

# Sour

Everyone has tasted something sour. Limes, vinegar, candy.  
Most people enjoy it, to a degree.  
It's a novelty. Some people can't stand it, even a little bit;  
they want it as far away from them as  
possible. Some people claim that they can never get  
enough, that they wish everything they ate  
was sour.

But that's not true. It can't be. Because acid is an irritant, no  
matter what you do.  
There *is* a limit.  
Your mouth starts to feel raw.  
Your stomach aches.  
So you stop eating.

Some people are like that.  
Sour.

You like them at first. They warn you that it won't last. That  
your mouth will get sore, and your  
stomach will start to hurt. That you'll leave.

And they're right.  
Because they've seen it so many times before.

You'll try your best to stay, to push through, but they will slowly dissolve your strength. The things they say, the way they act, the things they do. Will slowly start to wear on you, like sandpaper in your mouth. And the more it wears, the worse it feels to have even a little bit. Until you can't tolerate it anymore.

"You're an acquired taste."

"You're fine in small doses."

"If you could just tone it down a little bit."

You don't have to sugar coat it.  
They know.

They're annoying.  
They're too much to handle.  
They know.

They know because their mouths are blistered. Their stomachs always churn.  
But they can't stop eating. They can't eat anything else.

"Why are you like that?"  
Sour.

I don't know.