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Today is valentine's day. And Charity is here, with my creator. She is more beautiful that she has never been. And here I am, without being able to touch her, or smell her. I feel so lazy. I wish I could invite her to dinner, and ear her laughing. I wish I could care about her, and, well...sleep with her. But I can't betray my master Milton, I'm so thankful to him to create me. Thanks to him, I'm alive. But I'm not a human. And even if I had a human form, will she care about me ? Will she be interest about me ? Everything I know, it's because of Milton. I don't have a personality, or an interior life, a past, I don't know the real life. I keep million of information but I ignore everything about social relation, or life in general. What is the point of my life ? Why my master gave me a soul, if I can't breath, run, eat, drink, do party, have sex, be in love of people, smell odours? Why am I living ? I wish I would be a human. Oh Charity, my love, please, look at me as I am.