**Thursday, 18:03**

I have no idea what to start with. But I’ve done many terrible things and genuinely regret it. Now I need do get my true self back. I know it’s going to be tough, but I will strike the right balance and stay joyful. Turn over a new leaf. Of course, I know my next chapter will not be without any mishaps. But my mental comfort will outshine the flops. And make me forget about the past.

**Saturday, 14:06**

I tried not to wake up until I couldn’t stand the mighty headache anymore. 10:48 AM. What you need to know, is that there’s an inner critic in my head. Absolutely normal, right? Well, she’s recently becoming a personal coach of mine. And it would be really great to have her, but for the fact that I’m not in the mood for doing anything since Thursday. Does it have any kind of sense to take up a fight with yourself? We both know it doesn’t. The slave-driver is always on a losing streak. But she never gives up, as she’s not real. She’s never bored, nor doubtful. Stand up, brush your teeth, take a painkiller. I’d never oppose this early, I’m too sleepy. What was I dreaming of this night? Wait… I woke up in an unfamiliar house. I saw my aunt, tried to talk to her, but she kept on ignoring me. When she finally spoke, she seemed annoyed. She told me that I’d been dead for two years and she didn’t want any dead people in her house. I asked her about my grave. She said it still wasn’t ready. After two years my corpse still wasn’t buried! I went out of this house to see a beautiful statue of an angel killing someone. I didn’t want to stay there, but didn’t know how to find my parents, home, body… Today’s dream was different from other ones. I remembered every detail of it. The image of that angel remains unspoiled. Smiling while holding the blade. I hope it disappears before evening. I can’t afford another tough attempt to fall asleep… Then I saw myself stand in front of a falling aircraft with an American flag. So that’s how I died. Being fully aware of what was bound to happen, unable to change my bitter fate. But that means my parents probably didn’t survive those two years of war as well. Hence the grave issue…

Seeing yourself in the mirror brushing your teeth after such a long journey through your mind is like waking up again. Well, at this point my stand-by mode is quite useful, even though I’d prefer to stay under the quilt. I’m aware it’s better for me to take some action than pretending not to be alive.

- Have some coffee, like those happy girls in the net. That will certainly cheer you up, at least a little. And it’s not even a hard task. Come on, you’ll add some yummy caramel, you’ll feel amazing.

I know she’s lying. She knows I know it. But she still tries, as if she didn’t care at all.

-Have a sip. Just one sip, it’s not that much, right?

I don’t even like coffee, but a sip is enough to satisfy her, as she knows it makes me less dead. That’s when the problem starts to arise.

- What can I do with the rest of the day? Tidying up is a good idea, makes you feel useful, even though it’s tiring. Learning? Better not to begin. We’ll leave it for another day, some better day. Watching TV shows? Come on, you’ll feel like an unwanted useless couch potato! Tidying confirmed. It won’t be that bad, I promise. Lies again. Earphones and an MP3 Player will make you forget about them all. - This time she used a valid argument. A pleasurable one. Soft sounds of piano and violin make vacuuming less like vacuuming. I tend to think a lot while listening to music. I close my eyes and see a ton of images. I wish I could go where no one goes. Explore places nobody has ever seen. I sometimes imagine myself sitting alone in the mountains and sketching. It’s not a must, of course, any stunning view on this planet will do. Pretty like dreaming, but less immersive, that’s for sure.

Even though I know what person I’d like to be, I’m aware I’ll never pursue this dream. Is it called self-acceptance? Not yet, abandoning the dream and reunion with the real self is also required, as well as not scratching old wounds again and again. But I’m thankful to my critical self, I’d starve without her. I wouldn’t need her if my parents didn’t have to work during the weekend. Or if my sister wasn’t that ambitious and hadn’t chosen external studies.

**Monday, 7:03**

The scent of fresh coffee bumps into the nose, although my stumbling over a fading dream eyes still beg for immersion into the fantastic world full of all shades of dazzling rainbows and dancing shapes of flowery creatures. I don’t want to open my eyes. I don’t want to see anything. Ever. Because all I ever experience on the “real” side of consciousness is pure disappointment. I’m sick of it. Everything there is similar to here, but… dull and blurry. Bleached, bland, fatigued. All the magnificent shades splashed across the sky in the morning. They hang gloomily above us all like a painting in the center of an art gallery. An empty one. Endlessly waiting for any of those heading to offices and schools to look up and take a glimpse. None of them ever does, however, the sun paints the sky every morning. Seems a bit pointless, doesn’t it? But the sun is not the only tireless artist here. So are the flowers. Blooming every single spring. In the woods. On the meadows. By the rivers. But still, nobody’s ever going to see most of them. What about the brave ones – blooming in the parks, the lawns, the gardens? Most of them are cut. They grow wildly, with no right to survive in the jungle governed by law and order of humans called the city. They seem like persecuted actors. Should have stayed in the shelter of wilderness. For once the soil is claimed to be human’s property, it can no longer be home to any unwanted seed. That means their theaters are burned and they themselves are removed. Although they have to live in a narrowing space of Nature Reserves, visiting them right there evokes feelings of cherish and goodwill. The situation must ring a few bells with birds. They twitter even though they can’t bash through deep bass created by headphones. Empty opera. Empty theatre. Empty gallery. There’s one difference between me and nature. The show still goes on, because nature won’t understand one thing. That there’s no point in endlessly trying to no avail. Even though I know it, and don’t want to participate, I keep on playing my role. Awareness is enough for me, I can’t imagine expecting more. It doesn’t change anything, it just cheers me up. I am aware of this one thing: getting up is pointless. This mundane humdrum reality isn’t worth entering. Nothing distinguishes this day from any other one. Same boredom. Same actions. Same emotions. Or better covered – lack of them. Of course, numbers change. Calendar, hours, temperature, kilometers from home, points at exams. Do I want to know if they really mean something? Food changes. But it matters only as long as you enjoy every chunk landing on your plate. Anyway, mom’s calling for breakfast. I’m on my way to the hell full of judging gazes called school.

**Thursday, 16:37**

Today someone finally believed in me. Feels like my life has just got it’s white hope! One of my teachers told me to participate in a student exchange program. I’m graduating in three weeks, with no idea about the future education. She promised me to stay in touch and help with the paperwork. Then I realized she had made a colorful spark explode like fireworks creating splendid shapes of ideas. But unlike glistening flowers made of colorful flashes, great ideas don’t dissolve into the darkness of the firmament as a symbol of ending a year. My idea was rather like a plant, growing, developing and rooting. That’s how it became a real plan.

I have desired something above the mundane humdrum reality for a really long time. I had desperately craved a great kick-back and I finally found a perfect opportunity. As I am no longer a minor, I plan to organize myself a trip of a lifetime during this summer and next school year. It’ll help me to clear my mind from unwanted emotional ballast.

I believe I took a wrong turn at some point of my life. I started to act foolishly, didn’t care about self-esteem. Now I truly regret it. Getting the right, stable, self-confident mentality back is harder, than I thought and it might even take years to find who I really am and what I want my life to look like. Yet, I will not give up. I don’t want to forget about who I was. I want it to be a valuable lesson. And I promise to do the homework as carefully as I can. I want to come back after this gap year as an adult. I want to know what to expect from life. And keep walking my career path with recharged batteries, clear goals and balanced mentality. I do consider it holidays. But spending them unproductively is not even an option. I will rise like a phoenix, from the ashes and dust of my shameful past. I do want to make the most of every day of this year. And remember it for the rest of my life.