**2nd February, 2017** Dear Diary, I’ve survived another day. And I’m still alive. I just want to boast you again, because I think I need it. For many people it’s just a normal thing but not for me. Because, you know diary, my life is so complicated. Every evening I can’t wait for a new day, for a next morning, new experiences. But also… I’m afraid. I’m so afraid when I go to sleep. Why? It’s a big possibility, that I won’t wake up. Not because we don’t know the day and the hour, and we don’t now God’s plans for us or because I’m living in the dangerous area and someone can break into my house and kill me. I’m afraid because I’m living too long. My time passed a month ago and oncologist are shocked, my parents are shocked and me too. I didn’t expect it. I said goodbye to everyone- to friends, family, teachers and even to my dog. I hope he understands me. Sometimes I tell him my secrets and he looks like he knows what I mean, and his eyes are very sympathetic.

But let’s come back. What was I telling about? Oh, yeah, I also said goodbye to my neighbor. I don’t even know why. Maybe I was depressed. All in all, I thought it was over. I told my enemy that I hate her and I doused her with wine during a party, told my best friend that I had got crush on him and my heart was broken when I had seen him with his new girlfriend but she’s really beautiful and I understand that he has fallenl in love with her. I thanked my parents for all nineteen years, that they were with me in my worst and best days because they were more and more stronger with every moment, every next day. They were stronger than me. Even the police caught me when I was trying to steal my dream dress, I also travelled to Spain and spent one week there, kissing beautiful Spanish boys, eating in the most expensive restaurants, drinking the best Spanish alcohol and dancing on Puerta del Sol. I thought that my parents would garrote me! But it was the best time in my life and I would repeat it If could. I didn’t have any worries, all problems were fiddling. I was living here and now. I was feeling like I was immortal.

But then I had to back home. Back to the reality where I’m terminally ill and nothing can help me. Where I’m counting days to my death and I’m thinking about all my mistakes and why I must die. Why is God doing it to me? I’m too good, too innocent… too young. The whole life is ahead of me. I haven’t even enjoyed life. Maybe I have done something wrong? I’ve hurt someone too much or said something what I shouldn’t? I can’t believe it’s just a part of a plan. It’s too cruel. Too unfair.

And because of all these things I have decided to spend my last days the best as I can. I want to enjoy every moment and do everything what I’ve never done because I was uncertain and scared. I hate my disease but also I’m thankful, because I’ve understood that life is so fleeting and fragile, and, what’s the most important- so short. People are too introverted. We are afraid of the other’s opinions, about consequences. We’re afraid of life and we shouldn’t. Life is great if we let ourselves live the best we can.

**4th February, 2017** Dear Diary, last time I forgot to tell you something more about my disease but don’t worry, I’m going to do it now.

So, the name of my the worst enemy is leukemia. It’s just blood cancer. In my marrow there are too many wrong blood cells, blah, blah, blah- too dull to write about it. All in all, when I got to know that I’m ill I was too shocked to react in any way. I didn’t cry, scream, I wasn’t sad. I was only confused. I heard about this disease but I didn’t know anything about it. But then I learnt almost everything about leukemia. I won’t describe it, I’ll just say that it’s not cool. I have to have special diet a lot of treatments, chemotherapy for example, and my hair falls out in clumps. I wear wigs because I can’t accept that. My hair was growing for five years, was beautiful ( a lot of people were saying so), and then I needed to cut it. I cried. I loved my hair so much. I think it was the worst moment of my disease because then I realized how ill I was. I was trying not to think about it, I convinced myself that everything was going to be okay, that leukemia wasn’t so dangerous. But I was wrong. I was totally wrong. It’s ten thousand more dangerous that I thought.

When I was in hospital, almost every day I heard that someone died because of cancer. Those people were young or old, girls and boys, men and women, children and adults. I had a lot of time for thoughts. I was thinking about how life was unfair. A lot of those children were five or three. I saw parents on the hospital’s corridors who were crying, fainting and screaming. Their emotions were so true and heartbreaking. Sometimes I was crying with them but they didn’t know about it. I was doing it in my bed, under the quilt where no one could hear me. I knew that my death is also near. But I was trying to be an optimist. I wanted to do something crazy, unforgettable, epic. Then I decided to go to Spain. I was strong enough because my cancer wasn’t so advanced yet. I told my parents. They weren’t convinced but it was my dream, maybe even the last one. They disagreed but I was of age. I was talking with doctors and they agreed to discharge me for only three days. But as I said earlier, my travel lasted one week.

After my arrival doctors and parents were angry with me, because my behavior was irresponsible. But I didn’t care. I spent awesome time and I don’t regret anything. Of course I had to have the treatment again and I was attached to hospital’s bed. I came back to the reality. Sad and unfair reality, full of deaths, bad emotions and pessimism. Cool! The best things ever… But I want to recall that I’m still alive. Sad but alive.

**6th February, 2017** Since I got to know that I’m ill my life is so repetitive. I wake up, take some pills, then I watch the ceiling above me, sometimes I read something or play games on my tablet. At about 8 o’clock my parents come and try to cheer me and I pretend that it works. They don’t know that their words don’t help me and I even feel more depressed. I’m crying inside. I pretend that I’m strong and I want to fight but… I’m lying. Everyday I lie to myself and my parents because I don’t want to hurt them. I love them too much to harm them. I know that my mum cries when I’m sleeping because from time to time I just close my eyes and she thinks that I’m sleeping but I’m not. I cry with her but she can’t hear that. I do it inside, quietly. And I feel like I’m bleeding. The worst thing in my disease is that I hurt everyone around me. They cry because of me and I can’t stop it. I won’t recover . I’m exhausted. I want to fight but I haven’t got enough power and desire. I’m tired of fighting. I wish I could came back to the days when I was smiling a lot.

**7th February, 2017** Dear Diary, today is a good day. Well, maybe not good but better than the last one. I’m more optimistic today. I was talking with my best friend and she told something very wise. She said that I could give up, stop fighting, lay in bed and watch the ceiling above me but I’m not living only for myself. There are a lot of people who need me, like or love me and they care about me. And if I don’t want to fight for myself, I should fight for them. I should find any motivation and then everything will be easier. And you know what, Diary? She convinced me. I was blind because I haven’t seen all these people who care about me. I thought that I can give up and just leave. But it’s not that easy. I have someone to live for. I decided to spend my life as good as it’s possible even if it can’t last long. Together we’re stronger than cancer. Together we’re stronger than anything. Because we are the team. And the team is always together to support each other and I know that I’ve got a dream team.

**9th February, 2017** I didn’t write yesterday because I was too busy. I met all my old friends. They changed. I haven’t seen them for a year. Some of them were shocked and I saw uncertainty and fear in their eyes. They didn’t know that I’m bald, pale, weak and skinny. But after some time they had more and more self-assurance. I told them that I was ill but not leper and they can hug me. I don’t infect.

I spent an awesome time with them. I was laughing. Really. I don’t remember the last time when I was laughing so much.

At the end, I want to say that even if life is short we can find a lot of things which are good, satisfying, which make us smile. I think I’ve found the sense of life. I’ve found calm. I know that I won’t recover but I spent my last days well. I travelled to my dream country, I told everyone what I’ve always wanted to say, almost all my dreams came true. But I’ve got one more, dear reader. Live as well as you can, because you don’t know the hour and the day. You can lose everything in one second. Appreciate everything what you have and all people who are with you and for you.