

Dear diary

I'd like to name you. You're the only being to which I can complain and share all my griefs and sorrows, though you haven't got a conscience, soul or even mind. So let me call you Colin. This is the name of my brother, who died of cancer two years ago. The emotional trauma has been heavy, but each day I feel him near me.

So maybe you do have a soul after all, dear Colin. I'll tell you a little bit about myself. Listen:

14th February

I'm Michelle, but my buddies call me Mia. I'm eighteen and at the moment my current life is coming to an end and the new one is starting. I'd like to write here anything, but only feeling which accompanies me is immaterial emptiness (which is paradoxical). Or maybe what's in my mind is a complete mess rather than emptiness but I'm shook-up and all that occurred in my life in recent time has just overgrown me.

So why I decided to pour out my heart here? Probably it's because I've never experienced anything like the trouble I'm in right now. So I guess I have to handle it alone. Definitely I have to. Somebody has already assured me about it. Something invisible tells me that I should stop jawing and face the truth. I simply haven't realized what happened recently.

{So calm down Mia, think positive and admit that you are pregnant}.

I guess I was kinda hoping that it wasn't true.

I'm curious how real Colin would take this message if he was here.

15th February

I would like to know how it will play out. I would like to see how my life will look like in a year. It may not be completely ruined {what a tinge of optimism}. It may still exist.

It happened at the worst possible time.

It was supposed to be my time of blossoming. I should gain knowledge, develop, evolve. It's not that I should do those things, I want to do them. Such a damned twist of fate. All of my plans are simply over. I'm done! To be honest I'm disappointed that my youth will never be like my peers'. Why? Because regardless of how my life will look like I will always be a mother. It's an irreparable fact. *Carpe diem* – my motto has just lost its sense.

Definitely at the moment everything hurts me. I'm lying in the bed with this misunderstanding in my belly. I have to struggle alone with this one. The music echoing off the walls of my room make me even more bitter. Each tear puts me on the verge of a breakdown.

I was at school and I behaved as usual. I've no idea how play it out. I'll go to sleep.

It's 5:37 pm. I haven't got a wink of sleep yet.

17th May

Finally the time has come to confide in somebody. The obvious choice was my best friend Rosalia. She came to my home, when my parents were out. She was truly shocked. We

talked a lot, she gave me a lot of support. I asked her what she would have done if she had been me. It floored her. Then Rosalia understood how complicated and heavy my situation was.

After 15 minutes of silence she said:

~First what you should know is that you are not the first one. This is life, and as we all know life writes different scripts. It does not mean that it is over. I think quite the opposite. You are put in front of big challenge. Seriously, you are so clever, so strong that I am convinced you will manage to raise your baby and be successful.

No, you already are successful. Let's suppose it happens to me. I guess you would not leave me. So I will be at your side all the time, I will love your bae with all my heart.

Hope for the best but be prepared for the worst. It will be tough, but remember: the more you go through, the stronger you become. So it's finally time you told the world about it.

After this speech my stomachache began. A little bit brashly I told her to go back home. I was tired. And her bleak speech made me angry. What else could she have told me? That I'm up the creek? That I will never experience youth? The only thing she could do is comfort me, couldn't she?

I hate this thing inside of me. He or she...or it has destroyed me. She won't convince me it's a reason for joy.

18th February

I've finally got the guts up. I went to my grandma. Why I decided to tell her about my trouble first? I've always got along better with her than with my mum. My grandma is irreplaceable. She is charitable, wise with a nice sense of humor and so magnanimous.

I entered her house and felt the smell of my childhood at once. The best feeling I have ever experienced. Grandma asked me if I wanted to have lunch. It was a rhetorical question. Considering all her good qualities, I have to admit that when it comes to feeding she is old-fashioned. Sometimes it's so annoying. Although I was in no mood for any food, I ate a little bit, because I wanted to avoid my granny's sourness. Then she made tea. I told her and her response proved her wisdom. Well, it certainly shocked her. She remained calm and asked about the details. All in all, according to her what I have to do first is talk with the father of my child. Then tell my mom about it.

And most importantly: DO NOT STOP DEVELOPING.

After all, I am going to take matura exam in 3 months.

This talk really gave me a lot of positive energy. She is like a Book of Wisdom, a relief to my soul.

19th February

I have to tell you, dear Colin, that today I finally went to school. It was quite a successful day, because it turned out that I got through another phase of a chemistry competition. It allowed me to forget about my problems for a second.

I also got to see my boyfriend. I pretended everything is all right although it made me feel sick to my stomach. After school we went to a café. What do you think dear Colin? What was his response? He told me to take a abortion pill. (It would devastate my granny to know her this tiding) He added if I didn't take the pill, he would break up with me.

I came back home and accidentally I told my mum the entire truth. She shouted at me. Seriously, I hadn't expected anything like that from her.

Then I felt some new type of power waking up in me.
I decided I would raise my child.

6th May

So I'm in the middle of Matura exams. My mother still doesn't support me. The only ones who do are my grandmother and my child's grandfather from his dad's side. He helps us a lot. Now is the moment when I focused on my school life. In a few days the exams finish. I'm counting on nothing less than 80% from biology and chemistry.

8th June

My physical condition is poor. I have never liked sun, but now, coupled with pregnancy, it is a horror. I seriously suffer from high temperatures. I'm reading a lot of books, spending a lot of time with grandma and friends.

10th June

Today the dad of my child tried to contact me. First I didn't answer, but after talking with grandma I decided to phone him back. We met. He wanted to come back and rear baby tougher. Also he apologized to me for everything. I was walking on air. I guess I suffered more because of lack of him than because of the presence of my child. Maybe people will think that I am too frivolous, but I have nothing to lose in this situation.

1st September

Four days ago my little girl came into the world. I wasn't expecting that it's the best feeling. We named her Rose, because she is as beautiful as the flower. I'm starting college next month. It's medicine. My mom saw her granddaughter and I have a feeling that she loves Rose. She offered looking after her. If she does not, then there are many willing to place. I'm so thankful to my grandmother and friends who pulled me out of doing anything stupid. All that happened in the past few months wasn't easy. It's a huge lesson for me, I'm learning all the time. In my opinion we should always face everything that stands in our way.

Now my real duty is to defend my dreams.

XOXO