15th September 2014

New York in gold. I love walking through the Central Park, taking my time. People grab a cup of coffee at Starbucks and go out on a “date” with their crush, but all the attention is paid to Facebook an the newest IPhone. I would not be so. But hey, I’m 18 today, although I was mature enough already years ago. Orphanage changes everything - you, your past, present and future life, and basically you start to realize that you already will never have it.

I leave it today far behind me. Sister Mary didn’t gave me 100 bucks for buying this diary and writing crap, that has no meaning. Oh yes, it's the best feeling ever – everyone besides me is spending time on Messenger.

I’m wondering what to eat at this birthday party of mine. Chocolate muffin or McWrap in McDonald’s... Because later, I will probably be left with food from supermarkets or something. Or not? Maybe I’m gonna get even more broke?

A muffin. You can celebrate eighteenth birthday only once.

Interesting what the fate brings me.

Laters.

23rd October 2014

My 'American Dream' ended up probably before it had even started. Even to wipe the floor in the bar I  need to have the experience, seriously? That's not how I imagined it.

It's not even a month of my new, lonely life, and of course, it would be quite unbelievable if I would get the job only after 8 finite classes and it’s New York, right, but I’ve never thought it can be this impossible.

Cash ended faster than I had it in possession. I could’ve bought a freaking lot of food, the cheapest jacket in store or whatever useful. My phone’s subscription ends soon and so I won’t be able even to call, well, just wait, I don’t have anyone to call. Life is cruel - three weeks change you in the blink of an eye. I’m homeless. You get what you give, and honestly, I’ve realised I have nothing.

Three days ago the police grabbed me. Nap on the bench in Central Park wasn't flattering, I know, but where am I supposed to sleep? November, rain, cold and I'm afraid now. Herpes are everywhere, or maybe I'm exaggerating, because I don’t really have anything with me.

But let’s face it, I have to find a job and a roof over my head. In this city, without money you are nothing, in these times. A special message – it’s quite pity I understood it without reading one of these online forums…

I should call Alice. I wonder if she remembers me. We were sisters in orphanage. All these boys, night walks. She helped me to get on my feet – I was ten, without my parents anymore.

I feel sorry for that I no longer have this house, well, sort of house.

Alice – emergency call. ✓

28th November, 2014

November, I hate you. I've got really fed up with these frosts and rain. But…

Alice, exactly. Reluctantly, but she took the phone from me. The last few free minutes on my phone I spent on this conversation. She’s not that happy anymore. We made an appointment, half an hour – this much she could’ve given to me, her former best friend.

Three kids, an apartment in downtown Brooklyn, married to a stockbroker, drowning in money. She hurries for next meeting. She didn’t wait for long, she’s quickly found a family.

Alice said goodbye shaking my hand firmly. What else did I expect? Moving in to her place or trying to stop her from giving me money? Nothing of that, just a formal meeting.

Thousands of memories again filled my head completely. Hers too, probably, because she stopped me and told me to wait eight hours I think. I still had nothing better to do.

I didn’t know where Alice lead me. We walked in silence. I was just in the same place as she, these three years ago.

She took me home to take care of his wife's mother, 85-year-old hearing-impaired. I was happy, I’ve got a JOB! Giving medicines, drinking tea, reheating dinner and talking to her – this is what I get paid for, in New York City, can you believe this? I’ve got a roof over my head, from out of nowhere.

Alice went out, I threw her to the silent “Thank you”.

She didn’t hear it.

1st December 2014

Walking the length and breadth of this huge city when it’s really cold outside might be a plain stupidity, but I still like it.

Went from Brooklyn to Manhattan, with 20 bucks. I thought I'd come to the bar "Rainy Paradise". The name reflects my fate – rainy New York, my paradise. Saturday Night Fever was actually my pain of existence, so I wanted something to drink, hot chocolate always fought my every blues. I went in, it was so warm there. The dark green walls looked like a rainforest, I wanted to stay there.

My parka, completely wet, hung on a rack next to the Louis Vuitton’s bag of some girl - it belonged to Alice, who immediately noticed me. I nodded to her - no response. I sat on the couch by the window with countless pillows. Mike, the waiter completely soiled with flour of fresh pizza quickly came up to me. Alice must’ve had told him something, I didn’t care.

He walked over and asked if the hanger is the right place. But I was like “What?”.

“The completely soaked jacket. Maybe this is not one of those sophisticated bars as those on Wall Street, but we have radiators, seriously. Do you want some tea? I have no doubt that you’re properly cold. You wanna talk?”

He didn’t know me at all. We drank tea, he was just ending his shift. I had nothing to lose, we were talking, talking and talking. I told him my story, but surprisingly, he didn’t have a better life. Manhattan is just the place of his work.

8 children, one grandmother Tessa - he was telling his history with great love for her. Then I reminded myself of Sister Mary. A wonderful woman - mother, grandmother and stern teacher in one…

Mike and his friend, the boss offered me a part-time job!

New York, what else have you got to surprise me? For now, you're doing perfectly.

25th December 2014

Three months, when has it passed? Is everyone in this twisted city constantly on the run? Subway, taxi, billboards, nothing more creative.

Snow makes my walks more pleasant. I found my love – I read. I’ve honestly became an hopeless romantic. Emily Bronte has rolled everything in my head.

Ms. Robbins, with whom I live is wonderful, but she gets no respect. Jason, the husband of Alice is aggressive and screams at her. I can’t interfere, I’m trembling when he only enters the house. God, it’s his mother. If I only had her, I could be the daughter of her dreams.

The semi-detached, white-painted house, where on top floor I have a room is seriously cramped. However, its atmosphere had my heart, I love it. Mrs. Emma promised me a renovation at spring and I can’t wait. We’ve really got on with each other, we’re not alone now.

“Rainy Paradise” is my second home. It’s all happened so quick, I can’t believe it. Mike is an amazing guy. He invited me to his house for Christmas, he bought me a dress - red, knee-length, with shoulder straps, fitting to the body. I felt like a star at tonight’s dinner. It was unforgettable feeling… And his family? I felt like at the orphanage. Everyone is a brother and sister. One more thing he gave me - a course for students of English literature. I'm not a student, I will not be, but holy crap! I don’t deserve all these wonders!

Mike’s calling me to come down. “Rainy Paradise” will be specially opened tonight, only for us. Friends of course.

Merry Christmas.

20th July 2015

New year, new me.

The dark-haired man with violet eyes is my everything. We live in an apartment in Manhattan! I was the best at my course, out of 325 people... I got a great, decent job! Alice's husband hired me in the office of his friend’s friend’s friend. Connections, I know, but it’s fine.

And Mike got shares in “Rainy Paradise”! We both decided to open another place, this time in Brooklyn. I love this district, Mikey didn’t have any chance to say no.

Setting up meetings for a publisher of New York magazine and happy relationship with Mike are the only positive aspects of my life. Ms. Robbins passed away. I didn’t realize how temporary everything is until that moment. I got lost even in not thinking about my past, but it’s what creates me.

I think I’m gonna enjoy it.

30th October 2015

I woke up happy today. In my own bed, with my love, with permanent work. But a month ago, something happened. It’s bent me in half, completely.

I ended my work in the office, was trying to catch a taxi, but someone stopped me. I honestly can’t believe in what I’m writing… It was my mom. I carried a picture of her in my wallet, all these years when she wasn’t there.

We were just standing on the street, it was the rush hour. Ten minutes, I stood ten minutes completely stunned. She told me that she was watching me for over a year, she was following us, wondering about our life. She apologised for everything. My parent’s accident weren’t even my biological parents.

She was too young to rise me up, she was fifteen years old… I cried, and she did as well.

I called Mike, we took her home. We’re the same, he says.

I want to have my mother and she wants me to be her daughter. The best one, she could’ve ever dreamt of.

New life starts again.