1st day, Oneiricia

Also, the most suprising day of my life. Well, I don't know if I can still call it life. And I honestly don't know if this fact is distressing or kind of funny. Waking up all confused in completely new world after what you'd name an ordinary nap can be pretty unexpected, you know? When I was on Earth I haven't even thought something like this could happen. Apparently - it can. And it's awesome. Excluding the moment of opening your eyes just to see guys from welcoming committee dressed in baby blue, pumped up suits. And the first thing you hear from them is "You're dead now, welcome home". All in all, they're nice people. After you get over your shock, stop your brain from thinking "OMG, I'm dead, what am I going to do now?!" and take a look around, Oneiricia is a very pretty place. Hi-there-guys are going to give me a trip around the place tomorrow. I just hope it'll go smoothly. After all, this will be my afterlife home.

4th day, Oneiricia

For last few days I've been trying to understand how things work here. Appearently, Oneiricia isn't Heaven, as I first thought. It's something more similar to an antechamber before the Final Judgement, shaped up by waiting souls. Everyone tries to put a reminder of their life on Earth in here, which results in Oneiricia being one giant mix of medieval castles, lovely renaissance alleys and traditional Japanese gardens. I even caught a glimpse of a Mesopotamian temple once.

My favourite spot so far is a medieval French-styled street leading to a modest park filled with colorfully blooming bushes and charming flowers with fragile, petite petals. The whole image made me feel as a young boy, collecting daisies while playing with his little sister once again. I think other souls must feel in a similar way. Every person I met in here was overtaken by a comfortable calmness. Maybe it's just the Oneirician air but in my opinion, this alley had its own magic. And honestly - it was the only place in this land that felt like my own piece of Heaven.

In the evening I spotted a free premise right in front of the park. Something in my bones told me to put my own stone to the miracle of Oneiricia. After all, I don't want to be forgotten. Well, neighbourhood surely wouldn't mind a cup of good coffee once in a while, am I right?

6th day, Oneiricia

My first brick in the Oneirician wall - Grebean Cafe. My very own bussiness in the nonmaterial world is finally ready. Well, not quite, but it's almost ready for being ready. I spent whole day on cleaning up my local. Furniture's been installed yesterday. All formalities are already done. The cafe is now a small and cozy place, hopefully it's modest enough for me to manage it. I think I'll just wait for what tomorrow'll bring to me. I'll probably be too tired to write what will have happened, haha.

7th day, Oneiricia

I'm not as tired as I've thought I'd be, but still tired. Lesson learned: being organized is hard, but gives a nice amount of satisfaction. And satisfaction has the smell of freshly ground coffee beans. Served right to the warm, inviting bed. Well, sheets are calling.

10th day, Oneiricia

Every day brings more guests to my little coffee shop. They're not a crowd. In fact - it's better this way. Too many could bring me a headache (even if in Oneiricia there's no way for your head to ache. It's just not possible). At first I thought my cafe would welcome pure emptiness and making coffee would be my only entertainment, but people come here, drink coffee, eat pastries, sometimes even chat with me. It's nice to make a small chat with customer from time to time.

Well, today I spent almost an hour talking with a girl. She was really passionate about flowers. She gazed through the window at the white blossoms of jasmine and violet heliotropes for ten minutes and so we started chattering about the flower language. The girl knew what she was talking about. For nearly every mentioned plant she had some tittle-tattles up her sleeve. Later in the talk I found out that she grew up in a green family. Her mother was a gardener, and the girl herself had a part-time job at the florist's. When I asked her about the jasmine and heliotropes, she looked away, saying that they reminded her of a friend who she had to leave behind. Then she chuckled, saying her story is one of the million identical. The girl talked about her crush on this particular friend and how her tries of courtship and leaving the friendzone were interrupted by a car accident. She looked so lovesick at the moment, smiling with teary eyes. I felt bad for her, so I tried to comfort her, but the girl sent me a smile and said that she doesn't need any comfort, for all in all, he'll end up with her anyway. And I was dumbstruck. Good God, she creeped me out. Her words'll surely linger in my brain untill I fall asleep. If I fall asleep.

14th day, Oneiricia

The day was full of peace. Not many guests, flowers bloom like they did yesterday and the day before. I wasted half of it watching a swan dive flying in circles. At one point it's tail seemed to change into a bunch of indigo and teal sparkles, but probably it was just my brain playing a trick on me. I don't even know why am I writing about it, it's so meaningless, haha.

15th day, Oneiricia

Yesterday was tranquill and today was supposed to be the same. Until next train of thoughts crushed right into it.

One of my today guests was a miner. I read that out of his tired but happy face stained with black dust. Unlike most expectants, he didn't want to go through the Final Judgement. His eyes were two gems of serenity as he talked about being content with earthlike life of Oneiricia. When I asked him if he didn't hope for a chance of Heavenly life, he said he's uncertain about both Heaven and Hell. The idea of life of luxury in Heaven was to him as bad as suffering in Hell. He stated that a typical human life would be a paradise to him, with all of its ups and downs, saying that endless rest would be a torture for a man who lived for work and died by its hands. Mentioning the accident in mine that brought him here made his eyes tear up for a second. I don't think he's been happy with his life on Earth excluding work. The miner was this rare type of man who longed for having his hands full with hard labour.

Just now, thinking about all of people of Oneiricia and their stories, I realized that I can't really remember my own death. Well, I probably won't sleep long tonight.

18th day, Oneiricia

Small note: when you're dead, all your previous problems become meaningless. You don't have to keep any secrets, lie or fight. We're all equal, so there's nothing to be ashamed of. Thus, if you live in Oneiricia for some time, every padlock of lies weakens and falls off. You're opening to everyone and everyone's opening to you. So we start talking about our memories from when we were alive, about our hopes for the afterlife. In times like this the truth comes to light: we're all afraid about our future. Nobody's sure if they were good enough to deserve a decent afterlife. We try to keep their cool in fact we're all afraid. All of us have commited various mistakes in their lives and now they know that they're closer to bearing consequences than ever earlier. Constant fear is devouring their insides... Everyone's.

Enough of this "small note". That's just a product of today's talk with new guest. Funnily, when we started our chat, he spoke in verses, so I called him "The Poet". Even though I couldn't understand him sometimes (I've never had a knack for poetry), this encounter showed me a whole different side of Oneiricia denizens. I won't brag much about it. I realized that I was seeing people partly as I wanted them to be. My worldview was blocking out the truth about the society for so long. A man's mind can be so tricky, haha.

19th day, Oneiricia

I didn't open the cafe today. I just couldn't afford it today. Whenever I tried to use my brain, all I could see in my mind was fire. Hellishly hot flames dancing through the cafe, gobbling their way through wooden building. I could almost hear the cries of collapsing boards. A single scream of a man. Amongst the oppressive smoke lingered a faint aroma of coffee beans. How ironic.

So that's how I died, huh.

20th day, Oneiricia

A letter came today, informing me to finish all of my affairs in Oneiricia and prepare for the Final Judgement. I took off to search for my previous interlocutors. Once again I roamed the streets of Oneiricia. They were as beautiful as they had been before. With a small difference - they were empty. In whole land - only me and my thoughts. And so I laughed while trying to drown my own tears in the last cup of coffee. I thought I could at least say my thanks to people I've met here, but I was having none of that.

Well... I can just hope they have good coffee in wherever I end up.

21st day, Oneiricia

Nothing to say, nothing to write.

Goodbye Oneiricia, welcome Final Judgement.