28/03/2019

Dear diary,

Another day of my life has come to an end. What have I learned today? Good question…..
Unfortunately I don’t know the answer. Since some time I don’t know answers to many of thriving questions. Only thing I got is hope that nearest future will bring me revelation.

From completely other topic. Today is birthday and guest who came up? NOBODY. Why we celebrate birthday? A fact that we are 10,15 or 30 year doesn’t change a thing. Only thing that changes is number of wrinkles on our face. That is all.

07/04/2019

Dear diary,

Another questions are rumbling into my head. Why people wear so many masks and hide their true form, hiding from the world everything that is beautiful in them.

Today I spend whole day analyzing behavior of other people, younger, older and with the same age that I. I am terrify where evolution is bringing us. My peers are wearing masks that they put aside only when they are along, and sometimes they are wearing them even then. They are smiling, bulling others, they are rude end egocentric. But they are not the only ones who wear masks. Most of the people are wearing them. They are crating rumors and try to undermine their colleagues but why for? What is so attractive with destruction of others?

Is it so hard to by ourselves? Speak what we think with courage, without fear of judgment from others. No one has right to do so. But I guess I am the only one who has such opinion.

15/05/2019

Dear diary,

I know that I didn’t look here for several days but not without a reason. My mother has died, I don’t know why I am sitting here and cry, I wanted it so bad. It was supposed to be one of my happiest days but I fell only void. I know that I am bad daughter, how a child can want a death of their own parent? It’s because of her behavior, how she treated my, how she said that she hates me, I felt the same for her. I was always jealous of my peers that they had normal, healthy relations with their parents, that they could tell them anything and everything. I didn’t have it. Only thing that i received from her was sadness and pain….. never love.

But now when she’s gone I fell only pain and sadness. I regret everything bad that I said to her. Why we are getting wiser when we lose someone and never before death? Am I going to feel that way to the end of my days?

17/05/2019

 Dear Diary,

Why does everybody think that their know what I am feeling and what do I need? The want to force me to go to shrink cause I should. Hmmm….That’s a strange idea but maybe, just maybe I will decide myself whether I go or not! I’ve got 17 and when I decide to share my feelings with someone I will do so. I’m starting to lose my strength just to keep saying them that I’m just fine by myself.

Ok maybe sometimes I’m thinking “what would my life look like if…” but I cannot reverse the past and change my history. Even if I would have such a gift I wouldn’t want to change anything because my experience made who I am today. It made my strong, I created a shield which saves me from people who think that know me better.

21/05/2019

Dear diary,

What is happiness? That's the question I ask myself a very long time. It is well known that happiness is a state of joy, euphoria, satisfaction with life. Fortunately for me, is a delicious dish for dinner, tubes of cream and chocolate mass. It seems to me that I have everything, warm family, with the exception of my mother, very good contacts with colleagues, friends and a wonderful boyfriend who would do anything for me. I meet at school, I realize my passions. In addition, I have a weekend job, light, pleasant and very well paid. In conclusion I have everything, but why do I feel a the vast emptiness and sadness? Maybe have I any disorder? Or maybe I can not enjoy what I have. But I am young, healthy, and I feel as if something sucks life out of me … I ignore it and go through life with a smile …

26/05/2019

Dear Diary,

Yesterday I was thinking about people. Why they have so much good and evil in their hearts… It’s a deep topic.. It’s very difficult subject for everyone because good and evil are something else.
For me word good means something more. For me Good is a God or specially person. I know it’s means like ‘Hello every one I’m a catholic, so you must go to a church’. Nothing could be wrong.

Evil. Hmmm.. For me evil deed not necessarily is a doing bad things, evil is a cruel vulture which keep us in the darks sides. Oh, I can’t answer for a this questions but I will do it in future.

You can’t fight with monsters when you fight with monsters should look to it that he himself does not become monster. – that is my opinion.

28/05/2019

Dear diary,

I was wondering all day how it is to be deadly ill. What does the doctor say to children with cancer? „Don’t worry everything is going to be ok” and what if it doesn’t? I was today in hospice It’s a place with people who are going to die soon, often with much of pain. When I walked down the hallway painted in the same color which cause you to vomit just by looking at it, I was full of compassion for patients of this facility. How can you spend your last days in a place like this? Nurses without any emotions treating children like some kind of machines.

For my hospice should be a kind of little paradise on earth. Walls should bring you brightest memories, All of personnel should be smiling, showing patients positive emotions, instead of (what we have today) showing them ‘Hey kiddo today or tomorrow you are going to be dad but don’t worry we will bury you’ . COME ON!!! PEOPLE!!That kind of facility should bring you to best emotions. This place should be full of life not a place where you feel like death can be hiding just by next corner. Employees should do they best to make patients happy, and keeping them smiling every time.

14/05/2029

Dear diary,

It’s been a long day in my whole life. In my head I heard ‘Tic toc, Tic toc’ It was terrible. At night I can’t sleep. At this moment is 04:15 and I writing in my diary, but I don’t know what I should to say. I have problem with myself. Not for today, but in this moment my brain is like big bomb, which explode when I move my head. Tomorrow will be a 10 anniversary the death of my mother. I’m so confused… I must go sleep now. Tomorrow and in principle today will be a very hard day. I hope that I can handle… Hmmhhhh

15/05/2029

Dear diary,

Today I was cleaning on the rooftop and I found envelope with my name on it. Inside there was a letter. Letter from my mother. She pass away 10 years ago still in that moment all of emotions came back. I read this letter 5 times in a row by now and still I’m shocked. It begins with words „ My dearest daughter”. I analyzed it word by word line by line… Why I didn’t found it sooner? My mother knew that she’s dying feel shame that I was such awful for her. The phrase that stuck in my head the most was... „ Don’t let other people bring you down, they just like predators want only blood and suffering of others, I as such human. Yes, I let those emotions to consume me, I let them to feast on my dearest and slowly putting my opposite to them, to you. That’s why I’m begging you- fight! Be strong. I love You. Your mom.”