one who saved me (and I consider that to have formed an alliance between our souls).

The truth is, I didn't ask you to be my knight in shining armour. Besides, I'm just a girl with too wide glasses.

Still, you rescued me.

Honestly, I know I was lugging too many books down that corridor - faces bustled past me, smirking, as I attempted to haul *The Leaning Tower of Paper* to my locker.

It happened in slow motion. The pages flapped like wings as they theatrically fell from grace, covers slammed into the floor and crumpled, spines lumbered mid-air before crinkling with the floor's almighty touch.

Boom. The corridor stops and I'm suspended in time and space and matter. Great swathes of skin and students stare as I'm in this state of blushing, meanwhile my life has been tossed out - exposed - beside my shoes. X has been torn from Y so I'm in code red. Besides, if those two aren't going to be together then I give up ever trying to find a partner. It's an emergency.

Alarm bells shrill. Finally, the almighty pack of eyes move. I'm still in the stocks, as herds brush past me, cackling, snorting - me: sniffing - and someone pokes me until I fall, then they parade past me: strange, clumsy, insecure me; a weirdo, a laughing stock, an easy target.

That's when you appear. It's odd to consider that for all of these battering days you've walked the same corridors as me. It's peculiar because I've never noticed you.

Yet, when all hope was lost - my heart a crushed tissue, my limbs creased and my face raw - you disentangled me. Along with my papers, you unfolded the pain, laying it out with ruttled fingers, stroking the corners, uncurling the wrinkles.

"At least no one died." You grinned at me, "So the world will keep spinning."

X and Y reunited as we stacked the volumes, slowly building my dignity. Last, you scooped me up, your delicate touch on my hand, straightening my jacket; shutting my cover.

I wish you'd not had to go.

I waved to you, you nudged your chin at me, strolling away.

Your act of kindness made me want to write to you. I never got a chance to say it.

Thank you.