

MISSHAPEN LOVE

The circle gazed at the bulk of the square. She loved his smoothness, his edges. She wished that the square would turn around and meet her love-struck eyes. She waited for what felt like eternity. Then the square walked away, never looking back.

The circle threw herself onto her bed that night and wept. Life wasn't fair. She rolled to her parents and wept some more, but she was told to stay away from him. Squares are dangerous, they said. Their angles will pierce your circumference. She wept and wept. She didn't stop. The next day she was half the size of what she was the day before. She dragged herself back to the square's house, and waited for the square to come out.

When the square came out of his house, his bored glance fell onto the small circle. He gasped and approached the circle. The square came nearer and nearer, closer and closer to the excited circle. He walked right past her, into his new car, with his girlfriend and drove off.

The circle fell flat. She couldn't get up again, she was too busy crying. Her mind started weeping. Her very essence began to ebb. Thoughts ran across her mind. She knew her circumference was pierced, cut four times by the square. Her radius shrank once again.

When she managed to get up again, she looked around her flat world. She had another idea. She would walk round to the four corners of the Earth to

win the square's affection, to make him notice her. She started her journey, rolling towards where the square drove off.

By now she was only a fraction of her original size. She travelled the four corners of the earth, trying to find the square and win his affection. She looked until her circumference crumpled and sagged, her parents long gone. She realised she had thrown her life away in search of one square who had never noticed her. The circle finally listened to her parents' advice and returned home, ready to live the rest of her life sadly remembering the life that she had rolled away.