



**A NOTE TO MYSELF**

LOI CHI IAO

SPRING 2018

THIRDU



**A GLIMPSE  
INTO MY**

**MIND**

# *Contents*

U n w r i t t e n	6
A B l u e D r e a m	9
H e l l ' s B e l l s	15
D e s p i t e I t A l l U n w r i t t e n	17
C h a o s A B l u e D r e a m	21
M e a l o f T h e W e e k H e l l ' s B e l l s	25
C o f f e e R u n D e s p i t e I t A l l	27
T h e R e c i p e o f L i f e C h a o s	31
M e a l o f T h e W e e k	
C o f f e e R u n	
T h e R e c i p e o f L i f e	





14:34:56

# U n w r i t t e n

Thinking unusual thoughts has become my hobby. Whether I am studying in a library, having dinner with friends or strolling down the street, strange matters would always appear in my head.

## U n w r i t t e n t h o u g h t s

107675: What if I get plastic surgery and it fails?

1347: Why are alphabets in the order that they are?

1145: Why isn't chocolate considered a vegetable when chocolate comes from cocoa beans and all beans are a vegetable?

168: Are oranges named oranges just because they are orange?

1289: Why do we wash bath towels? Aren't we clean when we use them?

1291: Why do we kill people for killing people to show that killing is wrong?

2746: Will I still grow?

40657: What happens when you get 'scared half to death' twice?

20897: Am I still going to grow?

625: Why does Goofy stand on two legs while Pluto remains on four when they are both dogs?

36704: Don't think I'm ever gonna to grow, am I?



Sometimes, I would think that there is something wrong with my mental health as I have obsessive strange thoughts about life and existentialism too often. Yet, I have also considered the fact that I would only have that thought because I think too much and would convince myself that I am absolutely normal. Well, maybe not.

No one is <sup>normal</sup>normal after all.  
normal

**Sometimes.** I would think that there is something wrong with my mental health as I have obsessive strange thoughts about life and existentialism too often. Yet, I have also considered the fact that I would only have that thought because I think too much and would convince myself that I am absolutely normal. Well, maybe not. No one is normal after all.

**Sometimes.** I would think that I have depression. I'm not sure if I am depressed. Well, I am not sad, but I am not exactly happy either. I feel alone sometimes. I'm afraid to let people in; I'm tired of getting hurt. I feel scared sometimes, not only because of people but because of myself.

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If you think about it, parallel lines have a lot in common and yet, they never meet. Never. You might think it's sad but if you think further, every other pair of lines meets once, drift apart and never meet again. Isn't that pretty sad too?

It's really not my problem if they think I'm

weird

weird

weird

**B** **L** **E** **U**  
**B** **L** **E** **U**  
**B** **L** **E** **U**  
**B** **L** **E** **U**  
**B** **L** **E** **U**  
**B** **L** **E** **U**

## A Blue Dream

I was never fond of colours, nor am I now - well, no, people do change after all. I cannot recall when exactly but, I began to fall in love with blue, unconsciously and hopelessly. Anything which catches my attention now is anything blue: blue posters, blue coats, blue coffee mugs... It has become an obsession. I have always wondered why blue is considered a cool colour. In fact, why does any colour have to be categorised by temperature? Just because we are taught that orange is a warm colour and that purple is a cool colour, does this mean that everyone should be brainwashed with the same perspective? I have once asked some of my friends, whether they think that blue is a warm or cool colour. They all answered immediately without a doubt and with a frustrated expression: of course it's a cool colour, what do you mean?



Is it important to follow the trend? What happens if you don't? I am never the person who fits into trends and I've always felt distant with the society. Now that I think about it, I am not even sure if I have ever felt that I belong. I used to, I suppose.

Some people say home is where you come from, but to me home is where your heart is. I've always wanted to leave home desperately, to explore the world and experience new things. For some reason, I am more myself when I am not home. I am able to walk out of my comfort zone and leave behind my insecurities and anxieties. I feel more free. I guess I just have to be more confident about myself but that, is the hardest part.

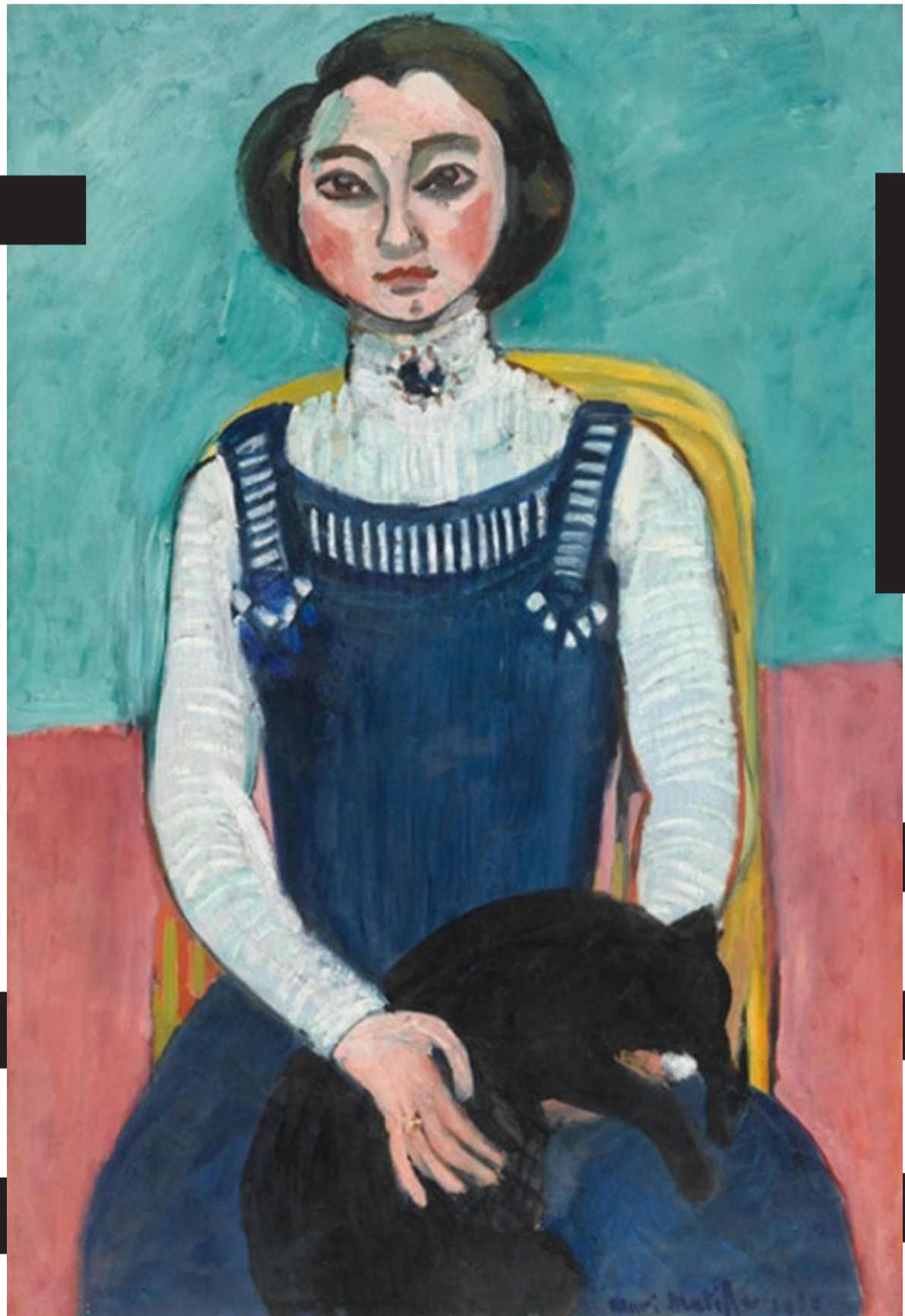
**A Z U L**  
**T O Z V**  
**A Z U L**  
**A Z U L**





Blue, to me, is a warm color

What,  
Happens, In,  
A, World,  
Full / Of,  
Ironies;





# She's strong but She's exhausted

## Hell's Bells

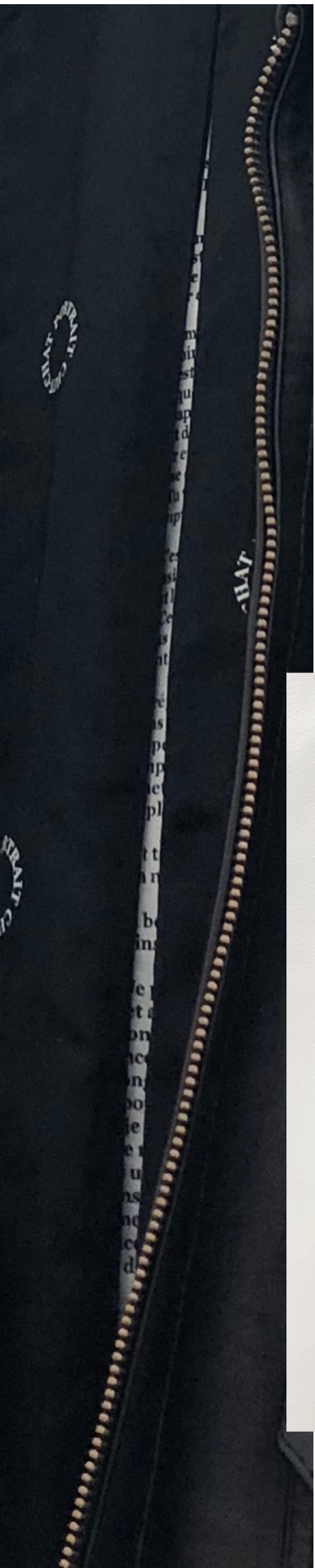
The world in which we live in is full of ironies.

I find it easier to be happy if I don't have a clue about everything because sometimes, knowing too much doesn't bring you any good. "Irony is Fate's most common figure of speech" (Trevanian, Shibumi), it is something which is inevitable. It reflects the ugly parts of humanity, revealing nothing but darkness. There is always two sides of everything and it is also one of those things I never understood: people tell you to be yourself and encourage you to discover your individuality while at the same time, they criticise you and put you down. You become the target as soon as you become a threat. I've realised that people with hatred share the same mindsets: they see you as a threat either because they're jealous of you or they want to be you. It's not hard to tell whether someone is miserable in their lives because they are always the ones who try to look for ways to destroy someone else's life. Frightening, isn't it?

At some point, I stopped explaining myself as I've realised that people will only understand from their level of perception. I don't have the time and energy to argue with anyone anymore, I chose to walk away not because I'm afraid, but because I'm tired of explaining to people who just don't want to understand. Words are manipulative, I've learned that if you want to judge someone, judge by their actions instead of their words because it's always actions that matters.

A vida, Life, is is a the ironia cruelest mais irony. cruel

017



DIRTTRITT CHEIT-CHIAI PORTRAITT CHEIT-CHIAI



## **Despite It All**

If you have gone through my photo album, you would most likely think that I am a creepy stalker. Why? Because most of my photos are snapshots of random strangers on the street. You can find teenagers, elderly, full shots, close-up shots... But before you judge me, here is something that you should know:

*One:* I am a Fashion student

*Two:* I capture outfits (or things in general, actually) which inspires me

*Three:* Well, I am a stalker but I am not creepy

Despite It All

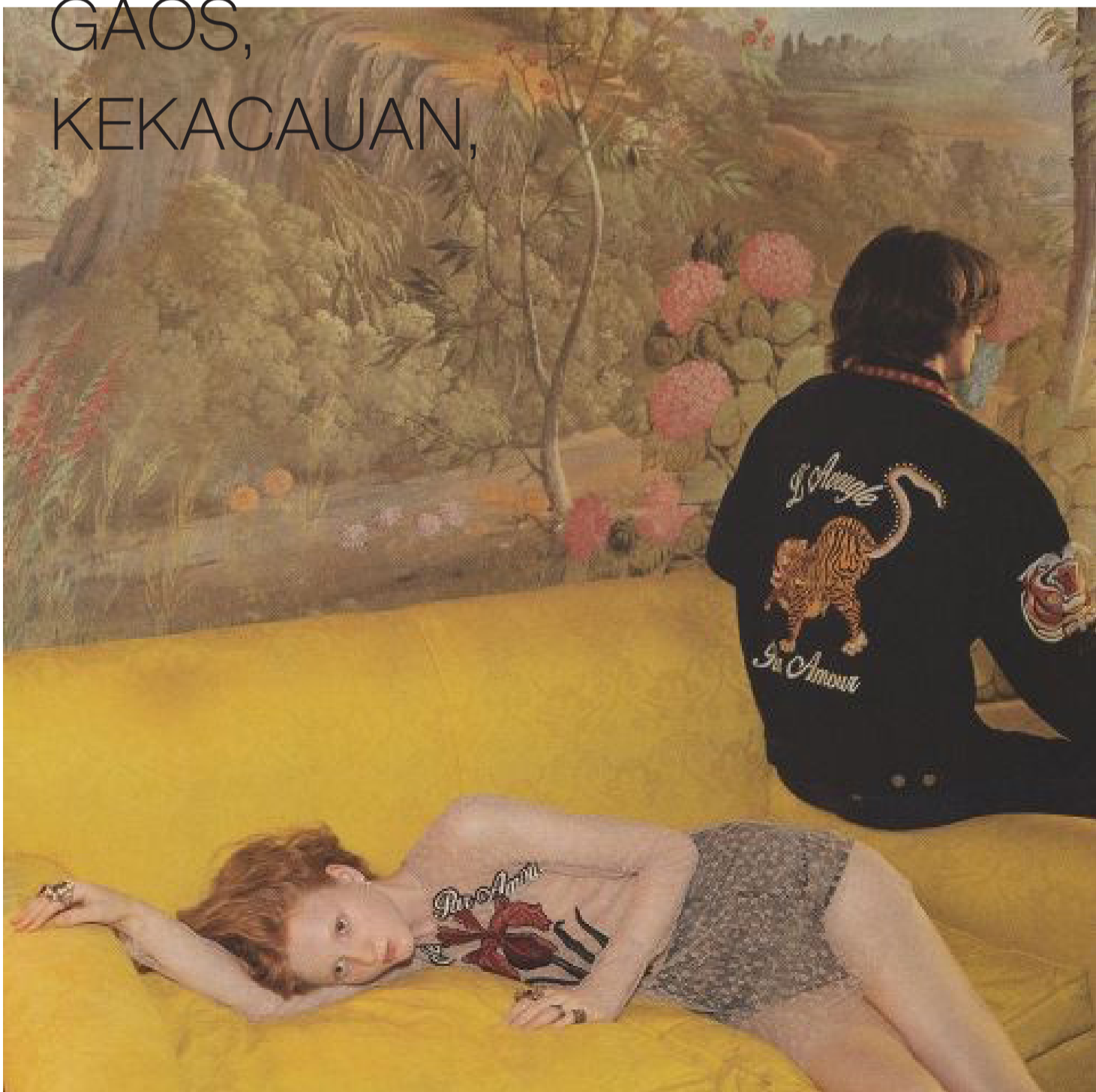
Where I come from, people's minds are shut closed and nothing is able to break through. They carry with them censorious glares and unpleasant lips. For my whole life, I was grown up in this city. Though it is my home, it is also a place I fear. I have always loved to dress up, but this interest has eventually become a game to please the society. When I was younger, I would dress up and accessorise myself in whatever I find pretty. I never paid attention to what others say because my mother would always tell me that I look beautiful, and that was all that mattered. I did not acknowledge the fact that words could be such powerful weapons against someone until one day, my heart was racked with pain. My attention was constantly dragged onto other people, of what and how they see me. I began to feel self-conscious of who I am. I have lived in insecurity ever since, and it was also because of that same reason that I suppressed my passion for fashion styling.

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Instagram became popular. I scroll through it for at least two hours a day. I look at fashion blogs, food blogs, photography blogs... just anything to pass time. I happen to come across a girl named Irene. She has crazy hair, I thought. Blue, pink, purple, green, any colour that you could possibly think of. Her style is unique and eye-catching: she wears a lot of colours and pulls off unexpected combinations. They are definitely not something common to wear and they are definitely not something I would wear. At first, I find her style a bit unacceptable. Yet, the more I explore her feed, the more I began to adore her. Later on, I found out that she is a Korean model which I was extremely surprised about. She didn't look like someone who would be a model. She is different, really different. I googled about Irene and I was truly inspired by her mindset.

She was offered a modeling job at the age of fifteen but she rejected the agency because they insisted that she undergo a plastic surgery. She was also told that dying her hair would strongly affect her career, but she did it anyway. Irene's individuality and positivity are so powerful that it made me aspire to be someone like her, to be confident in who you are. Step by step, I am slowly able to regain my confidence. Though it is still a work in progress, I am now walking out of my comfort zone, thanks to my hero.

CHAOS, CAOS,  
XAOC, CHAOSAS, KAOS,  
HAOS, KAOSA, KAOSO,  
GAOS,  
KEKACAUAN,



English Literature was my favourite subject.

Poems and prose call to me in ways I cannot explain. Somehow, they just manage to express my inner thoughts which I cannot put into words. They carry with them the deepest and darkest secrets which cannot remain in silence.

It is hard to be nobody but yourself, fighting through each day and to be alive. There is always a voice inside that wishes to be heard, but who will be willing to listen?

**“ Is it true that human beings are fundamentally cruel? Is the experience of cruelty the only thing we share as a species? Is the dignity that we cling to nothing but self-delusion, masking from ourselves the single truth: that each one of us is capable of being reduced to an insect, a ravening beast, a lump of meat? To be degraded, slaughtered - is this the essential of humankind, one which history has confirmed as inevitable? ”**

Human Acts, Han Kang



This has always been a question that I ask myself. As Han Kang said, is it true? Isn't it funny how we tend to embrace our minds around things which fits into our version of reality? Life is simple, humans are just complicated. Once you've intermingled with the society, you'll find yourself within a dark and brutal world.

This is why most of the time, I prefer to live in my own head because in there, only happiness exist.

I cannot agree more with Max Collins' words: **"Everyone needs help. That's the human condition"**. To me, nothing is scarier than human beings. Guns do not kill people, but people do. It is almost impossible to get away from this barbarity. Why do people judge you differently just because you are not the same as they are? Do we all have to be the same in order to fit into the society? Indifference is not the threat to humankind, jealousy and greed are.

Sometimes I wish that I could just lie on the grass, stare at the stars, and simply

forget  
abo u t  
t h e  
w o r l d

ME

AIL

OF THE WEEK

**- Ober Mamma -**

*Address*

107 Boulevard Richard Lenoir, 75011

Paris

*Opening Hours*

Weekdays - 12h15 to 14h30 / 19h00 to 22h45

Weekends - 12h15 to 15h30 / 19h00 to 23h00

*Contact*

01 58 30 62 78



ON THE TABLE

Pasta Fresca

La fameuse pate a la truffe

Black Mamba

Pizza Napoletana

Itsy-Creamy burrata

Regina to the moon



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o

o

d



The gentle rain began to fall as I ambled in the streets of Montmartre. People never liked the rain, but I quite enjoy it - sometimes. Small pellets of water begin to soak into my hair and cling to my skin. The city was soon smudged into a Monet masterpiece. I hurried into a shelter and found myself in a friendly coffee shop. La Javanaise was playing in the background and a serenity pervaded the atmosphere. I made myself comfortable at the corner of the cafe and ordered a cappuccino. The warmth of the drink filled my soul with happiness.

I gazed out the window and watched the sky weep. I have always liked to observe people: their rhythm, their expressions, their emotions, their actions, their stories. They interest me. It is always interesting to read people, not by listening to them but to observe their actions. You can learn so much just by observing. That is also one of the reasons why I enjoy to read because when you find yourself in someone else's thoughts, you can observe the world from that person's point of view. When I am in my zone, I would always feel like an outsider. An outsider who is always isolated from other people, observing and attempting to figure things out. However, it won't be possible to observe without interpreting. Ironically, our assumptions and preconceived concepts are not always correct and they often lead to unfair misinterpretations. Interpretation is a funny thing, it can never be right or wrong. Everything changes the moment we open up to different possibilities.

What exactly, though, is a <sup>ed</sup> <sup>rate</sup> ~~mo~~ interpretation of anything?

have

you

just

to

People call me *observant*, but they never realised that they are just too busy drinking their own coffee.

harder

pay

more

and

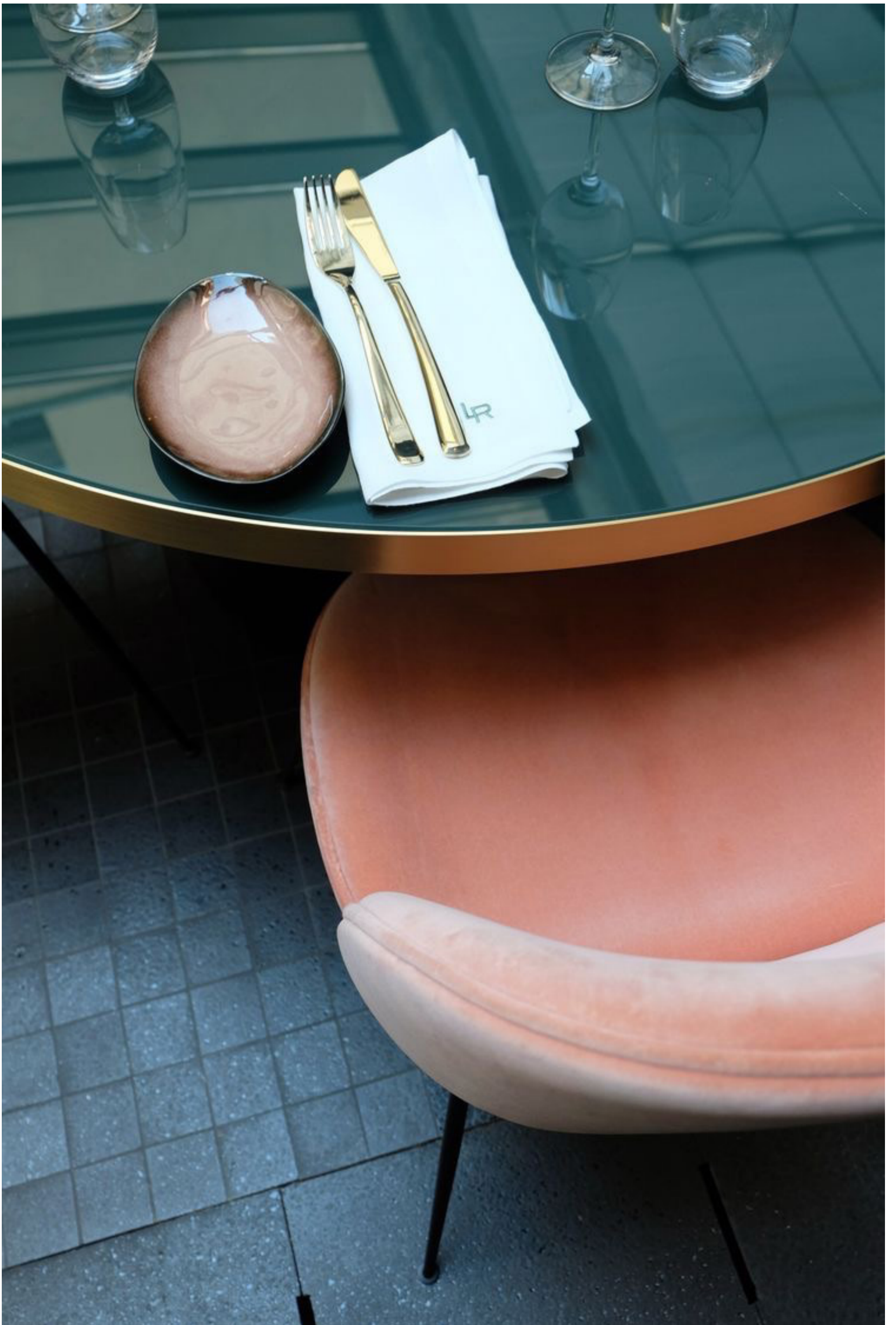
look

attention

The Recipe of Life  
The Recipe of Life  
The Recipe of Life  
The Recipe of Life  
The Recipe of Life

The Recipe of Life  
The Recipe of Life





and so,  
she decid-  
ed to start  
**“ how in the world did we  
get here  
how did we live through it  
and how are we still living ”**  
living the  
life she'd  
imagined

S

trange things always happen in the metro. It is one of my least favourite place to be - at least here in Paris. It is especially repulsive when you smell the scent of urine. Ew. I have never liked to be in crowded spaces, just the idea of having close physical contact with strangers gives me anxiety.

---

I was on my way home from the Asian supermarket. Luckily, the metro was quite empty, or else it would have been a disaster - it was a total of fourteen stops. I sat down in the corner, finally resting my arms. I was caught in my daydream until a voice began to grow on my nerves. I raised my head to see a woman babbling. I never understood why people have to talk so loud on the phone in public. Oh well. I ignored the woman until I was finally irritated. I looked at her again and realised something abnormal: She wasn't on the phone. Was she talking to herself this whole time? Normally, I would feel anxious in these kinds of situations but at that moment, all I felt was sympathy for her. I sympathised her not because there might be some issues with her mental health, but because of the critical expressions or thoughts that she receives.

---

People judge you differently just because you stand out from the crowd. They'll think that you're abnormal and that you don't fit into the society; they look down at you as if you're not worthy of anything. How brutal. Why would you think that someone who lacks something you have is abnormal? Maybe you're the abnormal one.

*If only*

*we could look into each other's heart and understand the fact that each of us has our own challenges to face,*

*we would be able to treat each other with more*

*love and care.*

