

The flowers are blooming

AYA BENDECHACHE



To dad, my world and my everything , to mom
the sun that lights my life with her
unconditional love , to all the stars in my
galaxy my family , my friends and every
special person to me this book is for you...

Keep Blooming, Aya

Flower: (noun) Beautiful, yet strong. A plant that always blooms, stretches and shines.

Ps. The term also applies for Women

Flowers?

**Why did I choose to write about flowers?
Because flowers are so underestimated,
though they are fierce, gorgeous and
independent in their own way. About the
glorious flowers I decided to write, for the
flowers I said and I'll keep saying I care for
i am a flower myself.**

Keep Blooming

Aya

*_Oh my flowers, give birth to poetry,
then breastfeed it with love and
honesty_*

The modest legacy

*My mom sewed me a dress
That says I'm not here to impress
The hungry eyes of men
When I'm going to end up with a man
Then she bought me a ring
And told me to sing
A song named modesty
The song goes like this
I'm not just a body
And in not reachable by everybody
I'm not a doll
In not perfect at all
I wrap myself not only with fabric
But also with dignity
And I fill my soul
With my mom's honesty
And the trust of my family
This song has another name too
The modest legacy*

*_LOVE is not meant to be painful; it's
supposed to be gentle. Not all chains
are necklaces _*

Painfully I want a divorce

Not dear, going to be my ex-husband...

You pulled me from my hair

You tied me to the chair

When I screamed you didn't care then I stopped screaming

I cursed the moon that was beaming

I stayed still and I lost my voice

But this wasn't enough for you

You wanted to break me more

Shred my heart and rip my soul

You said that I'm useless and I don't matter at all

You made me believe that love equals pain

That I need some stitches for trust to gain

*You convinced me that dark bruises suit me best and that eye
shadow is lame*

And when you emptied me like a vase made of porcelain

*You crushed the sunflowers that were inside me the roses and the
daffodils*

Husband the H should stand for hope your h stand for horror

*The U should stand for understanding your U stands for
underestimating*

*The S should stand for a happy song your S stands for everything I
do is wrong*

The B should stand for I love you my beloved wife

Your B stands for another word and ill stab you with a knife

The A should stand for ageing together

You're A stands for a life when I suffer forever

The N should stand for building a love nest

Your N stands for I should leave you for the best

*And the D that stands for the dreams you made it stand for my
unreleased screams*

You are not my husband you are a monster

So loosen your grip my hair and me are free now

And from the chair untie me

This sad poem has to be short

I'm pressing charges well meet in court

Painfully I want a divorce

*Ps. I took your belt with me, you won't need it in prison anyway
you'll be wearing a jumpsuit, don't worry I think you'll hate it*

_THE sky is worthless when moonless,
stars are beautiful too but I'll always
miss my moon_

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Can a person miss someone that it hurts?

Can someone be immortal though he is dead?

Can I get over the painful fact that I acutely lost my dad

Can I do something so that it won't hurt that bad

Can i unlive that day and not be sad

Can i go back to that day and go to that wedding

Can I stop the car crash?

Can I stop the concussion?

Can I have a goodbye kiss?

Can I can I have a final hug

Can I have graduation party with my father in it?

Can I please have him in my wedding day too?

Can he hold my first child?

Can I at least save my aunt?

Losing one hurts enough imagine losing tow

Can I get some sleep please?

*I have school tomorrow and my eyes are red, puffy and swollen that
maybe I'll go blind*

Tomorrow night - repeat

*_Books with plain covers can be fun
too_*

Love no stereotype

You say our love is a sin

You judge us by the color of our skin

You say he is fat and she is thin

So how could this love story even begin?

You judge us threw looks

You say this kind of love only exist in books

You judge, hate and threw our marriage with rocks

*You see love is all about connection, conviction not
about property or poverty*

*Love is loyalty, accepting and admiring your other
half's looks and personality*

*So if you ever being judged by standards and society be
sure that no matter you were thin, fat, tall, small a
nerd or even a freaking alien me and love will never
judge you.*

*_HE examined all the colorful flowers
and roses, and then he picked
sunflowers, for they were her favorites_*

Sunflower Dance

Shine like the sun be a sunflower

With golden rays take a shower

Smile and dance, do your thing

With the yellow birdies sing

The first petal is for thee

Work hard like a bee

What you've got make them see

The second petal is for your heart

Put your sorrows in a cart

The last petals for your luck

Smile while you rip them apart

*_ They will always think that your
lipstick should've been one shade
darker, so put it anyway _*

Validation Detox

My last picture got only three likes, it must be my nose

I have nothing to wear I have to buy more clothes

The pills that I'm taking to be skinny are not working I guess I'll
double the dose

My mom wanted to buy me a nice flowery dress but I pointed at the
lipsticks and said I want those

Among all the flowers I want to be the rose

I feel empty inside and I need someone by my side

To show me that I matter

To say that I'm enough

To teach me how to laugh

I need a detox

I have to think out of the box

I need to stop counting the likes

Stop fetching for validation and start looking for the meaning of my
life and a new destination

*_Let life be, let art be, let us be who we
want to be _*

Irony

Ironical is this world
When angels are wingless
And children are murdered
Imagine the agony
When poems are mocked of
And a writer is called a phony
When all a girl cares for is not being called ugly
And a man can't cry because it's not manly
When speaking up can be deadly
And and an orphan is bullied sadly
Leave it to life if you want to see irony
I'm fed up with this aren't you too?
I'm just going to keep writing poems
And leave me alone I know this won't end poverty
Just let life be
Let art be
Let us be who we want to be

_HE prayed for a daughter, as beautiful
as the moon _

Moonchild

The moon whispered to me one starry night

Don't ever compromise

For your

Honor

For you

Heart

For your

Love

For your

Time

For your

Smile

For your

Beliefs

For your

Life

For your

Dreams

Make me proud my child

She is a sunflower, and much more

Girl of Wonders

**Sunflowers stretch out of her veins
Reflecting the suns golden rays on her eyes
She carries herself with a wild flower pride
She smiles embracing all the galaxies inside her
And wander the skies collecting stars
All the plants weep when she cries**

She is a young soul

A new world

A hummingbird

A sad song

A snowflake

A cupcake

She

Is

A

Girl

Of

Wonders

_Home sweet home I need you to see
me_

Homeless

Homeless I feel though I'm under a roof

I know you are wondering, how could this be possible? I'll give you a
proof

I feel out of place, empty and lost

Like I don't fit in

In my body, my space even the sky above feels awkward

I'm not an astrophil rambling about space, stars and skies

It just feels wrong I'm not feeding you lies

I feel like I'm on the, margin

I can neither contradict nor merge

I can't stand out nor blend in

That's why I've said I'm homeless

I'm not really into labels, but I think I'm officially a nomad, I'll be
roaming around till I find someone , somewhere or something to call
home

Home sweet home, I want you to be cozy

I want you to keep my heart warm

I want you to see the real me

I want you to accept what you've seen

Embrace it

Fill it

Heal it

_Brand new rose that smell

Like ashes_

Rosecarnation

I dream of the day when I'll be able to say no if I wanted to

I dream of the day when I'll be able to walk away

I dream of the day when I don't have to beg anyone to stay

I dream of the day when I'll be fearless

When I can be careless or even reckless

When I can be real

When I'll love the way I feel

When I'll wear that bright dress the sales girl said I look pregnant in
and does a curtsy honoring each pound of the glorious me

When I eat that ice-cream cone without feeling guilty

When I'll accept and embrace that fact that I'm actually pretty

When my current me catch fire and burn to ashes

When new me rises like a phoenix and grows a new rose

I want a new life when I'll be a brand you creation

I'm calling for a rose carnation

_A sunflower is the right amount of
pretty. You are the right amount of
pretty, just smile_

Sunny and rosy had a fight

It was a nice day, and a rose was walking by shaking her petals. Every flower in the street fell in love with her beauty, she was the goddess of flowers, the prettiest and she knew that. Rosy saw a sunflower selling smiles on the road, no one bought anything from her, not even a single smile. “You’re too ugly” said the rose “How do you expect them to buy those smiles of yours” sunny looked hurt, rosy felt sorry for her, so she said “let fix this, you’ll look pettier with a touch of dew on your petals, and what’s with that color you are wearing it’s too bright, why not make it paler with some starlight, its trendy you know. The sunflower was angry by now, this rose was rude calling her ugly and now telling her what to do” just leave me alone” said the sunflower , the rose snapped back “well it’s my fault now that I felt sorry for you and wanted to help you!! Sunflowers are ungrateful I’ve read an article about that in The seeds and the flowers magazine. The sun was watching the tow beautiful yet different plants intensively, and she decided to interfere “enough with the fighting young ladies that’s so Unflowerylike “rosy I am disappointed at you I may say, I didn’t think of you as judgmental flower. The sunflower is just the right amount of beautiful, the kindness makes her brighter and she is allergic to dew. Sunny darling, rosy was just trying to help, no need for yelling you could’ve refused in a nice way .some roses tend to be harsh but they don’t mean it. Now make things up and let’s take a selfie that we will all look good in each in her own way, no filters though, come on say breeze.

_ My childhood was stolen from me
over and over again, my wings were
ripped the day I came to this world_

Crushed petals

Jasmine said she loves her dad, she also said he buys her candy and birthday gifts. I don't know if i love my father like she does, I mean he gets angry a lot, smells of alcohol all the time and he hits mom and me daily, but today was different .today he gave me candy, the kind that looks like colorful pills, he gave me a lot of them actually all wrapped in a paper bag and told me that he is taking me to meet some new friends. We walked together in a dark side street; there were men that had weird eyes. we went inside a shop and met my father's friend, dad left for the bathroom and his friend touched me were mom told me not let anyone touch me, but I didn't make a sound, I was too afraid .my father came back, and when we were about to leave two police officers came and told my father and his friend not to move.

later at night I heard my mom telling the neighbor my dad was arrested for drug dealing, and asked her to take me, because she can't afford a child now, but I'm not mad at my father, and I'm not mad at my mother I'm mad at the neighbor and at my father's friend, because good girls never get mad at their parents that's what my mom said

HER dream came true

She dreamt of Sunflowers

Once upon a time, there was a flower named violet. She was shy, weak and had nothing to protect herself but three thorns. She loved wearing masks, and her favorite mask was the one with the smile on it, so she wore it daily, to school, the mall and even in the bathroom. One day it broke revealing her broken heart. Her world crushed into small porcelain pieces just like her mask. She was devastated, where she is supposed to find another one now? The moon wept, and the stars went dull. Violet stayed at home and locked herself in her room, she found comfort in food and soon her body was stretching like it's going to explode with sorrows, she gained more weight, lost more friends and confidence, she barely had anything left, but violet didn't lose hope. The Torn flower pulled herself together and was on her feet again. She got rid of her fears, sadness and even her eating disorder. Violet the weak girl was as strong and bright as sunflower now, she held her head high. The moon smiled and the stars shone brighter again...

Violet woke up from a sweet dream smiling, a thing she hasn't done in ages, she just knew what to do, she found a reason to live and fight for, and someone to love that will love her back, herself...

Bell is my bias...fangirling time

Belle is way, cooler than Cinderella

When I was a kid I used to be obsessed with Disney princesses like most girls of my age, but my favorite one was definitely Belle. The reason why I loved her so much was, because she had brown hair like me and she wore a yellow gown, she totally rocked that dress by the way.

now that I'm nineteen years old I'm still in love with Belle but the reason why I love her the most has changed, I love her because she is kind, a bookworm, a fighter, a lover, a friend, a princess and person that really doesn't care for looks or wealth. She is not shallow, Belle saved not only herself but her kingdom, her father and the person she loved. she just understands there is no need to wait for the prince in shining armor, when you can hold that armor, steady your pony tail and just go for it. The prince doesn't have to be the savior he is just the companion along the road. No offence Cinderella Belle is way cooler.

Till death we do art

We will always paint the stars

A tribute to Vincent van Gogh

We will always paint the stars. We will always love the scars, even those we caused ourselves, because they tell stories, like no one cares, like we don't love ourselves.

We don't fit in, and we are just too kind. We see through people so we push them away, yet we are too lonely we want them to stay. We build walls around us and we keep building till we can't see people, but we see the stars, smell roses and paint sunflowers and the happy, moments we never had. The loving words we never heard, the crushing hugs we always wanted. We are Vincent's children, we don't share blood, but we share misery. We don't look the same, but what we went through is the same, so we will paint the stars, and love art till death do us apart.

_ Will the cactus turn into a rose, just
like the ugly duckling duck turned into
a gorgeous swan? _

Desert Rose

The cactus always falls asleep in the eerie dessert after doing her evening routine. It's not much though; she just repeats a mantra so desperately. Will I be beautiful and enough? The cactus just wanted to know how it feels to be worthy, and pretty that she doesn't have to worry about the way she looks anymore. She carved to feel comfortable in her own skin. Most importantly, she wanted to accept her flaws, and her thrones, to be proud of her sun kissed compilation. Oh if only she knew how strong she was! How beautiful she looked! How patient she could be! Oh if only she knew she was the deserts
rose.

5:30 _ Meditation

_The only time her mind went silent
and her thoughts lost their voices lie
mermaids _

Lilly is healing

Inhale, Lilly is breathing freedom. Exhale, Lilly is breathing out fear. Actually, Fears in the plural form, the fear of failure and mediocrity, the fear of being judged. She is letting all the toxic thoughts out and she already feels her heart lighter. Around her she can feel the breeze caressing her bare arms and she can also hear the birds welcoming the day and embracing its blessings just as she is learning to do. NO more traumas, no more depression and no more pining over the past. She is letting it all go, her name is Lilly and she is learning to heal, she is a flower and she is starting to bloom.

_Self-love is definitely not selfish; it's just
brewing the most exquisite kind of love before
serving it to people. _

Floweric sign

Daisy was not your typical flower but she was rather a high spirited self-loving one. You can just say that she was one of her kind so generous, real and open to the world .This unique flower lived her life till the end, and not just existed like some forgotten plant. She worked hard and nourished on her own not like parasites .She was so creative always making things, writing poems and drawing her destiny. Daisy didn't live long but she lived bigger than you can ever imagine. She loved and she has been loved for who she was. She felt fear but kept going anyway. She didn't step out of her comfort zone for she did not have one in the first place. Daisy was limitless

She was so many things that I can't do her justice no matter what I say. If you know a girl with these traits, then I'm telling you now her Floweric sign is a daisy.

This is for all the daisies in the world, I love you so much. i look up for all of you , you are my super heroes, just keep blooming

_Who needs a gentleman, when she can be a
gentelme_

Love yourself, to the moon and back

Have you ever felt that you do not love yourself, respect yourself, and nourish yourself enough? You are not giving yourself the sufficient space to grow. Yeah Daffodil felt that to. Every one of us felt that way at some point actually, some are feeling that way right now. But have you ever wondered why? I'll tell you the reasons, for they are many. Maybe you are afraid to drift apart and get carried away as you grow without noticing. Leaving behind a friend, your significant other or the safety of knowing you are doing ok, you're not the best but not the worst either. It maybe that you are so loving and generous, you are always caring for someone that you forget yourself along the way. Or maybe you feel as though you are being selfish when you love yourself. But god knows, you deserve everything this world can offer.

You deserve everything you can offer. You are allowed to love yourself, care for yourself, cherish yourself and worship your flaws. You deserve the right to develop and work on yourself .Physically, emotionally, spiritually and intellectually .It is only fair to love yourself, then love the world around you .You can't give your beset and love others without loving yourself first. So dear flowers, love yourself to the moon and back, because daffodil does .It's the first phase of blooming.

_Tell me how you reach your nirvana and I'll
tell who you are_

Booknerd Nirvana

My Buddhist friend told me what nirvana means when we were jamming in the car and singing along to “It smells like teen spirit” by Nirvana. She told me it’s a spiritual state that people reach through long hours of meditation. This made me think that I will never have or be in a nirvana, whatever it is. I mean I always end up falling asleep when I try to meditated .Then i found myself wondering, can we reach nirvana through dancing till our legs hurt. Or through painting our sorrows and writing our joyful stories. Can we reach our nirvana through reading, reading for love and for life, for loneliness and companionship, reading till we feel nothing but the words sweeping to our souls? Till we hear nothing but the whispers of ink, reading till we lose control and till we travel the world. Till we live in alternative realities. ”You are such a Booknerd” my friend joked. And this my friend is how booknerds reach their nirvana.

_Sunflowers daisies violets jello, turn this pink
skirt yellow _

Don't let the Muggles get you down

I'm a potterhead, I've always been one and I will forever be one (Always, I'm sure you get the reference). The magical world just fascinates me and gives me chills of excitement. But I've had this weird idea at some point when I was reading "Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone" and I wondered what if it was the girl who lived and not the boy who lived. What if it was Hailey and not Harry, how would the story go. Then I started laughing at such an absurd idea. I mean if she were a girl then maybe Voldemort wouldn't have gone after her in the first place and would have haunted poor Naviell (seriously why is it always him getting in trouble, and receiving howlers?). Because girls are somehow not taken seriously and underestimated no matter how magical the world is. It breaks my heart to know that when it comes to the real deals it's never ladies first or witches first. I really hate the fact that a lot of people still consider women less smart, less powerful and less important. Pureblood or not if you are a woman then well, I don't know what to tell you but keep your expectations low for the sake of avoiding getting your heart and your wand broken. Don't expect to be treated the same, don't expect to be paid the same, Merlin's beard don't expect anything, because maybe you'll be lucky enough to get the job and the degree. Maybe you will be fortunate to be minister of magic or head of law enforcement, but you'll never be the protagonist, unless it is a romantic novel. So Witches, Women and flowers together we bloom, wands up and repeat the incantation *ochidious*.

Dance in the dark with your one and only _

See if they stick around

Expose yourself to the world. Be venrupal and strip of all your facades. Drop the masks, break the chains and loosen your hair. Get rid of whatever that's holding back, and then scream the untold truth. Show everyone what you are .Make them see the imperfect version of you. The real you, with all the flaws .The trust issues and the hot temper. Show them how many hearts and promises you've broken and how many friendships you've lost. Tell them you suck at comforting and at pretty much everything. Introduce them to your demons or maybe set them up on a blind date with your dark past. Make them taste your wrath and try your special psychopathic cocktail. Allow them to spend the day at your hell, make them dance with you bare feet on the frozen slippery floor. Hug them till they choke and hold their hands tightly that they break. Don't answer their calls, bail on them. Tell them you are bad news, Throw their flowers on their face and Refuse their gifts. Do this for only a day or two. Break them just for a tiny bit of time then step back and see how sticks around and who leaves. See for yourself who cares for you enough, loves you enough and trust you enough to know you reasons and hear you out.

Know who is with you when you're an angel and when you're a demon .Discover who loves all of you and not just perfect goody two shoes you. Do that and see if you end up with someone, even one person (which is a low possibility by the way). Give your world and sacrifice everything for that person. put your heart, trust, support, credit card, favorite red bottoms pair of shoes, rare smile and your grilled cheeses secret recipe in a box, Wrap it and decorate it with a nice bow, then write them a card that says: those are my most valued possessions, I'm giving them to you, but I would really, really appreciate it if you take care of them. Congratulation you are now officially my one and only.

_ don't apologize for being authentic, it's a
bless_

Meant to bloom

Wear your bright green socks and put on your big earrings if you feel like doing so. Sing when you feel like singing it doesn't matter if your voice sucks. Join the dance even if you don't know the moves .Write a poem even if you're not a poet, it doesn't have to be good it's just have to be felt. Do things that are right not things that are trendy. Do what suites you not what is everyone doing. If you are different accept it, embrace it we don't have to be the same .Don't oppress yourself and bury who you are just to please people. Its ok to say no, It is perfectly fine to draw outside the lines because this is how art rise .Its ok to sing your own tune and create your own choreography. Make up your own genre. Stop being a copy of everyone and don't be the same old image. Remember flowers should not be afraid to bloom. Flowers are meant to be born .They are meant to smell heavenly and glow. Flowers are supposed to be different; they share the same destiny as snowflakes. They are authentic. Flowers can be fair, dark, Brunet and blond. Flowers can be tall, thin, and big and they are allowed to have stretch marks just like the waves of the sea, they are tattoos of nature .Flowers are magical; they are patient, strong, kind and divergent. Flowers are anything; they are everything .So doesn't be afraid to bloom because you deserve to.

_ Trust me you don't want to be Barbie, you
don't want to live in a dollhouse _

Barbie's life

Perfect house, white porch

Perfect body, Flawless skin

Shiny hair, the bluest eyes

Ken, a lovey twin

Pink car, Sapphire nails

Designer shoes, bags and smiles

Artificial lashes, curves and happiness

A million follower, nada friends

A birthday party

Throwing up the slice of cake

Photo shoots

Photoshop

Depression shots

Heavy crown

Diamond ring

Barbie's life

Snick peek

Just like flowers bloom

Dear Body

I'm sucker for your flaws, and I'm a lover for your scars. I adore all your curves and I worship all your imperfections. I'm so sorry it took me too long to realize that you're not the enemy. I am sorry that it took me too long to write to you and reach out for you. IT took me too long to accept you and love you back. I am truly sorry that I never took care of you and made time for you. I'm sorry for all the tantrums I've made because of you and all the chances we could've taken if I weren't this insecure girl. I admit that I was ashamed of you and I'm not proud to say that sometimes back in my messed up life I wished I could get rid of you, to replace you somehow. BUT now I know you're worth everything. I know you are beautiful and enough and just perfect the way you are. Now I started to appreciate more, love you more and I'm grateful for you. I don't see you as source of fear anymore but rather as were my strength lays. I promise you that I t won't hate you and wish that I can change you anymore. I promise to give you all the time and my absolute care. I will do my best to make you happy and to make sure you're well nourished, hydrated and loved. WE will love each other and bloom together just like flowers do.

_ WE can all live, love and learn. WE can co
exists in this world like flowers do in meadows

—

Under the same sky

Earth is big enough and there is space for everyone in it. There is soil for every flower and water for each plant. Earth is like a mother that can love all of her children till death. WE are all going to have our chance in this life; we will all make our dreams come true somehow so let's just be patient. Let's be happy for others and cheer for them when they are growing and blooming. Because that's what sisters do and that's what family is for. The world is our mother and maybe you don't agree with me but she is a fair mother that loves us equally. Let's not be jealous and try to drag each other down because we are jealous. Women should stand up for each other , they are supposed to feel ecstatic when a sister is happy , healthy , wealthy, productive , smart and beautiful , they should rather be contented because she is a living proof that women are strong enough to be all of this . Women should learn that earth is our mother and we are all sisters, we share the same sky we soak under the same sun, we sleep under the very same stars and we breathe the same air. We can all be flowers, we can all bloom and grow, together we turn into a wonderful meadow.

_ Put some kindness, love and confidence powder in your kettle then add water to the mix and use it in watering the good seed in you. You will grow tall like sunflowers, be pure like jasmines and smell heavenly just like roses do_

The seeds within us

It's ok if we are not the best in something. It's ok to feel down sometimes. It's ok not to be able to give back love or trust. And it alright not to forgive who caused wounds that are still bleeding, reminding us what fools we were to trust them. It's ok because in the end we are all humans. We are imperfect, in each one of us lays a rotten seed and good seed that is waiting to be watered and kissed by the sun. So that it blooms and covers with its shadow all bad seeds .Beating ourselves over our natural flaws and not forgiving ourselves for the mistake we made so foolishly or even unintentionally won't allow the good seed within us to grow. Whenever it tries to rise form the soil the guilt will knock it down and kill it. But allowing ourselves to make the same mistakes over and over again, hurting people and not giving a damn about others and causing damage to the world without batting an eyelash can be fatal for our good seed too, it's just like over watering flowers, and eventually they will lose their glow of innocence and their lovely scent. BE humane but don't be mean, know that there is good and bad in each one of us forgive yourself and accepts that there is a bad seed in you that you should keep an eye on and there is a good seed that if you take care of it will turn into a beautiful flower or even a tree, because no one knows what exactly lays there in your depths that's for you to find out and for us to help you do so.

_ Some stars are duller than the others but that doesn't make them less, because in the end they are still stars and they are still full of magic _

The new milky way

There are So many shapes and so many smiles, Different ethnicities and different backgrounds, Black and white, ginger and blond. Yet we are all women and we are all beautiful. We are all stars in this galaxy called earth. In where lays thousands of stories and millions of memories, Books that have been read and songs that have been blasting through darkness. Moments that have been cherished and others that faded away. We are different

but we are the same. We all were high on joy and we all tasted pain. We all miss someone and we all want to be free of our demons. We all are insecure and we all are trying to get our life back, our dreams back, our childhood back and ourselves back.

It's a universal trial, its common among all creatures' even flowers and stars. We are yearning for inner peace like flowers are yearning for fresh water and sunshine. We are so much alike, we have so much in common. We share more than we can imagine, we are just oblivious. Imagine if we admit and accept our similarities and join hands, will we make another milky way