**12th.06.2001**

I have just packed all my clothes. I am not taking too much. I hope I will come back soon. I don’t know why I’m going there but I feel that I have to do it.

My boyfriend is annoyed. He is trying to understand me but it is very hard for him. By the way, I can’t explain it to myself why I’m looking for her. I know, I know. Adam is worried about me. I assured him that everything will be ok with me. I’m adult and actually it is the XXI century now. Everyone has a mobile, so we are going to phone each other.

I still have a lot of work. Today my parents are visiting us. I must prepare a delicious dinner before I go. I want to calm them down. They are worried much more than Adam.

**13th.06.2001**

I’m already on a plane. I’m flying to Chicago. I don’t have a plan what to do. The only aim now is to find somewhere to sleep. Then I will see what will be next.

Yesterday’s dinner was a disaster. With the perspective of oncoming months, no one seems to tell jokes. All of us were sitting serious, saying little. My parents repeated about fifty times to take care of myself and to be careful. “There is a lot of danger and evil in this world”. I am still a child for my parents and I love them for that.

**20th.06.2001**

I have been in Chicago for a week. It turned out that the child’s house where I was taken from by my parents doesn’t exist. I was knocking to every single child’s house in this city and almost to every police office. No one knows anything. I don’t even know how to ask. The only thing I know is my name- Adelaide, when I was taken to this child’s house. No more information, nothing. But I am still searching. I don’t give up. There must be a clue. Anything.

**02nd.07.2001**

After many days of searching I finally found something. While I was checking hospitals in the Street Saint Joseph, a doctor remembered one weird situation which took place about 20 years ago. Administration workers of the hospital searched all of the admitted cards archived from 1981.She wasn’t wrong. On the 17th of March 1981 a five-month Adelaide was taken to hospital. I reminded my mum tell me the whole story about their journey. In January, they moved to Chicago. They were to have the treatment of sterility in the best private clinic. Mum was in a bad psychical condition when they left. They had tried all possible methods. In vitro was also helpless. The treatment in Chicago didn’t give any chances to have children. After two months mum claimed that she wouldn’t have strength to continue that. She made a decision, after talking to her husband, to adopt a child. The adoption went quite quickly and that way I started a new life in a new home. I was about 5 months old.

Concluding that the patient card data is very probable, I asked for further information. Unfortunately, the doctors didn’t know much. The only information I had was that I had been taken from a hospital in Denver. Therefore, I will have to go to Colorado so I decided not to waste time and just go there. Tomorrow I’m buying plane tickets.

Adam called in the evening. He blames me for not keeping in touch with him. Perhaps he thinks that I am here on holiday. But I spent all my time going from one place to another searching any clue. That’s a pity he doesn’t understand me. During my journey we had talked 3 times and every conversation ended up in an argument. Does it really make any sense? If he can’t understand my feelings, I can’t imagine our further life and what’s more, our marriage…?

**4th.07.2001**

I’ve just accommodated up in a hotel in Denver and tomorrow I’m going to visit the hospital. I believe there won’t be any problems as it was in Chicago.

**12th.07.2001**

I got the information from hospital today. They have such safety rules. I had to have the adoption card to confirm my identity. It took 6 days and waiting was terrible. The very thought that I was so close to the truth which was impossible to discover. But now I know it. Josephine Mathews brought me to hospital. Now I’m surfing the Internet to find any contact, unfortunately, without success.

Since our last argument (2.07), Adam hasn’t called. At last I decided to call him. He was very angry but he couldn’t be angry for so long. He was so happy he could hear me that we forgot about our last argument. I miss him so much and I can’t wait to see him again. I’m wondering how he can stand my behaviour. He must love me very much.

**24th.07.2001**

I have been looking for Josephine for two weeks. I called millions of numbers and at last I found the right one. On Monday we met at a small café in Greenwood – 3 hours of drive from Denver. I am so stressed. I can’t relax. It’s impossible to live this way.

**27th.07.2001**

When I went into the cafe I noticed her immediately. She was wearing old baggy clothes. Her eyes looked bruised and very tired. When she gave me her hand, I noticed her wrinkled hands. They showed her tough work. I’ve learned she worked on the farm.

It turned out her friend heard somebody crying in a small basket, he didn’t know what to do so he decided to give me to Josephine. Unfortunately, she didn’t have enough money to take me so she left me at hospital. Of course, I asked what the name of the man was but he turned out to be dead for 10 years. She gave me his wife’s address. Maybe she would know something.

**29th.07.2001**

I visited Melanie today- the wife of the man who had found me. Unfortunately, she couldn’t help me but she remembered exactly where I was found. She agreed to show me this place.

Yesterday I got the call from my company. My boss was irritated. He doesn’t want to wait for me endlessly. The only way to keep this job was coming back within a week. However, I couldn’t guarantee that so he told me that he will send me a dismissal by post to my house. I wasn’t afraid of that. I don’t care about my work and the whole world I left in England. What matters now is to find my mum. I still don’t know what to do when I see her. If I will.

**30th.07.2001**

We went to the place where I was found 20 years ago. The only things I could see were the giant skyscrapers in this place because all the previous buildings were destroyed… It will be a huge challenge to find people who living here then.

**4th.08.2001**

I’m still having arguments with Adam. He is irritated by my spontaneity. He would like to know what was going on because every time we talk to each other, I promise I am coming back soon. But in reality I don’t know when it happens. I’m living day by day, from meeting to meeting.

**6th.08.2001**

Since I’ve known the truth, there hasn’t been a day I wouldn’t think of her. Where is she? What does she do? What does she looks like? Why did she do it? Why did she leave me? Why didn’t she love me?

I’m keeping a small sheet of paper with 9 numbers. I have her number. I have doubts. Should I call her? Will it change anything? I have parents now who love me and take care of me. They provided me with education and good life. Moreover, I’m going to have a new family with Adam soon. But I sacrificed too much to leave it now. I lost my job, my relationship with Adam is very weak and my parents are heartbroken. I have to do it.

**7th.08.2001**

I called. We met on Saturday In Santa Fe park at 10.30. I was waiting so long for that moment. I finally meet her.

**11th.08.2001**

When I saw her I started to justify her. I was shocked because I promised myself that I wouldn’t do it. It is because of her look. I saw her eyes in my eyes. The same with smile. I understood that something connects us. I decided to tell her everything who I am. She was shocked and embarrassed. She claimed that she had just one daughter and it’s impossible to be her child. I didn’t know what to say. I felt bad. After a long talk she told me that in that case I must be her granddaughter. I was sitting without a move. I was staring in one point and I didn’t know what to say. Some more minutes passed when I asked her for more details about my real mum but she refused. She just answered that I have to ask my mum about everything, not her. She gave me her address and then I left. There was too much for both of us. When I said her goodbye she told me that she hopes to see me again soon. I didn’t say a word. At first I have to talk to my real mum .

**12th.08.2001**

I’m in a taxi. I didn’t sleep at all. I couldn’t. I’m still thinking about those things from the last months of my life. I’m thinking of what happened here in the USA and what was going on in my house- in England. I was wondering what will happen when I come back. What my day will look like? Maybe everything will change? Could I still talk to Adam? What relation will be with my parents when I know my real mum? In 10 minutes time I will be at this place and see her. I was waiting for this meeting so long and I…

**12th.08.2004 Adam**

It’s been three years since she died. I still love her and I will never stop. I can’t live without her. Why have I agreed to her trip? Why I haven’t stopped her? It’s my fault. It’s all my fault.