

# I like you?

By Jessasarus

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*Based off of this >:C*

[http://www.fanfiction.net/s/4150803/1/Tweek\\_Tweak](http://www.fanfiction.net/s/4150803/1/Tweek_Tweak)

*lol.. I'm so pathetic at writing.*

*Tweek Tweak's POV.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Jessasarus/55634/I-like-you>

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# 1 - I like you.

*Too much pressure.*

Everything was too much pressure, waking up, going to school, and sleeping at night, everything. Until I met you.

I like your hair.

It's black like the mysterious person you are.

You always wear a soft blue aviator hat over it though.

With or without, your hair is so gentle as it blows in the wind majestically like flowers in a field.

I like your eyes.

Brown like freshly brewed coffee that has the taste of your morning energy.

When I gaze in them, I feel like I'm getting lost in their beautiful pigment.

They shine so radiantly in the sun, moonlight, day, and night.

I like your height.

You're a head taller than me, making me feel short.

I can snuggle under your warm neck when you hold me.

When I look up, I see you looking down at me with a grin.

I like when you smile.

You never smile, always an uninterested, sinister look.

You always give people the bird to show your emotion of hate,

but when you're with me, you smile endlessly, it makes me feel super special.

I like how you listen.

You don't care how crazy my thoughts are.

I'm always paranoid and people never respect me for that, as I can feel them slowly neglecting me.

Though, no matter how much I blurt out, you always listen and sound like you care and wipe my tears away as I cry as I express my fears.

I like how you think.

People foresee you as a boring and tedious creature.

I see you as one of the most imaginative person ever.

You always find a way to say you love me, from a simple hug, to a surprising date under the stars.

I like how you always find time,

Whenever it's nine in the morning to twelve midnight, you'll always be there.

Listening to me, coddling me, being there.

You would be willing to do anything just to be there for me.

I like your hands.

They can easily take over mine.

My hands always shake cold, because unlike every other teenager, I wear the least, which means no gloves.

It's always pleasant when you hold then, because unlike mine, your hands are as hot as fire.

I like how you make me believe.

It feels like every one of my dreams comes true when I'm with you.

Paradise is a green field surrounded by deer, rivers, and colorful plants, or at least that's what I used to think.

I learned that my heaven and sanctuary is really with you, you make me believe that life is perfect.

I like how you make me feel.

Like I'm somebody. Like someone's there for me.

I'm not very smart or strong, but you always protect me from all my remedies.

I feel protected when I'm with you.

I like the effect you have on me.

Being with you is like a miracle everyday.

You make me feel jubilant when your here, depressed when your not, insane when were out, calm as we snuggle.

Your my life.

I like how I can always trust you.

My secret, our secrets,

Always.

*There's no more pressure.*

When your with me.

I like you a whole lot, more than coffee... No wait,

**I love you.**