***5th April, 2014***

Finally! My nightmare will end today. I was born voiceless. I could hear all those people and I couldn’t answer them. My shout was silent. My laugh was just a smile. A sing language is such a lie. Sure you can use it but nobody will understand you. Somebody asks you about current time and you aren’t responding? They will get angry and sometimes even start to insult you. Kids in school are making fun of you? So what? You can’t say anything anyway. But today everything will change, my parents are truly believing that a priest with his special device will cure me. Sounds stupid, but who cares, I’m like that for almost 17 years, it is already enough.

***6th April, 2014***

I can’t believe it worked. He touched my neck with his hands then used that strange box and I felt something like electricity flowing through my body. He said to me, with his awful voice that I don’t have to worry and I should just relax. That feeling lasted for almost 10 minutes. Then suddenly for a moment I heard a sound of gas. This was just a second but I’m sure about it. My parent’s eyes were empty and they ignored my questions about what is happening. I don’t know exactly what happened next because I fainted. I woke up on the sofa and weird sound get out of my throat. After more or less 4 hours I could say simple words. Is that real? I mean all that things before I passed out could just seem to me, but what if not? Did that really matters? My nightmare just ended. I should be enjoying my healing, not complaining. Enough of writing I’m going to speak.

***19th April, 2014***

For almost two weeks this strange dream is tormenting me. I’m in a white room, with large glass opposite me. Through it, I can see my parents in the other room that are sitting and sleeping. I can’t move, my hands are tied, my neck is stiff and motionless. When I try to free myself I hear that sick man’s voice from behind. Why can’t I turn around, just to see his face? I’m fidgeting in my chair. Suddenly, I’m falling down along with the chair. At this point, I’m waking up covered with sweat and without a clue what happened. Don’t know what to do.

***7th October, 2014***

No more! I can’t stand it! It is almost half of the year and I’m still getting that damn nightmare. The white room, parents, the chair, the voice, the drop, and I’m awake. Every morning is terrible, I’m pretty sure it is the fault of that magician. My parents don’t believe me, they think he gave me a new life, but the truth is that I felt out of the frying pan into the fire. I can speak, but without good sleep I’m like a zombie, my marks went down, I keep thinking about getting some rest, my life is slowly draining out of me. I must know what happened after a chair drop. Next Saturday, I will visit the person who did it to me.

***11th October, 2014***

Today I was in his office, but his assistant told me that he is helping one of his patients. Sure, that poor guy will regret it soon. Luckily, I saw something important. His assistant came from that white room! That cursed room from my nightmare. I saw only walls and a bit of furniture, however, I have never been more certain in my life. Parents were wrong he is guilty and he will pay for it.

***12th October, 2014***

Something new. Like always I got that dream but this time it didn’t finish after the drop. I heard voices speaking about me, they were convinced that I will lose my memory. Too bad for them my brain kept some information. One of the voices was that crazy priest and I have no clue about the second voice. It seemed like the second one was smarter, he explained to the priest what he is going to do with me. Sadly, I didn’t get much from that. He spoke something about repairing my brain’s mistakes and adding something special. What special? He for sure fixed my voice but what did he add? The second voice picked me up, I only saw his unusual signet. Next thing I felt was a pain between my neck and back, after that I woke up like always. I must get to know this second person but my first goal is the priest. He will explain me everything.

***18th October, 2014***

Damn it, everything is against me I was trying to meet him for the whole week and all went for nothing. This genius died in a normal car accident and left me with my questions, anger and of course my sweet dream. Don’t know what to do. Damn it!

***20th October, 2014***

I was at his funeral. My parents are depressed, they still think he was my saviour. Everything was normal: sad people, crying family and friends. They despaired over the loss, I thought what secrets he had taken with himself, then suddenly I felt that I knew this man in front of me. He stood back to me and looked like taken from the other age. A black coat, black long suit pants, a black walking stick with the white angular end and exactly the same signet as a man from my nightmare. He was creepy, especially on the graveyard. I asked him which hour was and he answered that there was already 4 p.m. It was that second voice! I almost shouted out of fear. I quickly replied thank you and walked away. I don’t think he remembers me or he is a champion at pretending. Now, at least, I know how does he looks like.

***27th October, 2014***

I left no stone unturned to find out who is that smoothie. My friends were helping me for the whole weekend. We found some things about him. He has a doctorate in physics and neuroscience. His company is called „Abagnale’s dream”. I only know one Abagnale and if we think about the same one everything is becoming more and more suspicious. Frank was a master, but smoothie thinks he is better. We will see. Denis, one of my best friends, told me that this man was once suspected of the leadership in a large group that robbed banks and jewellery stores. Strange, but police couldn’t confirm that he was guilty. Almost everyone said that he ordered these robberies but no one could say anything more. He is hiding something and I must know what. It also applies to me. Still wondering what he added in my brain.

***28th October, 2014***

I talked to him. His name is Matthew. He is strange, but seems to be very intelligent. He smiled when I told him everything. Asked me what I think about this. I started being anxious, raised my voice and accused him of everything what happened to me. Then he asked me with the slight annoyance in his voice what would I tell him if I didn’t visit his partner. Mad after his response, I shouted out that the change from the mute into the zombie hadn’t been my biggest dream. He ordered me to sit down in the big armchair in the corner of a room. He came back after a while and brought a small device, kind of a reduced oscilloscope. After an hour I knew the whole story. This genius created an appliance that can control human’s mind. And after some time he also discovered that it was possible for him to repair some of human defects as well as to cure some illnesses by using his device. Unfortunately, Matthew isn’t a selfless person. He knew that people would like to use his work to become free. And he hid it from the world and used that priest to make profit from it. He washed brains of miraculously healed people. They were normal but when he wanted, he could control them. I was the first one which couldn’t be controlled. He thinks I’m special, at least my nervous system is. My nightmare is a side effect of the whole process. He is horribly self-confident. He is convinced that I will land in a mental hospital if I will tell anybody about our conversation, particularly that he should be already halfway abroad. At least, he promised that this night should be the last one with my side effect.

***30 October, 2014***

First day I slept the whole night. He kept his promise but my last dream didn't end as the rest, this time I woke up after the treatment on the armchair in his company and he said, with a smile on his face, that we will meet again.