***21stApril,2017***I don’t know what happened. I woke up an hour ago, and I’m completely bewildered. I’m home alone. I don’t even know if it’s my home. I didn’t move out of this room yet, just looked in the mirror, and I was really surprised, seeing my face, surrounded by brown curls, and big green eyes. I looked around the room, and found almost nothing to help me bring today's circumstances. I can see some pictures of me with other people on a cork board, but I can’t remember anything. Its’ terrifying. I found this diary a few minutes ago, and the big inscription on its cover says: „PROPERTY OF LUCA MALONE, DO NOT TOUCH”. Led by strange glimpses, I rewrote this text at a blank piece of paper. The handwriting is identical, so I guess I'm Luca Malone, and this is my diary. Perhaps thanks to it I can find out about something (or everything) I forgot.

Sorting out my thoughts: Today is – I guess – April 21, 2017, because last entry leading up today’s, is dated on April 20. Looked through the whole diary I noticed that new entries are on every day, sometimes two or more pages written. I must have been very systematic. I also found out that probably I have two brothers. Curious, a bit nervous. I think it’s time to go out of the safe space, and learn more about what’s going on here.

***22ndApril,2017***
After yesterday's intense searching, I became sleepy. Still unable to believe what happened, I fell into a restless sleep. When I opened my eyes after a few hours, I saw a red booklet in my hand. "Great opportunity to celebrate the newly opened studio "Dance4u" – 50% discount for couples”, informed me about dance classes in Valerie City. Frowning and wondering how I got it into my hands I turned over the brochure. All of sudden memories hit me like a 100 tonne train.

„April 20, 12:12. Find shelter – Gala”

A tall, white-haired girl suddenly slid to the forefront of my thoughts. The whole situation became clear and played out before my eyes.

That day, hurrying up to the bus in Valerie City, I accidentally pushed a girl handing out leaflets. „Excuse me!” – I yelled when the leaflets fell out of her hands on the damp lawn. We both tried to pick them up quickly, protect them from getting wet. „Thank you”, she said with a cheerful, cheeky smile.

Her pale blue eyes looked like the tropical sea somewhere in the Canary Islands, and the smile didn’t leave her face. „I’m hastening to the bus, I did not…”, I started, when the girl interrupted me rudely, pushing into the pocket of my jacket one of the leaflets. „Go chase the bus, Luca, we don’t want you to be late”, she said with the same grin. My hair slightly bristled. „How do you know my name?” I said quietly. „I know a lot of things. I'm Gala.”, she said, and held out her hand. Then she laughed and moved her fingers in a way that reminded me of a big, scary clown. I hate clowns. „Well, it’s… Nice to meet you, but… I have to go”. I turned, trying to get away from the crazy girl. Walking away, I heard behind me: „Don’t forget to sign up to the COURSE!”

"Which course?", I thought, but in the blink of an eye this thought disappeared. Now, sitting on the bed, and reading again and again the words on the brochure, I felt like some elements found their place in my deserted memory.

***23rdApril,2017***
Today I packed my backpack with a couple of the most needed things and set off to go on the prowl of Gala. She’s probably the only person who knows what's going on. And I made the next discovery: with every dream, more memories come up. I already know what happened the day after meeting an unusual white-haired girl. Again my diary helped. The entry dated "April 20" the hour, which is quite strange - the other days don’t have it. Moving on, at 11:37 April 20, I wrote: “I’m staying at home because my phone turned off in the night and my alarm didn’t call, and I missed all lessons.” I mentioned the strange leaflet, which I found in my pocket, when I had reminded the phrase "don’t forget to sign up to the course." Starving, I went down to the basement to look for homemade jam. Our basement is large but totally dark as it has no windows, ‘cause it’s built 4m below the ground floor. Dad once mentioned, I read in my diary, that it was once built as a shelter, and also can protect against chemical factors. I’d been there for quite a long time; I couldn’t find the strawberry jam, my grandmother’s specialty. One thing I remember is the sudden blackout. Stubbornly I'm trying to recall something, but I'm stuck in the same dead point. I hope tomorrow will bring me more valuable information. And where I should go now? Oh, it's simple - to the last place where I saw Gala.

***24thApril,2017***
Journey through the deserted city is frightening. I'm here all alone. Or almost alone. Somewhere out there is Gala. She somehow knows what is happening. I know I need to find her.
I got to a bus stop where I saw her for the last time. Then I saw something that I subconsciously expected to see: a stack of the dance classes leaflets, a strand of white hair, and a blue balloon. I looked through the leaflets, and on the last one I found this:

*"Big, Blue, Beautiful - G".*

I took the leaflet and stopped for a moment. What is big, beautiful and blue in our town? After a while, another piece of my memory puzzle got its place. I suddenly recalled a place where I used to go a lot as a child. Large, recently repainted blue library building, was certainly old, but beautiful? Crazy, but feelings told me this was the place she wanted me to go. I have to admit, she was right – an old library has the atmosphere. Finished writing for today. Surely I’ll meet her there. Soon I will find out what happened on April 20 at 12:12.

***26thApril,2017***
The events of yesterday were so impossible to understand. I needed a whole day to sort them out. After reaching the library, I found another balloon with a brochure, saying "go inside". I had a lot of thoughts, but they disappeared when I saw Gala, sitting with a coffee and a book in her hand. When I approached her, she raised her head and put the book back up, and gave me a smile. The book by Stephen King. "He’s my favorite writer" I said. "I know," she replied, standing up. “I also know that you like riddles. You have an analytical mind, so I made it difficult for you to find me. I wanted to challenge you.” She said and went into the library. "Challenge?" I asked, surprised. She didn’t answer. She led me to an obscure corner, stood on her tiptoes and pulled the book without a title. When, a well camouflaged door opened slowly. "This book is dummy," she said, and went inside. I followed her, and she closed the passage. I’ve been shocked. When we got to the end of the stairs and headed down the hall, I heard a buzz of conversation and clatter of keys. "What is this?" I dared to ask. “Soon you’ll see”, she said. Suddenly I was blinded by the glow emanating from the strong lights in the ceiling of a gigantic round room. Some people in military costumes strolled along.
"Why did you bring me here?" I asked in disbelief. Here? In Valerie City?
"Do you remember a leaflet I gave you?" She asked and without waiting for the answer continued. "It had the time, day, and information. On April 20, at 12:12 there was sprayed gas in your town to wipe out all of the negative factors from people’s minds. We got permission from the government to perform it here. But something went wrong, so we had to deport people to a nearby town, to a medical station. We wanted to save you because it would harm your analytical mind, which is very valuable. Subconsciously, you’ve done the “find shelter” command. Although some harmful gas went through the walls, which resulted in short term memory loss, but your hippocampus quickly reconstructed your memories. That’s why you’re so important to us ", she ended and waited for my reaction. Speechless I looked at her. She giggled. "I'm not crazy. I know what you thought when we first met, but I had to pretend it. It was the greatest way to remember me and not forget about the leaflet. "
"Oh, that explains it," I said, trying to sort out everything in my head. „What about my family?"
"The priority is the safety of relatives of our agents. Your parents are OK. Soon you’ll see them."
Our conversation ended with the arrival of the boss of Gala, with whom I had a second interview, and then I disappeared into my room to think about it. I think I need a second diary, because it is the last line in which I write this. Tomorrow, I’ll start new pages, new adventure, and new challenge.