Dear Diary, 25/02/2030

Everywhere you look, there’s something worth your attention. Us humans tend to always be in a hurry, rushing to school or work, by doing so, we forget to pause, breathe and just simply “exist in the moment”. Sometimes he have to come to terms with the fact that we aren’t robots or machines who are made for creating 24/7. I myself am always engulfed in study, homework and all the other stuff that I’m not very content about doing, but I do anyway because that’s my job. Except, I realised living on this planet doesn’t only involve tasks must face every day. Sometimes we need to break away from the norm, do something different, wander off into the unknown. There’s a whole wide world that awaits to be explored, learnt about.

My eyes fluttered open on a gorgeous Saturday morning. Days like this are rare, the sun doesn’t make many appearances in Ireland, but when it does, it’s a grand entrance that surprises everyone and makes them feel like they just one gold. It’s funny how people say “the luck of the Irish” because according to the weather forecast most days, we are pretty misfortunate. Irish people definitely understand. Feeling relieved that my “no study day” has finally arrived, I headed to the kitchen. While making myself a cup of coffee I peered out from behind the pastel blue curtains. Our neighbours snow white kitten had already ventured onto the windowsill, purring loudly. Everybody around here calls him “Heaps”, because “heaps” is just the right word to describe the amount of food he eats. After giving him some ham, I sat down to read a book while sipping silently on my morning dose of energy, that most people like to call “coffee” (but it’s more than just a hot beverage to me – I depend on it like birds do on their wings- which probably isn’t a good thing). I flicked through a few pages in the space of two or three minutes and then it hit me.

*This character’s life is a billion times more exciting than mine. I’ve been stuck in the same, old routine for months. That’s the reason behind my exhaustion. I’ve become almost robotic. It’s like the life and energy has been drained out of my soul and now I’m just existing, but not living.*

I made a spontaneous decision to leave the house for the day and let the world’s way of life lead the way.

Dear diary, 26/02/2030

I wrote about yesterday, so now I’m going write about today. It’s only 2pm but I’m already quite far from home, completely lost, with no specific destination – but to find yourself you must become lost first. Some people see themselves in music, some in sports, art, literature, history – but me? I never thought about this until today. Who am I really? Am I just a plain, confused, eighteen year old, desperately trying to push away the fact that being an adult brings responsibilities? Most people have it all figured out, I don’t. But we all have to take things at our own pace – without any rush. It’s the same with everything else – some flowers bloom earlier than others. The other ones don’t make it their priority to catch up soon, because they know everything has to take it’s time. Nature is my inspiration in my many things. In exploring, for example – because you can’t venture outside without coming across a flower, or a tree, a rock, an animal.

Anyway, I’m about to finish my coffee and head further – to look for who I am.

Dear diary, 26/02/2030 -6pm

I’m on the train – back to Galway. I’ve made it past Athlone by foot, and past Offaly with the help of a double decker bus.

I made it into an Empty town Square. It was nothing like Eyre Square back at home. This one was lonely, lacking lights, people, life. It was already nearing 4pm and I saw nothing, nor met anyone who would help me realise what I want to do in life. I noticed the few kids, playing in an eccentric looking playground, with worn out swings and golden rusted slides. There weren’t many more in sight, nobody was there to keep an eye on the three little girls and two boys. A guitar player was hunched over his music –note sheet, probably scribbling more tunes. An artist was painting the cherry blossom tree in the centre of the square. The rays of the sun shone on her face, lighting up her weary looking eyes. Two women sat on a bench, quite far from the rest of the few people. They seemed to be having a serious conversation.

I sat down on the faded, green grass and waited, I waited for a miracle to happen because I was sure there was nothing that could help me other than one.

After a couple of exhausted, dramatic sighs and a few minutes of complete silence, the girl I noticed painting the cherry blossom tree earlier, came up to me, a bright smile on her face. She looked about seventeen years old, but I never asked for her age.

She asked if she could join me and I didn’t even utter a “sure”, I just nodded my head twice and tried my best to put a weak smile on my face.

We made small- talk for a while, I told her about the places I saw today on my way here, she told me about her uneventful day, and then the dreaded question left her mouth.

“Who do you want to be?”

I shrugged my shoulders, she simply chuckled as a response and leaned back on the wooden bench, crossing her feet at the ankles. Valerie, who already introduced herself in the beginning, told me that looking for yourself is the greatest journey you’ll ever go on.

“When you realise who you are, after being lost for what feels like forever – it’s like everything suddenly begins to make sense. Never underestimate the power and magic of discovering though, because it really it’s all better than you think. The future is unknown, which means you get to create it. The time to do that is now. Remember – it’s also about the journey, not just your destination, Naomi.“ I was confused by who she knew my name, but then it struck me that my bracelet had my name on it.

So, after our little conversation, I hopped on the train back to Galway and here I am now, only an hour away from home.

I think that all this looking for “me” ( whoever that is) has made me grow – not into somebody else, somebody new, but a better version of myself. A house is built brick by brick, just like people, it takes time, energy and effort but in the end – the satisfaction with the result makes you think that it really was worth it all.

I haven’t exactly found who I am, but that’s because this is a process that doesn’t happen in one day – sometimes it takes a lifetime. That’s why it’s important to enjoy each day, live like it’s your last, and remember to be patient- because patience is key.

I believe everyone has their own destiny. We all have the future in our hands, it’s up to us to make it the best we can. Everything is fragile, that’s why we must be careful, but brave and determined at the same time. It’s all there, right in front of us, waiting to happen.

The Outside is a wonderful place. It is where things happen. You meet new people, see new things, learn and live.

Those, are the perks of exploring.

Emilia Bochniarz