

Storylandia

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Letters to S.

By George Gad Economou

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by

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28/08/2014

(*unsent*)

Everywhere I look there they are, a set of black eyes staring at me from every corner, from every possible direction. Even when I close my own eyes they're still there, amid the darkness of my closed eyelids, staring intensely, curiously, admiringly. They have a gleam, a shining I have never before seen; they're both scary and comforting.

It feels good seeing them staring at me with that intention of theirs, and yet it makes me uncomfortable, because it scares me; what do they want—I wonder often silently—what do they expect of me? There is no certain answer—I can't tell why the look is there.

I know why the eyes are following me—that's a simple question that needs not be asked. Yet, what do they want from me, I do not know. I have my own hopes about it, I wish and pray for a specific answer to be true, but I can't possibly know.

Three days I've been followed by this particular set of eyes; the knowledge of seeing them again in person, *in vivo*, is exhilarating, yet scary. I need to know what they want, what the thoughts that make the gleam appear are, why they seemingly shine whenever they meet my own glance. What is it? I ask myself, but no one comes to the rescue, the answer is seemingly non-existent.

It isn't so, and I know it well—there is an answer to the question tormenting my mind, a very definitive answer. Yet, the struggle is to obtain it—there are feasible ways, yet the plausibility of acquiring an

unwanted answer is high. Am I willing, then, to risk everything and ask the burning question? I have no answer to that, either.

And maybe it's this last question that does the tormenting; the uncertainty of the future and the uncertainty of my own mind on whether it will survive the unexpected answer—whether the reason behind the shining black eyes that open widely whenever they meet mine is vastly different than what I hope.

I am not the first, nor will I be the last, to be tormented by such questions and by the vast uncertainty that lies within those situations—yet, whensoever you find yourself in such a peculiar situation—for the details of my current condition are more complicated and bizarre than I had led you, my dear reader, to believe—you suddenly lose your mind, your capability of socializing properly. Perhaps it's purely biological; different hormones are produced in the mind when there's real interest, and not just superficial attraction, which, therefore, makes the approach different, and tougher. For it's for more than I hope and wait and pray, yet will it come?

Or will this hesitation, the reluctance derived from the fear of the unknown, prove to be fatal? Will I be followed by those eyes forever only in my dreams, or will I, at some point, be able to stare into them at will, and in person? More questions arise in my mind, while I struggle to answer even the simplest one.

I know what needs be done—I've done it a lot of times in my turbulent past, and I'm certain I shall do it again in the future. Yet, what if those black eyes—that are now staring at me through the paper upon which I type—are meant to be something more? A life-changing moment? From when I first laid my eyes upon them, from that very first exchange of

glances, there was something... a sparkling, if we're to use common terminology.

I saw it in the eyes and felt it appear in mine too—a good sign, I know. Yet, is the fear of not knowing what the eyes—or, to put it better, their owner—want and feel, or is the fear inside me, that renders me incapable of trying to seek for the answers?

And, as it always happens, it's the last question that proves to be the most important, instantaneously rendering all previous questions worthless.

And therefore, I now find myself questioning myself: what do *I* want? Isn't that, after all, the biggest question, the main issue? I know what the eyes want, or at least I'm quite certain of it. I've seen the gleam before, I've seen the right movements being made. I am confident in knowing the answers to my previous questions.

Is it, thus, because of my uncertainty regarding my own feelings that I try to make these questions unanswerable? Probably yes. It's me, after all and not some general uncertainty, that obliterates the answers, that makes the simplest of questions tough and unanswerable. Therefore, what needs be done, apparently, is for me to seek the answer inside my mind, for it's there that it lies, and not in some strange, exotic place: what do I want?

Is there really an answer, though? I want to continue my life as it always was, regardless of how turbulent, crazy, unstable it may be; yet, a part of me needs a change, and preferably a drastic one. Hence, do I take my chances? Do I attempt to bring the black eyes, and their owner, into my life, possibly for good?

Am I willing to let my past be past, and look into the future? Am I really seeking a future vastly different than my past and present? And if yes, will I

be able to keep this promise, namely to stay, forever and ever, a changed person? Or will I take the chance, ruin it, revert back to my old self, and consequently bring tears in those dark eyes?

Questions, questions, questions... yet, where are the answers? Are there any answers? Yes, they are inside me; but I have to search deep, dig way deep down in my mind, in order to find them. And, the most important aspect of it all, I don't know if I dare look—I am terrified of what I may discover.

26/09/2014
(*sent while stoned*)

My dearest S-,

Where do I begin, how do I... I guess it's only fair to start from the beginning, explain the reasons why I write this... will you ever see it, I wonder silently, uncertain.

But, whether you'll see it or not, doesn't really matter to me... all I need right now is this moment with my thoughts, to see how I really feel. So... where do I begin?

Well, from the get-go, from when I first met you, there was the attraction, the sexual tension, or whatever you may want to call it. We both felt it and, because of the honesty that characterizes this relationship, we both knew it, too.

I did understand, quite quickly I must admit, that there was something wrong, that you weren't readily available; I just sensed that *something* was holding you back. I didn't quite catch it at first, but I think I can be excused for that, considering how utterly complicated the entire situation was, and, I

guess, still is. Nevertheless, I knew the complexity, it was entirely voluntarily that I decided to bring myself into this whole fucking mess; you didn't drag me into it, so there's absolutely no reason for you to feel guilty, for *anything*.

What I don't think, however, you understand, is how much you came to mean to me during this month, or so, we've known each other; I know I often joke about it and make some of the most serious things I say to you seem like nothing but bad jokes. I do this, possibly because I've never had to express my feelings before in my life—mostly because I never had such feelings for anyone.

You've changed my whole life, my mindset, my... you changed *me*. And, in all honesty, I don't even know if I can take it. What do I mean? That you've asked me to change a lot about myself, I made promises I *never* make, and intend to keep them too, yet, even though I know you asked those changes because you care for me, I don't know for how long I will accept those very changes, when I know that...

That what? I guess, the right answer, at least for me, is until I know there's a chance you'll be mine; something which I now know will never happen. "Beautiful to dream", was your own words to describe the prospect of us being together—yet, you prefer staying with your current boyfriend, for whatever fucking reasons you may have, which I don't understand. For me, your reasoning sounds like pure motherfucking bullshit, but, probably, that's because your mindset is totally alien to me—similarly, my own mindset and how I think must seem like utter motherfucking bullshit to you.

Sorry for the vulgarity, I slip up sometimes—yet, no reason to erase anything. You shall probably never

read this, anyhow. And, if you do, it will probably be because I'm finally dead; in that case, feel free to visit my tombstone and complain about the swearing!

At any rate, the fact is, I can't help but think of the pointlessness of this entire fucking charade. I mean, you're not going to break up with your boyfriend—you're too caught up in your whole "one and only" kind of thinking to ever grow the balls to do it; the only way you'd do such thing, would be if he cheated on you, or broke up with you explicitly, and, in my honest opinion, he seemed too "caring" to ever do so (I had a whole different word in mind, mind you!)—and we both know it. Yet, I still insist on hoping. Why?

I'm asking myself the same damn thing. Why? Why in all that's fucking holy am I still insisting that there's a chance? I mean, truly, I do believe you may be my only chance for happiness, perhaps it's therefore I still pursue that vague, dead dream, and yet, I know there's no chance. I know, too damn fucking well, that I'm never going to be happy. Possibly, I need to be miserable, depressed, sad, and all those other wonderful things, in order to be a productive writer—maybe I secretly seek out misery and melancholy. It could well be the main reason I've never had a serious relationship; I'm afraid happiness will kill my writing talent.

And still, I'm willing to put even my fucking talent, the only thing I'm good at and the only thing I cherish in this entire fucking world, at such a great risk, just so I can be with you. Should I ever tell these things to you? That's an answer you'll have to give me, when I'm dead. Just whisper it at the tombstone—maybe, a part of my soul will somehow evade the deepest pits of Hell; or whatever comes in the afterlife.

And now you can see why I'd never give you

this letter while I was still alive. How would you react if you realized that I'm having another major depressive episode because of you? Because of the whole damn fucking situation? I don't enjoy anything; even writing, at times, seems a dull task. I find no pleasure in anything—and yet, just a few days ago, I was happier than I've ever been. What changed?

You decided we should only meet in public places; no more you visiting my apartment. And yes, I understand your reasons—I don't agree with them, I personally think they're the most idiotic excuses I've ever heard in my life (and trust me, I've both heard and said a lot of stupid, idiotic, moronic, plain out dumb excuses), but I can see the reasoning, because I'm beginning to understand the crazy way of your thinking.

Needless to say, how could I ever tell you these things? I would never emotionally blackmail you to come to my place; it's not your fault that I'm so emotionally unstable that I got depressed, when I realized I would never properly hug you again. Maybe I should have kissed you when I had the chance—maybe that would have changed your mind, maybe that would have given me some chances of ending up with you. As we now stand—since I decided to keep my promises, for the first time in my miserable life—I guess I have to accept the fact I'll only see you in public places, our touching will be minimized to a hug goodbye, and soon, when things will get better with your boyfriend, you'll start avoiding me altogether, afraid that the still existing sexual attraction will be too much for you to bear. You thought it cheating when we held hands; soon, you'll think you're cheating on him, simply because you may think of me sometimes.

Well, it may be for the best; you go back to

him, devote your time to being happy with him, and I'm sure you'll soon forget all about me. I'll be a vague memory, a faint shade of the past. You'll recall me every once in a while, hopefully you'll smile faintly at the memories of what transpired between us, then you'll return to your life—which I sincerely hope will be a long and happy one.

As for me? Well, I'll get over you, I'll start drinking again, I'll start partying again, I'll start womanizing again. I'll return to the empty shell of my former life; no emotions, no love, no compassion, no one to care for, and no one to care for me. I'll do whatever the fuck I want, I'll have no one to tell me to take better care of my health. I'll go back to fucking every hot piece of ass that happens to smile at me, I'll return to drinking one bottle of bourbon daily, and I'll continue writing—the only difference will be that I'll know I am capable of loving and caring and all that bullshit, but I'll refuse to let anyone else know.

Only you got a glimpse of that side of myself, the loving part, and you shall remain the only, too. Not because I'm afraid to give it to someone else—seems familiar?!—but simply because I am certain I'll never find anyone else worthy of it. The world is a fucked up place. You got your “only one”; or so I hope, for otherwise you'll be devastated.

Maybe I got my “only one” too, in a different sense, but, in my case, I lost her. I wasted my only chance in happiness, and, maybe, I'm glad about it. At least now, I can focus entirely on my writing. Guess I have to look at the bright side of life.

I suppose you can now understand why I would never say such things to you; why I couldn't utter these harsh words. Probably, if you're reading this, you'll think it's your fault, that you drove me back to

a lifestyle that led to my inevitable death. It's *not* your fault. I was born a fault, a failure. You had nothing to do with my demise, with my depression, with my death.

You're more innocent than I was at the age of 7; and, in order to conclude this with something true, I find this admirable and I'm actually glad I wasn't given the chance to spoil you. Perhaps, for your sake, it is better if we part ways—I suppose, though, since you're reading this, we've already parted ways.

*Will remember you forever with nothing but love,
G-*

*03/10/2014
(sent while drunk)*

The moments are what we live for; one kiss, one glance, one... moments of greatness and ultimate happiness. That's all that matters, what makes this fucking world go round. Yet, these moments are but that, moments. All the dreams, hopes, wishes and all that accompany them, all that they promise, last only for a moment, a brief second.

When the second is gone, so are the promises, the dreams, the desires; moments are thus nothing but that, moments. When they're done, misery, melancholy, pain and tears come—is there, thus, a point in living? What's the meaning of life, if happiness cannot last?

One kiss is a moment of great happiness, especially with someone special, someone important, that certain someone you hold closest to your heart, the person you can see yourself growing old with. When the kiss is done, and the person is gone, *forever*, how

can you *not* return to the oblivion of alcohol and drugs? How can anyone say that life's worth living, when all it gives you is disappointment with pain? How much more can one take, before they say "screw this shit, I'm out" and decide to blow their brains out, just to put an end to a never-ending misery?

Hope; that's the only solution, the only thing that keeps us alive and fighting. Hope for something new, something... a new moment, a new second, a new dose of happiness. Like junkies, we fight and struggle until the next dose of happiness—we live and breathe and fight through the, often unbearable, pain, just with the hope of the next moment.

Yet, hope is taken away sometimes. "No hope," and it's all over; the moment's gone, the hope's gone. What's left, then?

Nothing. Yet, we still survive, still going after the damn next moment, that we know will never come—yet we pray, dream, wish, desire with all of our heart that it will, that a next moment is brewed somewhere, awaiting us for when we reach the bottom. Then it comes, it brings us right back up on the top—then the moment's gone and the circle starts all over again.

Even with hope utterly shattered, completely destroyed, with all our dreams turned into small piles of ashes, we still survive, making ourselves—forcing ourselves—to believe in a hope that is dead. We want to believe in resurrection, that hope can somehow come back from the dead; it can't, it will remain dead *forever*, and we know it, yet we believe.

We are stupid for believing a dead hope will come back, but we have to believe so nonetheless, otherwise, death is the only solution. In the dilemma between a resurrected hope and our own perishing, we choose hope simply because we're afraid of death

even more so than we're afraid of the pain of the never-resurrected hope.

Pointless existences, meaningless compromises, endless sacrifices: that's Life. We suffer, just so we can enjoy the moments. The moments are gone, the suffering never ends.

Yet the memories of the moments live on, and, maybe, that's the point, after all; being able to recollect the moments you cherish, and see them as bright lights in an otherwise dark existence; the bright lights at the end of the tunnel. We live for the moments, and the memories, and we try to ignore the pain. Maybe, that's the meaning of Life; to brighten up the tunnel of Death.

12/10/2014

(written while high on blow; sent while drunk)

What's the easy way out? Is it easy to accept what life gives you? Isn't there a saying that says "when life gives you lemons, make lemonade"? Am I, thus, supposed to take the hard way, when *some* things are easy in my life? Am I supposed to make my life even harder than it already is?

I've tried many times to do the right thing, although I always hate talking about it; I prefer talking about the times I did the wrong thing, simply because the stories are funnier, and the melancholy feelings are not so overwhelming. I try to look at the bright side, otherwise I shall pull the trigger. I try to keep a positive outlook at everything, otherwise, there's no way out but Death. Is Death the easy way out? In a sense, yes. So, once again, I'm doing the easy thing. Yet, when living is so unbearable, why shouldn't I do the only easy thing?

When life's so damn tough, when everything I do is wrong, when everything I say is wrong, when the fact I was born was a great wrong, *why* shouldn't I, for once, take the easy way out?

I am crazy enough as it is; why should I deliberately add to this by putting even more pressure on myself, just because things have to be done the hard way? People say "don't kill yourself, you still are worth something". Well, I'm worth nothing; I'm worth nothing as a writer, as a friend, as a son, as a human being. I'm a total failure—yet, I'm still alive, still trying to do the right thing, even if I'm seemingly incapable of it. Is this, thus, truly the easy way out? I haven't pulled the trigger yet, no matter how tempting it is, I didn't jump in front of the oncoming traffic—a chance to take the easy way out was presented to me so generously, yet I refused it. Why?

I know what I want in life, I've always pursued it—however, I don't know how to get it, because of who, and what, I am. I know what I want, and it's not my current life—yet, when you are like me, you have to take whatever you can, because you know one day the trigger *will* be pulled. Am I wrong in not always doing the right thing, for sometimes choosing the easy way?

Perhaps, yes. Definitely, you think so; I don't really blame you, because I know you can't understand me, as I can't understand you. You don't know how it is to live in my head, how it is to have numerous voices speaking to you constantly; I don't know how it is to live with your kind of pressure.

Therefore, we're both wrong when we try to advise each other; however, I only meant to help. Perhaps you reacted negatively because of what I said—in which case, I honestly apologize. Yet, I know

we shall never be together, in whatever sense, simply because I am what I am. Regardless of what I want, of what I often dream, I know you'll never be there for me, because I always say and do the wrong things.

Stupid jokes; impossible, harsh advice; strong words with honest feelings and emotions, which you can't believe as true—yes, that's me, always has been. I may wear a different mask, when I'm around others, but you get the true picture. Believe it or not, I don't care any longer. You may believe I try to play you—perhaps it is for the best too, because it will make some things easier for you. But, I know, I adamantly *know*, I'm the real me around you; unfortunately, only around you.

And that's because I hate my real self, I loathe the son of a bitch that can ruin everything in seconds. Yet, I felt the need to be myself, because I cared for you, because I needed you to see the real me, for whatever reasons I might have had at the time.

Maybe because I cared so much for you, I didn't want to deceive you—maybe because I felt that you cared for me, too, so I didn't want to give you a wrong impression. No matter the reason, I've always been myself around you, yet that does not mean you can understand the Hell that's going on inside my mind. Hell, *I* can't understand it and I'm living it daily.

So, when I take the easy way, when I try to avoid the hard things, I succeed, and it's the only time I feel some happiness, some kind of accomplishment. When I try to do the hard, and often right, thing, I fail miserably, and I end up wishing to pull the trigger—just like I feel now, and for the past few weeks.

In conclusion, I don't know why I wrote you this—perhaps because I felt pissed off for some reason, and wanted to clarify something. Mostly, however,

because I finally realized you were missing a big part of the puzzle that is me. I never reveal things, even to those I care for the most (that small group involves you too), so I couldn't do that to you, to invite you into my Hell. But now, since I fear I may lose you, I had to say it. I mentioned I'm manic-depressive, yet I never truly explained what it means. You can always google "Type II bipolar disorder", but I doubt you'll find a good explanation of what it is to be inside the mind of such an insane person... so, *fuck off!*

13/10/2014

I want to apologize for how I was today, for how I talked, for the way I looked; unfortunately, I can't help it, nor can I stop myself from thinking. I have a lot of things on my mind at the moment, but, unfortunately—mostly for *you*—what I think most about *is* you, and all the things that transpired during the month and a half we've known each other.

Yes, I do care about you; yes, I do value our friendship; yes, I do *not*, under any circumstances, want to lose you; yes, I have strong feelings for you; and yes, I know you once *had* similar, albeit I doubt as strong, feelings for me, which are now diminishing, if they have not vanished altogether.

I also know—and I *have* mentioned it once or twice—that the time you spend with me depends on how things are going with your other part of your life, the most important one. I realize I'm not important, or at least not in the same sense; I doubt I can live with it, but I must learn to cope with it—hopefully, one day I'll come to that. What I had, however, mentioned, and what possibly made me so miserable today, was that I know that the time we spend together depends

on that other part of your life.

When you didn't want to go home, when things were going bad, you would spend most of your time with me—that's when I began caring for you. You needed me, I needed you too. The first time we went out, we stayed together for I don't know how many hours; you mentioned you didn't want to go home. During the big *fredagsbar*, we prolonged our staying together for up until it got too late. The first times at my place, you took one of the last busses—during the next visits, you had to go away sooner, now you've stopped visiting altogether. Soon, we'll meet for a quick coffee, exchange some brief news, then you'll be on your way home. You're busy, too, I know *that*, but I highly doubt it's the only reason we can't be together for long. As things get better in your life, you'll see me less and less, because you'll *want* to go home and not because you *have* to. It's perfectly understandable—you don't experience the misery I do—yet I can't help but feel miserable, when I know all too well that soon we'll barely see each other; once, you thought you were cheating by being at my place and holding my hand—at some point, even seeing me will feel like cheating. I wrote that already somewhere, but the fact of the matter is you know how I feel, and I doubt you've managed to eliminate your feelings towards me altogether, although I'm certain you've tried.

You said “beautiful to dream”, when things looked bad; you said “no hope”, when things were better. You kissed me, because you wanted to show me I'm important, but you also did so, because you wanted to say goodbye; to take it out of your system, in order to allow things to get better. You wanted to let it go, you did it because you wanted to say goodbye.

I don't want to say goodbye—I know, sometimes

it's the only way, but it's tough to do so—and I think, and hope, you don't want to either. You want me to move on, because that way I'll be out of the equation. I want to move on, because I know I'm not in the equation; the toothbrush, the “beautiful to dream”, everything that happened during this time, were things you did, because you feared for the future. You were in a bad place, and maybe you saw a way out in me; now, since things have gotten definitely better, you wish to erase it all, to erase whatever you might have felt for me, and fix your life. In all sincerity, I wish you do, especially if it's what it takes to make you happy—besides, my happiness is insignificant, unimportant. I was never happy, nor will I ever be... that's another story.

However, what I can't stop thinking about, what kills me, is that the better things go for you, the more I won't see you; it's killing me. Just as much as it kills me knowing that I cannot say “I need you”, because you won't be able to come. You can't, nor do you want to, come to my place to hold my hand when I feel like shit, because it may awake the feelings you've put to sleep. Yet, I sometimes *need* you to hold my hand; that's why I keep asking about the tea-box; I need to know that one day, you may come back, even if just as a friend. I know it'll never happen, yet you insist I should keep it. It's killing me, too.

Maybe one day the feelings will die—everything dies eventually, after all—and then things will be different. The problem is, when that day comes, you may not want to be around me anymore—things will be good in your life for you to need me, *or*, I will just have reverted back to my old self, whom you won't like.

This is *not* a goodbye letter, nor a way to pressure you into making a decision. All it is, appearances to

the contrary notwithstanding, is a plain explanation of *why* I am the way I am during the past few days (and why I've felt like shit for the past few weeks). It's getting worse, because it's obvious things are getting better and you're proving me right: you're not altogether avoiding me, but you *are* trying to avoid spending too much time with me, or enacting any moment that could be termed even remotely intimate: we held hands on Thursday and you hated it, even though I needed you to do so, just because I had to feel a caring touch; you hated the prolonged hugs of Wednesday night. Whenever we are too close, it awakens feelings within you and you wish them away. I can't help it; I don't do these things because I want to make you choose something you don't want to. I do them because that's me *and* because it's what I need.

I think the main problem is that we met during a time we both needed someone in our lives to care for, and whom would care for us. We found each other—for which I'm extremely glad—yet, the problem is, you have someone else too. You were afraid you'd lose him, so you held onto me tight; now, you're certain you'll fix the problems, so I'm not so needed any longer. It makes sense, too. You chose him, amongst other reasons, so that you'd have someone to comfort you.

I, on the other hand, have no one; nor do I want anyone else. I tried the caring business once or twice, and I always end up hurt—I'll never stop caring about you, but I'll never move on to care for someone else, either. Maybe things will change in the future; no one can tell. Things may go differently, something may happen—who knows, right?

Naturally, I know *nothing* will change, and moving on is probably the only way; I can't follow it right now, but I may have to try soon. At any

rate, I felt I should write you a long text once again, because today I acted weird; I'm in a very bad place right now—for which you are not at fault—and I can't stop thinking of all these things—particularly, that I can't make you be here, when I need you, because it makes you feel awkward. You talked about changes: you've changed during the time I've known you—twice. First, when I met you and we started hanging out; second, when you realized you are not allowed to have feelings for me.

When the feelings die—for both of us—maybe our friendship can flourish, because there won't be any reason for you to think you're doing something wrong by being around me. But, for now, I guess I just have to learn to live with what I can get, and not ask for more—mostly, because I do not desire to ask you for more than you are willing to offer. I guess, seeing you today was more than enough.

I'm sure I'm wrong in some things, so feel free to correct me, if you want; I'm even more certain I'm wrong in sending you this, but I guess I felt, once again, the need to explain myself—and, most importantly, to let you know how awful I feel for some things, mainly because I know I'm to blame for some of your problems, or at least for some of the thoughts that might have, once, tormented your mind, and because you're not to blame at all for how I feel.

26/11/2014

(written while drunk; sent high on crack)

I'm sorry. Is there a worse phrase in any language? Do we even mean it, when we apologize? What is it that drives us to apologize for what we do, for how we feel? Is *love* something we should be sorry for? Is

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