03.10.2016

It’s unbelievable. My parents got divorced. First I didn’t believe in this situation. The sad truth came to me when my mother told me to pack. Recently I got my own room. Previously I lived together with my twin. I hid in my suitcase everything what seemed to be important. I didn’t hurry with it but I had to leave my home. Slowly and with sadness in my eyes I went to the car. Next events brought a wave of agitation. I realized that I was going away alone with my mother. What about my brother!? All the way to a new home I screamed and wanted to come back. But, it was too late. I decided to never forgive my parents that they separated me and Tony.

10.10.2016

I became a shadow of what I used to be. I always thought I was a strong person with unbreakable psyche. But I have never supposed that I could lose my brother! From the moment of our birth we were close to each other. He was the person who was able to keep my explosive nature in check. I was the one who sometimes took him out of the cold world of reality. He is too prosaic! But I miss him…

12.10.2016

I think it’s healthy to stay alone sometimes. Being with people for so long (no matter how interesting) becomes boring. Until now I didn’t know the real loneliness. Loneliness meant as much as ,,I and Tony”. Now I’m really alone. I feel complete emptiness. Sometimes I have a horrible feeling that I see a black stain. It grows and wants to absorb me. I was trying to keep control of myself but I couldn’t put up with it any longer. The pain kept returning with double power.

13.10.2016

Is he also going through it like I do? My mother is so angry… I want to visit Tony but I can’t! He is so far away. I’m too young to travel to the other end of the country. Mum will never agree. Sometimes I want to give up. But it would be a humiliation for me. I prefer going slowly forward – No matter how much I’m broken. If I stopped, it would be definitely forever.

19.10.2016

I think I finally understood what the real pain is. The real suffering isn’t a cut finger or a broken knee. We are able to heal physical diseases. The real pain is born inside our heart. In this case we can’t lie. Our true feelings that live in our soul. They accumulate there and then they have to be released. They jump from the inside of our soul to the eyes and then even the most beautiful smile can’t hide the truth.

23.10.2016

In my new school I tried to make friends. Unfortunately, I probably became too unpleasant. Where was this nice, always cheerful and positive boy? Losing Tony I lost a part of myself. Why did our stupid parents do it!? Why did they hurt us!? Can’t they see the damage?

24.10.2016

It is so hard for me to feel in this house like at home. My mother quickly found a man who replaced her husband. I think too fast. His name is James. I call him by his name. I never call him father. He is nice to me and I thought in the beginning that he wanted to bribe me but I can’t stop thinking that he destroyed the relationship of my parents. My mum is a very proud person and she can hold a grudge for a long time. I wonder what my father did that she has betrayed him. Or maybe they simply stopped loving each other? Anyway this is nonsense… Why would they lose contact with each other? Couldn’t they part by agreement? And why have they decided to split us? More and more unanswered questions are appearing in my head.

27.10.2017

It seems to me that it’s all over

Irreversibly and forever gone

If only I knew what I know now

I wouldn’t hesitate

~.~

Now I want to just hug

Apologize for past promises

Thank for your support

And good words in a moment of doubt

~.~

I still get the same bad days

When at night I dream about a monster

Lonely and angry at the whole world

Is this monster me?

29.10.2016

It’s Saturday today. I have never thought that someday I would say these words: I hate weekends! Again I can’t find a reason to get up. The window is overcast. The light is off. In my room I can’t hear the music. Am I still alive? I’m afraid that this is so. I would go back to my old life and again start climbing to the top. But it’s too steep. Maybe… Am I guilty? I blame my mother, I blame my dad, I blame James… What is my part in this? Maybe we are all guilty? I’m sick of these suppositions.

30.10.2016

If I was the main character of the book (Tony loves books) it would be called 'Paradise Lost' – Just like the title of the song of my favorite band. Only songs by Hollywood Undead make my life more colorful. I want to scream this text: 'Let it all burn, I will burn first!'. My thoughts recently are getting weirder. It scares me. 'God! I’ve tried, am I lost in Your eyes?'. I am becoming more and more prayerful. Earlier I went to church but it wasn’t important to me. My parents expected this from me. Now I believe. I believe with all my heart. 'So let this gun bond us, let’s hide by this lust'. I would love to hide from all the people, somewhere… Where nobody will see my fall. So far it helps me think: It’s just a dream. A wicked nightmare. And here… And here at the end… And here at the end of pain I will be protected.

01.11.2016

In my dark world there isn’t such a thing as time. When I was eight, Tony brought home a book from the library. It was 'Alice in Wonderland'. Tony read it to me aloud before bedtime. I’m like a little girl who was chasing a rabbit. It’s just that I know that my rabbit and the rest is hallucination, which was caused by wine and pills. My rabbit is so far. I can’t catch it anymore. Today is the first of November. I am mourning my old self. I lit a candle and I am looking at fire… I am listening to Mozart’s 'Requiem'. If I still had something in the middle of my soul, I would cry.

04.11.2016

Today a small glimmer of hope appeared in my life. I will explain everything from the beginning. In school, on history lesson, the teacher spoke of a poet whose poems Tony likes to read. Memories and longing overwhelmed me. I run to the bathroom, I fell on my knees and I started to cry. I miss him so much. I quickly took out the razor blade of my backpack. Tears densely came down my cheeks. I didn’t hear anything apart from my sobs. I didn’t realized that I am not alone and I began to cut myself. Suddenly, someone grunted. I turned away. Behind me there was a girl. How long was she there? I have realized that I must look pathetic. I began to wipe my hand and I tied a bandana. I got up and I saw that I was a lot of taller than a stranger girl. For a moment we stood without talking. Finally I passed her and I went to the sink. She just looked at me. Her conjuring began to annoy me. I looked at her with disgust and in the end she said: ,,Why?”.

05.11.2016

Her name is Joanna but she wants to call her Jo. This girl is amazing! She listened to everything what I repressed for a month. Jo doesn’t have any siblings but she wants to help me. Her dad travels a lot and sometimes he takes his daughter with him. Jo wants to persuade him to take us to my home. I just need to figure out what I will tell my mother. I think she liked Jo, so it shouldn’t be difficult.

08.11.2016

For Jo and Tony I try to fight with tears. I must be patient, unfortunately, I never liked waiting. I’m crazy worried. What if our plan goes wrong and I am not going to meet with my brother? I have to get out of this fear. I want to cry – I can’t deny. But I will do everything for my friend. I have a reason to live and die.

11.11.2016

It succeeded! Tomorrow, I am going to my brother! Mum thinks I will spend this time with Jo (this is true). Finally, I will be at home!

12.11.2016

It’s already night. Tony is sleeping nearby. We haven't slept in the same room for a long time. This is my last post here. Writing helped me a lot but now I have to try to improve myself. I’ve never been so happy as on this day. When I got out of the car, I couldn’t restrain tears. Jo led me to the front door. With a trembling hand I knocked. It took a little while, but finally the door opened. I couldn’t believe! Tony stood in the doorway… But what happened with him? He lost weight a lot and probably hasn’t slept for a long time. His crimson eyes looked incredulously at me. I couldn’t resist and I hugged him tightly. Dad wasn’t at home, but as soon as he returned from work he was very happy that he could see me. We decided that I would stay at home. Mum must deal with it. I am already 16 years old and I have a right to choose. My dear diary, I want to thank You for that month. You really helped me, but now I will manage alone with my life.

Andy