It is my diary. I am Thomas Anderson and I will present you part of my life…

Monday, 17.45

Dear diary!

Only 10 days remains till the end of the school . I am really looking forward the summer holiday. This day has passed quickly. All l classes flowed very quickly too but one draggen on terribly. Our teacher gave us the presentation about the world’s problems. I thought that I would die of boredom. The sense of squeezing compassion is annoying. I feel like nothing is going on and first of all, peace is preserved. I don’t believe in stories about the ongoing wars, hunger and poverty. Everything is certainly fine but as we all know, people like creating stories by adding things to them…
The rest of this day passed calmly.

Wednesday, 18.05

Dear diary!

I spent all this afternoon watching TV and surfing the various programs. When the program was over, adverts began to be presented. I promise that every third ads jumped on was the same. It showed dark-skinned children. It was encouraging people to donate money for 'good causes'. It has irritated me terribly. I have a feeling that someone above me is doing it on purpose.
But ok, let's stop talking about it, there are only 8 days left to the holidays!

Sunday, 22.30

Dear diary!

Geez, all this day I spent on studying. Of course, you don’t run out there also problems of the world. When I saw card shows a dark-skinned, crying child, I quickly knocked over. I picked up the phone and started to browse Facebook. Ehh... Probably I'm doomed to failure. Anything that I take in my hand or wherever I look, I see dark-skinned, hungry children. To be honest I begin to wonder what is it really like. Aren’t there any supermarkets where you can buy a water? Isn’t there even one McDonald's, where you can eat something? Aren’t there any buildings in which there will be free wifi?

Wednesday, 7.30

Dear diary!

It is today. I’ll go to school for the last time this year (I mean, academic year). I got up 20 minutes ago and I felt bored, so I decided to write something in this diary. Appeal starts at 8, the bus departs at 7.40, so I have a lot of time. Finally! Yesterday all my aunts, uncles, grandfathers and grandmothers (I think that this was my whole family) came to me because I turned 16.
- Hello Auntie, listen, I know you'd like to buy me some socks or a super sweatshirt (these gifts weren’t great, they always landed in the trash), but this year I collect money for a motorcycle. You know, it is a cool bike. I would be very happy if you give me money.
 I told that to everyone. Normally, so many phones and messages come to me so I managed to learn it by heart.
And also I have spent one day without discussing the problems of the world. However, when I got up out of bed and turned on a TV, the first ad what I saw was this commercial;, presenting a dark-skinned children begging for help. Ehh ... I don’t like my life. Through these ads, it has literally became monotonous.
But you have to live on!

Wednesday, 14.15

Dear diary!

Finally the summer holidays have started! I feel so excited! When I came back home, my mother called me. She said tomorrow we would go to Syria. I’m feeling like in heaven! So good! I took my suitcase and I started packing up. I put my all the best jumpers and jeans. Well, in the end we will do a photo in the journey, to get the next followers. Last time the likes and comments gave me motivations. I am happy when I see that people liked my posts or pictures.
Now excuse me, I'm going to eat lunch and then we will jump to the car and we’re going to Syria!

Wednesday, 19.00

Dear diary!

From 15.00 hours we are in the journey. We had fair 2 hour flight. I have nothing to write, but I'm very curious how many stars (hotel) my parents have chosen. Now excuse me, I am going to sleep, good night!

Wednesday, 22.30

Dear diary!

When we were in airport, we were waiting for a taxi. I think that we were waiting for a taxi. Unfortunately I was wrong. Dad told me that the room which we booked, we would have tomorrow and this night we were spending on chairs at the airport. What a shame! If my friends saw my, they would laugh at me and probably they would write something rude and I would lose followers. Fortunately, nobody known to me wasn here. After a moment, I took the phone and took a photo when I sat in a chair covered with a blanket. It was given to me by a beautiful, young, dark-skinned woman. She was about 15 years old. I thanked her and I wanted to ask how is she called (I wanted to add her to my friends on Facebook), but I realized that she wouldn’t understand me. I told her ‘buy’, but she only looked at me like at a moron. When she already walked away, I took the phone out and I put the photograph taken earlier on Instagram. Under it I wrote’ #holidays #longqueues #wearewaitingforasupper #greatday’. There were many ironies in these words, but after all I cannot write that I will spend a today's night on the chair at the airport. Now, when I am writing, there is a darkness and I am seeing nothing. Probably better how I’d better go to bed. Goodnight!

Thursday, 16.30

Dear diary!

Today we walked to our hotel. I thought that my parents hire a car, but I was wrong. We were going from morning. To ‘hotel’ we came three hours ago. It turned out that the best holiday of the world will become the worst vacation I have ever lived through. At one point wheel of my suitcase broke away. I felt broken. The rest of the way I have to carry this suitcase (with expensive shoes and sweatshirts) on my back. It was scary! I don’t know why I took so many expensive things with me. I made a huge mistake. While we were walking, I recollected the ad showing t starving, dark-skinned children. I thought that this is nonsense that has nothing ever happened, that everyone have a phone, a computer, but first of all, that they have food and drink. I was wrong again. By the way, my phone discharged yesterday and I haven’t got a place, where I could connect and charge it. Massacre! I lost all contact with humanity, with the magnificent life! What’s now? Well, I will try to spend these boring holidays as the most interesting. Our hotel turned out to be an old camping. Ahh!
Well, but nothing has changed. Now I'm going to eat dinner (I hope it will be a salmon). Bon Appetit!

Thursday,18.00

Dear diary!

On the dinner we ate some strange dish. I have never eaten something like that.
But return to tormenting ads. Geez, these children are very thin and they seriously haven’t got access to drinking water. About 5 o’clock, all young people lining up the two men, who pour the water from 5 liters bottles to the one, small cup. At this moment I was thirsty, so I lined too. I thought that they had a small bottle of cola, but I was wrong. I was wrong again. It has irritated my already.
Anyway, when my turn came, I saw small boy sat next me. I asked men why they didn’t give him this small cup of water. They said that his turn passed. I was terribly sorry. I decided give my little cup to this young man. He drank it very quickly. Later, he looked at me and he hugged me. I hadn’t feltl this feeling before. It was so fantastic! When the men chased us, I decided to go back with him to my tent and gave him a packet of biscuits which I brought from home. Geez! Smile this boy was the best thing that I could got for him. I feel so excited that I could help and made a smile on his face. I have started treating him like my brother since that time. Now excuse me, I am going play with him! See you tomorrow!

Friday, 13.45

Dear diary!

Today we are coming back to home. Seriously, I feel very sad. It was wonderful that I can known the conditions in which these people live, cut off from the false world, which is headed by hatred and jealously.
When we (my dad and I) started consisting a tent, I realized that I didn’t have gifts for my little brother. I decided to open a suitcase and give him one of my best shirts. Then I went to look for him. After 5 minutes of research, I noticed him on the square. When he saw me, he threw his arms around me. I hugged his as hard as I could. I showed him that I am coming back home today. I was trying not to cry, but it was stronger than me. Little boy began crying with me. So here was an hour later our farewells. When I was able to stammer a few words, I said that I will come back to him. Since then, Syria become my second home. I hugged him for the last time and I put on him my black Adidas shirt. I saw that the kid smiled through tears. It was something beautiful!

Saturday, 17.50

Dear diary!

We have been home for 1 hour. While I was unpacking my suitcase, I stopped for a moment. I remember that I have a lot of money, which I got for my birthday. As soon as I can, I sat down at the computer and searched for a charity page, where I could transferred the money to help those children. I did this transfer without thought. They will be able to buy clothes, water and food for 5 000 zloty. I felt as happy as I have never been before.
I became a totally different person since this happened. I have started taking pleasure in helping other people. I have started to change our planet. I have started to love my life…