

Thursday, September 23rd 11.53pm.

This day was supposed to be normal and boring. To be honest, now I regret that this day wasn't trite... I was sitting in my office and working- as always. Suddenly, my friend Alice ran into my department.

-There was an accident in Chocolate Street!- she cried. Then she looked at me and whispered- Damian, come with me. You must see something.

I was surprised that Alice wanted just me to go with her, but I stood up and followed her. When I closed the door, I asked:

-Al...- I used to call her like that.- Al, what's the matter?

She didn't even look at me.

-ALICE! I asked you what's the matter!

She put her head down and a woman started to cry. Her tears were falling down and I felt really bad.

-Al, I'm sorry.- I was sure that she was crying because I was unfriendly.- Alice, can you tell me what's the matter? Please?

-Oh, Damian, she's dead... I'm so sorry...It's so shocking and...

-But...who? Why do you...

-Sssh. You'll see. Let's go.

Few minutes later we were at the accident site. Then I saw her.

She was lying in a blood stain. It was Lily, my co-worker. Some dumbass had crushed her on the pedestrian crossing.

Suddenly I felt empty inside although I didn't know her very well.

I knew that she had no children, no husband, no boyfriend. And no friends.

People say that she did drugs, I don't know. I didn't care about her. She was only a younger girl from work.

Lily was beautiful, but she was hiding her beauty under this stupid make-up.

She loved Korn...

It was all I knew about her.

Lily wasn't only my co-worker. She was also my daughter. I know nothing about her and her life.

I will pray for her poor soul.

Friday, September 24th. 10.45pm.

I hadn't slept the whole night, so I was very tired during the day. I stayed at home and I was observing Suze, my wife, while she was organising the funeral. Funeral.. this word is still scaring me, although I heard it about a hundred times today. It's a very cruel word.

I can't stop thinking about Lily. My sweet Lily. Why did I stop to care about her? When did it happen? I remember that when she was a little girl, we were spending together a lot of time. We were going to the playground... we were playing football... I used to take her out for ice cream...and we were talking a lot.

Oh yes, I know. Work.

Lily was thirteen, when I started to work in a big corporation. (Six years later she started to work in the same corporation- my clever girl- but it doesn't matter.) I was spending all days at work... no, stop. I'm still spending all days at work. My office and "important things" took all my attention and I have forgotten about REALLY important things: family, love... My

daughter couldn't talk to me about her school, boys, problems... The distance between us was my fault. But I have understood this too late. My lovely girl is gone.

Why have she has to die? It's unfair! WHY MY DAUGHTER? WHY?!
GOD, I ASK YOU! WHY DID YOU LET MY DAUGHTER DIE? WHERE ARE YOU WHEN MY LIFE IS SO PAINFUL? WHY DO YOU HURT ME?

GOD, DO YOU EVEN EXIST?

Saturday, September 25th. 11.23pm.

I gave up. I can't live without her. Where is she now? Why did she have to leave us alone?

My wife is very busy now and I think that she is angry at me, because I'm not helping her. But I'm too depressed to do anything else but watch TV and write this diary. Of course, Suze is sad, too... but not as much as me. That's for sure.

I miss her so much. I know that there is one thing I can do... If I do this... I will meet my sweet daughter again. But... am I ready? Can I leave my wife alone? Am I ready to... commit suicide?

I don't know. It's so hard to decide...

Funeral is tomorrow. I'm so scared. I won't take if everybody sees me cry. I won't take all this pity... these eyes, full of false sadness... false, because they don't know how it is! They have never lost anyone, who they loved! They just don't understand! They will never understand!

I know that I won't fall asleep now, so I will look for her old toys and remind me how happy we were those days, a long time ago...

I found Lily's old doll! It still smells of her. It's funny, this toy looks exactly like my daughter, when she was six! Tonight I will sleep with this doll, I will kiss it, I will hug it, I will tell her tales and I will call it Lily- it will be as if I stepped back time!

Sunday, September 26th. 7.32pm.

I had a very scary nightmare. In this nightmare, Lily was an adult and some dumbass had crushed her on the pedestrian crossing. She was dead. My sweet Lily was dead, it was horrible! Fortunately, when I woke up, Lily was lying next to me. She is so lovely! I'm sure that when she will grows up, she will be a heartbreaker.

Today I was at some funeral, I don't know whose. My wife was crying, and everybody was looking at me with sorrow. Then I got a lot of condolences. People said that they were sorry because of my daughter's death. I didn't know what they meant- Lily stayed at home and she was absolutely safe.

When we came back home, I was playing with my pretty girl all the time. My wife was very, very angry- I don't know why. She was screaming: "Throw away this stupid, stupid doll! Our child is dead, you idiot!" I think she is mad or something. Lily said then:

-Daddy, let's play a game.

-What game, honey?- I asked her.

-Mommy will be a fairy. She will fly away to Neverland!-she whispered.

-But mom can't fly, sweetheart.

-Of course she can. All she needs is opportunity to fly... look, a window! And a lot of space to fly out of it!

-Are you sure, that mom can fly?

-Yes, of course!

-Okay. I trust you, sweetie.

Suze was sure, that she couldn't fly. When I was pushing her out of the window, she was shouting. Very, very loud. But I knew that she could do it. Lily is always right. It's such a clever girl. It's daddy's girl.

-Okay, darling. Mum flew away. She is in Neverland now. What are we going to do now?

-Well, I think that now you can try to be a fairy.

-But Lily, I'm too heavy to be a fairy. I'm absolutely sure, that I can't fly.

-Daddy, if mom could fly, you can do it, too. Just try!

-I don't know, honey.

-Dad, please, just try. I can do it with you.

-But sweetheart...

-Daddy, I will be sad if you don't try!

-Sweetie...

-I WILL CRY!

-Lily...

-Okay, I'm sad and angry. Go away. I want to be alone. I WILL CRY, BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY WITH ME!

Then I thought that Lily was right. If Suze had flown away, I would do it, too. I was ready to do anything for my daughter.

-Sweetie... come on, we'll play. I will be your fairy, but just if you go with me.

-Okay, daddy.

-And before we fly to Neverland, I must do something.

-Hurry up, daddy! Hurry up!

-Okay. Wait here just a few minutes.

And now I'm writing this. My daughter is waiting for me in the kitchen. I think that this is my last in this diary. It's possible that we'll never come back from Neverland. I'm sure that we will be happy there with Lily and her mommy. I love them so much. I won't let my little girl grow up. Someone could hurt her. She will be safe just in Neverland- with us. Just there she will never cease to shine. Shine on, you crazy diamond. Shine on, my sweetie.

Now I must go. Lily is waiting for me. She is very bored. I must play with her. Lily, honey, dad is coming. Dad won't let anybody hurt you. Dad will take you to Neverland. Dad loves you.

Lily said that we will fly.

Lily is always right. It's such a clever, little girl.