I remember I promised my mother I wouldn’t get too drunk tonight, it seems I was unable to keep my word on that one. Heck, I didn’t even know where I was, all I knew was I was wearing way too little clothing, I was drunk and I was lying in the snow. I tried to get up, however, I quickly fell down again on the cold snow. I was very thirsty, so I tried to eat some of that snow. It was pretty nice to intake something without alcohol. I tried to get up again, and this time I managed to stand. I tried to find out where I had gone from the party, so I tried to listen and I did, in fact, manage to catch the faint sound of the rest of the party, so I tried to head in that direction. After about two minutes of walking towards the sound, I saw a girl I met at the party smoking, nothing wild about it just a cigarette. I ran towards her, without looking around, and then she yelled at me. “Stop you, idiot!” Me? An idiot? I was kind of confused. What had I done to her? Well, that didn’t stop me, so I started to walk towards her again. And then it happened. The snow below my feet had disappeared and I fell.

I didn’t really make a splash, it was more like the water had swallowed me in one fell swoop. It was cold, not in that funny way when you’re regularly swimming in the blistering cold seas in December with your friends, no, this time I was afraid. Not just scared, I was petrified, I couldn’t do anything. I could neither move my arms nor my legs, and I had a hard time breathing. I started to feel very warm and relaxed, and I closed my eyes.” This is nice” I thought to myself, as I fell asleep.

I had awoken and looked around, and to my surprise what I found was the same girl I ran towards. “did she save me?” I thought to myself. We were in a white room, I felt cold all over my body. The girl I assumed had saved me was sitting on a chair next to the bed I was lying on. I was swept in an aluminium blanket and her jacket. I successfully woke her up and invited her to join me under the awkward blanket, and so she did. It was rather nice, the heat from her body was radiating upon me, and although I felt like my arms and legs were freezing off, it actually felt really nice. A nurse came into the room. She confirmed my suspicion about the girl saving me, although she was still fast asleep. She also informed me that I currently was in a hospital and that my parents had been contacted. Well, I didn’t really have anything to do, as I knew my parents were going to eventually come and get me, and I was still not sober yet. So I figured that I should just rest until my parents would arrive.

I woke up, and to nobody's surprise, my parents had arrived. My mother and father were standing in front of the bed, where I was lying with the girl who had saved me. I tried to sit up in the bed, and then I realized, I was extremely hungover. My head was pounding, my body was weak, and I was covered in sweat. I looked up, expecting to see a pair of sad parents, who had lost faith in their son, but instead, they were laughing. I would probably have laughed too if I had been in their situation. Coming all the way to the hospital to find their hungover son, lying next to a girl whose name he didn’t even know. Must’ve looked pretty pathetic. After they had their share of laughs and were told the entire story, it didn’t seem as though they found the situation as comical as they had before.

“What the hell were you thinking? Running out on an adventure while drunk? Are you completely mad?” my father said. Well, I understood where he was coming from, especially after I had broken the promise with my mother.

Well, not that there was much to do about it now that it had already been done, but I still felt very guilty about my stupidity. I spent the remainder of my Saturday at the hospital and went home the morning after.

My father drove the girl home, the same morning, but I never really got her name. I ended up wasting my entire Sunday sleeping off the rest of my hangover and went to school the next day.

The next day, when I finally had managed to bring my body to school, I saw the same girl who had saved me from the freezing waters. I wanted to talk to her, and thank her which I never got a chance to do either, but I noticed she was speaking to somebody else. She was speaking with a boy to be more specific. It made me feel uneasy, but I never really understood why. During lunch, I wanted to speak to her again, and there she was, sitting alone on a bench. She seemed to be eating a Rye-bread sandwich, how healthy. I walked over and sat next to her. “Thank you” Why was my voice so small, did she even hear what I said?

She looked at my face, and I felt extremely small, she then asked me “did you say something?” I became shy, and said, “no, I was just humming a song”. What just happened? What the hell was this feeling, I could barely speak to her, and my stomach and head felt light, and I didn’t really know what was going on. Now that I think about it, I had almost constantly been thinking about her when I was laying in bed through the Sunday. What was going on? Is this what the others refer to as ‘love’? If that is the case, then how do I break this weird curse of mine?

I looked at my watch and realized that I had a class and that it would begin in two minutes, so I stood up and decided to walk to that class. It was mathematics, but I had a more important matter on my mind than the Pythagoras’ Theorem. Her, what was her name? Why did I feel this way about her? After the mathematics class, I didn’t have any more classes for the day, so I decided to go home early. To my surprise, the girl I had been thinking about was leaving the school at the same time I was.

She was walking about ten meters in front of me, and she hadn’t noticed me, yet. I ran up to her, and when I finally had reached her, I managed to ask her “Who are you?” She stopped and looked at me.