**Birley, 20 July 2005**

Several dozen metres separated us from the nearest library. We turned into the dead end, at the end of which book dealers were. Post-haste we dashed up the stairs to the second floor of the building. Fortunately the door was still open. We wanted to lend "Romeo and Juliet" of William Shakespeare.

At once a certain book returned my attention. She stood out at once out of many. I came up to the shelf which she fit. The title for her read as follows: "Known and unknown travels". She had a cover very much colourful and covered with many postage stamps from various countries. In spite of large of "splendour" at first glance very much appealed to me. However I noticed something strange, that is … didn't have an author. There was no any information about it or on the cover, or from the inside. Simply nothing. Only what I noticed, it is a small mention on the back cover: "Book devoted to admirers of great adventures. Your young traveller ". I thought for myself then, how it is possible that such a book generally speaking is at the library. Out of curiosity I decided to lend it.

**Birley, 21 July 2005**

The today heralded wonderfully itself. When I still lay in the morning on the bed, I dreamt only of great journeys into the unknown, and shy rays of the rising sun popped through purple curtains not tightly drawn into the room enveloped in the darkness, gently lighting the oak furniture and the large white bed. Suddenly I heard the loud shout: "Emily, go to the breakfast! Today your favourite pancake with strawberry jam! ". Quickly I put on some jeans and the white T-shirt and I ran to the bathroom to lead oneself to the order. After a few minutes I was already ready. Then I worked out, that the ninth hour already smashed, and after all I had something arranged with Kate to the rolls. Quickly I ran down the stairs and I went down into the kitchen. I saw smiling from the ear to the ear woman which put two portions of the breakfast on the plate. I ate, I only said "Thanks mum!" and there was already no me.

I spent with the friend all day. When I got back home, it was already late. The sun bent down to the west, and in the marvellous sky turned red stars slowly started appearing. He was it is an excellent, August soiree. Passing by the small lakelet I could see the sun's rays being mirrored in sheets of water which together with the wonderful palette of colours of the sky gave the image like from the fairy tale.

After a few minutes of the stroll I reached home. I stood up still by a front door, trying at least for a moment to remember this lovely view. When I came in at once I ran to the kitchen to hold something quickly to the food. Then I noticed mum cleaning the guest room. Despite everything I held the unwashed apple and I went to my room which was upstairs.

I was worn out very much. All day long I spent with Kate and even I didn't know that this time so quickly was passing. I lay down on the bed and I ate the fruit heartily. Then I remembered about the book which I lent. She lay on the desk, covered with different unnecessary junk. I reached for her, I sat down on the armchair and I started reading. She climbed in the Alps - high mountains of Europe.

*"In the mountains everything what I love is: danger, adrenaline, walk. The snow was falling down so firmly that fully nothing was apparently. My companion wanted already to come back, but I didn't give up. I told to myself: "I will do it!". Still also happened. After a few hours of the tiring road, happily we reached for the Mont Blanc peak. I didn't feel already tiring out, but satisfying from oneself. The strong wind whipped my face, and I smiled to myself. These were happy moments ".*

After reading this story alone I felt a desire trip to the mountains, for instance into the Tatra mountains. But these are only dreams. Perhaps at one time I will fulfil them?

**Birley, 22 July 2005**

The day heralded itself equally beautiful like previous. Even I didn't meet with Kaśka, because this way I became fascinated by this novel. The traveller toured the biggest desert in the world, which wrote about:

*"A desert is a huge, not-ending space of sand. Extremely disapproving area to the life. The dusk is falling almost immediately, into the similar manner a day is getting up. Suddenly rays of sunshine appear and in a minute full glitter is brightening the desert until the horizon. During the walk a sandstorm which was very difficult to stay has often surprised me, but I got by".*

Reading suddenly I heard calling mum:

- Emily, would you help me? Today not too well I am feeling.

- I would like, but I am just reading the book.

- Please …

- Mum, I am reading!

I sank into more distant fates of my heroine.

*"Antarctica - land covered with a thick layer of the snow. In this place the most these charming animals fascinated me, which in spite of such chills and often foods are advising themselves the lack great. One of my most secret dreams came true - I saw penguins! They are so lovely ".*

Afternoon. I read almost an entire book in five not quite days. I resolved to do the tea break and to meet with Kate. I called her and we arranged the stroll. She was on me a bit bad, that I not said a word to her, but I apologised to her and everything was already well. I had hair in the light disarray, so I caught them with rubber on "horse's tail" and I ran down. There was no mum at home. I thought then that she had gone shopping to the shop. I ran to the friend which waited already in front of the house. When I came back, there was already a darkness. I entered very softly through the door so that mum didn't hear. After a moment I worked out, that there wasn’t my mother. Very much I was worried. I ran up to the room. I took the phone call for the hand and I am ringing. She isn't picking up. I am trying one more time and nothing. I didn't know what to do. I was afraid that something very serious could for her happen. About the ninth hour an aunt Sarah called: "Mum is in hospital. She had a car accident ". I broke down. Of this night I could not fall asleep and all the time I cried. I was afraid that I would stay alone. I don't have dad, because left us when I was seven years old. Very much I am missing him. I also have no brothers or sisters, I am an only child. Well I now will do? And how I will stay with nothing? ….

The next morning was different than all. He was cloudy and cool day. When I woke up, nobody called me to the breakfast, it wasn't sounds are heard of cuisine. Nothing, simply silence. I didn't feel like getting up, I wanted to stay in the bed all day long. I thought that it was only a bad dream. In the end I decided to get up off the bed. I put some casual garments on, vanity case and I went into the bathroom to change. I started making the breakfast for myself. Unfortunately, pancakes not much for me are coming out, so I prepared ham sandwiches and with tomato. When I ate, I had to clean this entire mess.

The eleventh hour smashed. I had time a bit for myself, so I went to complete to read the book. Suddenly I came across the fragment which forever changed my life.

*"I am in Spain. It is beautiful country. Almost always he is lighting the sun, and living people here are so nice. I just got a letter from Poland. My father fell ill with the lung cancer. This information fully depressed me. In spite of lovely holidays, I decided to come back to the home country. My dad needs me and I must be by him in difficult times. So far I didn't realize it, but now I understood, that I must come back. Remember, always appreciate one's closest, because tomorrow can of them no longer to be ".*

I burst out crying. I just understood then, that so far I had been focused only on oneself, on meeting my needs. And … mum for her the attention was Entire focussed on me. She helped me… but I supported entire this time my problems and dreams were be out the moment. Even if she asked me for the help, I have always refused. Despite everything she still loved me. Quickly I got dressed and I ran to the ground floor. I held keys from the entrance hall which lay on the shelf and I closed the door. Hurriedly I went to the hospital by bus. All the time I thought about the mother.

I entered a health centre and I ran to the hospital room. When I entered through the large white door, I saw mum reading the newspaper. When she saw me, smiled widely.

Quickly I ran up to her, I hugged her affectionately and I started crying.

- Welcome sweetie - said. - Don't cry, or else right away I will also be.

- Important everything ended well - I said.

- Truth. Thank you, that to me you arrived.

- No, I thank you very much.

- What?

- I thank you for everything. Behind the fact that by me you have always been, when I had difficult times. Behind the fact that you have always consoled me. Thank you mum. I love you so much.