Dear Diary…

I was so happy. My life was like a fairy tale. When the truth came out I didn't know what to do.

I've lived with my mom. I've had everything that I wanted to. Breakfasts in bed, a plethora of expensive presents, private lessons - it was a norm. I was the most delighted person in the whole world. My mom was a business woman. So we never complained about money.

I remember when my mom's birthday was approaching. I decided to give her a photo album with our pictures. We've taken a lot of them over the years, so I had a large selection showing various occasions. The picture with my elephant Tutu was my favourite. I still don't know what happened with this little mascot.

Anyway, searching for pictures I found many different photos. The picture of my first bike ride and the photo of my costume party in kindergarten or at the ballet classes. But one thing got me wondering, where are those photos, in which I was less than three years old. Didn’t anyone have a camera when my first tooth appeared, or even on my first birthday?

I gave my mother the album. I made it myself , I used paper covered by light blue glitter. She was touched, I noticed tears in her eyes.
I was thinking about throwing a surprise party for my mom. I wanted to blow up balloons, bake a cake, buy some birthday candles and invite her friends. However she didn't like surprises, besides a joint evening would make her more happy than a meeting with people who didn't know her as well as I did . Noise, means less toasts. So I decided that on that day we will go to the cinema to see a girly movie and after that to a new Hindu restaurant, we liked interesting tastes.
The film was ridiculous, but it couldn't be any other way. Movies like that are always predictable. We've gone to the restaurant.
If I had to chose my favourite meal, it wouldn't be this one. The food was, to put it mildly, unpalatable. At dinner we talked about the present, which I had given her. It was an ideal moment to ask her about the missing photos. Her answer shocked me. She started telling me a story about a fire that broke out in our first house when she was cooking. Because of it we've lost all of our pictures and memorabilia including my toy elephant Tutu. She told me that the only thing that she managed to save was me, her biggest precious- Maya. I didn't remember any of that, but my mom told me it's normal because I was very small. She never told me about that, because she wanted to forget about it. On my way back home, I couldn't stop thinking about everything that my mother said. At home I decided to look for some information about the fire. I didn't know our previous address, but I also didn't want to ask my mom about that. It would be uncomfortable for me and for her. It was probably the biggest experience she has ever had in her life. I didn't want to encumber my mother with my preposterous thoughts. Something was wrong here, though. I've typed many descriptive search terms. I found all the information about that kind of catastrophe in a year when I was three years old, but I didn't find anything about this specific fire. I was wondering why... Maybe my mom didn't want to hear about that situation again, so she ordered to remove all the information about that day?

The next day I was lost in thoughts. As always I got breakfast in bed. It turned out that we were out of sugar. So I decided that I'm going to go to the shop. I found out that there is a discount on my favourite candy bar. I thought to myself that if I bought two or three, it wouldn't be a big deal. But I didn't think that these two minutes could change my later fate. I paid for sugar and candy bars.
I was going home, when I saw two upcoming lights. The next day I woke up in hospital. I got hit by a car. I lost a lot of blood. I had a blood transfusion. The doctor told me that my mother wasn't a donor. All I could think about was 'Why not?'. She is my closest family. But her blood type is 0 and my is AB. I didn't know my father but regardless of his blood type my mom couldn't be my biological mom...

My whole world went black. Did my mom adopt me? Where was she? What happened with my real parents? The doctor came and said that my 'mom' is now in prison. I passed out. When I woke up I saw to faces. A woman and a man. She had a long, curly, black hair and big hazel eyes. He was bald with a cropped beard. They looked familiar, but I have never seen them before in my life. Or have I? Actually... Yes, I knew them! My biological parents. When I was younger I dreamt about them all the time. They have been looking for me since I was three years old. I was kidnapped by my babysitter, whom I was calling 'mother' the past fifteen years. Both of them were crying. They were so happy that their little daughter is back. They thought that they are never going to see me again. But they never stopped looking for me. They really loved me and that day I really loved them.

When me and my parents arrived at our old house my mom said 'Welcome home Kate'. They were looking at me smiling. But I was confused. 'Who is Kate?' I asked hesitantly. 'It's you, don't you remember? That was the name of your grandmother and we gave it to you.' It was a little bit awkward, but I finally got used to it. They showed me the house. Where the toilet is, the kitchen and other rooms. That was the weirdest feeling I have ever had. It was the house where I learned to walk, to talk. Everything here was old but at the same time everything was new. I spent a week with them.
We needed to get to know each other. And we did. It turned out that I like fishing because my dad used to show me how to do that. Well, I was only three years old and I didn't get it, but he promised that he will teach me how to fish better. My mom is an architect and she showed me a lot of her blueprints. I liked them, maybe one day she will sketch a house for me.

Now I am sitting in my old room. The walls are pink of course, because it was my favourite colour when I was a child. There are photos of me everywhere. Me with my first tooth, me on my first birthday, me with my mom and dad. I recognize most of them.

Since the car accident I saw 'the nanny' once. I went to the prison to visit her. I was so hopeful. I was thinking that she had a good explanation. That this whole situation was just a big misunderstanding. I've talked to her for about twenty minutes. Although we've spent so much time together she wasn't the person that I knew. She was talking about her escape from the prison all the time. She planed getting away with me. She mumbled something about starting a new life. She looked frantically. I was very disappointed. Sometimes I miss her, but I know that she isn't a person that I used to know. Those days are gone. Basically I don't regret it. My life was just a giant lie. I know the truth now. If I could blot out this kidnap from my memory... but I couldn't and I have to live my life even with this thought. Now I'm starting to think that I am thankful for this car accident. This driver helped me to find my real parents. And I'm sure that they don't keep any secrets from me.

Tomorrow I am going to school. A new school. I'm nervous but I know that I will get through this. Arguably everyone will be looking at me. I mean, now I am 'the girl who has been kidnapped by her nanny'... but as I said- I'll get through this. I will certainly be just 'a girl' in a few days. I hope so.

Oh, and I nearly forgot, my lovely Tutu is here. Everything is back to normal. And now I know what it means to be truly happy.