

this is not a Cinderella story

# Narkë, the History of a Dress

## Protest

I'll let what I want and what I don't want pretty clear. I hope what has happened with Perrault and Grimm won't ever occur again. I am the main character, **the** protagonist, I am the one who make decisions! Let's correct the situation from the beginning. Everyone is often wrong about me. People hasn't understood yet that I'm much more than eyes, hair and soft skin with gentle feet. I want a whole body. And please don't forget the nails, the eyelashes, the chin and the legs I don't have at the moment due to a lack of description. This is exactly my next problem. I don't want to be just a description. I demand an existence and senses. Do you think I like it, when you all hide them from me? Oh, no! Don't you even think about it! I want to touch colors and to mix myself with them. I am the beginning, I am what is left after twelve centuries of ethereal living. Now I deserve to be in colors. To be blue, yellow, red and, as well as I am the one who start the moves of the imaginary mill, I want, as everyone else, to create the chromatic explosion and the hypothetical combinations of my most abstract and also my most concrete parts. I am spiced, so please let me see it! And, of course, I wish with a cause an ending created just for me, one that doesn't is made neither of shoes destinies, nor of first and last kiss, one that doesn't end at all... Weave ribbons for me, lots of them, ribbons of spontaneous "un-destinies", with intricacies of dynamic and messed rays which come out of me as if they were coming from the sky. I want to feel all the possibilities touching my skin, I want to have the contestation of the limits in mind. I have no limits, I am many of me, I demand to see it, to taste it and I want everyone else to hear it!

Periods at the end don't make sense. They are often followed by sentences, or nothings that don't stop existing just because they don't express themselves. They don't end anything at all, they don't even suggest an end, they just try to make a will rule, but that will isn't even a wish. Periods are liars and I don't want to be a liar. They put up a start, not an ending. Once they are used, they demand an answer, my answer, or anyone else's. Without me, periods are nothing. I still am, no matter how many periods there are. Since I am, I can put a period to no matter what, but I keep being, there won't be an ending. If I am not, I won't use any punctuation, because the end can not be drawn in a period, because the end implies nothing at all, but itself. Periods are points. They are no endings. And what's a point with no ending? It's... and...! And still ...!?. Well, then this is the punctuation I want to be dressed with, and undressed, the punctuation from of the veil that veils nothing. I am...I want...! Dress me...!?