Thinking things through throughout the day

January the 18th

It’s still dark outside, no use opening the blinds. Even if the sun was alreade shining, spreading the light and warmth through its rays, enjoying the sunshine has never been my cup of tea. Especially so soon after waking up. I have my diary on the desktop, a small lamp being the only source of brightness. Looking through the window I can see nothing but darkness, only the shapes of trees looming caliginously in the distance.

Rising before everybody else does, has a special delight to it. Gives one the evanescent feeling of loneliness and bizarre freedom at the same time. Never comes the time of day equally peaceful and encouraging for considerance as morning, and at no other time of day do people succumb to their thoughts and dreads so easily as in the morning. When the world starts prepering for the next battle of life and death, one more frail attempt at survival. That is when self-reflection and self-mockery muck around one‘s mind playfully jostling with our self-cofidence and sense of duty. To get up and face the world, that is a challange.

Or maybe not. Maybe mornings are just half asleep races between the kitchen and the bathroom. Absent breakfasts betwixt dressing and departure for school. Yearning for the warm bed to get buried under the blanket again, stay protected from the freezing wind of early January. Today it seems there will be more of the latter, the chill of winter seeping into my bones and sending shivers down my spine.

Yesterday I started a very fine book and so I was planning on reading it, but I don’t really feel like following the story anymore. But going back to sleep doesn’t seem like the best idea either. I might as well get started on the day.

Later on

If one looks closely at school, not from the point of it being a pleace of gaining knowledge, but a mixture of many widely different personalities of young people of similar age and duties, it seems really odd. Where else are people made to interact with each other just for the sake of being labelled sociable and are likely to face unpleasant consequences of not forming instant bonds with thirty other equally confused or unwilling humans? We are made to sit through long lectures on things we are not interested in which won‘t be of any bigger use to us in the future. We will forget most of them right after the exams, that test our memory more than the knowledge we are suppoused to be obtaining. School takes the youth and gives the deceptive feeling of general awarness instead. How depressing.

That’s why it’s maybe better not to question things, whatever they are like. Is that really ignorance, if nobody else can notice the problem? Is it really happening, if everybody is looking away from it? The truth is moulded by the winning panel, if you oppose, you are in the wrong.

Global warming exists as long as people fight to prevent it. But if they stop, won’t it change into something more neutral? Not so scary, something that nobody will have to interfere with? Maybe it will start being described as periodical transition nobody should be worried about…?

It is so easy to criticize and weave pesymistic philosophisings. Looking down on others makes you bigger in your own eyes. What a pleasure to foster. Yet it doesn’t correct a thing.

Browsing through my very own notes I can’t help but fret over what I have become. Is that really me? Looking back in time to primary school I don’t remember being like this. So cynical and critical, seeing the glass always half empty. Maybe it’s because as kids, people see their glass full of water, world is beautifil, friends are sincere and family supportive, Mother Earth waiting to be explored. But then they get education, learn more and more about the world around, lose their childhood’s dreams and hopes. And the price for absorbing the reality is that water, those naive and innocent prayers for eternal happines whatever the weather. And maybe, just maybe, that is the reason they forfeit their naivety, their blind trust and transform into rational, upstanding members of society?

The glass lurks with its content. Half full or half empty?

I’m going to challange myself. I will try to think positively. I wll try to work on my opinion about my surrounding. I will try to find merits in mundane reality.

It’s best to start the change from changing my own approach. That’s what any person can really affect the most. And even though there are loads of those so called self-help books, videos or articles, you don’t really pay attentin to them until you realize it all yourself. What irony.

January the 19th

*Every new day there is a new opportunity. You decide if you want to take it*. That’s going to be my motto from now on. It seems to really cover all you need to motivate yourself. Everything that matters is my decision. That sounds so uplifting. I don’t have to rely on anyone nor do I have to succumb to others.

But it also brings to thoughts a great deal of responsibility. My whole life depends on what I do. My future resides within me and only me. And that’s scary. Makes you fear that one mistake may destroy everything. But also gives hope. Since one right decison may as well bring you back to the game. Life is a rollercoaster and you may not have your seat belt on, but you control what is going to happen. And it really makes up for that safety belt.

At school

So… keeping my promise to myself I’m trying to redo my yesterday’s entry.

Sitting at school I can see my classmates mingling and chatting. Some of them are tired, there are dark circles under their eyes. Were they studying whole night or just playing around wasting time? Most likely the former. Sleep time is too precious a span of free time to just dance the night away. Others are revising their notes, preparing for the lessons. It seems really odd. Where else can people concentrate on themself or on their social life at work? Where else can they just come up to a random person, who somehow happend to have become a member of the same class, and ask for a favour? Only at school there is no fuss abot this kind of thing, kids share their notes, homework and brunch. Help each other with studying. They have an opportunity to do research on things they are intrested in, they can ask questions, make mistakes and learn from them. They build frienships that will last for years and make good memories, that will last even longer. All that expirience gives them the strenght to face every new day with renewed energy and courage to fight their fears. How heartwarming.

So maybe, even though I don’t have to depend on others, it isn’t really harmful. Strong relationships help us survive. Friends cheer us up in times of sorrow and offer their help, when we need it. Leaning on others isn’t a weaknes, but a tactical move that benefits both sides.

January the 20th

*Sometimes you win, sometimes you learn.* This is the title of the book I have spotted lying on the exhibition of a bookstore. May seem shocking at first glance. But when I think more about it it sounds more optimistic than anything else. Doesn’t take notice of losing. Completly changes the idea of competition or any activity as a whole. If you don’t try you neither win nor learn anything and this is losing. Like taking part in an English writing competition.