After Everything and Before Nothing May 23, 2141

I haven’t got anything interesting to do and I think I should log rest of the pages in the diary. I have never been good at this, however when there is nothing to do, people try their hardest to beat boredom. I’ve marked this page because I want it to be read first. I also asked nurse about deliver diary with a note to read the last pages first, anyway if you read this you ought to know some matters of substance. To begin with, I am dead. The disease is becoming deeper and deeper and in my opinion there is no need to prolong my life anymore. I don’t want to be selfish too… You know, treatment is expensive. The second thing which is important at least to you (and please don’t pretend that it is not) is that I have accumulated a lot of money. Each one of you will get a part of my goods. The last thing I want you to know is that I don’t regret anything, so if you waited for my apology because of anything I did, there is no chance for you to get it. Or… This is the last chance for me to say it let it be that way! I’m sorry for everything and I think this is enough for the introduction

This part is written for my lovely daughter – Gwen. I can’t believe this is ending now. My last day… Firstly, I am obligated to apologize to you, my Gwen… I did not tell you about my decision of  euthanasia, but… My health is getting worse over time and the pain is unbearable, I couldn’t live anymore with all of this and ugh… Don’t even try to deny that you would plead me about changing decision… Nonetheless I don’t blame you and I understand your anger because you’re Catholic and probably this kind of death is inhuman for you… I couldn’t tell you… I hope Alice is doing well, the drop will be a wedding gift for you, I have saved money for this occasion. I remember when you were making your first steps… You went to the kitchen and took the knife, your daddy’s face was indescribable. I was laughing aloud although I should had reacted! I am such a terrible mother…  And on your first school day, you were so afraid… I bought you a smartphone which resulted in you calling me on every break. You were so little… And then the puberty came. I wouldn’t be myself if I didn’t mention you sitting in a locked bathroom when you got your first period. I had to go pee to neighbours… When you realised I talked with them about your personal affairs, you stopped hiding and after all that show there are no secrets in our family… Maybe except… Let us forget about this one… I’m sorry… What can I say next…? Have a good life – better than I had.

Let me then move to my husband. Dear Benjamin, my old lovely dawdler, I am sure that you knew about my plans. I am grateful you didn’t say anything to our family. It is hard for me to describe the feelings. The hardest are these non obvious, when for example sadness fuses with pain and love. Just like on our wedding. Do you remember that? It was rainy day what was irritating for us but we couldn’t call the ceremony off… That was such a mistake! I was  pregnant and the labour begun and before the ambulance came, everything had finished because of your sister Kelly who helped us. I would like to take this opportunity and thank Kelly! I didn’t forget about you! Returning to my wedding, our friends were calling us Mary and Joseph after that show what wasn’t so matching when I think about it. Maybe let’s mention some other memory? When little Gwen asked us for a dog so we got into the car and went into kennels. There was a big Labrador and you were trying to convince Gwen to take him. Firstly she agreed but then a small puppy peed on your trousers and then she was certain which one she wanted. And it got proud name Yellow. Honestly I can’t imagine being with someone else and I rarely say it, but I love you. I truly love you. Thank you for everything. If the heaven is real I will wait for you.

Olaf, my younger brother, I didn’t forget about you too. It is impossible to forget you. I know because I have tried once, I am serious. And now joking apart, I could write a book about you but unfortunately I have got just these few pages. There is a personal thing I want you to go to my house’s attic there are many boxes. You need to find a small dusty green carton. I don’t want to spoil the surprise but in there I hid something from our childhood. I am trying to recall some memories of when we were together but this is… Hard. I mean I’ve got a lot of you in my mind and I would like to describe our memories however as I wrote I have got just these few pages. And you were always so nice to me, even when I didn’t deserve that. I remember when I broke my leg and arm riding a bicycle, you were helping me with activities which I couldn’t do by myself or when you cleaned the house with me and lied to parents that there wasn’t a party in our house  and when you took me on my favourite band’s concert… You were much more responsible than I was, mum and dad trusted you more and they were right. I can’t believe you are younger… Oh God you are not sentimental but please remember me… Forever

I want to thank my parents too. It is a little pointless because you are dead. I still love you, and remember every rule you taught me. I also remember our walks in the summertime, the stories you were telling me next to the fireplace, your passion to teach me painting (I am a little bit sad because I haven’t painted anything for about last 20 years). I am grateful because of the conversations, we knew our secrets and we didn’t tell them to nobody. We could trust each other. I am glad that you were my parents.

There is still one thing I want to write about. What is the meaning of life? If someone would ask me ‘What in my view is meaning of life?’ I answer that it has no meaning. It would sound scary but let me finish this sentence. Life has no meaning until we create it. Our little goals are a part of the bigger ones. Just think how small we are against the whole universe. We are nothing important and without us everything would work as well as it works now. So should we die?  No, we shouldn’t. We should enjoy every single second in our short lives, moments when we are happy or sad, when we can feel something. As back in the days Horace said – carpe diem. But it doesn’t mean that you have to contemplate everything. I asked all of you to remember me and I am afraid that you could understand it wrong. Spend rest of your lives thinking just of yourselves and please if you want to make someone happy, first make yourselves happy. And what with me? Once a year, on some rainy autumn day, think about me, shed a tear and recall ours moments.

Now it is time to sum up everything, I am proud of my life and I would not change anything if I could. Maybe not because I was always happy, but afraid of the butterfly effect. I think people should think about the physics and the philosophy more. Everything that has happened to me made myself as I am now. I pleasantly recall every single memory and every short situation because to my mind if I didn’t forget something that have to be important. As I said I didn’t regret anything, that wasn’t perfect however, nothing is ideal. Thank you Olaf, thank you Benjamin, thank you Gwen, thank you people who I didn’t mention. My time is up.

Goodbye.