Monday, February 21st, 2017

Dear Diary, it’s so different to write on the paper than to type or record it, especially when your hands are shaking and your fingers are barely able to hold a pen. My laptop has broken, so, temporarily, I’m compelled to write down my every day stories this way. Last time I wrote in a diary was in my early teens, I wasn’t [afflicted](https://www.diki.pl/slownik-angielskiego?q=afflicted) then, I had my own face, hands, fingers and horrible handwriting.

At the end of every note a picture will be included.

Today I’m a 70-year-old woman with surprisingly dark hair, long eyelashes and deep wrinkles in the corners of her mouth. She’s not as tall as the yesterday’s “me”, just 164cm. Her shoe size is 38 and she weighs 59kg. She has a vision defect: -1,5 in both eyes. I’ve just found out that I speak Cantonese thanks to my manager- Will. This is hilarious, he wasn’t scared or even surprised when he saw me. I will never understand why he is like this, even I have to adjust to my face every morning.

I’ve been feeling exhausted since the morning, my body hurts. I can’t paint today. But my handwriting is stunningly beautiful.

That’s all for today.

-My 7609th face.

Tuesday, February 22nd, 2017

I got a note from my fan this morning. I don’t even know how to react. Someone had to turn [heaven and earth](https://www.diki.pl/slownik-angielskiego?q=move+heaven+and+earth) to make Will pass it to me. It’s the very first time in my 35 years to receive a fan-message. “What you do is absolutely beautiful”.

Yeah, maybe it is, but I’m not.

Today, I’m a 55-year-old man with long grey hair, white moustache, big brown eyebrows and [excess weight](https://www.diki.pl/slownik-angielskiego?q=excess+weight). He has [non-significant](https://www.diki.pl/slownik-angielskiego?q=nonsignificant)ly[defected sight](https://www.diki.pl/slownik-angielskiego?q=defective+sight), -0,5 in both eyes. His weight is 109kg, he’s 170cm tall, shoe size 45. Every move is [logy](https://www.diki.pl/slownik-angielskiego?q=moliminous), I can’t stand, and even breathing is hard. I can’t work today aswell.

I wanted to go to the exhibition, I’m curious how the sender looks like, but I can’t manage to get through the front door. Today, I’m simply helpless.

That’s all for today.

-My 76110th face.

Wednesday, February 23rd, 2017

I was dreaming about my mysterious fan, it was a beautiful woman with long, blonde hair, blue eyes and a bright smile. I guess I’m wrong, that’s just today’s me.

Today I’m a 25-year-old woman with long, light brown hair, a wide and exceptionally white smile, with a great figure. She’s 169cm tall, her shoe size is 39 and she weighs 60kg, no vision defect. I was painting all morning and went to the exhibition at noon.

I found my painting and lots of people gathering in front of it. I stopped at the previous picture not to be as apparent in what I was doing as I really was. On the wall, there was one of my latest works – “The brook, the waterfall” – but it didn’t matter.

My legs hurt, I was standing for at least 8 hours. I haven’t found this person.

That’s all for today.

-My 7611th face.

Thursday, February 24th, 2017

If only I could forget about today’s look in the mirror.

Today I’m probably an 18-year-old foreign teenager with short dark hair, braces on his teeth and piercing in an eyebrow. He’s 182cm tall, his shoe size is 40, weight 75kg. He has a tattoo on his wrists, saying “Try to stop” when putting hands together.

I think I speak English now because Will was confused while answering the question about the time of today’s exhibition. I went there, I stayed, I waited and came back. Maybe I’m not supposed to find The Sender? But even if I someway find him, what will I do?

That’s all for today,

-My 7612th face.

Sunday, February 25th, 2017

I was dreaming about the stars, but in the morning I painted the sun.

Today I’m, I think, a 27-year-old man with fine, brown hairstyle, big, dark eyebrows and a really manly jawline. He’s 184cm tall, his shoe size is 44 and his weight is 83kg, no vision defect. I really like days like today.

I went to the exhibition again and stood by the painting, which was next to mine. The crowd in front of my “Secretly and Greatly” work was large but also small at the same time. Then I heard a voice of hers: “Why bother to stop by the painting which doesn’t interest you at all?” She was short, about 160cm tall, her hair was black, just like her eyes, and she was wearing a denim dress and brown boots. I answered that I was interested and I’ve looked away just by now.

“Many people have been looking away lately, I guess”.

The sender?

That’s all for today.

-My 7613th face.

Saturday, February 26th, 2017

My aim was not to fall asleep and stay with that handsome face till today, but I lost to my exhaustion. I lost to myself and to my Fairy Sender.

Today, I’m an 80-year-old grandpa with no hair, no eyebrows and eyelashes either. He’s 175cm tall, his shoe size is 41, he weights 62kg, and has [defective sight](https://www.diki.pl/slownik-angielskiego?q=defective+sight); -3 in both eyes.I’ve been feeling anxiety since I woke up, but, still, I went out.

This time my lack of courage and my old joints made me sit by the neighboring painting and look for the short-haired woman. I didn’t realize that she was sitting next to me until she said: ”Great painting, isn’t it, Mister?” I replied with my hoarse voice that she was right. It was indeed. “But which one do you mean, Mister? I haven’t seen you looking at any of them at all.” My head lurched then and I couldn’t think of any answer. After that, she just got up, bowed and went away.

My painting showed the saddest Autumn. The other work looked like a meadow covered with perversion of today’s society. Who is she?

That’s all for today,

-My 7614th face.

Monday, February 27th, 2017

I woke up thinking about a meadow and clovers. I painted them right away.

Today, I’m a 10-year-old boy with curly, brown hair, growing incisor, and small hands. He’s 135cm tall, his shoe size is 28 and he weighs 31kg. I had to call Will and ask him to go to an exhibition with me. He said that he’ll look like a young father. I didn’t laugh.

I saw her at exhibition passing by the corridor, this time she was wearing a red dress with white sandals. I was wearing a red shirt. But then she disappeared in a crowd.

After today I’ve come to think that these people look like me in the following days; if I hadn’t recorded the faces and written down the other features, they would have looked all the same.

That’s all for today,

-My 7615th face.

Tuesday, February 28th, 2017

I wanted to go there as soon as I woke up.

Today, I’m a 20-year-old foreign, black woman with short, dark hair, brown eyes and a big, white smile. She’s 171cm tall, her shoe size is 39 and her weight is 74kg, great vision. I want to run.

I didn’t really know what I ought to do, so I stopped far away from my painting and tried to discreetly look for my Sender. The time was passing, but she still hadn’t showed up. I had almost decided to go home when I heard a soft voice saying: “I really do not like this work, and you?” I turned around quickly and saw her dark eyes staring at me. I could only nod and stay silent; I spoke English today so she could not understand me. “But I appreciate the feelings, hard work and author’s meaning, it’s beautiful”.

So that’s how the word “beautiful” sounds.

That’s all for today,

-My 7616th face.

Wednesday, March 1st, 2017

I started to think: what do I find beautiful? When do I consider my work good or bad?

Today, I’m a 50-year-old man with a big scar on his chest, grey hair and big wrinkles. He’s 179cm tall, his shoe size is 43 and he weighs 86kg, small vision defect: +1 in both eyes. I’m curious where this scar comes from.

I noticed her staring at a very famous artist’s painting. After taking a breath I approached and said: “That’s a really nice work of this artist”. After a while, she replied that this work indeed was really great, unlike the other one with meadow and clover. My mind blanked out, because she was talking about my painting.

“It was like a kid’s work. Simple, weird and with no meaning. Like seeing a cake and painting a cake, because someone said that the cake was good”. I felt dumb.

That’s all for today.

-My 7617th face.

Friday, March 2nd, 2017

I didn’t want to wake up, but I had to. My mirror was dirty.

Today, I’m a 20-year-old ordinary man, dark hair and eyes, very slim, with long fingers. He’s 180cm tall, shoe size is 42 and he weighs 79 kg, great vision. I’ve been told that my laptop was fixed and will be delivered tomorrow*. Diary,* everything has its end.

I went there full of anxiety. For the first time I sat in front of my painting and stared at it intensely. I remember every move of my hand and brush but don’t remember what it should be. I looked away and took a peek at the work by which I used to stop. It was a beautiful work. Suddenly, she appeared next to me and asked if I was a fan of this author – she pointed at my work. I said that I wasn’t and she said she wasn’t either. “Frankly speaking, I hate him” she claimed while staring at my picture. “He makes people look away from my work” she added, smile at me and went away.

I don’t think I will find her tomorrow. But it’s okay, every human eventually walks away.

That’s all for today

-My 7618th face.