

## Chapitre 2

Ayant tellement apprécié Manly, du fait du réveillon mais aussi de plusieurs belles journées passées à la plage auparavant, je décide d'aller m'y installer.

Et je suis venu pour le surf, et non pour rester dans une ville. Cela tombe bien, il y a une compétition de surf et de skate début février. J'atterris dans un backpack à 50m de la plage. Les gens sont beaucoup plus hippies, on passe ses soirées au bord de la plage à jouer de la musique, à boire des bières, et à prendre des bains de minuit. Je retrouve par hasard un manager du Châlet des Îles avec qui j'ai travaillé, il est là pour quelques mois, histoire de prendre l'air. On commence à passer notre vie ensemble. Il me présente une de ses colocs, une anglaise. La performance, celle-ci, n'est pas à regretter.

L'argent se raréfie, il faut vraiment que je trouve un travail. Deux semaines passent, mon palais devient douloureux (les cigarettes, l'alcool, et les pizza à 5\$ ne s'avèrent pas être un régime adéquate).

Il est temps de changer, je trouve une chambre à 170\$, je me rachète de vrais repas, j'arrête de boire tous les soirs, je ne fume plus que quelques cigarettes par jour. Et je dépose des cv dans toute la ville.

Après une semaine je trouve un poste de manager dans un café en face de la plage, et, chanceux décidément, à deux mètres de la compétition de surf. Ce qui m'a permis de croiser ma surfeuse préférée (allez regarder ce qu'elle fait, Monyca Byrne-Wickey, elle est magnifique). Malheureusement, pas de coup de foudre, en tout cas pour sa part, elle est partisane d'une secte étrange, appelée mariage, peut-être que vous connaissez.

Je me remets au sport, je cours dans le parc national du bout de Manly, entre les rochers, les falaises, et la plage. La vie que je cherchais est enfin là. Une plage, du surf, un travail pour assurer le tout.

Mais où est l'américaine ??

Ah oui, l'américaine...

Après quelques mois en Australie, je commençais à abandonner l'idée de la revoir. Elle donnait de moins en moins de nouvelles, ne savait pas quand elle allait arriver. Et le 14 février, quelle coïncidence (bon c'était le 13, d'accord, mais cela donne d'un coup un côté moins intense), elle atterrit en Australie. Elle vit quelques jours chez une de ses amies au sud de Sydney, puis vient me rejoindre. Le paradis est à ma portée. Dingue de devoir faire des dizaines de milliers de kilomètres pour atteindre une vie idéale ! On passe les premiers jours à se redécouvrir, on se balade, je lui fais découvrir les environs.

Pourtant, au bout d'une semaine, un sentiment étrange se fait de plus en plus présent, je ne l'aime pas. Non pas dans un sens passionnel, je n'aime tout simplement pas la personne. Elle se révèle de plus en plus superficielle, matérialiste, fermée d'esprit, hypocondriaque. Une haine s'empare de moi, je n'ai tout de même pas fait tout ce trajet pour une fille que je déteste en tant que personne ! Je me renferme, elle commence à le sentir. Au bout de trois semaines je décide de rompre le lien, de lui expliquer.

Et c'est là que mon anglais me fait défaut. En partant je pensais avoir un bon niveau, le travail m'a prouvé le contraire, mais m'a très vite remis à niveau, les sentiments m'ont replongé vers les abysses de la langue. Comment exprimer ce que je veux lui dire ? Je m'en suis toujours sorti pour formuler exactement ma pensée dans ma langue natale, et là, mon vocabulaire me bloque, je perds mon aisance. L'incompréhension prends place au fur et à mesure des non-dits. Elle décide de repartir vivre chez son amie, je n'objecte pas, souhaitant uniquement qu'elle parte, tellement enragé par mon incapacité à m'exprimer. Quelques jours après, elle m'envoie un message, bourrée de reproches. Et malheureusement, elle a raison, tout est justifié.

Je prends un dictionnaire et lui réponds du mieux que je peux. Je pense que ces messages ont leur place dans cette histoire, mais je ne les traduirai pas, cela irait à l'encontre de ce que je viens d'écrire.

#### *American girl*

*- I may be indecisive about some big life things but at least I am not avoidant. I cannot tolerate that. There are a few things I need to get off my chest since we have not had a discussion, and to be honest I am a little upset, but all I need to feel better is some clarity and honest words from you. Maybe you can write me in the next couple days, if you couldn't put your thoughts into speech. I expect we can get past this and understand one another more for it and I am slow to pass judgement or hold a grudge. But perhaps I just need to be the one to start a conversation.*

*1. If you don't let your expectations be known, you will always be disappointed. For me- I'm coming into a new place with new people and also wanted to meet up with you. I put no expectations on that except that I believed we would be respectful and look out for one another. It's like I said: friends (and respect) first, and then build up anything more later. I guess I have no idea what your expectations are or where your point of view is coming from.*

*2. Always say what you mean. It is simply not true to say we couldn't talk because there were people in the house. You could have at any time asked to take a walk, go for a drink, sit on the beach... I took you at your word when you said we would talk at all these different times and there was no follow through. How is it cool to just sit there without speaking in the same room as me? How am I to respond to that?*

3. Manifest the life you want. I am all for having some downtime, but one would think we would also want to do experience things together. Going on that jungle walk was great- im not sure why that is what left a bad taste in your mouth. Otherwise we never really got to even dooooo things with each other. I'm not even sure if we can have good sex with each other because the only times it has ever happened have been in situations where noise and movement are not possible haha. I don't think we got to experience much of each other in the right ways. This is something you create by encouraging new experiences. Lol I was even disinvited to your friends birthday without explanation. Luckily I made friends and found ways to spend my time, but I think if the situation were reversed you would think I am being rude if I just never had anything for us to do during our free time and was unwilling to bring you out and not say why.

4. Show up for those who are there for you. I was let down by your laissez faire attitude when I told you I was sick. What has happened is I have a kidney infection and was nearly hospitalized- im on antibiotics for 6-12 days and my temperature fluctuates between 38-40. The infection is not contagious but has spread in me so pretty much everything hurts. Why were so many people in the house supportive of me, but not you? You never had my back. I ended up getting a really amazing deal on a private suite with a jacuzzi tub in manly for monday and Tuesday night. It was beautiful and would have been sweet to share and also nice to have someone around when my fever was so high. But you are absent as a ghost.

These things I hope you can explain your perspective on, and please ask questions of me if you need answers too. I don't want to be awkward with you and I think it's foolish to let any of this become bigger than it has to by avoiding a discussion.

All the Best.

Me

- I left everything in France for you. I didn't just come here with a second plan. I was there just for you. I sold everything back there. And I had left was a bag and you. My first three months I was only thinking about that moment when we will meet again.

And when we were finally together I just wanted to be with you, to kiss you, to have sex with you, to have great conversations with you, laught and dream.

But you were not acting the way I thought you would have acted. You were outgoing and friendly with everyone. And with me you were shy and distant. Maybe it's because of our different cultures. I am used to be more touchy, closer, to kiss when we say hi to each other. And you were not like that.

I am not blaming you for that behavior. I can understand the fact that you are not going to be deeply in love straight away with a guy you just met few days in Greece, and who stalked you furthermore. Nevertheless I thought you would have been like that, foolishly.

So the first days were painful for me. I am not a jealous guy at all normally. But to see you on tinder trying to find some friends, whereas

you were sitting and discussing with me, was hard to support. I know you are probably genuinely trying to meet new people. But that's not what tinder is for, at least what I think it is for. So I was jealous. And I started to step back from you. That made me realized my feelings were not at all what I thought. We are a lot more different than I imagined. I don't want to explain me about that, because it is not your fault, I am not trying to change you, and it will just be an easy way to apologize my behavior. Let's just say we don't have the same life's goals.

And I acted like a coward. I didn't express anything to let you know that. I was just avoiding the discussion. And the more I was silent, the more I was pissed off, because I saw you starting to become closer and closer, but I didn't want it anymore. I though I was pissed of because of you, and actually it is because of me. I was expecting too much from you. To be the perfect girl for me. If I was in France, in my place, things will be different. But the fact that I am the other side of the world, knowing no one, for something that blows a week after, makes me angry. And to not scream at you, because you are not the one to blame, I chose to be silent. That was not a good idea and I apologize for that

After this week without you I am now thoughtful about what happened and I think you are the best thing that happened to me these last years. I was doing nothing constructive in Paris. I was sleeping in my life, doing less and less photos, dreaming about travels I will never do. And you made me take the risk to quit everything. I was just waiting for a reason to leave, too fearful to do it by my own. I will always be thankful to you because of this. We are just not meant to be together. Had fun in Greece the time it lasted. And it was a bad idea to try to do more than that. I am the only one to blame in that story. All you said in your message is right. I am not blaming you, I am not mad at you any more. And I am sorry (way too much with you that should have been a sign from the beginning). I am just trying to express my feelings, which is hard because of my english, and above all because I am not use too. I know it's one of my many weaknesses. I will try to work on that

I hope there is not too many weird English grammar. I am not reading me again, I will change things instead and that will not be honest I want to say let's stay friends but we know that's not going to happen

Kisses

Elle est repartie aux Etats-Unis quelques jours plus tard. Même si elle ne me l'a jamais dit, je pense qu'elle n'avait plus prévu de venir en Australie, mais l'a tout de même fait pour moi. Les semaines suivantes furent assez difficiles. Pourquoi suis-je dans ce pays ? Si loin de tout, sans réels amis avec lesquels discuter, me confier. Je me tue dans le sport, dans le boulot, je demande plus d'heures.