Dear Diary,

I thought that I would never write journal like this. I thought that only desperate people do things like that. You know, they don't have anyone to talk to, so they talk to piece of paper. Pathetic. It is strange that person, who evaluate journals this way, now is writing one of them. It is a long story, but I am going to tell it right here.

This whole drama started like two months ago. Before it, I was quite a happy person. I had good grades, friends, I had even well-paid summer job. Then this accident happened and in one minute my life got ruined. My psychologist told me that writing a diary would help, so here I am. I am going to start from the beginning.

I remember, that it was the beginning of October. Precisely, the second day of October. This autumn was really beautiful. Red leaves on the trees and warm wind blowing my hair. Beautiful weather. Anyway, I was going to my guitar lesson listening to "California Dreamin'" on my headphones. Just another walk, but something was different. That afternoon I had no idea what was wrong, but I felt it. Some people may say, that this is impossible to know the future, but I didn't know, what exactly was going to happen. The whole stuff had been just too good for a long time and I knew, it couldn't last forever. I was right. Three hours of this afternoon was the most horrible in my life. I remember everything. My mum crying, my dad hugging me, I remember the way back home... This nightmare started from the phone call. My mum told me, that she and dad had been going to me, because we had to talk. I knew, that something happened, but I had no idea what. I was standing on the sidewalk and waiting for them. My hands were shaking, because of the fear what they were about to tell me. They were on place about ten minutes later. My dad told me, that I should go to the car, and so I did. My mum looked really sad and my dad wasn't telling anything, so I took a deep breath and asked what happened. That moment I heard the most painful answer in my life. My mum shakily told me, that Paul had an accident. Paul was in critical condition in the hospital. We had to go there, I cried, we have to be with him. My dad carried out my request and we went to the hospital. When we got there, Paul had been already dead. He had died on the operation table a few minutes before our arrival. I remember running out of the hospital corridor and locking myself in one of the toilet's cabinet. My mum was begging me to open the door, but I was just standing there. I wasn't even crying. I felt nothing but emptiness. The next thing I remember was going back home. My parents didn't tell anything. I was actually grateful for that, because a conversation was the worst option at that moment. All I wanted was lying in bed and hiding from the whole world. When we got home, I went straight to my room. I sat on the carpet and that time I realized, what really happened. Paul - my best friend - had a motor accident and he passed away. I started to cry. I cried whole night. Paul wasn't with me anymore. All I could think about was that he would never hug me, I would never go on a trip with him, we would never watch stars together... Everything was over.

I remember day of his funeral. My mum prepared me black clothes. I was standing in this dark dress in front of the mirror and I was brushing my hair. I looked horrible, but I didn't care about it. In that period of my life I didn't care about many things… I was too broke to think about myself or even my family. In my mind was just Paul.

At the funeral, there was a lot of people. Part of them from our school. On the one hand it was nice of them to go there and say goodbye to Paul, but on the other hand they mostly didn't even liked him. They weren't his friend and a few of them even bullied him. I didn't know, what they were doing there, but I decided not to get angry. This day was hopeless enough. After the funeral we went to Paul's parents to the funeral meal. Everyone was talking about Paul, about how good he was, that they told him not to drive on this "damn motorcycle" and how great future he would have. I couldn't stand that, It was not that I disagreed about Paul's kidness. Every word about him broke my heart more and more.

When nobody was watching, I went to his room. I wasn't at my best behavior then, but I knew if he was there, he wouldn't mind it. I laid on his bed and looked at his poster of Luke Skywalker on the ceiling. I smiled a little bit. He loved this stupid saga so much and he was always mad, because I hadn't seen any of those movies. I decided that I would watch all of them. For him. I could do a lot of things when he was with me. I should be nicer for him and I shouldn't argue with him than much. It was too late to fix these stuff, but I felt that this was all my fault. I couldn’t tell why I think that, but I felt guilty. Maybe it was normal. Maybe always when you lose the most important person in your life, you feel guilty, but it wasn't my fault. It wasn't my fault, that this driver of that fucking truck was drunk and it wasn't my fault, that Paul decided to drive his motorcycle that day. I knew it, but I still blamed myself. I was laying in Paul's room as long as my mum came and told me, that it was late and we had to go home.

Next weeks were all the same. Every day looked like the one before. My "friends" from school were visiting me to make me feel better, but it wasn't working. I felt even worse, because these horrible evenings with them only reminded me how good were these with Paul.

Me and Paul started talking in kindergarten. We were best friend the whole primary school and the entire high school. We were planning to go to the university together. We really were best friends. I spent every day with him. We were staying home or sometimes we were going out. It didn't matter, because we were together and that was the most important thing.

First Christmas without him were horrible. Whole Christmas' Eve I wasn't in the mood to talk, but my realatives were asking me more and more questions. I couldn't stand it, so I decided to go for a walk. It was dark and it was snowing, but at least it was calmly and quietly. I went to the park, where I used to spend time with Paul. I was going to sit on "our" bench, but someone was sitting there. I got a little bit closer and I saw that this person was a girl smoking a cigarette. I sat on the other end of bench and I started to watch stars. They were as beautiful as I remembered them. Suddenly, this girl asked me what I was doing there at Christmas Eve. I told her, that I had to go to the peaceful place. We started talking and it was strange, because I didn't know her, but I liked that conversation with her. I found out, that she was also in high school and she had really bad Christmas. She didn't tell me what exactly happened, but she didn't have to. I was grateful that she was listening to my problems, even if she had hers on her mind.

I decided to go home, because it was really late, but we exchange our numbers. I needed a friend in that time. Her name was Susan.

From that evening, everything was a little bit better. I started visiting psychologist. At first, I didn't want to, but my parents made me do it. They were actually right. It is really heplful. Mrs. Johnson always knows what to tell me. Me and Susan are friends now. Yeah, we both met in a strange place, but I think that this is really strong friendship. And it's not like I forget about Paul. He will always have a special piece of my heart, but I believe that he would want me to move on. I have to live.

My psychologist also wanted me to write here, what I learned. It wasn't a lesson. It was horrible lost, that made me stronger. Time is a great healer.

Dear Diary, this is my story. Story about the most difficult time in my life. I just wanted to write that… putting this whole story on a piece of paper helped me. Helped me a lot. Thanks.