

THE LIMBLESS OCTOPUS

BY POONEH YEKTA

DRAWN BY
SADAF HOSSEINI



CAST AND CREW :

ME

THE LITTLE ME

CATS*

T (MY BOYFRIEND)

M (MY EX)

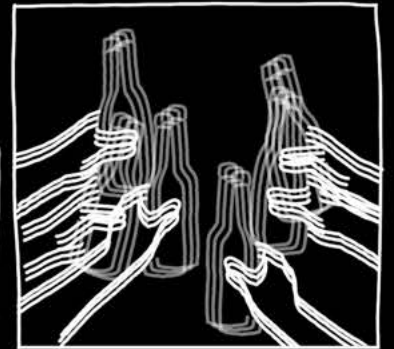
MY PARENTS

* AILUROPHOBIA IS A TYPE OF SPECIFIC PHOBIA: THE PERSISTENT, EXCESSIVE FEAR OF CATS. THE NAME COMES FROM THE GREEK WORDS αἴλουρος (AILOUROS), 'CAT' AND φόβος (PHÓBOS), 'FEAR'. OTHER NAMES INCLUDE FELINOPHOBIA, ELUROPHOBIA, AND CAT PHOBIA. A PERSON WITH SUCH A FEAR IS KNOWN AS AN AILUROPHOBE.

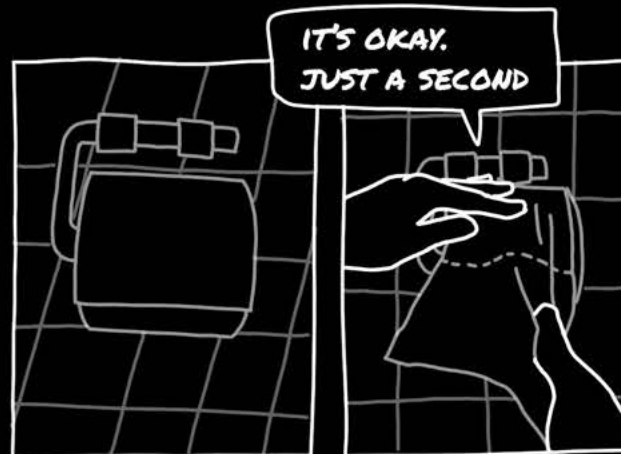
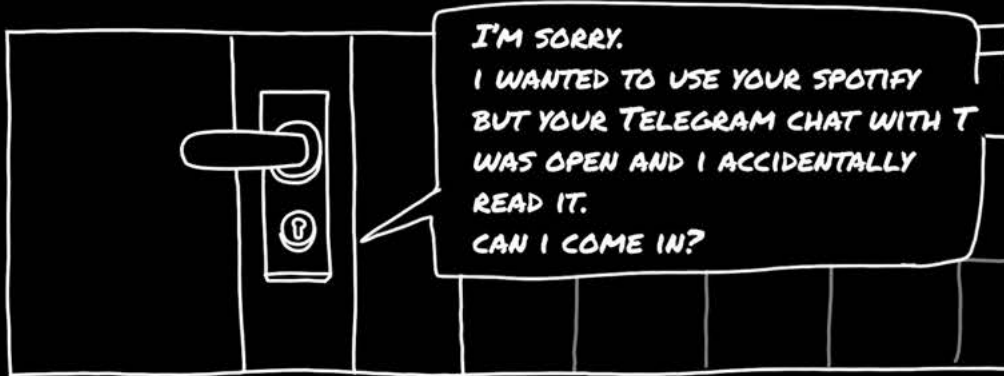
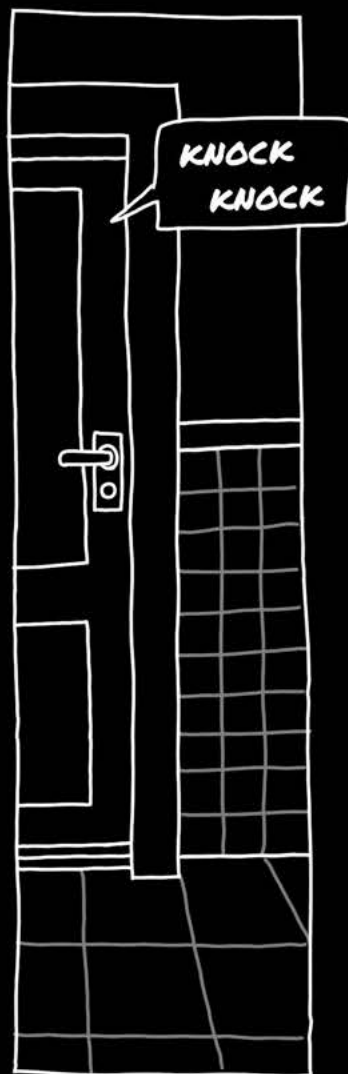
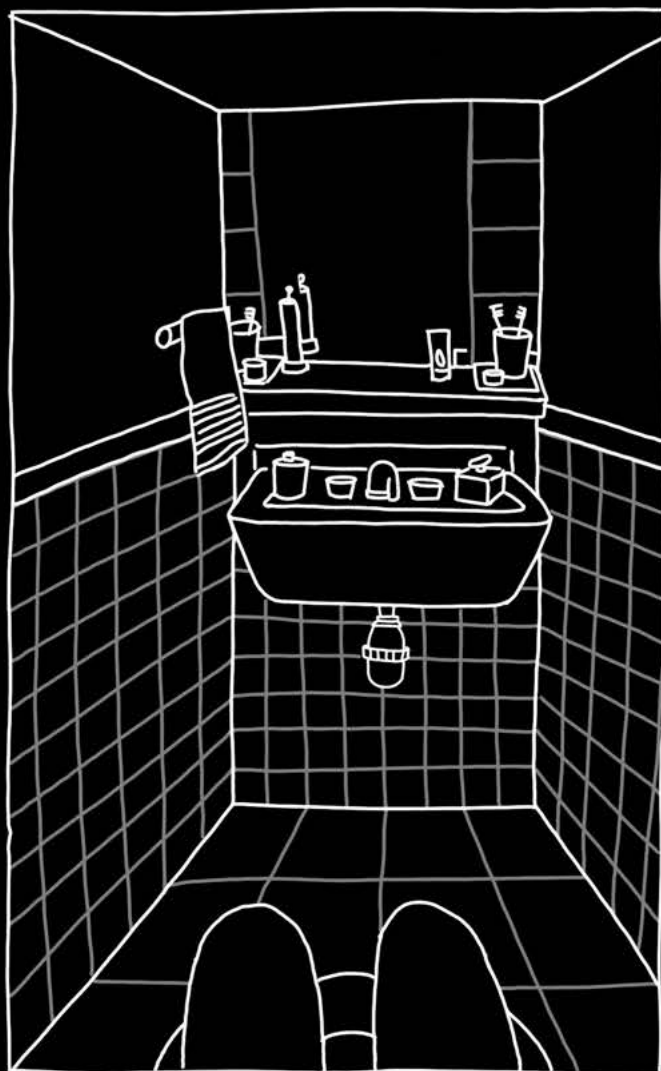


IT WAS SUMMER WHEN WE
STARTED TO TRY "POLYAMORY".
M, T, AND I.

I CAN'T REALLY SAY WHAT LED US
TOWARD THAT DECISION AND WHAT
HAPPENED BETWEEN T AND ME UNTIL
WE CAME UP WITH THIS IDEA. (IN CASE
MY PARENTS GET THE CHANCE TO READ
THIS ONE DAY). BUT IT DIDN'T LAST
LONG ANYWAY. IT WAS ONLY OCTOBER
WHEN M BROKE UP WITH ME. SO IT
WAS JUST ME AND T LEFT FROM THE
POLYAMORY. WHICH MEANT THAT NOW
IT WAS ONLY A MONOGAMY.







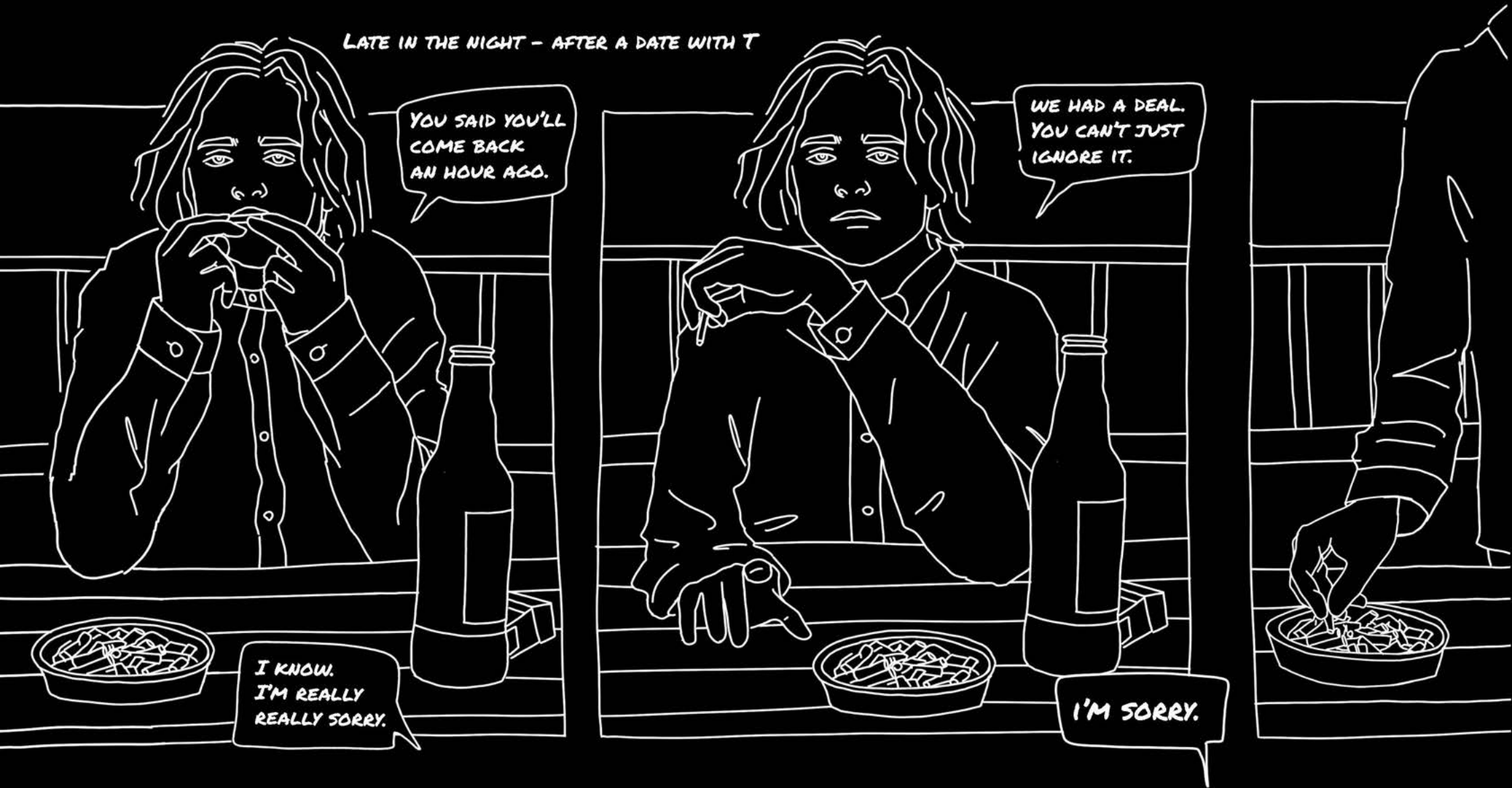
LATE IN THE NIGHT - AFTER A DATE WITH T

YOU SAID YOU'LL
COME BACK
AN HOUR AGO.

I KNOW.
I'M REALLY
REALLY SORRY.

WE HAD A DEAL.
YOU CAN'T JUST
IGNORE IT.

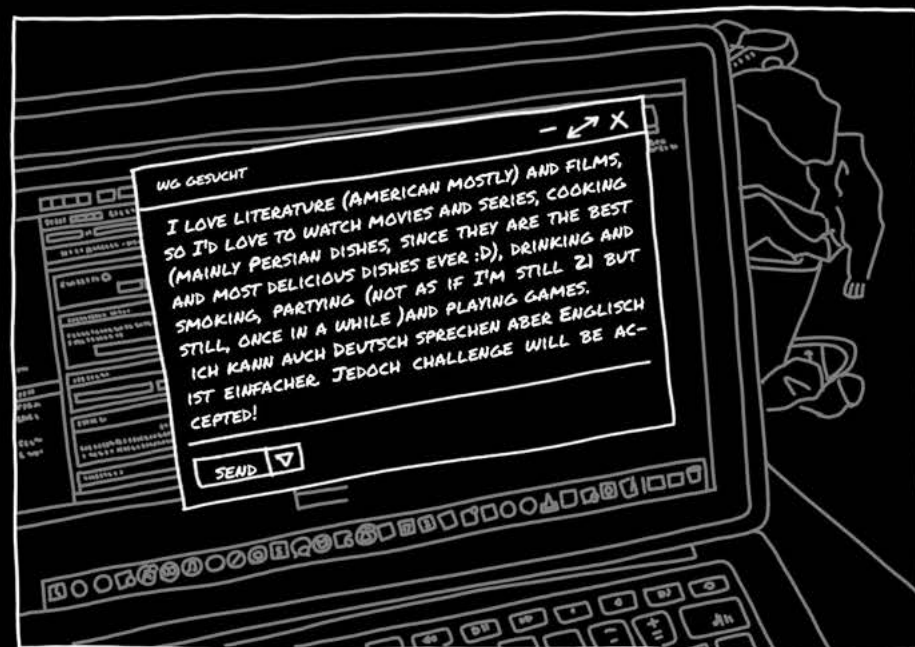
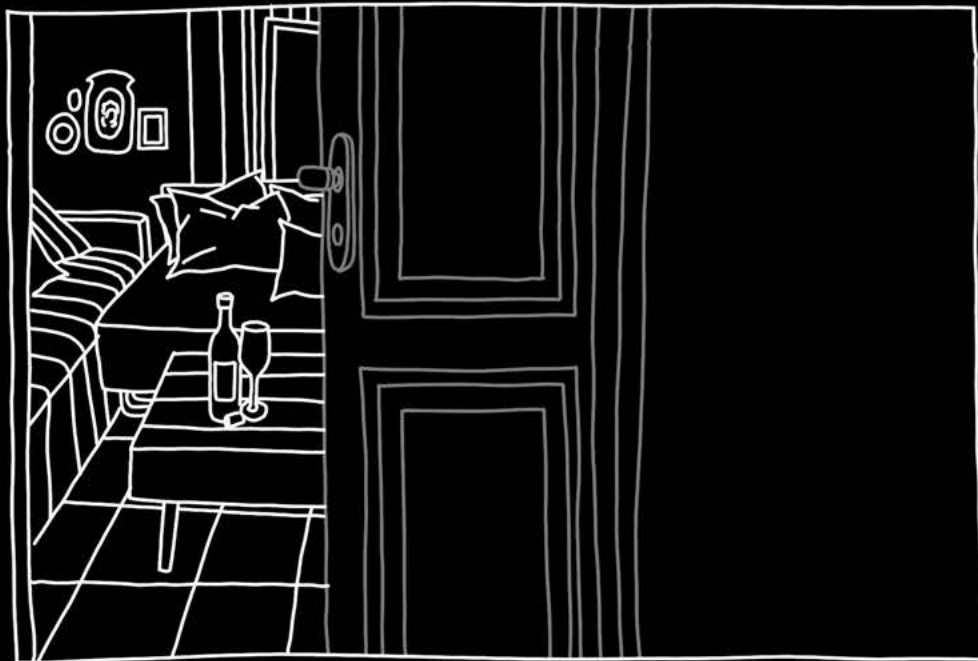
I'M SORRY.



I WAS AWARE OF M'S PAIN, BUT THE LOVE , PASSION, OR WHATEVER IT WAS BETWEEN T AND ME WAS SO POWERFUL THAT I HAD NO STRENGTH TO FIGHT AGAINST IT. IT WAS SUCH A PITY THAT M COULDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT. HE WASN'T ABLE TO LISTEN AND I WASN'T ABLE TO SHARE. I WAS LIKE A BOAT ON THE SEA IN A STORM, NOT KNOWING HOW TO SAIL IT THROUGH.

I HAD TO MOVE OUT OF OUR FLAT, WHICH WAS A NICE AND BIG ONE IN A GENTRIFIED NEIGHBORHOOD. WE WERE STILL ON OUR WAY TO MAKING IT LIKE A REAL HOME. WE'D FINALLY BOUGHT A COMFY IKEA COUCH, JUST TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE BREAK-UP. I ONLY GOT THE CHANCE TO SLEEP ON IT FOR A NIGHT, AFTER A BIG FIGHT THAT WE HAD. THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN I WOKE UP, I REMEMBER THE ONLY THING THAT COULD DISTRACT ME FROM MY HANGOVER WAS THAT IKEA COUCH. THE THOUGHT THAT AT LEAST WE HAVE A COUCH NOW.

I LEFT THE FLAT TO SOMEONE IN THE FUTURE TO CONTINUE THE PROCESS OF MAKING IT LIKE A HOME WITH HIM. ND SO MY JOURNEY STARTED. SAME AS THE DARK AND COLD WINTER.



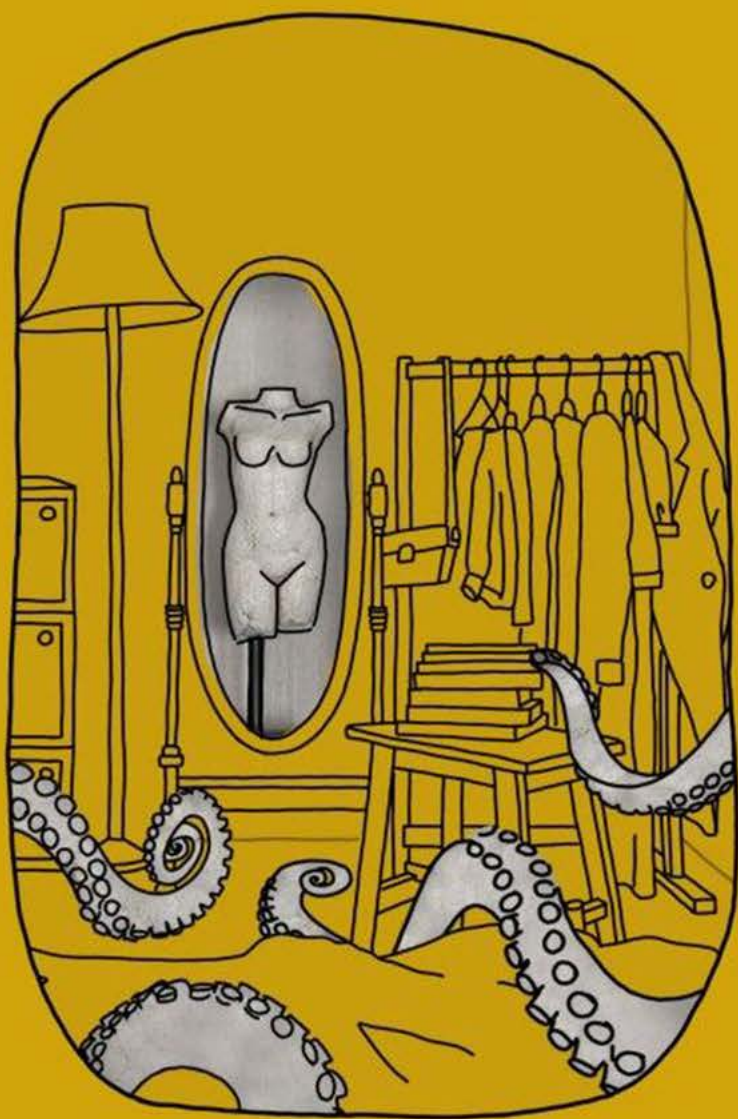
I HAD NOTHING TO DO EXCEPT WAIT FOR THE LANDLORDS TO ANSWER MY EMAILS IN WHICH I HAD TRIED TO PRESENT THE BEST VERSION OF MYSELF. ALTHOUGH, WHEN IT CAME TO FLAT VIEWING AND MEETING THEM FACE TO FACE, ONLY THE "LITTLE ME" WAS THERE REPRESENTING ME. I WAS NOT REALLY AWARE OF HER BACK THEN AND HOPEFULLY NOR THE OTHERS.







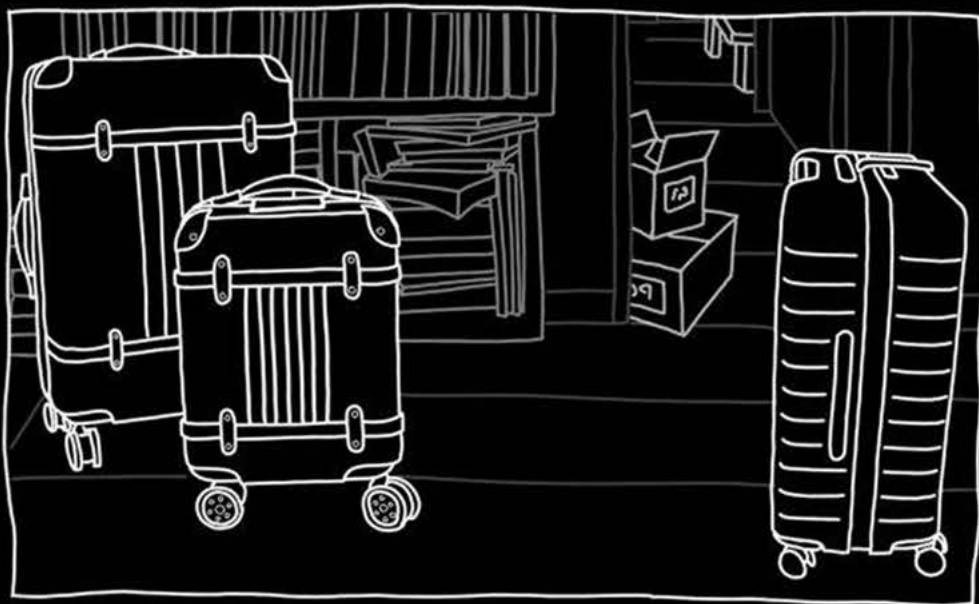
HE WAS BLIND BUT I WAS NOT!



I WAS LIKE AN OCTOPUS WHO'D LOST MOST OF HER LIMBS AT THE SAME TIME, TRYING TO LEARN HOW TO MOVE WITH THE REST. THIS WAS A METAPHOR THAT ONE OF MY REMAINING FRIENDS FROM OUR FORMER GROUP ONCE MADE. I TOLD HER THAT I DIDN'T KNOW WHY I FEEL SO BAD JUST BECAUSE OF A BREAK UP. SHE SAID 'BUT FOR YOU IT WAS NOT JUST A BREAK UP'.



I WAS LIVING WITH T AT THAT TIME. IN HIS ROOM IN A THREE-PERSON FLATSHARE. IT WAS NOT EASY FOR EITHER OF US. WE WERE STILL SORT OF FRESHLY IN LOVE BUT ALSO SADLY EXHAUSTED FROM ALL THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THAT SUMMER AND AFTERWARD. SO THE LOVE WAS STILL FRESH, BUT WE WERE NOT. AND I WAS STILL CONFUSINGLY IN PAIN AND UNFAIRLY THINKING OF M EVERY TIME THAT T WAS COOKING FOR US.



AND I WAS DRINKING A LOT AND WAS CONSTANTLY HUNG-OVER. I COULD PROBABLY WRITE A NOVEL ABOUT BEING HUNG-OVER. I WAS ALMOST ALWAYS HUNG-OVER. BECAUSE OF THE VERY SIMPLE REASON THAT I WOULD HAVE NOT STOPPED WHEN I'D STARTED DRINKING.

AND THE DAY AFTER WAS HELL. A REAL HELL. THE DEPRESSION HOLE BECAME A NEVER-ENDING PIT, AND FALLING INTO IT WOULD CONTINUE UNTIL THE END OF THE DAY. NO AMOUNT OF WATER, CAFFEINE OR VITAMIN C WOULD HAVE HELPED IT. NOTHING WOULD HAVE STOPPED MY NEGATIVE THOUGHTS AND OVERTHINKING. AN ABSOLUTE MISERY. ON SOME DAYS I COULDN'T EVEN OPEN SPOTIFY TO LISTEN TO MUSIC. WHY WOULD I LISTEN TO MUSIC? HOW COULD LISTENING TO MUSIC CHANGE ANYTHING? AND IF I WOULD HAVE, THEN IT WAS MOSTLY TO KNOW WHAT IS M LISTENING TO. WAS HE THERE YET TO BE ABLE TO LISTEN TO THAT SONG THAT WE HEARD ON OUR FIRST DATE IN THAT BAR? COULD HE OPEN THE PLAYLIST THAT WE BOTH USED TO ADD MUSIC TO? AND YES, HE STARTED TO ADD TRACKS TO IT. EACH TRACK WAS RECEIVED LIKE A LETTER FROM HIM. WHEN HE MET A NEW GIRL. HOW HE FELT TOWARD HER. WHEN HE HAD FRIENDS OVER. WHEN HE REMEMBERED ME. WHEN HE WAS MISSING ME.



IT'S MORNING. M IS GOING TO MAKE COFFEE

M: (FARSI) BA SHIR O SHEKAR?

SUBTITLE: WITH MILK AND SUGAR?

ME: (LAUGHING) (IN FARSI) BALE.

SUBTITLE: YES!

M: LOTFAN?

SUBTITLE: PLEASE?

ME: LOTFAN!

SUBTITLE: YES, PLEASE!

I'M STILL IN BED. T IS GOING TO MAKE COFFEE.

ME: CAN'T YOU STAY IN BED A BIT LONGER?

T: YOU KNOW THAT I NEED TO GET UP AS SOON AS I
WAKE UP. I LOVE YOU.

ME: (SMILING) I LOVE YOU TOO.



THERE WERE SOME MOMENTS AT THAT
TIME THAT I WAS ASKING MYSELF :
" IS IT HOW INSANITY FEELS LIKE?"

ANNA KARENINA STANDING AT A TRAIN STATION, WAITING FOR THE TRAIN TO JUMP UNDER IT.



MEDEA,
HAVING HER BOTH DEAD KIDS IN HER ARMS.



VAN GOGH IN FRONT OF MIRROR, HAVING HIS EAR IN HIS HAND.



ALSO DURING THAT TIME, MY PARENTS TOLD ME THAT THEY HAD GOTTEN AN APPOINTMENT FROM THE EMBASSY TO HAND IN THEIR VISA APPLICATION, SO THAT THEY CAN COME TO VISIT ME AND MY "HUSBAND-TO-BE", WHICH WAS SUPPOSED TO BE M. THEY HAD NO IDEA ABOUT MY SITUATION OR ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED OVER THE PAST SIX MONTHS OF MY LIFE. BEFORE THE BREAK-UP, WHEN THE WHOLE POLYAMORY WAS ABOUT TO START, M AND I TALKED ABOUT GETTING MARRIED IN THE WINTER. IT WAS MORE LIKE REBOUNDED. WE EVEN TALKED ABOUT HIM COMING TO MEET MY PARENTS FOR THE FIRST TIME AND DO A LITTLE BIT OF THE TRADITION, TALKING TO MY FATHER AND ASKING FOR HIS PERMISSION. NOT LITERALLY, BUT CONCEPTUALLY.



TWO WEEKS LATER



A WEEK LATER



I'M A SINGLE CHILD. MY PARENTS WERE STILL SO YOUNG WHEN I WAS BORN. THEY DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO START EXISTING THREE MONTHS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE. MY MOM WAS ONLY 20 YEARS OLD. SHE WAS ALWAYS TELLING ME THAT SHE WASN'T READY FOR ME. WHICH WAS UNSURPRISING, BUT ALSO NOT VERY PLEASANT TO HEAR ALL THE TIME. NOT BECAUSE I CARED SO MUCH ABOUT MY EXISTENCE, BUT MORE BECAUSE THEN I HAD TO THINK ABOUT HOW A 20-YEAR-OLD GIRL AFTER A TRADITIONAL, UNWANTED MARRIAGE HAD TO DEAL WITH ME AND HOW SHE WAS PROBABLY FUCKED UP BOTH OF OUR LIVES BECAUSE OF IT.

THEY REALLY WANTED TO COME TO VISIT US. IT MEANT THAT I HAD TO FINALLY TALK TO THEM AND TELL THEM THE TRUTH, AND MORE IMPORTANTLY, I HAD TO TELL THEM THAT THEY COULDN'T COME.



THERAPY

WHAT MAKES IT HARD TO TALK TO THEM?

BECAUSE I'M NOT USED TO IT. I'VE ACTUALLY NEVER DONE IT. I'VE ALWAYS TOLD THE IMPORTANT STUFF THROUGH OTHERS OR DURING A FIGHT. THEY WERE ALWAYS COMPLETELY OCCUPIED WITH THEIR OWN ISSUES. AND I WAS TRYING MY BEST TO NOT DISTRACT THEM WITH MY PRESENCE. AS IF I WAS HIDING THE WHOLE TIME.

I REMEMBER A COLD, GREY AND SNOWY DAY....
ME AND MY MOM ARE GOING HOME FROM
MY GRANDPARENTS'. MY MOM IS VERY UPSET.
THERE IS A FIGHT GOING ON BETWEEN HER
AND MY DAD AND THAT'S WHY WE WERE AT
MY GRANDPARENTS' THE NIGHT BEFORE. WE
ARE WAITING FOR A TAXI. SHE DOESN'T TALK
TO ME. I GUESS SHE'S CRYING BUT I DON'T
DARE TO LOOK AT HER I FEEL THE ANXIETY
IN THE AIR I LOOK UP TO THE SKY AND KEEP
LOOKING AT IT. THE SNOWFLAKES LOOK
BLACK ON THE WHITE BACKGROUND OF THE
SKY. THEY ARE SO TINY AND GETTING BIGGER
AND BIGGER AS THEY GET CLOSER TO MY
FACE. I WISH I COULD KEEP LOOKING AT
THE SKY AND THE TAXI NEVER COMES SO WE
NEVER ARRIVE HOME.



NEW YEARS EVE - AFTER A BIG FIGHT



A FEW HOURS LATER - I DID CONVINCE HIM



... FROM THE VERY BEGINNING, I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED EVERYTHING BY MYSELF AND TRIED TO MAKE SENSE OF THINGS ALL ON MY OWN. I REMEMBER THE NIGHT THAT MY GRANDFATHER DIED. MY MOM WOKE ME UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. SHE WAS CRYING. MY DAD WAS ON A WORK TRIP. WE DROVE TO MY AUNT'S AND SHE LEFT ME THERE. FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS I HAD NO IDEA WHAT HAD HAPPENED AND WHY I DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE TO SEE MY PARENTS AND WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO A BIRTHDAY PARTY OF MINE THAT WE'D ORGANIZED THE NIGHT BEFORE MY GRANDFATHER DIED. I WAS NOT ASKING AND NO ONE ALSO BOTHERED TO EXPLAIN TO ME.



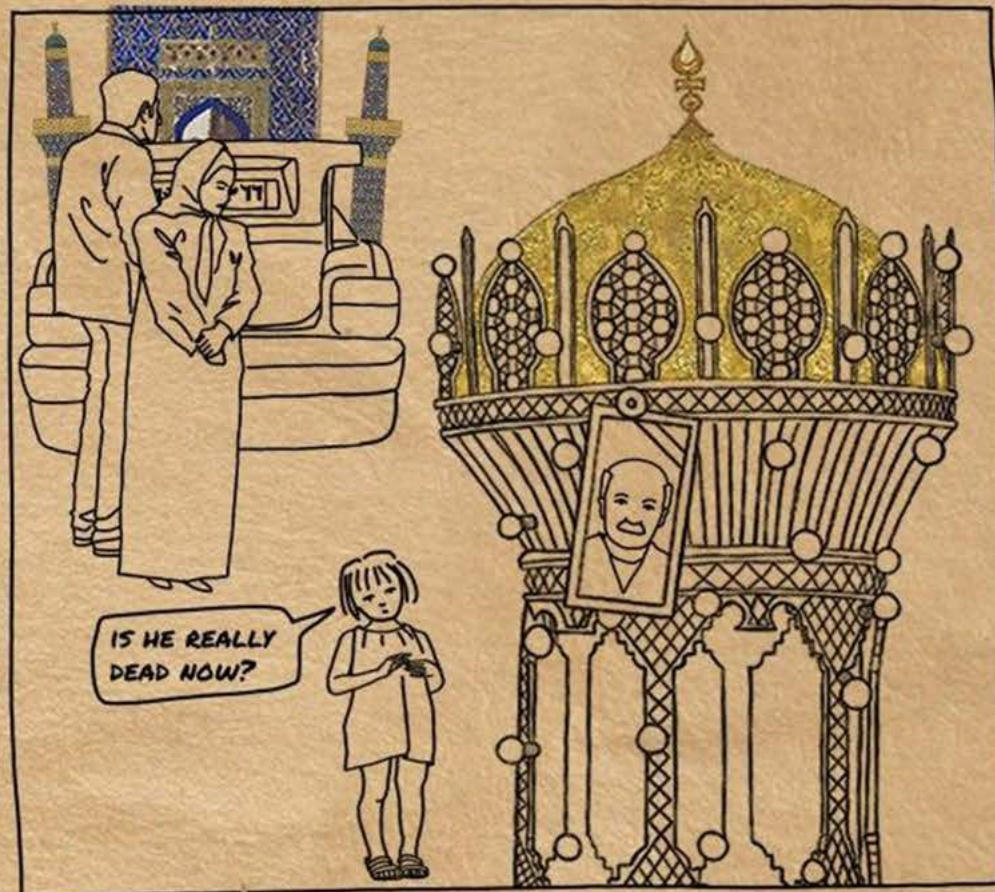
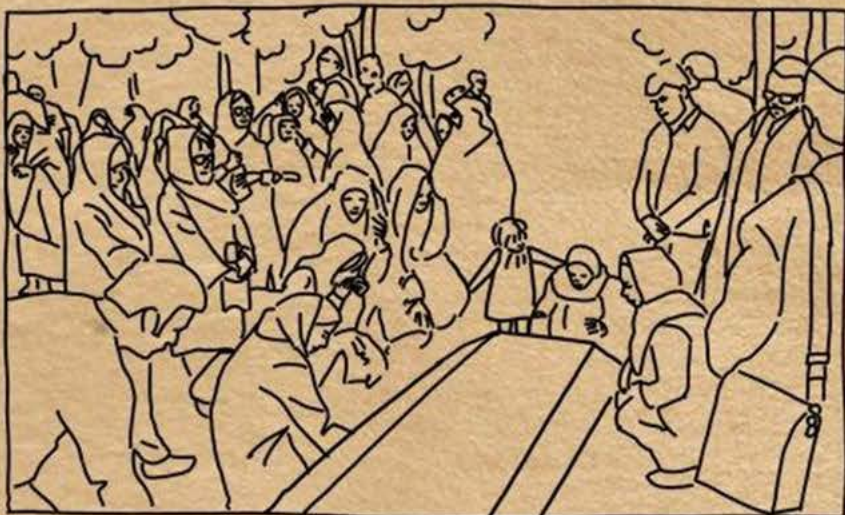
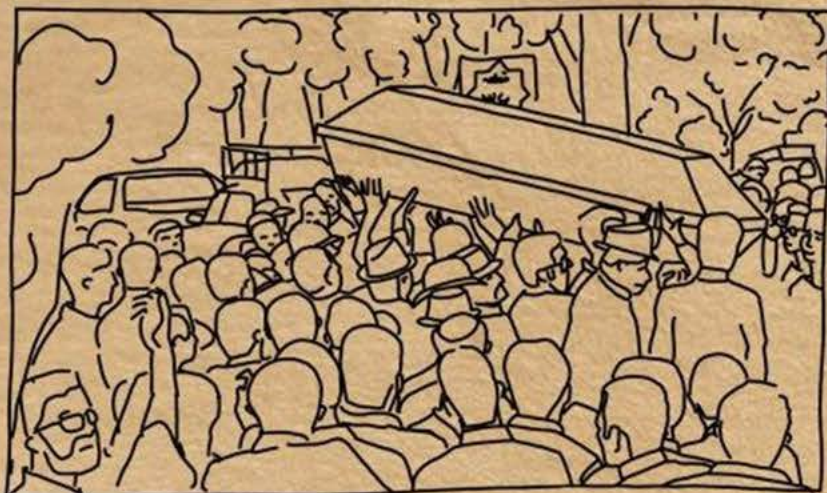
THERAPY



HOW ABOUT AN ICE CREAM?



HORRAAA!



A yellow door with a silver doorknob is set against a black background. A yellow speech bubble points to the door. The door has a sign that says 'THERAPY'.

THERAPY

I STILL HAVEN'T ASKED WHAT HAPPENED
THAT NIGHT AND WHAT ARE THE DETAILS
OF HIS DEATH. I JUST KNOW THAT HE
HAD A HEART ATTACK

ON MY FIRST DAY IN THE FLAT I FINALLY MOVED INTO, I WOKE UP TO THE NOISE OF OTHER FLATMATES, GETTING READY FOR WORK. A GERMAN RADIO STATION WAS PLAYING AND THE SMELL OF COFFEE HAD FILLED THE SPACE. I BADLY NEEDED TO GO TO THE BATHROOM. BUT I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO SEE MY MORNING FACE.

IT'S PROBABLY A SYNDROME - "TRY-HARD-AS-FUCK-TO-NOT-BE-SEEN" SYNDROME.

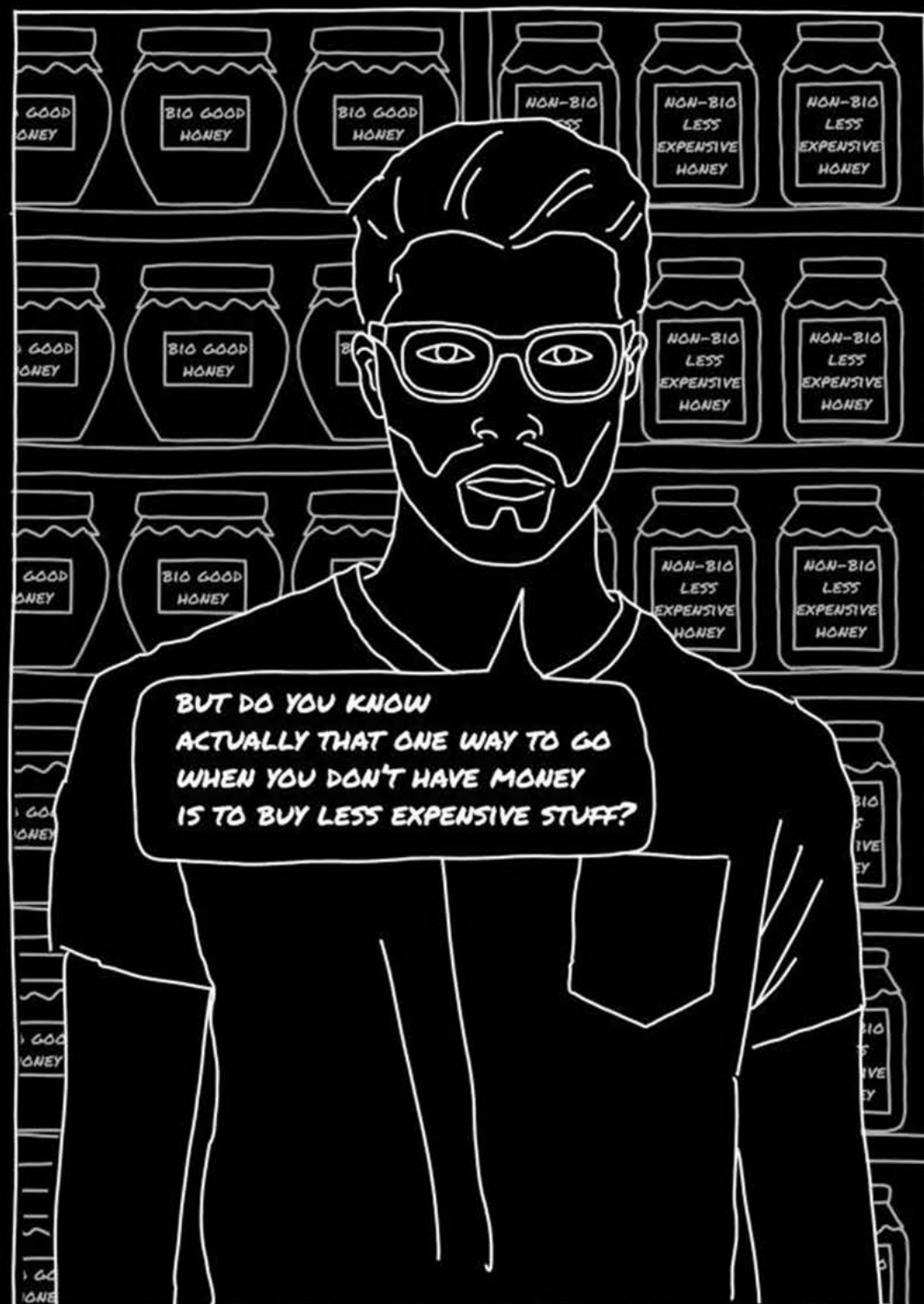
BUT THEY SAW ME ANYWAY, EVERY MORNING. THEY SAW MY HUNG-OVER FACE AND MY NUMB HEAVY BODY BEING CARRIED AROUND, TRYING TO MAKE COFFEE AND THINKING OF M, WHILE MAKING IT.





... JE NACHDEM, WO IN DEUTSCHLAND
JEMAND IM BESITZ VON CANNABIS VON DER
POLIZEI KONTROLLIERT WIRD, SIND DIE FOLGEN
HÖCHST UNTERSCHIEDLICH. DENN DIE MENGEN,
DIE JEMAND BESITZEN DARF, OHNE DAFÜR BEL-
ANGT ZU WERDEN, GEHEN DEUTLICH AUSEIN-
ANDER...





IT WAS HARD FOR ME TO BELIEVE THE NEW SITUATION AND TO ADJUST MYSELF TO IT. THE NEW SITUATION WAS MADE OUT OF LOVE, BUT THE LOVE WAS NOT ENOUGH TO FUEL ITS ENGINE AND BRING ME MONEY. I DIDN'T HAVE A JOB FOR A VERY LONG TIME. MY PARENTS WERE STILL SENDING ME MONEY UNTIL THEY COULDN'T ANYMORE. DUE TO THE CURRENCY EXCHANGE RATES, THE LAST TIME THAT THEY WANTED TO SEND ME A THOUSAND EUROS, THEY PAID AS MUCH AS THE COST OF AN IRANIAN CAR. THE MODEL IS NAMED "PRIDE" IN FARSI.



I COULD STILL ASK MY DAD FOR MONEY BUT IT WAS VERY DIFFICULT. I WAS NEVER GOOD AT ASKING FOR HIS HELP, EVEN THOUGH HE ALWAYS FEELS THE URGE TO HELP PEOPLE. IT'S HIS WAY TO BE WANTED AND I DEFINITELY DIDN'T WANT HIM TO THINK THAT ALL I WANT IS HIS HELP, LIKE THE OTHERS DO - MY MOM AND HIS FAMILY. AND BECAUSE IT FELT UNFAIR AND PAINFUL TO BE SITTING AND CRYING AT HOME WHILE HE WORKS FULL-TIME TO SEND ME HIS WAGE THAT IN EUROPE IS ONLY ONE-TENTH OF ITS ACTUAL VALUE BACK HOME.



THERAPY

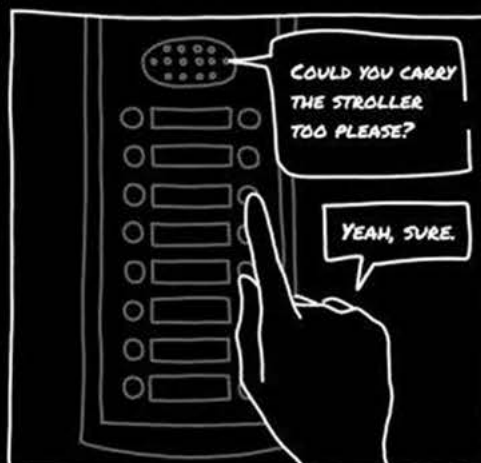
WHO IS THIS LITTLE KID WHO'S STILL FOLLOWING YOU?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

DON'T YOU REALLY SEE HER? SHE'S MOST OF THE TIME RIGHT NEXT TO YOU. SOMETIMES YOU PUT HER BEHIND THE DOOR. SOMETIMES YOU FORGET ABOUT HER. BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT SHE'S THERE.



TWO NORMAL WORKING DAYS WITH LITTLE ME



HOW ARE YOU TODAY?

BETTER. I WAS ABLE TO TAKE A WALK YESTERDAY IN MY NEIGHBORHOOD. IT WAS GOOD. I'M ALSO SEEING 'LITTLE ME' MORE NOW. SHE'S MOSTLY THERE WHEN I'M AT WORK. WHEN I FEEL I CAN'T DO THIS OR THAT ANYMORE. WHEN I'M WEAK AND POWERLESS AND INCAPABLE. I'M HER THEN. I'M ALL HER. A LITTLE KID WHO CAN'T DO MUCH.

THERAPY

DO YOU KNOW WHERE DOES THIS INCAPABILITY COME FROM?

MAYBE BECAUSE MY PARENTS NEVER ENCOURAGED ME IN ANYTHING THAT I WAS GOOD AT.

OR MAYBE BECAUSE YOU FELT INCAPABLE OF MAKING THEM HAPPY? OR FIXING THEIR RELATIONSHIP?

IT IS THE EVENING OF MY UNCLES' WEDDING PARTY. MY DAD AND I ARE READY, SITTING IN THE CAR AND WAITING FOR MY MOM TO COME DOWN SO THAT WE CAN GO TO THE PARTY. SHE'S LATE. THAT'S HER ONLY TOOL TO SHOW HER UNHAPPINESS OR DISSATISFACTION ABOUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT, AND SO SHE TAKES HER TIME, TRYING DIFFERENT COLORS OF LIPSTICKS AND EARRINGS AND NAIL POLISHES. IT'S LATE AND SHE DOESN'T COME AND MY DAD IS ANGRY AND I'M STRESSED OUT. I THINK I SHOULD DISTRACT MY DAD. THAT'S MY ONLY TOOL TOO. I SUGGEST THAT WE CAN PLAY. PLAY WHAT? ROCK PAPER SCISSORS? ALRIGHT. LET'S PLAY. WE PLAY, I LOSE, I WIN, AND MY MOTHER'S STILL NOT READY.

A YEAR WAS PASSED AND IT WAS SUMMER AGAIN. AN EVENING AT MY PLACE. IT WAS WARM ENOUGH TO LEAVE THE WINDOW OPEN. A COOL BREEZE WAS COMING INTO THE ROOM AND CANDLES WERE LIT. IT WAS T AND ME SITTING AND TALKING ABOUT EVERYTHING. A NORMAL EVENING IN WHICH, FOR A MOMENT I NOTICED THAT I DON'T HAVE THOSE THOUSAND-KILO WEIGHTS ON MY SHOULDERS ANYMORE. I REALIZED IT SUDDENLY. IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE. IT WAS A BLAST.

IT DIDN'T LAST FOREVER. BUT MOMENTS LIKE THAT WERE HAPPENING MORE AND MORE. AND THEY WERE BEING STRETCHED. I WOULD COMPARE IT WITH PERIOD PAIN. THERE IS A POINT AFTER ITS PEAK THAT THE PAIN IS REDUCED FOR SMALL MOMENTS UNTIL THE NEXT WAVE ATTACKS. THESE SMALL MOMENTS BECOME LONGER AND LONGER UNTIL YOU REALIZE EVENTUALLY THAT THE PAIN HAS GONE. BUT SOON AFTER I REACHED ONE OF THESE FIRST PAIN-FREE MOMENTS, THINGS CHANGED AGAIN.

THERAPY

T WANTS TO BREAK-UP.

WHAT HAPPENED?

WE WERE AT A MUSIC FESTIVAL.



I'M TIRED OF ALWAYS BEING CAREFUL.
I'M DONE WITH HAVING FIGHTS LIKE THIS.
I DON'T EVEN DARE TO LOOK AT HER.
I'VE BEEN TIRED FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

REALLY?
SINCE WHEN?

RELATIONSHIP WITH T

PHASE I

HE IS TRYING
TO KEEP MY
HEAD ABOVE
WATER

/ STARTING TO DOUBT
THE RELATIONSHIP



DO YOU HAVE
THE RENT
THIS MONTH?

NO.

I'LL TRANSFER
YOU SOME.



WHY HE DOESN'T WRITE ME
WHEN HE HAS TIME?



I MISS HIM

IT'LL GET
BETTER
AND BETTER.
COME HERE ...



I DON'T FEEL SO CLOSE
TO YOU AT THE MOMENT.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

I NEED MORE TIME
FOR MYSELF TO THINK
ABOUT IT.



CRACK!

WHAT'S UP?
EVERYTHING'S ALRIGHT?
WHY DO YOU LOOK SAD?

PHASE 2

HE IS THE
WATER AND
I'M TRYING
TO HOLD HIM
IN MY HANDS



J WHO T HAS A CRUSH ON AND T, ARE DANCING IN FRONT OF ME.



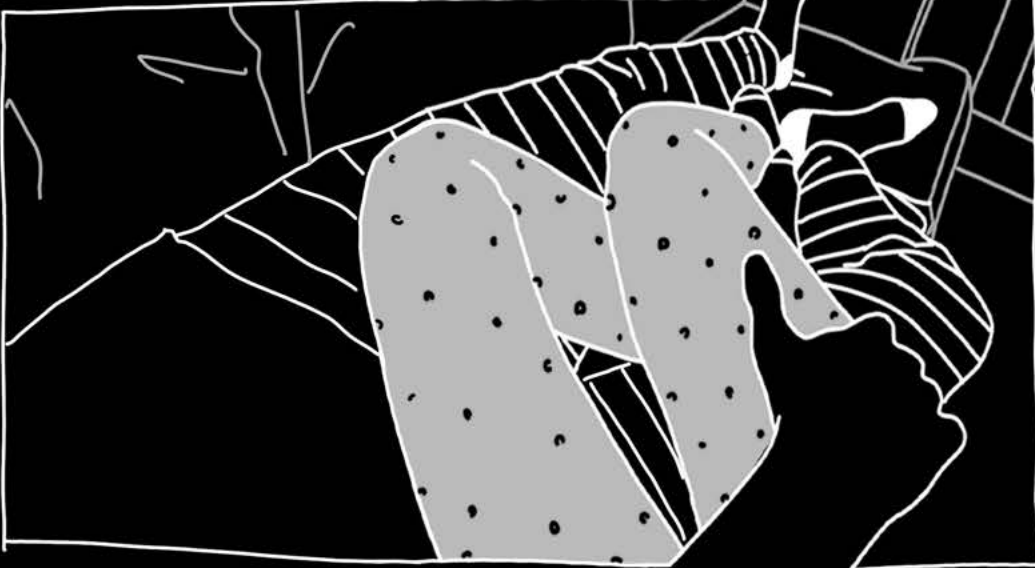
DO YOU STILL HAVE
FEELINGS FOR HER?

I DON'T KNOW.
IT COMES AND GOES.

WHAT DO YOU WANNA DO?

WHAT CAN I DO?
SHE'S MY FRIEND.

WHAT ABOUT ME THEN?



WE TALKED
AND DECIDED
THAT IT'S
GONNA BE ONLY
THE FOUR OF US.

"WE" MEANS YOU
TOO?

I DON'T KNOW,
I CAN'T FORCE THEM
TO TRAVEL WITH MY GIRLFRIEND.



SWEETHEART, HOW IS IT GOING?

NOTHING.
HOME ALONE, HAVING A BEER.
IT'S SO NICE IN HERE.
YOU'RE BEING MISSED.

HAVE FUN

WE ARE AT A MUSIC FESTIVAL.



I'M TIRED OF ALWAYS BEING CAREFUL.
I'M DONE WITH HAVING FIGHTS LIKE THIS.
I DON'T EVEN DARE TO LOOK AT HER.
I'VE BEEN TIRED FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

REALLY?
SINCE WHEN?

WE DECIDED TO TAKE A ONE WEEK BREAK AND THINK.



IT'S SCARY TO BE ALONE.

WHAT'S SCARY? WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'LL
FACE IF YOU STAY ALONE?
IS IT BECAUSE IF YOU FACE YOUR TRUE SELF, YOU
FEEL ONLY EMPTINESS?

OR MAYBE I'LL FEEL EVERYTHING. MAYBE I'M
AFRAID OF FEELING.



I REMEMBER A DREAM THAT I HAD THE OTHER NIGHT... IT'S ME AND ANOTHER GIRL WHO I DON'T KNOW BUT I KNOW THAT SHE MUST BE A FRIEND. WE ARE HAVING A WALK BY A RIVER WHICH IS BLOCKED BY A HUGE DAM. NEITHER THE RIVER NOR THE DAM ARE HUGE BUT WE BOTH KNOW THAT IT'S MASSIVE BECAUSE IT FEELS SO. WE ALSO NEED TO FIX SOMETHING. AND THEREFORE WE HAVE TO OPEN THE DAM FOR A MOMENT. THERE IS AN ON/OFF SWITCH FOR THIS PURPOSE. IT'S TINY. IT CAN'T BE THAT SUCH A SMALL THING COULD OPEN THAT GIGANTIC DAM. BUT WE HAVE TO DO IT SO I PRESS THE ON BUTTON. THE DAM OPENS WITH AN APOCALYPTIC SOUND. A VERY BIG WAVE IS RISING. WE KNOW THAT THERE IS NO CHANCE TO CLOSE THE DAM AGAIN. A TSUNAMI WITH A DEAFENING SOUND IS COMING TO CATCH US AND IS GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER. I CAN'T BEAR THE SUSPENSE ANYMORE. THEN I WAKE UP.

NOW

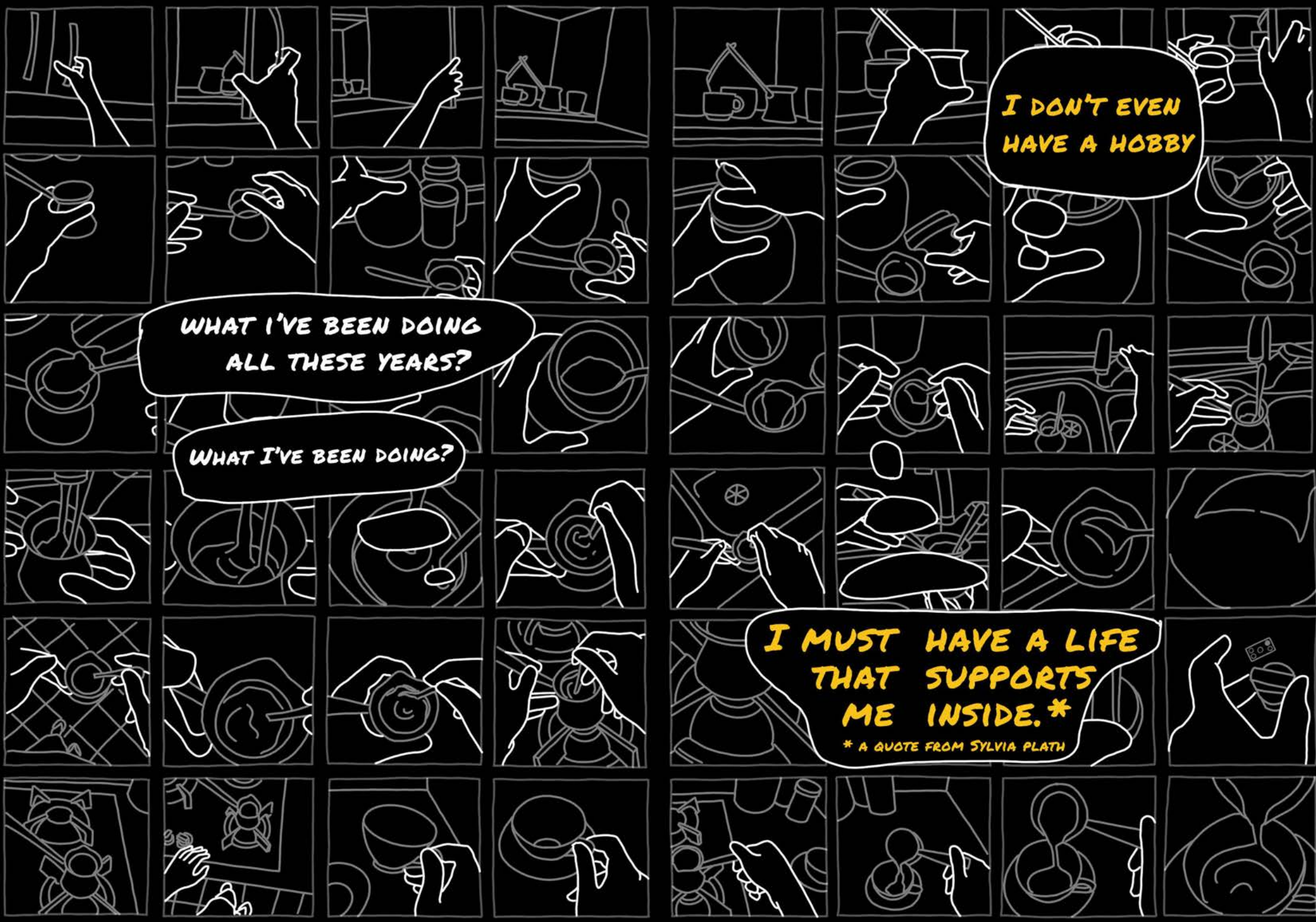
WHAT?

FIRST DAY OF THE ONE WEEK "BREAK"

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

TO WHOM CAN I GO
AND SCREAM?

I HAVE
NOTHING
FOR MYSELF.



I DON'T EVEN HAVE A HOBBY

WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING ALL THESE YEARS?

WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING?

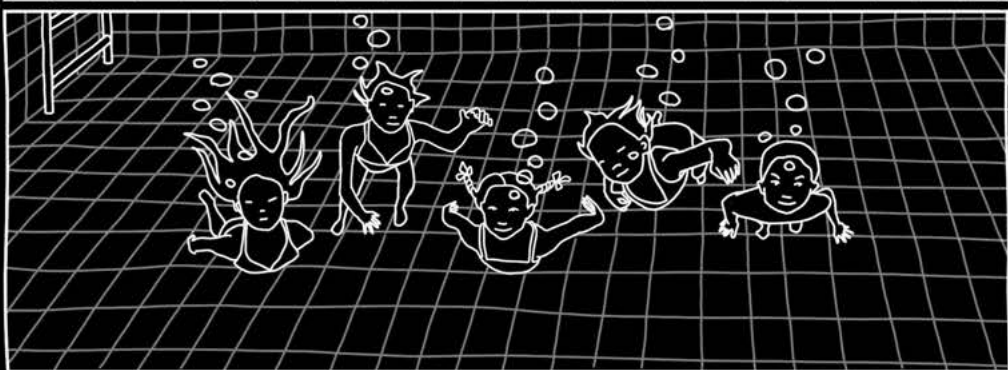
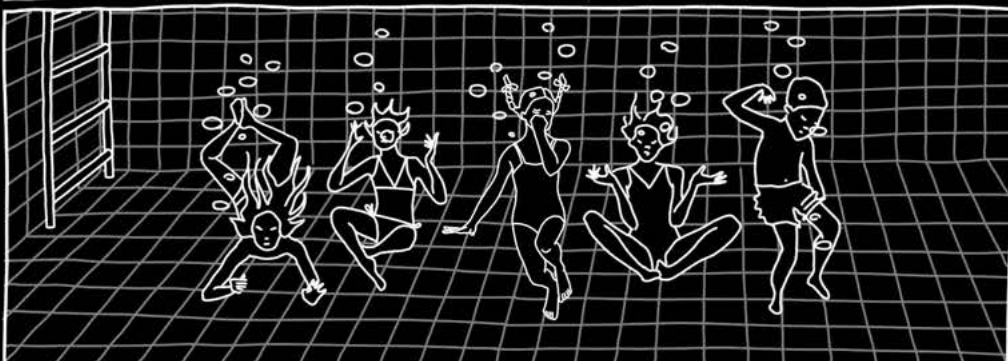
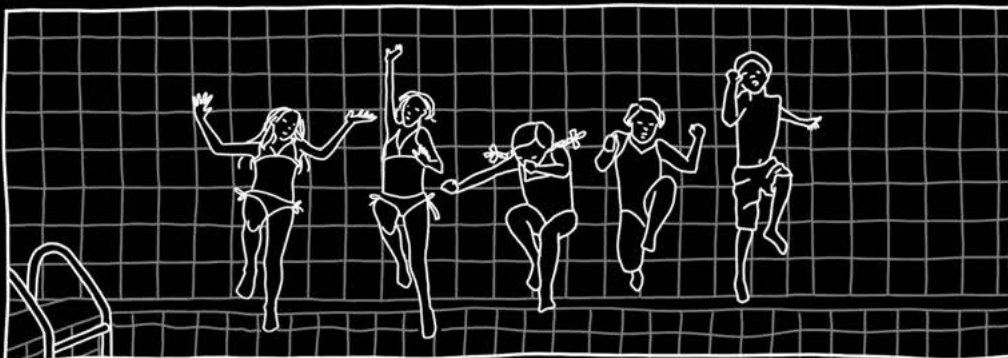
I MUST HAVE A LIFE THAT SUPPORTS ME INSIDE.*
* A QUOTE FROM SYLVIA PLATH

A yellow door with a black sign that says "THERAPY". The sign is rectangular with a black border and a black handle. The word "THERAPY" is written in white, uppercase, sans-serif letters. The door has a silver doorknob on the right side. The background is black.

THERAPY

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL
THESE YEARS?

LOOKING BACK, I COULD SAY THAT I WAS GOOD AT THREE THINGS; SWIMMING, MUSIC AND WRITING. IT LOOKED LIKE I QUIT THREE OF THEM STUBBORNLY.



I DON'T WANT TO DO IT ANYMORE, I DON'T WANT TO BE THE LAST ONE IN A RACE.



BUT YOU COULD GET FASTER.

I GAVE UP.
WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT GIVING UP ACTUALLY MEANS.

I REALLY LIKE THE PERFUME
YOU PUT ON YOUR VIOLIN



DURING
THE NIGHT,
TALKING QUIETLY
ON THE PHONE
WITH THE
TEACHER.

DO YOU THINK I COULD BE A CONDUCTOR ONE DAY?

OF COURSE YOU CAN.

AM I GOOD?

YOU ARE PERFECT.

BUT I'M MUCH YOUNGER THAN YOU.

DOESN'T MATTER TO ME.

I WAKE UP EVERY MORNING AND
THE FIRST THING THAT I WANNA DO IS PRACTICE VIOLIN.
I WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY WITH ME.

YOU STILL NEED TO PRACTICE MORE.

YOU CAN'T GO TO
HIS CLASS ANYMORE.
YOU'LL CHANGE
YOUR TEACHER.

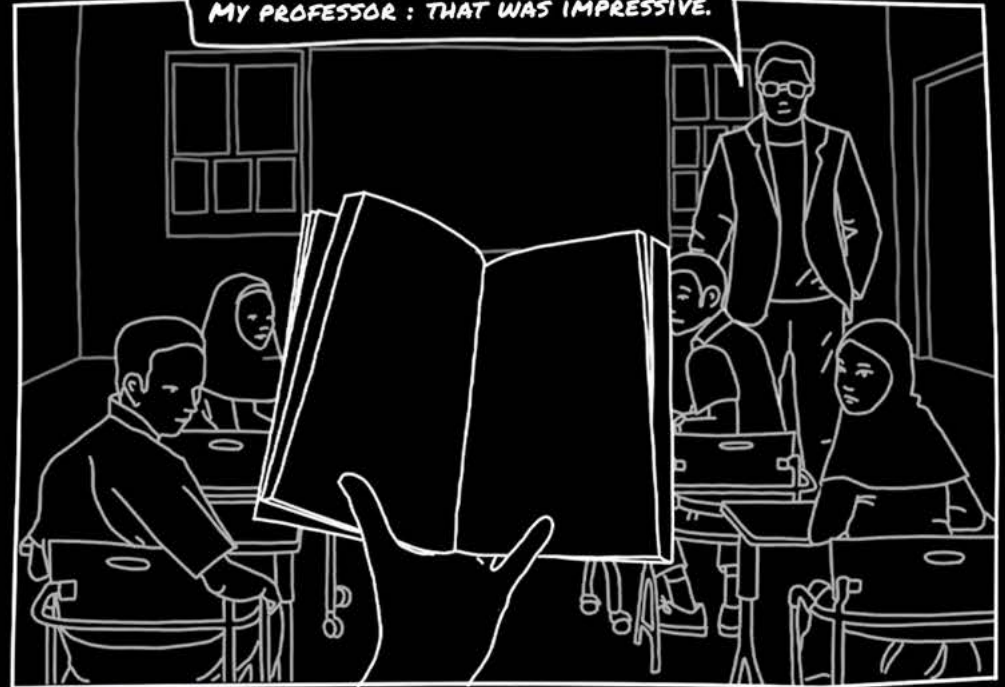
YOUR FATHER HAD ALMOST
A HEART ATTACK
WHEN HE FOUND OUT.

(I DON'T SAY ANYTHING)

SO I STOPPED
PLAYING VIOLIN.



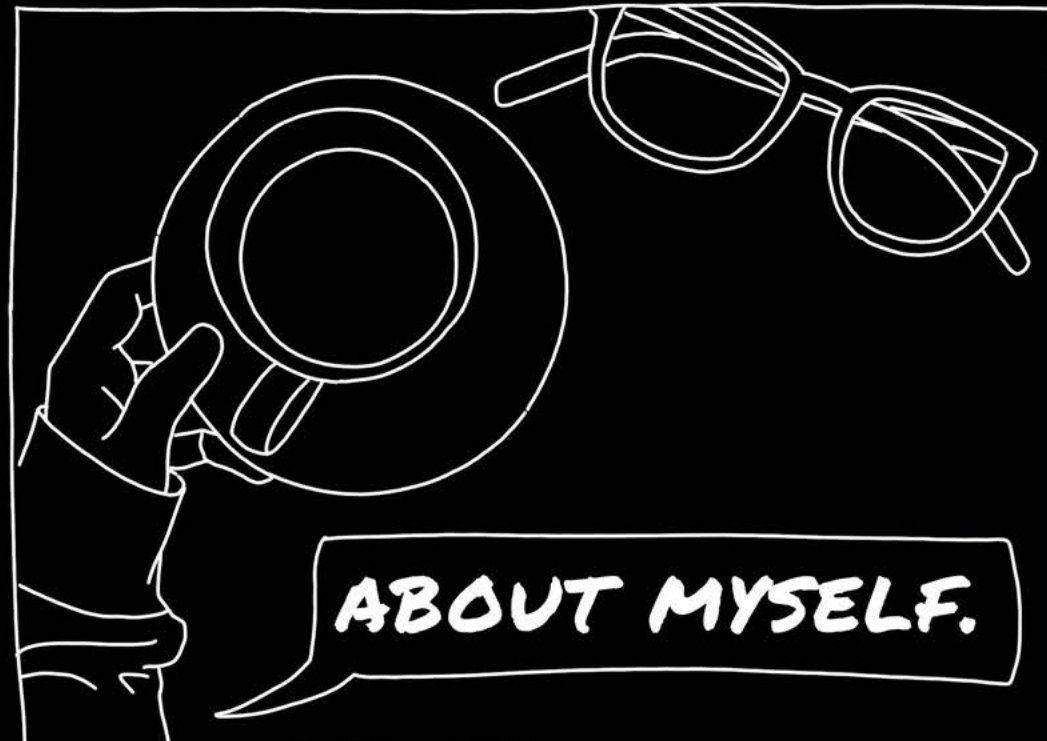
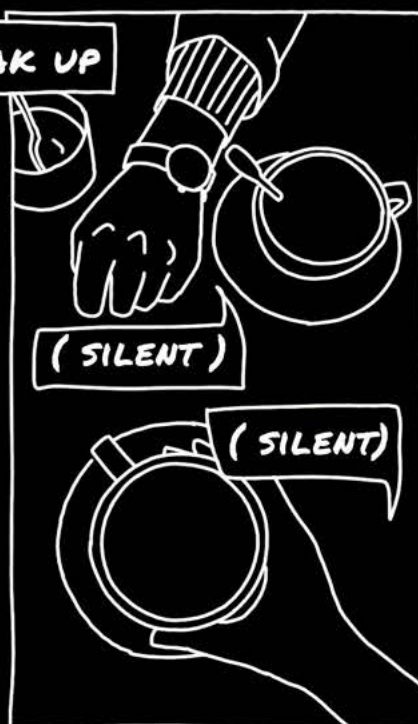
MY PROFESSOR : THAT WAS IMPRESSIVE.



MY BOYFRIEND: THE PLOT IS VERY GOOD.
BUT IT'S NOT A GOOD STORY.



I WAS SURE THAT HE WAS RIGHT.



WE DIDN'T BREAK UP

TWO DAYS LATER...



برات سبزی گرفتم خشک کنم، زعفران هم آسیاب کردم... بین ... برای اون اطاقی که قبلا گفته بودی فرش نداره، می خوام یه قالیچه ی کوچیک بگیرم بیارم؟ هوارم باید چک کنی بهم بگی، چه لباسایی بیارم با خودم. زیاد نمی آرم البته دو هفته که بیشتر نیست، آها بعد برای ام چی؟ باید تو بگی چی بیاریم.



SUBTITLE: I BOUGHT SOME HERBS TO DRY FOR YOU MYSELF. AND I GRINDED A LITTLE BIT OF SAFFRAN. NOT MUCH. JUST A TINY JAR. LOOK... SHOULD I BRING A LITTLE RUG FOR THE BIG ROOM THAT YOU SAID ONCE THERE IS NOTHING ON ITS FLOOR? YOU SHOULD ALSO CHECK THE FORECAST AND LET ME KNOW... HOW WARM SHOULD MY CLOTHES BE I KNOW THERE'S STILL TIME... ALTHOUGH I WON'T BRING MUCH. IT'S ONLY TWO WEEKS. AH BY THE WAY, WHAT ABOUT THE PRESENT FOR M? YOU SHOULD TELL ME WHAT HE NEEDS OR LIKES. HOW DOES HE FEEL ABOUT SEEING US?

I REMEMBER A LATE SUMMER AFTERNOON. I WAS ELEVEN OR TWELVE. MY MUM AND I WERE SHOPPING. I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR OR WHAT WE BOUGHT. I WAS NOT IN A GOOD MOOD. I WAS ALWAYS IN A BAD MOOD AT THAT TIME. AFTER A FEW HOURS OF WALKING WE BOTH WERE HUNGRY. WE PASSED BY A BIG PATISserie. HOW ABOUT SOMETHING SWEET? MY MUM ASKED. I SHRUGGED AND WE WENT IN. WE SAW A CAKE WE'D NEVER TRIED BEFORE. CHEESECAKE. CHEESECAKE? SHOULD WE TRY? HMMM, I'M NOT SURE. OKAY, WHATEVER, I SAID. WE GOT TWO BIG SLICES. I REMEMBER IT WAS RATHER EXPENSIVE BECAUSE IT WAS CHEESECAKE. I REMEMBER THAT WE STOOD SOMEWHERE IN THE STREET. A VERY BUSY ONE. I REMEMBER THAT I WAS A BIT EMBARRASSED BY STANDING THERE AND HAVING A FANCY CAKE IN THE HAND AND EATING THEM IN FRONT OF PEOPLE WE DIDN'T KNOW. I DIDN'T LIKE IT. IT WASN'T THE TASTE I WAS USED TO AND I IMMEDIATELY ANNOUNCED THIS TO MY MOM. UGH, I DON'T LIKE IT. SHE WAS DISAPPOINTED, I GUESS. SHE WANTED US TO HAVE A NICE AFTERNOON AND SHE PROBABLY TRIED TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN WITH A SPECIAL TREAT. IT DIDN'T WORK AND I FEEL SO SAD - SO, SO SAD - EVERY TIME I REMEMBER THAT.

I SAID GOODBYE TO T AND DECIDED TO WALK BACK HOME.

I WALKED.

AND WALKED.

AND KEPT WALKING.

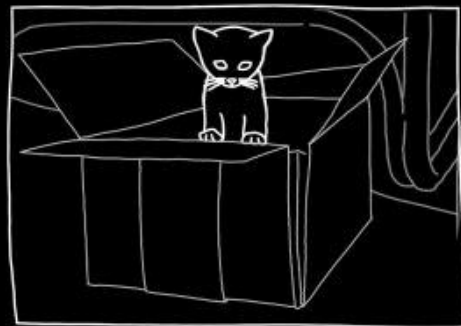
AND I DREAMT.

IF MY PARENTS COULD COME... AND IF M HAD NEVER LEFT ... IF I WERE HAPPY... AND EVERYONE ELSE AS WELL.



I WAS SAD AND I WAS THINKING... "MY MOM HASN'T SEEN EUROPE. AT LEAST THAT COULD HAPPEN. AND MY DAD, HOW WOULD HE FEEL WHEN MY MOM TELLS HIM THE NEWS? WE WILL PROBABLY NEVER TALK ABOUT IT. WE WILL BOTH PRETEND THAT NOTHING'S HAPPENED. HE WON'T ASK ME HOW I FEEL. I WON'T ASK HIM HOW HE FEELS. HE WON'T SHOW ME HIS DISAPPOINTMENT AND THAT HE REALLY MISSES ME AND HE NEEDED TO SEE ME. BUT I HAVE TO DO IT. I HAVE TO OPEN WHATSAPP AND WRITE TO MY MOM THAT THEY CAN'T COME. MAYBE ANOTHER TIME. BUT NOT NOW. THEY ARE STILL HAPPY THAT THEY COULD GET THEIR VISA AND THEN THE TICKETS AND FILL THEIR SUITCASES WITH THINGS TO EAT FOR ME AND M. THEY ARE STILL THINKING THAT THEY ARE COMING TO VISIT THEIR ONLY DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND-TO-BE. YES, I HAVE TO WRITE TO HER. I HAVE TO TELL THEM THE TRUTH AS SOON AS I GET HOME."

IT'S MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT.
BUT I CAN THINK ABOUT
A SOLUTION IF YOU'RE
NOT COMFORTABLE WITH IT.



ALL RIGHTS NOT RESERVED
YOU CAN COPY THIS
AS MUCH AS YOU WISH
I WILL FIGURE IT OUT
HOW TO MAKE MONEY MYSELF



THE LIMBLESS OCTOPUS

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