

*True
love*



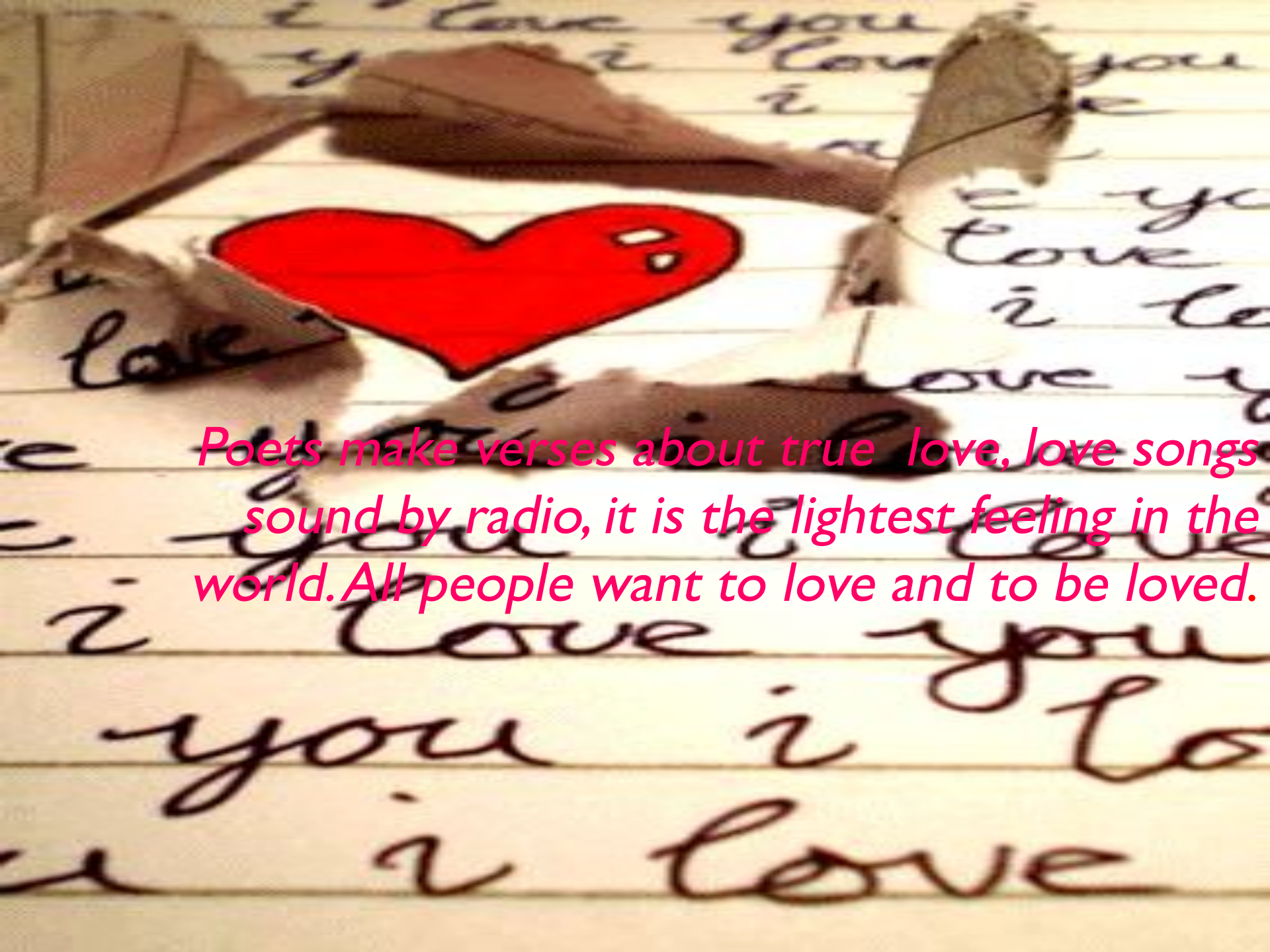
Nevertheless, nobody has a right to reproach you.

You give us incredible happiness – you are at liberty to demand whatever you want and you do.

Would we appreciate you if you didn't hurt us?

You are cruel and you are merciful, you are immediate and you are endless, wonderful and terrible simultaneously, you make us understand what is important indeed and what is not. You are a genial jeweler, who polishes our souls, cutting off trivial passions and saving only brilliants. You are really Queen and Mother of the world.



A red heart is drawn on a piece of lined paper. The paper is surrounded by other pieces of lined paper with the words 'i love you' written in cursive. The heart is the central focus, and the surrounding text is slightly blurred.

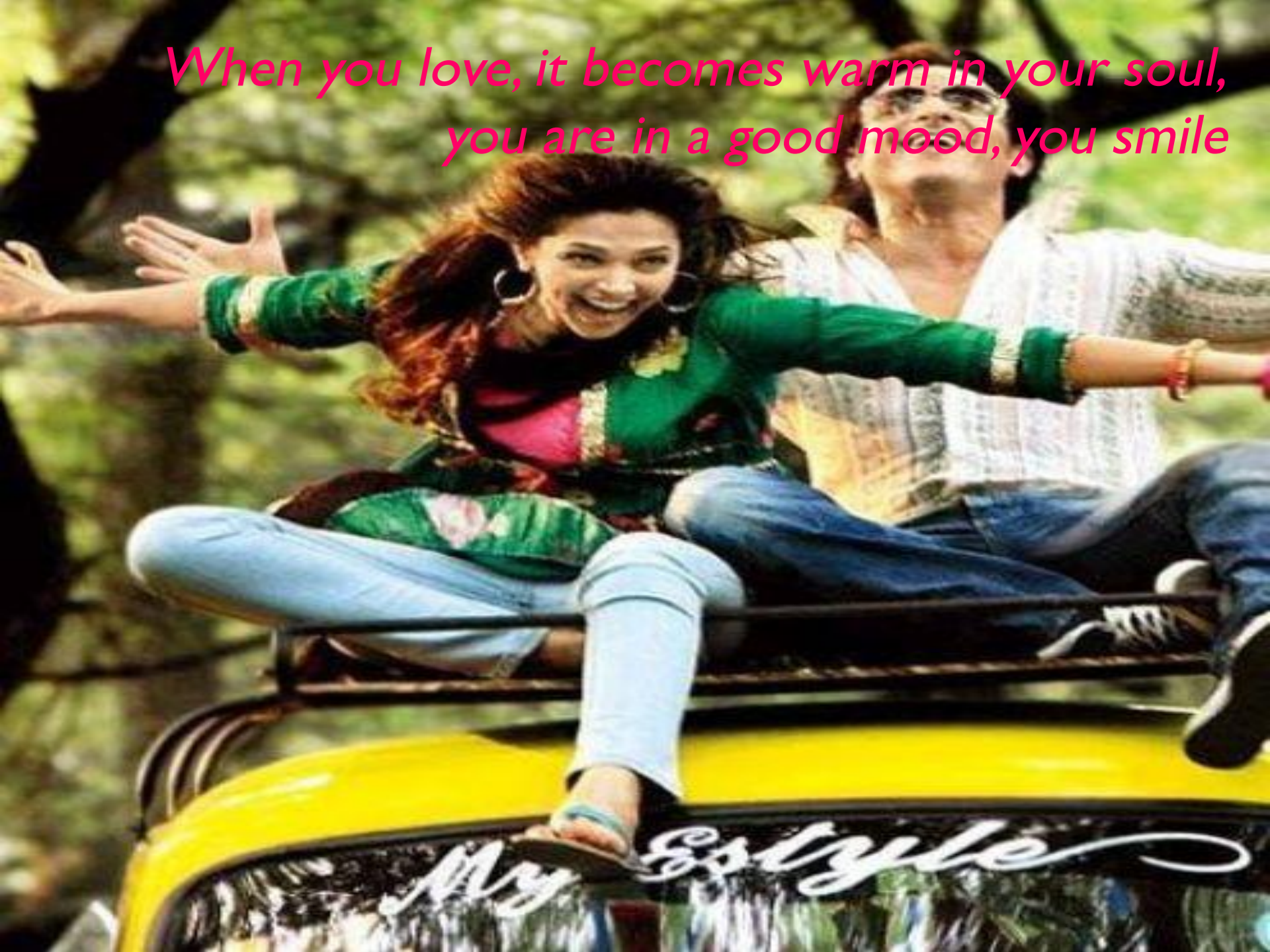
Poets make verses about true love, love songs sound by radio, it is the lightest feeling in the world. All people want to love and to be loved.



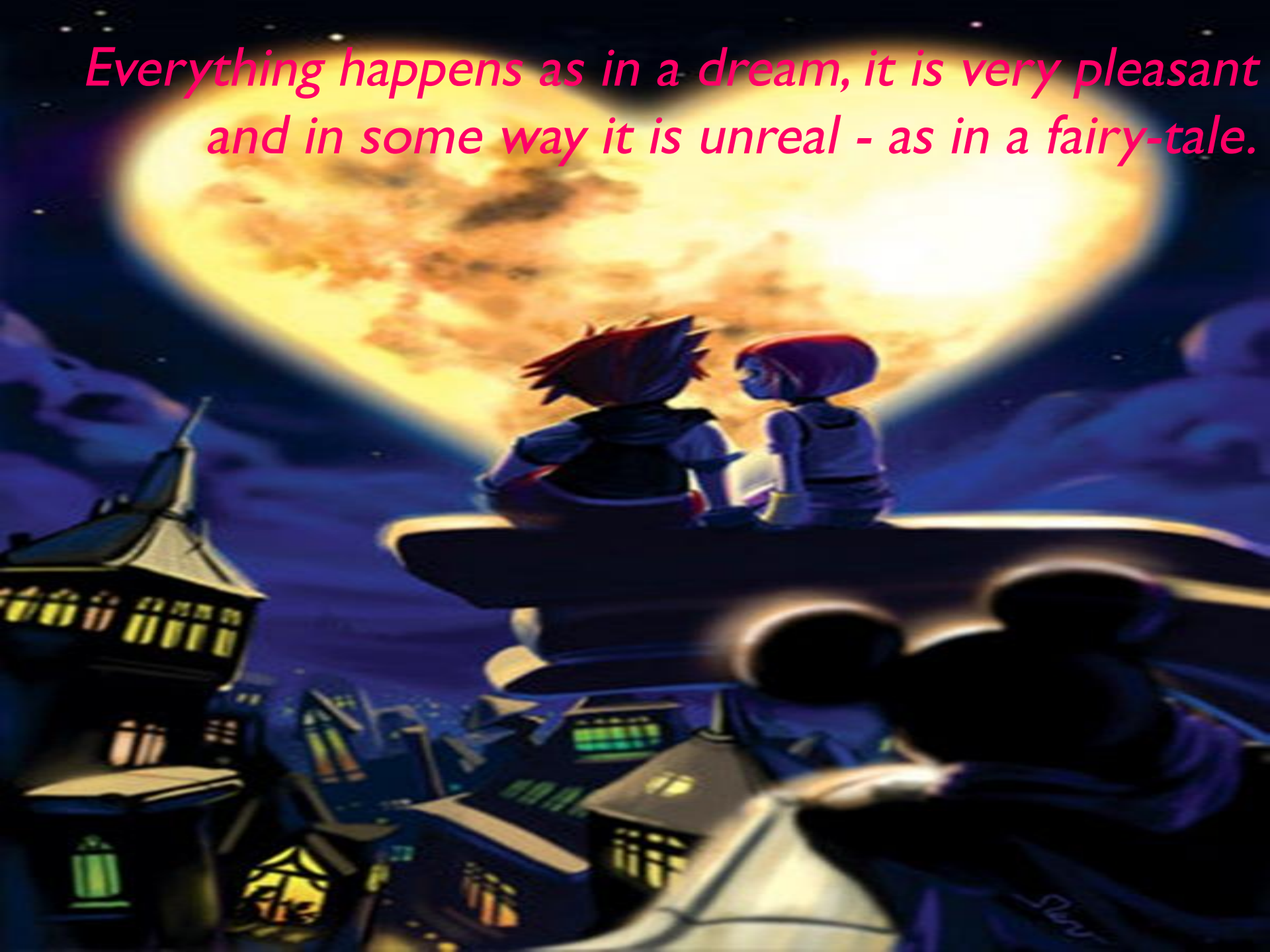
Love is also different. There is love for parents, love for a boy, love for your best girl-friend, love for a pet. Though it is different, but it is equally beautiful.



*When you love, it becomes warm in your soul,
you are in a good mood, you smile*



*Everything happens as in a dream, it is very pleasant
and in some way it is unreal - as in a fairy-tale.*



It is pleasant to love the first snowflakes, the Sun in the morning, green grass and even a week-day, because you go to university on a week-day and meet your friends.



Yes, they are trifles of life, but one should also love them, but it is life and you should live the life with joy and love.



One need to say to your beloved one simple word which consists of 4 letters "love"



*On a love theme
argued Vica
Dary*

