

This was supposed to be a letter of goodbye, because I'm worn out by everything that has happened between you and me. But I realise I can't, I can't just let you go.

Do you remember when we first met? At that time, five years ago, you had yet to debut as an idol. I remember you standing there, in the corner of the stage, vastly younger than the rest of your friends. You didn't have the weight of the world on your face at that time. You were just another fifteen-year-old, happy to have the chance to perform. I never knew what made you stand out besides that, but you caught my eye at that point of time and you never let me go ever since.

I remember every moment that you've given me. Every smile and nod when you see your name on the boards I made to support you at concerts. When you danced and sang and rapped, watching you felt like fire burning in my veins. I don't know when it happened, but I saw you, I got to know you, and I liked you. I wanted you to be happy.

Then you debuted, and everything seemed to go wrong then.

You didn't have that many fans at the start. People weren't looking at you. People only cared about your groupmates. It hurt, didn't it, to see them walk past you at signings like you didn't matter? My heart hurt for you, I thought when I saw that, anger flaring within me. So, I took it upon myself to help. I bought an expensive camera and I learned how to sneak it into concerts so that people could see you at your best, could see you the way I saw you. When your pictures went on the Internet, you were shared with the world, and a part of me thought that I was happy for you. You got more fans. You got more love and recognition. I thought I was happy for you.

It gets tiring, though. To follow you where I could, across the world, every concert, no matter what. I was tired, stressed out, but every time you looked at my camera, I felt a jolt of energy. I wanted to support you, like how you supported me, with your smiles and poses and gratitude when you sign my albums at signings. I thought that maybe I was special to you, and when I asked you, you smiled and said yes. I was happy, beyond what you know, to find that you found me as special to you as you are to me. We were more, not just fan and idol.

I wanted to know you more, so that you could depend on me. That's why I found your favourite café, the one near your dance studio, and went to visit you. You liked the iced chocolate there, so you went there every Friday after practice to order the Iced Chocolate with Cinnamon and Soy Milk with Less Ice and Cocoa Powder on Top. I know because I remember the things you like. I wonder if you saw me, sitting at that table by the window, every week without fail. I would never miss a chance to see you. You looked at me once and I smiled, and your head ducked back down. You were so cute that I had to take photos and post them where everyone could see you.

The next time you were with your older groupmate, and he kept looking at me. When I looked back, he frowned. He kept coming week after week. You didn't look at me at all. After that, you stopped appearing at all. The first few times I thought you were sick, or you were busy practicing, so I moved to the café near your dorm. I just wanted to see you again.

That day, I saw you, in clothes that someone else had gifted you, and I know you saw me, because your face changed. I know you saw me wave, but your groupmate behind you saw

me too. He glared at me and pulled you away. You went freely. Why? Why didn't you fight back?

Are you still angry? I said I was sorry. It's not that I wanted to tap your phone, but the things your groupmates say about me hurt me. They laughed and mocked me, yet you did nothing. Tell me it wasn't you laughing along. I thought the you that had grown up would have matured. 5 years have passed since we met, and you're 20 years old now. I thought I could depend on you, but I suppose that I can't blame you either.

I know how scary it must be, to have your older groupmates bash your fan like this, having to defend yourself against them. I know it's only because of this that you didn't say a thing. I don't blame you, because I know that older people will always impose their views on you, on us. Don't worry, I will protect you, I will make sure that you don't have to worry about anything. You can depend on me.

I know I'm not crazy, not like what your friends say. I know that this heart that beats for you is real, and I know your smiles for me are real and are sweeter than the ones you share with everyone else. I will live on your words forever, because to me, you're special too.

By the time this letter is sent to you, I will be walking to your dorm. Someone gave me a copy of the key, so don't worry about opening the door for me. You don't need to worry anymore. I'll take care of you.

I love you forever.