

our 16763 private messages (give or take for the miscounted ones and the ones you'll never see)
our tens of thousands of messages in groupchats that i dont have the time or energy to calculate
the two lunchtime walks to 7-11 where no one but you wanted to go with me
the once-frequent afterschool walks to target and the two lipsticks i bought for you there
the tiny bunch of red berries you chucked at me on one of those walks
the countless games of chess i lost to you and the app you made me install to practice
the begging you to try out for the girls badminton team
the matching glasses frames but mine in gold and yours in silver
the songs and music videos you sent me that i only sometimes watched
the \$50 concert tickets you asked me to buy that were too expensive at the time
the trip to sephora that never happened
the christmas gift i couldn't give you
and the rest of the anecdotes and emotions surrounding our 3-and-a-half-year friendship can't all
be captured in a 24 page zine (including covers), but this is as close i can get to a genuine,
fictional-but-realistic, representation of our too-brief friendship.

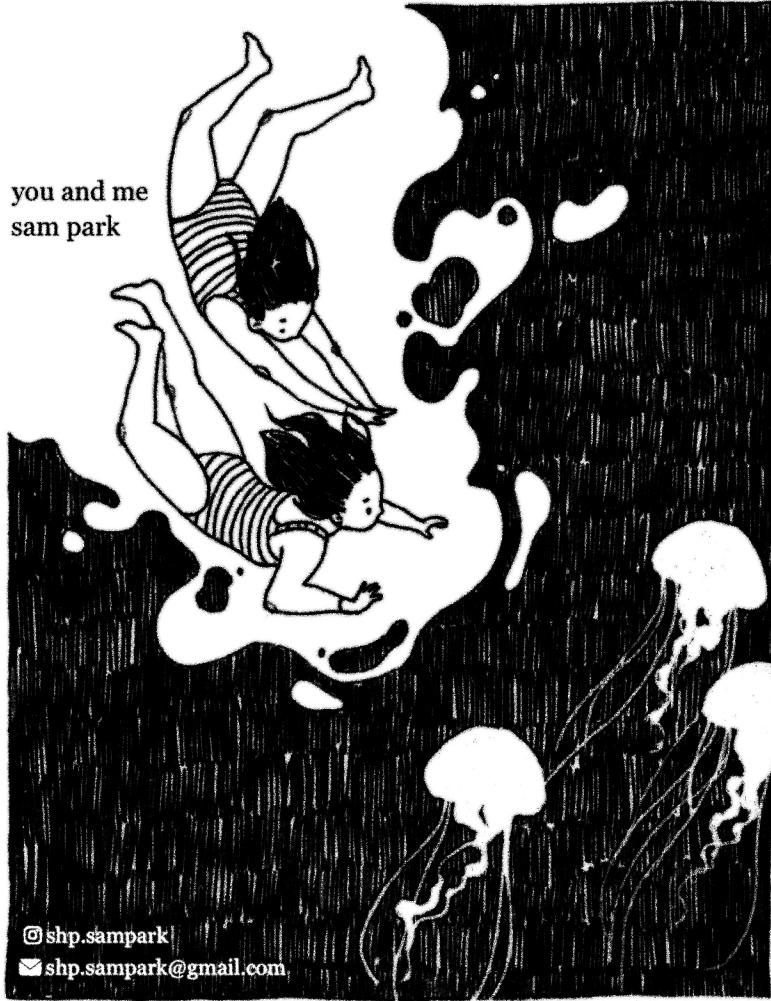
it has taken me exactly seven-and-a-half months to create this story, along with its illustrations.
after multiple revisions and renditions of both the word choice and the drawings, i've completed
what i think will be the second—and the last—art piece fully (and openly) dedicated to you,
though i don't think i'll ever stop making art about you.

as genuine as this story is, i don't want to leave any impression on readers or myself that our
friendship was limited to the extended metaphor described in 29 sentences (which is by pure
coincidence your birthday), because in reality there was so much more laughing and smiling, not
exhibited by these fictional representations of ourselves. in real life, not everything was so black
and white, though it's taking me some time to come to terms with that.

i'll always cherish the time we spent as acquaintances, friends, best friends, and not-as-best-
friends, though remembering anything from those times still makes me sad.

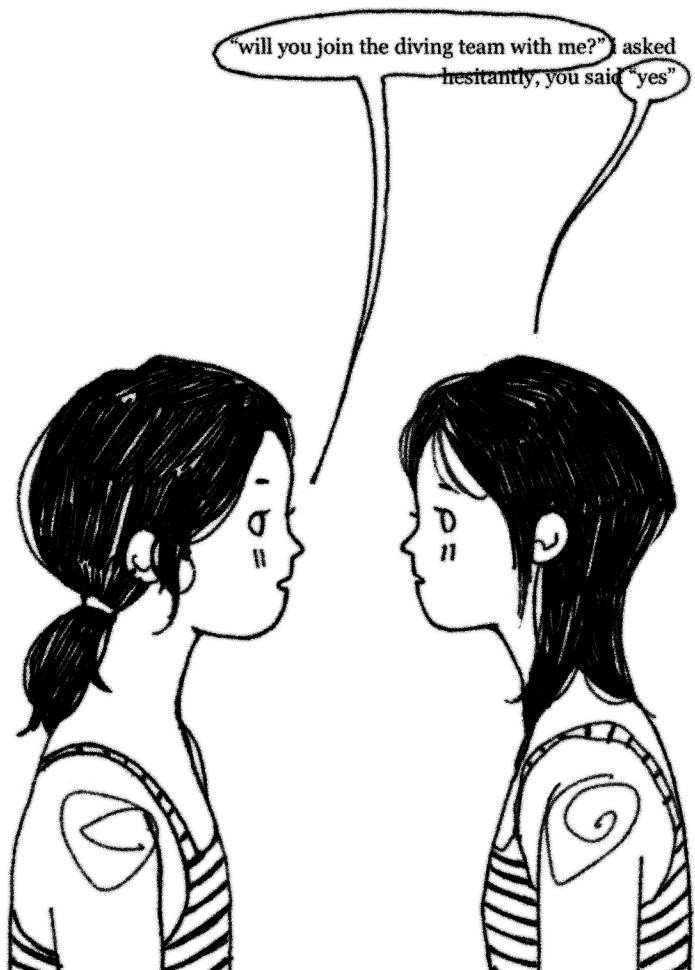
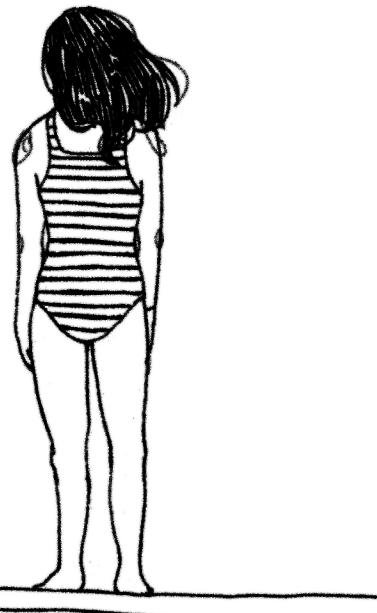
thank you for a lovely 3-and-a-half years of friendship.

you and me
sam park



@shp.sampark
shp.sampark@gmail.com

i haven't gone diving since then
but i know that if i ever do go back,

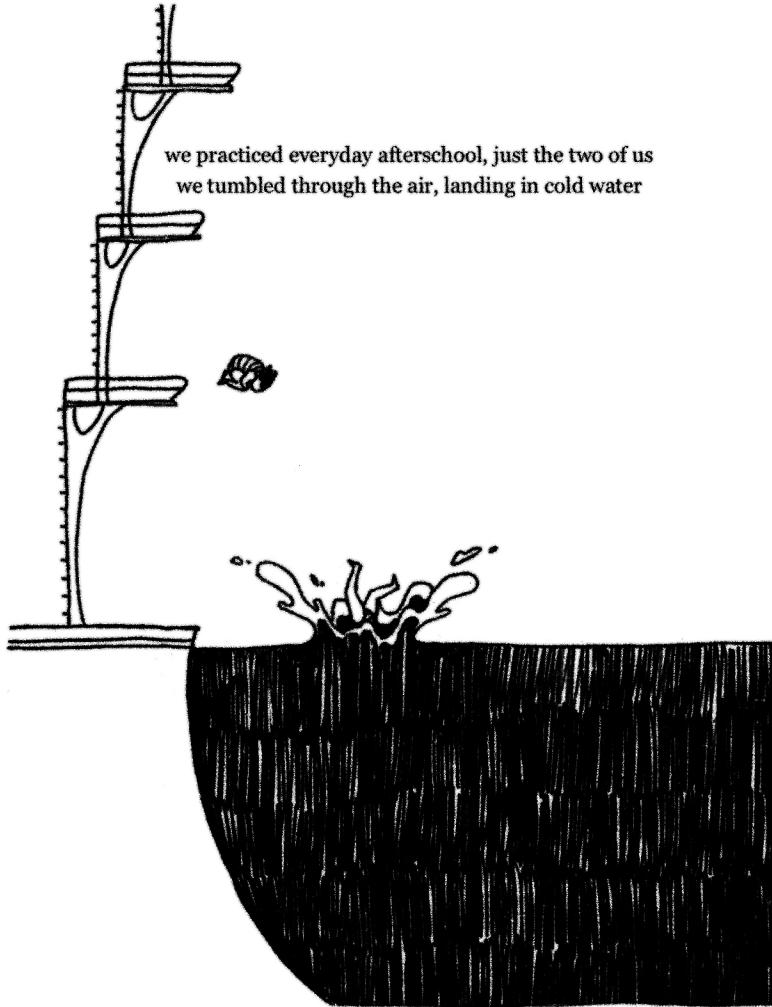


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you'll be in the water, waiting to greet me



we practiced everyday afterschool, just the two of us
we tumbled through the air, landing in cold water



but then the lifeguard called me down

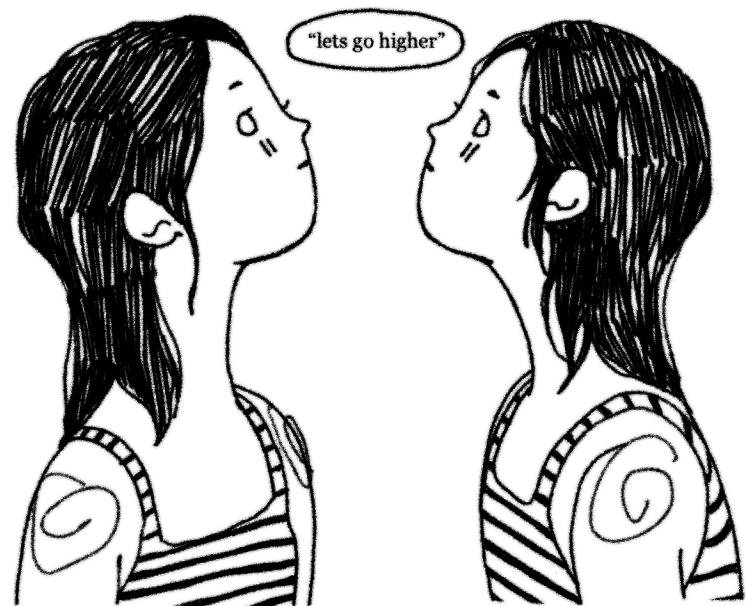
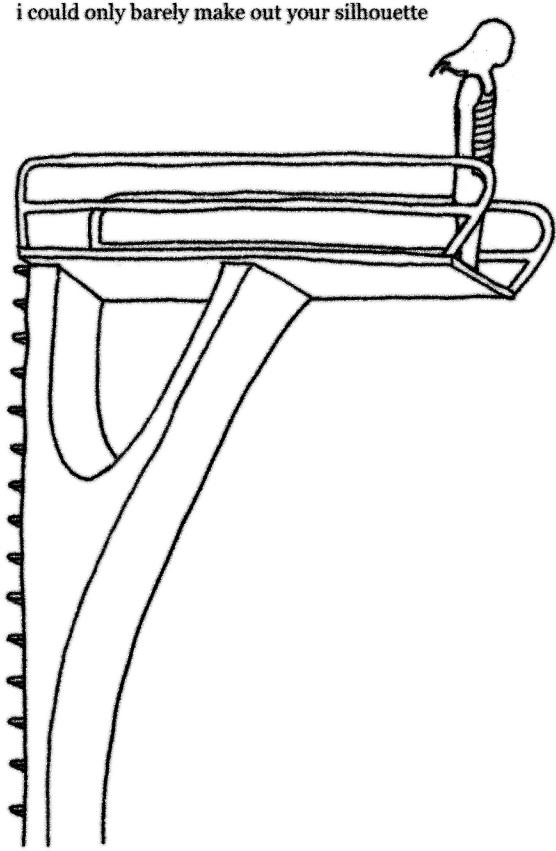
no lifeguard had called you down, but she did for me
i wish she'd called you; i wish i'd called you



i climbed up to follow you, because I still needed my diving partner



the last time i saw you, you were standing so far up,
i could only barely make out your silhouette



one day we were standing there on the lowest board,
and you saw me eyeing the ones above

i didn't see exactly what happened,
but I saw the splash and you were gone



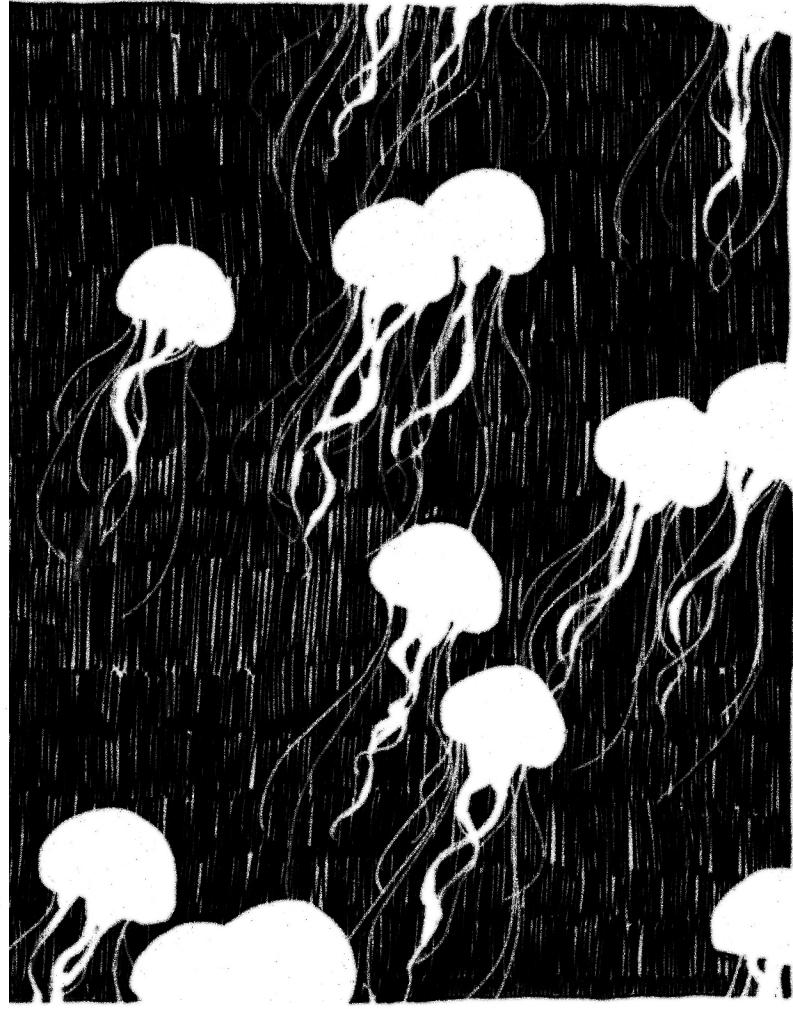
the deeper we went, the darker and colder the water got



i still regret that part

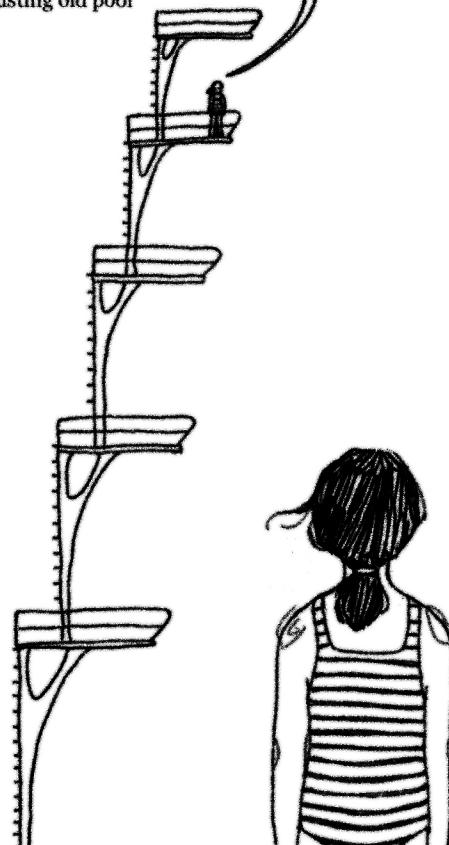


but the water was a lot colder than i remembered
shivering, i left before you came back up

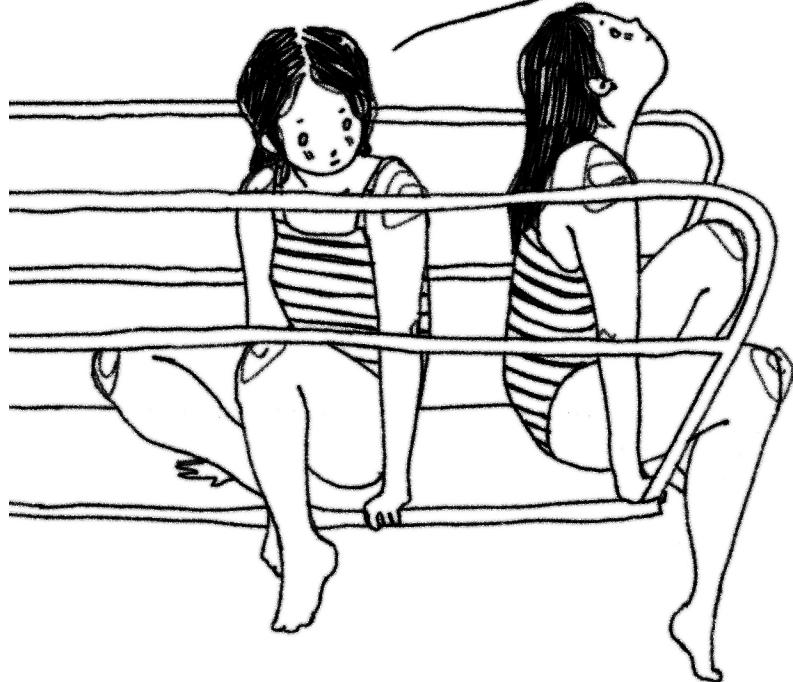


i passed our pool one day, and i saw you standing on the fourth board
you shouted at me from up there

“don’t you miss diving with me? don’t you want to see how much better I got?”
and i joined you in that rusting old pool

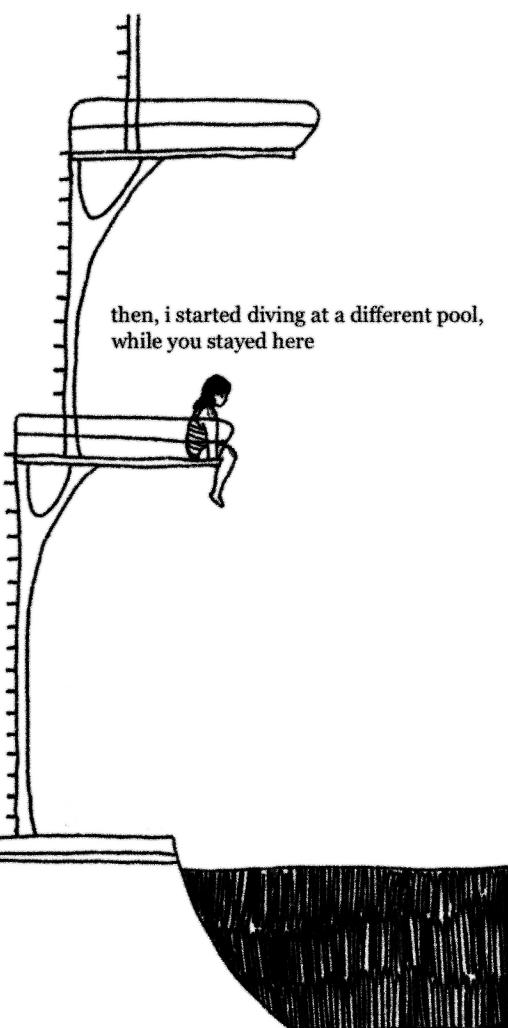
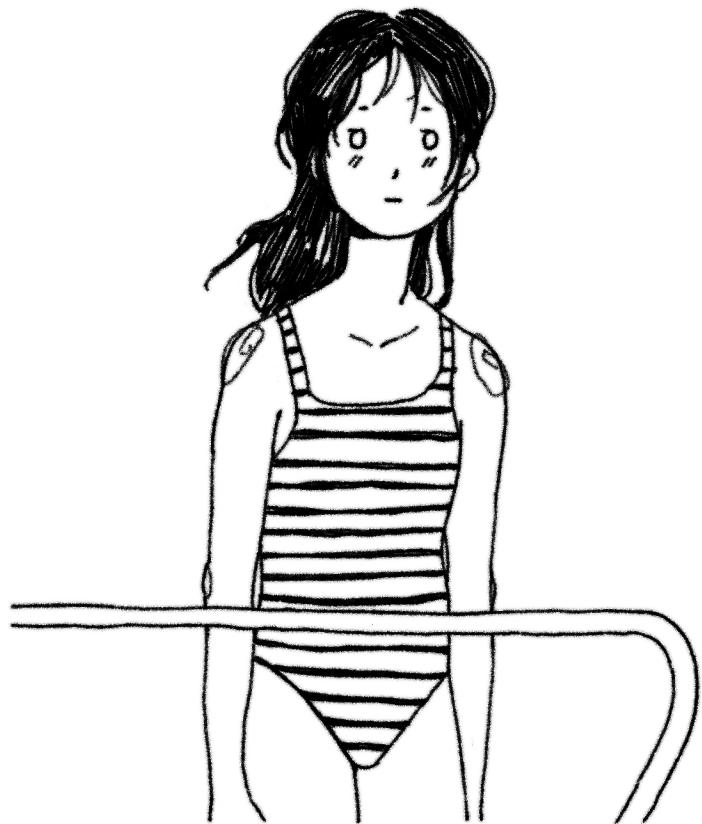
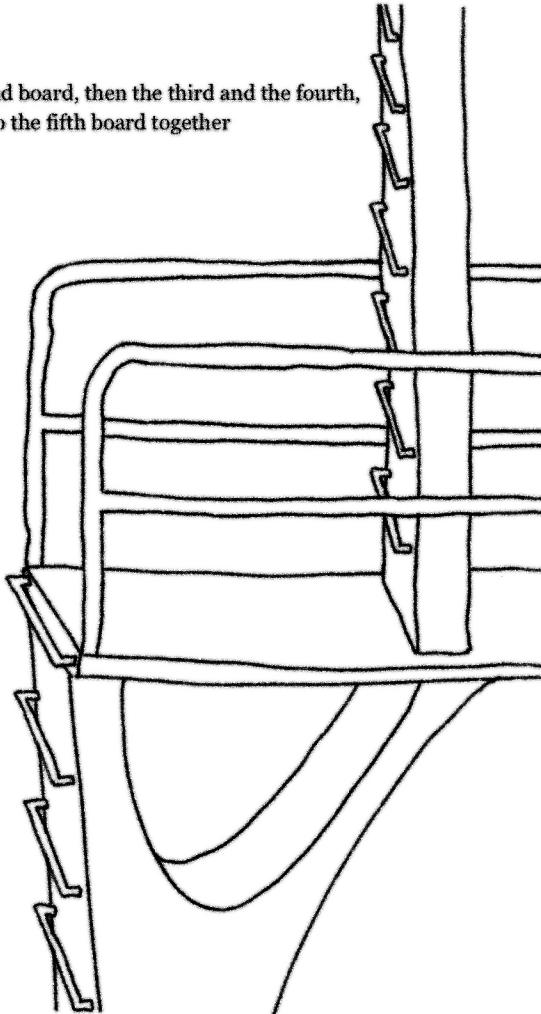


when you said you wanted to, i said “not without me,”
but it was a joke for the most part

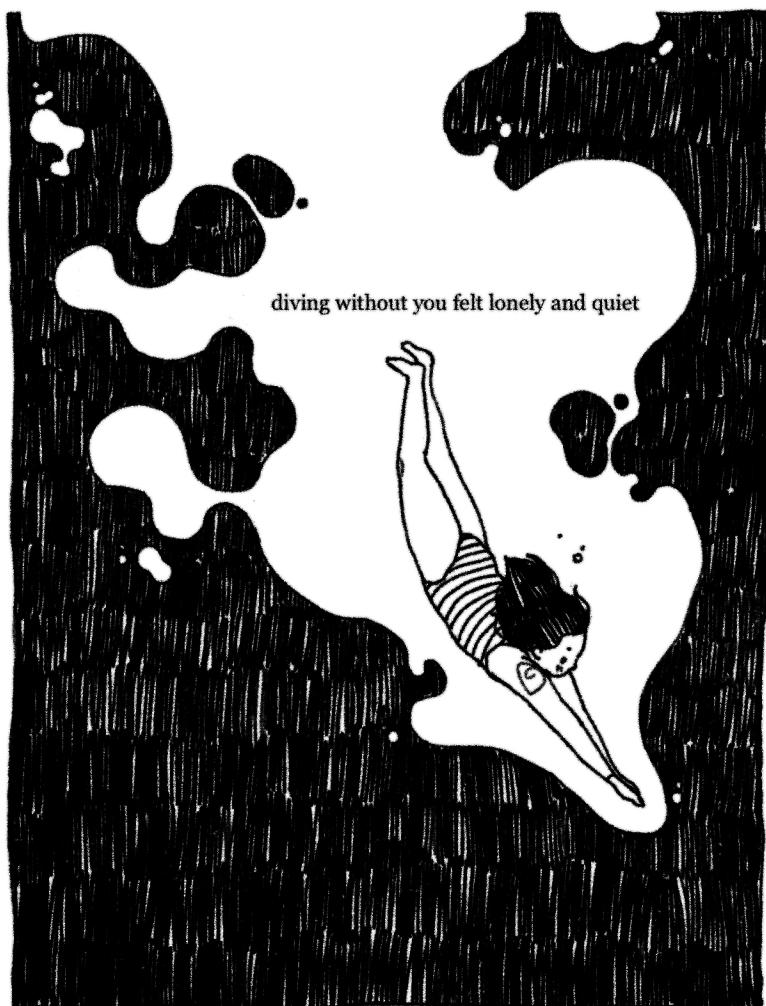


not only did i know it wasn’t allowed, i was scared
i used to think you were scared too, but now i’m not so sure

we dove from the second board, then the third and the fourth,
but we never went up to the fifth board together



then, i started diving at a different pool,
while you stayed here



diving without you felt lonely and quiet