

I stand in the shadows of the trees, breathing deeply. I feel alive here, as if I'm reclaiming something I lost long ago. But there's something weighing on my chest, a constant obsession: this won't last. There's always the feeling that they are watching us, always. Winston stands beside me, touching my hand, smiling that hesitant smile. I want to believe that love will save us, but I know the truth. "We are lying to ourselves," I tell myself, "but here, in this place, I want to believe." My mind drifts back to the office. The routine, the screens, the lies we rewrite every day. Everyone repeats the same words, the same fake feelings, and I repeat them with them. But inside, there's something stirring, something that refuses to conform. I enjoy those little moments where I play with the system. I put on a bit of makeup, laugh in ways that the Party wouldn't approve of, say what I shouldn't say with a hint of silent rebellion. I know Winston sees this as superficial defiance, but this is my way. I don't need his grand dreams; I just need my small freedom. I remember the first time I saw him in that dark corridor. I knew the risks, I knew the price of everything, and yet I couldn't turn back. I slipped the note into his hand, as if the words were breathing: "I love you." It wasn't love, perhaps, but a deep desire to break those chains, to reach someone in this gray world. I wanted to live, if only for a minute, something real, even if it was my last minute. O'Brien's face flashes through my mind. There's something about him that unsettles me. The way he seems to see us, as if he knows our thoughts before we even think them. But he has a strange allure, perhaps a confidence or power that makes me feel like a child in front of him. I remember when he spoke about the Party's power, and for the first time, I felt a shiver of real fear. O'Brien represents everything I despise about the Party, the way they suffocate every ounce of humanity, every spark of individuality. Yet, he's also strangely magnetic, a reminder of the Party's allure and inescapable grip. I close my eyes and drift back to memories of my childhood, my mother and her weary face, the warmth of her touch. She used to hush me when I asked questions, whispering to keep silent. The Party taught me to forget, to swallow my memories like tainted food. But not all of them disappeared. Shards remain, like ghosts, returning when I least expect them, reminding me of a time before the Party claimed my mind. Then I see myself after they took me, after I was released from the torture room, feeling an immense emptiness inside me. Winston's face appears in my mind like a ghost; I can't even remember him clearly. How did these feelings deceive me? How did I think we were stronger than the Party? But after the pain, after what they did to us, nothing remains of me but this hollow shell. I wonder if Winston feels the same way, but he seems to me like a stranger now, a memory faded by time. And suddenly, I find myself again in the countryside with Winston, in those few blissful moments of freedom, the sun warming my face. In that moment, we were just two people, away from the Party's reach. I loved that moment; I lived it in every detail, but I knew, deep down, that it couldn't last. There is no life, no freedom, no love in their world. Yet, in that moment, I clung to him, clung to what remained of my humanity, if only for a moment