**1st may 2013**

I...I completely don’t know what to write. For the first time words don’t want to fly from my head and rest on a paper. So many things had happened today... Well, not really. Actually it’s about one, specific thing which just doesn’t want to leave me.

My mother is dying. My aunt had called today and told me my beloved mother, with whom I broke contact years ago, is “extremely ill and she won’t probably make it”.

I feel... confused. I knew she was ill, but last time we saw each other she was perfectly O.K and even had power to shout and call me “degenerate daughter of Satan”. Although, it was three years ago so potentially her condition could have got worse. Eh... what should I do? I left this malicious granny alone for such a long time and I feel bad about it but I know I’m not the only one guilty here. Ugh, when I’m reading this all over again I feel like a bastard... who I probably am.

**5th may 2013**

What the hell I’m doing on this stupid train? I’m still asking myself this one, particular question.
I really don’t think visiting my terminally ill mother is a good idea. It’s not even funny. What should
I tell her? “Hi, it’s me, your degenerate, egoistic daughter, who abandoned you for years because you’re overprotective, selfish and officious. Let’s kiss in cheeks, hug each other and let you die in peace. And I wish you mentioned me in your last will because I’m poor and spend my last money to visit you, so appreciate it!”.

While the train was moving I start to think about my old Sunset. What does it look like now? Of what
I remember my hometown was rather small. When I was leaving it at the age of twenty it was a little deserted. Maybe something had changed. Because things change, right? Oh, train is nearly there. Well, now I start to think that it would be better if this iron carriage had been stopped for eternity by some kind of magic powers. It’s not like I’m a coward! I just don’t know how she’ll react. We used to be so close. But well, she was the most overprotecting person I’ve ever known. She protected me from eyes of unfair boys, nasty girls and all evils of this world. Under her watchful eye, I felt safe, appreciated just perfect. But I also felt like I was in a cage. Beautiful, gilded cage with no way to escape.

**8th may 2013**

I’m so tired. Three days ago, I came to Sunset with all my frail optimism and faint hope. I’ve tried to smile *so damn hard* but what my tender mother did? “What are YOU doing here?!” she said. Well, as dying person, she looked very lively. That was the last time I saw her, because from that time both of us are sitting closed in our rooms: Ruby- because she can’t move, me- because
I don’t have enough money to come back.

“Go to her” aunt Susan said while giving me lunch. I almost suffocated with my soup.

“I-I don’t want to! She doesn’t need me, so I don’t need her either!”

“So what are you doing here?”Susan started waving her old arms dangerously“ If you want to cause her pain, get out!”I felt my face is flushing.

“Am I not the only one who is suffering here!?”

“You are not!” she said with power.

“Maybe you’re right. Oh, Lord, for sure you are, but why I am only person who has to apologize all over again?! I have been apologizing all my damn live, three years ago, and many times before. She never said she was sorry or something! She is my mother, isn’t she...? I’m only stupid kid, she should know it...!” I had felt deep rancour and helplessness. I smirked to myself when I realized how pitiful I was, seating here, at my own home, nearly crying to aunt’s soup.

“Say it to her, my dear. My sister is proud and stubborn, but she’s not that bad as you may think she is” and she left me with a lot of thoughts.

**9th may 2013**

Dear Diary.

I met her.

Being honest, I thought our meeting would be different. Like in the movies, we’ll look into each other eyes and then she’ll smile with understanding. But, one more time, I was forced to realize that life is completely different from fiction. Unfortunately we met at one of the most unwanted place. In the toilet. It was after 11pm, aunt Susan fell asleep for good and so did my mother I thought. Try to imagine my surprise, when I opened toilets doors and hit her right in the face.

First I was shocked, later terrified, because my mother fell down with loud thud and *oh God* for one extremely long moment I thought was dead.

“Oh...”I heard quiet moaning and felt how relief brings my body back to life. Ruby tried to stand still, but she was visibly in pain.

“Wait mum, let me...”

“No!”she said with determination, what made me angry.

“Fine...”I whispered looking right into my feats. Slowly, I started to turn back with intention to go back to my room, but...

“No” I said “Nothing’s right. Can’t you ask me for help once? For God’s sake, I’m your daughter!”I kneeled beside her, watching how many expressions ran through her face. She was confused, I knew it because I felt the same.

“I don’t want your pity” she said quietly “Why would you came back, if it’s not a pity?”

“Maybe I did it, because I love you?”immediately after these words came out from my mouth,
I realized what exactly I had said. I felt how her body rigid because of this phrase.

“Don’t you think it’s too late for us to love?”she smiled bitterly.

“You think so?”

I helped her stand up, luckily, she didn’t resist anymore. When I touched her body I realized, how thick and fragile she was. For the first time I saw her as a person, who was truly ill. We didn’t talk while I helped her get to her room. But while I was leaving her dark refuge,
I heard quiet “Thank you” and for a little while I felt like home again.

**15th may 2013**

This time I’m not tired. I’m exhausted. Since I last wrote something six days has passed and God, these days were crazy. First, I woke up with a smell of pancakes in the air. Lured by this sweet bait, I went to kitchen. It turned out, that my ailing mother decided to make this delightful breakfast. I asked aunt about it but she said Ruby decided to do this o her own and she completely rejected any kind of help. When I asked her how she was feeling, I was undoubtedly ignored. Although pancakes were delicious.

And since that day, making pancakes became our daily routine. She cooked, I washed the dishes. I don’t know why, but I feel something’s changing every day we make meals together. It’s not like we’re talking much, but somehow we’re getting closer. Without long, exhausting talks about our past, sins and mistakes.

**21th may 2013**

Everything happens too fast. And I don’t understand why, because till yesterday everything had been so damn good. We were just watching a TV show she wanted to watch and then, I don’t know how, she was lying on the floor writhing in pain. She screamed so loud but I didn’t know what I should do.
I was so powerless. And then Susan came with Ruby’s pills... later she told me that was an attack and it happens from time to time but... why is this so painful? For all of us.

**23th may 2013**

She told us she wanted to die at her own home rather than in any hospital. Her eyes were full of determination but also strange emptiness.

That was a first time I had realized she could really die. That *she was going to* die. For real. There will no longer be her pancakes, her stupid soap operas even our annoying arguments. There will no longer be the woman who always was.

**25th may 2013**

Today she called me to her. I was surprised, because during her worse days she prefers company of aunt Susan. She felt safe with her, like I felt here years ago.

When I only entered her room, I had to stop sobbing. She was so little in a mountain of bed sheets. Like me, when we used to play in fresh pillowcases together.

“I was making it for you” she said quietly “The pancakes”. I tried to say something, but she silenced me with one look. “Like in old days. You... you were so tiny. So easy to break. I just wanted to protect you, can’t you understand?” her voice trembled “And I don’t regret it.”

“And you wanted to say it with pancakes?” I asked trying to understand.

“I wanted to make you sweets for all the time we were apart. For every single day in the past, and every single day in the future.” She said and looked me directly into the eyes.

“I also don’t regret.” I grabbed her weak hand “Maybe... maybe I don’t live life I wanted to live, but
I don’t regret it. But... if it really had to be this way?” I felt tears filling my eyes and her cold hand on my head.

“Maybe yes. Maybe we both needed these years to realize how precious we are for each other. I only wish we had more time...”

We sat like this with lit of thoughts feeling our heads. She asked me to give her some water and so
 I did. She was too weak to hold the glass, so I helped her carefully. I felt deep sadness watching her weak arms. It used to be so strong and now it even can’t hold a glass. When she ended I saw she shifted a little bit on her bed making me some space. I laid beside and hugged her, maybe a little too tight.

And so we fell asleep.