30.09.2016

Today Andrew was very unkind to Tessa (that shy girl) because of her look

I *did* like Andrew in spite of his attitude towards the majority of teachers and his ridiculous, rude lines only for “fame” among classmates – he always bothered to be popular person (to be fair, effectively) – but this time he crossed the line. It seems he regrets his words… I have mixed feelings about him now. Nevermind, it doesn’t matter to him; we rarely talk, so it won’t be a very big loss for him if we stop.

I’m so sorry for Tessa.

By the way, lately I‘ve had some strange problems with my sight. Sometimes I see blurrily. Moreover, I noticed I must concentrate a lot to see anything in a dark room. I hope it will disappear soon.

02.10.2016

About ten o’clock in the morning I got dizzy and everything went black for me. I almost fainted. Now my mum is setting me up for a consultation to a doctor. I’m a little bit nervous; no matter how many times I go and see a doctor – even for an ordinary checkup - I’m always scared that I might be really sick.

09.10.2016

I heard that I have cataract. The surgery costs $3,000 per eye… My mum wants to take a loan, but I think it is the worst option. Since our father died, she has to provide for her and her five children. She gets paid peanuts. If she gets this loan, our family will get into debt.

My brothers offered they would find a job. I’m very touched by my brothers’ involvement in raising funds for my health, but fourteen-year-old and thirteen-year-old boys can’t change much on that score.

Kadri’s family suggest they will lend me some money, but I don’t want to burden them. They spent a lot of money for Paavo’s college. If they allow money for my surgery, his sister will not have the same start as he had. I can’t do it to my friend.

Everyone is trying their best to pay for my operation. I hope our efforts will be sufficient…

30.10.2016

I found a job. I had to learn how to reconcile school with evening working. To boot, Elizabeth and Nicole need care – they are only three. Luckily, James and Ethan are helping me and mum with taking care of the girls and housework. Without the boys, we wouldn’t handle it.

Despite all their help, I’m exhausted (and I think mum too). My daily routine isn’t the best one…

In the morning, I wake up at 5 o’clock. After “preparing” myself for a new day (including dressing, brushing teeth etc.), I help my siblings with it. We do everything quietly, because mother is sleeping after work. I leave home while James and Ethan are preparing for school, take sisters to the kindergarten and catch a bus to my school.

In school I don’t talk with anybody. Partly because of my exhaustion and partly because I feel uncomfortable with my sight. I propitiated my mum not to tell anyone, especially the teachers, about my “problem” - I don’t want false compassion. Because of that no one knows, why I’ve changed so much. I think my strange behavior attracts people to me rather than shoves them, but I just can’t act like everything is OK, when I know I’m worse.

After school I have three hours to start work – in this time I have to help my siblings with everything because my mother is working.

I work for four hours every day from Monday to Saturday. When I’m done, I return and go sleep. I sleep about six hours.

 Or I *would* sleep six hours if I didn’t have an idiotic fear.

Since always I have been falling asleep in a dark room. But since I know about my disease, I have panic attacks when I can’t see anything. In such moments my heart is beating a hundred times faster, my eyes are opening and closing, searching for a sign that they aren’t useless. Only when there’s a little light near can I hood my eyelids. But, because of my habit of sleeping in the dark, I can’t fall asleep. So I start thinking.

I hate it. During the day, I haven’t got enough time to sit, to say nothing of thinking. But when I’m lying in my bed and the light is skimming my eyelids, I can’t help but think.

What if our efforts go down the drain?

I am terrified. I don’t know, what I will do if I lose my sight. I can’t imagine how I can live without it. I don’t want to be a millstone around my family’s neck – blind and useless. Who wants to spend time with a damaged person? No one. Only family, who have to do that, because they loved you before your fault and it is not proper to leave you.

I’m not sure how much longer I will be able to handle this.

This all is killing me inside. Whenever I felt like that, I talked with Kadri and everything became better. Now I don’t want to tell her this, because she has too many problems of her own, without mine.

I have to face it alone.

Oh, God, please, cure me… Please…

23.11.2016

I told Andrew everything. I didn’t want to, it wasn’t planned. He caught me in my worst moment and gently asked me about my emotions. Words left my mouth on their own.

I feel much better. The only thing is I am a little bit nervous about my secrets’ safety.

24.11.2016

Today some weird things happened. On the first lesson, Andrew sat right next to me. When he saw I can’t read notes on the board, he started whispering words which we had to copy into my ear. This repeated on every lesson.

A weirder moment happened on the longest break. Andrew sat down near me with a book in his hand. I noticed a few chits in the book; after my sight got better, I discovered that he wrote numbers there.

Andrew opened the book on the page, where was chit with number one and started reading: *“I don’t have to listen to rumors about a man when I can judge him for myself”*. I recognized the story at once: it was “Different Reasons” written by Stephen King – my favourite book. I felt like the first sentence was an answer to a not-asked question: *“Why are you doing this?”.*

He was still reading. *“Fear can hold you prisoner. Hope can set you free*.” After he read these words, he went away.

It isn’t the weirdest thing. The weirdest thing is fact that his reading relaxed me and cheered me up.

Maybe it’s funny, but for me the most irritating trouble was books which I cannot read. I told him that. He heard.

25.11.2016

Andrew read something for me again. And, again, he lifted my spirit.

*“Open your eyes and see what you can with them before they close forever.”*1

29.11.2016

 *“It is the unknown we fear when we look upon death and darkness, nothing more.”*2

02.12.2016

*“The only real escape from hell is to conquer it.”3*

09.12.2016

Andrew gave me his phone number. I have a strange feeling that this sign means the end of reading quotes.

I’ll call him.

17.12.2016

I called Andrew. It turned out that we have a lot in common. Besides that, he knows about my disease and treats me more normal than my family and Kadri. We got on like a house on fire. I think he will be my “diary” now. I’m sorry, but I can’t write here much because of my view. After the operation, I will return to writing. Bye!

07.12.2017

Guess what? I am in this one goddamn percent that has problems after the operation. The doctor diagnosed complication. He can cure this, but it will cost.

I decided not to continue the treatment. I remember how our life looked when we were raising funds for me and I don’t want to repeat that. So I have to get used to the idea that I will be blind…

Everything I want at this moment is to kill myself now, until I can see, so I can remember the world like that. But I can’t do it to all my relatives.

God, you weren’t gracious enough to cure me, so, please, be gracious enough to kill me.

It is the end of this diary. Bye, I really loved you, diary.

*09.07.2017*

*Hi diary,*

*Are you surprised? You didn’t expected me here, did you? Maybe now I’m not writing by my own hands (Andrew is helping me with this), but there are still my words.*

*I found that the devil is not so black as he is painted.*

*In a nutshell: I lost my sight in February. It was a disaster for me, but, fortunately, I have people who care about me. My mom or my brothers were helping me at home, Andrew at school and Kadri elsewhere. I don’t mean helping only like “go two steps forward”, but supporting me emotionally. Without them I would have taken my life months ago.*

*Now I know that every cloud has a silver lining. I can see things in my mind’s eye and sometimes I think it’s better than “normal” seeing.*

*And now ~~for~~ something completely different. Yesterday I wondered why Andrew started caring about me. I asked him. He said that he started to be interested in me when I started to be quiet and shy. When I told him about cataract he decided to help me because his mother committed suicide because of that disease. He didn’t want me to end up like her.*

*I didn’t know. I feel so sorry for him. Now I’m ready to listen to him and his problem instead of telling him about mine. I love him.*

*And he loves me too.*

*Oh, I nearly forgot! In a week me and Kadri are flying to her family in Estonia! I’m so excited!*

1Anthony Boerr – All the Light We Cannot See

2J. K. Rowling – Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone

3Scott Hawkins – The Library at Mount Chan