

Here we are, Julien is starting to cut my hair. I'm not looking - I will keep focused until the end.

I am so happy and stressed at the same time, and I've forgotten half of my performing actions.

I completely trust Julien but I'm also a bit scared.

It's going very fast the haircut. I hope I'll have the time to say what happened to me last night...

It wasn't a very good evening, I was with Denis, and he's so annoying. I wish he would get better, but as I told him, he's always complaining about his problems. It's like he likes it! I don't really understand it or know anything about it.

During the night, I dreamed about my grand-pa. I was with Luce and we were walking through the car park where he was parked in his red car. I looked up and I suddenly saw him at his car window, he was by himself looking at us. We looked at each other for a long time.

I felt both anxious and happy. Suddenly, he waved at me and told me to wait for him. I stood there lost and alone (not sure where Luce was), when he arrived back he smiled and offered me the car keys. It was mine (the car) and I couldn't figure out why.

End of dream!

What an idiot! I have just told Julien that I would have preferred it if he had been my grand-pa. I hate my grand-pa!

Yesterday I wrote a little message for Luce, just next to the pictures we shot together in the photo booth.

I would come back soon to Julien's house to take a bath. I love a bath, I love water, it's where I feel the most content.

I must remember to pick up my hairs before I leave.

Last year, I had a big bathtub where I was living in Rennes. Everytime I feel down, I take a bath, I also like to smoke a cigarette at the same time. Except that once, the water was probably too hot and I felt dizzy. This day, I almost fainted.

Julien is looking at me while I'm writing. I'm now sitting down just next to him on the couch, drinking tea and waiting that my hair to dry completely so he can finish my cut. He's just said that he thinks it's great what I was doing, opening up my heart. And he would do the same if he was a bit younger!.

I don't know what to write now, but I will continue...

I've already done a similar writing exercise when I was in high school with two other girls from my class. We dressed up like during the "Rococo" -late Baroque period and we stayed awake all night long. Each of us had to do something

without stopping as long as the candle was burning. For me, I wrote my thoughts down on paper (I did cheat abit though)

When I'm with Julien, we always seem to have talk and think about love. I do have so many things to say about, but it's always very hard for me to express it. It's like, stuck in my mind!

I want to go out and smoke a cigarette.

I don't like to smoke in the mornings, but I couldn't do without an evening cigarette.

I want to go to a warm place, I want to go to the seaside and swim.

'We have to get laid, that's it!' This is what Julien's just said and Luce is laughing.

I get laid sometimes, but only with Lucas.

I know I shouldn't bury my head in the sand but I don't want it anymore. I just want to meet new people but it's always complicated...holly crap!

I feel pretty, not all the time, sometimes I feel ugly, like last Tuesday. I accepted to get naked for some pictures (artistic project). At the beginning I was feeling ok, then he started to provoc me. He warned me he would try to do it and I thought it would be ok but it wasn't. I didn't participate and the shooting stopped abruptly, weirdly and with mistrust.

My wrist has started to hurt; I should try and write slower. There are little hairs covering my notebook.

Sometimes, I'm not sure if my grandparents were really in love. When I was kid I always wondered if they were still making love. Sometimes I would get up in the middle of the night to listen. The only noise I heard was my grand-pa's snoring.

Is it ok to cheat? Luce is talking about it with Julien. Once in my life, I cheated on someone.

"Here we are" Julien is about to start what he calls "les finitions". I can feel the scissors in my neck. It's funny to feel these wrinkled hands cutting my hair. It's starts to rain outside, I don't want the wind and rain to mess my hair.

I can feel Julien's breath when he blows to remove the hairs from my neck, It gives me a chill. Now I'm going to stop!