October 27th, 2016

Dear diary,

This day was very exciting. I want to tell you everything about that, but I do not know how I should start. So, at first, I won a very important contest. I may say, the most important in my life. It was organized for students. We had to write an interesting story from our life. I don’t know what amazing I did, but I won main prize – a tour around United Kingdom. I am leaving next week. It is one of the best gifts for my birthday that was a few days ago. I found out about that in the morning, at 8AM. I was really excited and my mum repeated constantly “I am so proud.” I sent text messages to all my close friends. They were proud too and they said we should meet before my tour. I think they are right. I told it also to my boyfriend, Thomas. He is happy and sad at the same time. He will miss me and I will miss him. It is unfair I can’t take him with me.

I had a bad dream about that. One of the worst nightmares ever. I'm scared of loneliness so much. I don’t know what I should do when I am alone. And, in my dream, I was alone in an empty plane. Without anyone. I am scared when I am imagining that. I miss my family, friends, all of them. That was frightening for me, but as I said, it was only a bad dream. Anyway, I have a luck I will never be alone. I know that.

I got an email from my grandma:

*“Dear Isabel,*

*How are you? I guess you are so happy. I heard you won that contest. It is amazing, I want to hug you so tightly and congratulate for that. As you know, I am so proud. I will give you some money for shopping before a trip. I hope that trip will bring you some joy.*

*Love you,*

*Grandma. ”*

Nice. As my grandma supposed, I am really happy. It is excellent feeling when you know people are proud of you. Everyone called and wrote to me to express their pride for the next few days.

At the same day my best friend Sofia and went shopping with me. We were looking for a beautiful clothes for me. Suddenly, we met Paul, Sofia’s ex-boyfriend with his new “just friend”. She was jealous a lot and we had to leave the shop. Ah, heart problems are so unfair. I was angry but I understood her behaviour. She was shouting for a few minutes and I got headache. I had to go to a pharmacy to buy painkillers. When we left the building, we were talking about Paul and walking through the park, where we sat on the bench. When Sofia calmed down, we went back to the city, because she reminded I did not buy anything. After 1 hour of turning around shops, I bought an awesome dress with flower pattern and comfortable trousers. We were at home about 7PM. I send my photo in that dress to my Thomas. He said: "You are looking cute". Love him.

October 30th, 2016

Today I visited my grandma. As she said, she gave me some money, but I can’t do anything with it. I spent time with my grandparents talking about me and my family’s life. I said goodbye to them and came back home. My mum is frightened, it’s already tomorrow. It’s pleasantly she cares about me. I had to convince her I'm adult enough to travel alone. When she calmed down I started packing up. It’s unbelievable my dreams are coming true right now.

In the evening I was chatting with friends on a group conversation in the Internet. They wished me luck on a trip. Then Sofia asked about my acrophobia. Unfortunately, she was right. I reminded about that, my head was full of anxious thoughts.

Now I'm lying on a bed and thinking about it. My telephone fell down, but I have no power to pick it up. My mum came back to living room and asked what happened.

*’Nothing.’ I answered.*

*’Are you sure? You look bad.’*

*’I’m definitely sure. I’m just thinking.’*

*’About? ’*

*’My cruel fear. ’*

My mum sighed, then she sat next to me on the sofa and started recounting her maternal stories. I hated it, but that one time I was ready to listen to her.

*’You know, you have it since you were 8 years old, when we had to go to your aunt to Sweden, then that happened first time. ’*

*’Why? Was it scary? ’*

*’We were at the airport and you were shocked and interested at the same time. Later, when we sat on a plane, your interest changed into a fear. I tried to calm you down, but you were crying a lot like a little child. Since that you always had your lucky teddy bear, you called him Patrick. Isn’t it weird for a such a big girl? ’*

*’I remember him. ’*

*’I guess you still have it. Let’s find him. ’*

I hugged my mother and stood up quickly. Deeply in one of the oldest boxes in our home I found him. He was dusty and a little ripped, but then I knew it’s still useful.

October 31st, 2016

Finally this day happened. Trip to an airport was boring. I shouted goodbye to my mother. That’s all. Nothing special. Anyway, I don’t remember my flight. This can sound strange, but I was sleeping all the time. I woke up because of captain’s voice. The one thing I can tell about the plane is that it was amazing. An enormous machine just opposite me. I saw a lot of people who flew to UK like me.

People started preparing themselves hurriedly. I got out from the plane. It was like another world. I stayed on airport about an hour. I picked up my luggage and I was waiting. Did they forget about me? No, they didn’t. I forgot about the taxi waiting for me next to the airport. It wasn’t like taxis in my country. The driver was extremely cordial, but I saw he didn’t understand my amateurish English too much. Nonetheless, he took me to my hotel. It was evening when I was already in my room. I felt tired, but rested enough to write messages to friends. I told them ’I’m okay and I’m going to sleep.’ One thing I wanted all day was cozy bed.

November 1st, 2016

I woke up early. I ate typical English breakfast at hotel restaurant and came outside. Near the hotel there was a petite park. I went there and sat on a bench to listen to birds singing and noise of cars. Suddenly, I noted a boy more or less in my age. He smiled to me and I did the same. I knew I had to get friends here and I will find them during the trip. It was in the same evening, so I returned to hotel to take my things and go at appointed place.

I appeared earlier than others, because I wanted to know somebody new. Firstly a few new girls came, they look so hostile. I guessed their faces tried to tell me ’We hate you although we don’t know you’. Anyway, other participants were rather positive. Among them there was a boy I met in the park this morning. He recognized me and came to talk. His name was Andrew. I know that can be naughty and obscene, but when I was talking with him I completely forgot about Thomas. That weird feeling, like “disloyalty”? I won’t forget his eyes, their deep blue was charming. I asked him about his life, hobbies and even about his type of girls. Why? Nobody knows. He answered by description of the girl, who was similar to me. As he said ’She’s a little less beautiful than you’. He spared my blushes and I lowered my head down. Despite this we were still talking.

We were travelling by bus. I was sitting next to Andrew. Then I had to answer all his questions about my favourite things, hobbies, music and so on. I had no idea why. Maybe he just wanted to know me better. It was really late when we arrived. I was sleepy a lot. I took my hand luggage and I went to sleep.

November 2nd, 2016

Andrew woke me up. We were in London. I wanted to sleep a little bit longer. We stayed at the hostel to get shower and change clothes. My group met our first instructor. He said something about himself, but I didn’t listen to him. I was busy talking with Andrew. Instructor’s appearance wasn’t pleasant, because we were giggling a lot. We stayed at the end of group, where nobody saw us. I wasn’t interested in a trip, when he was next to me. He was my main entertainment. Not only today, the entire tour... I don't want to say more...

November 6th, 2016

That was the fastest trip in my life. Maybe the time was flying too fast, maybe the day was too short. One thing I know Andrew is amazing. But… What should I do now? I’m scared of coming back home. What will Thomas think? It won’t be as before. I don’t know what I should answer for his messages. He kissed me at the end of the tour. Later it was only worse. I’m afraid.

Bye.

Isabel.