26th of April, 1995

It tends to be lonely.

Never before in my life had I looked forward to the companion of other people. The affection, I thought, bonds, trust, closeness – no human is in need of them. Everyone is able to do just well on their own, I thought, for one’s self is the only being one may be certain never to lose.

Never before had I thought one day I would crave for the presence of another person; yearn for the simplest of touches, ache for the briefest of caresses. No, I needed no one and nothing but the pride I felt of my solitude, my seclusion of choice.

But a long time has passed since then. Thousands of years, it seems.

And now, at times, it tends to be lonely.

3rd of May, 1997

It amuses me, what can be found in an old backpack; a ragged journal, a relic of the past life of mine.

Well, let us make use of it, shall we?

I wished for a diary once, when I was but a little boy that could not read nor write properly; yet I would not cease my pleads nor lessen whines, for I was a very stubborn child. To soothe my zeal, my Mother would cuddle me and tell, time after time, “Honey, to write a diary is an incredibly laborious task. The first thing one would need to do is to portray their past, year after year. Can you imagine, sweetheart, how much time would it take to describe all of your past days?”

And now, as I am, after many years, finally writing a diary, it seems I have not yet included its most essential piece.

Ah, but I need to go now. She is calling me.

4thof May, 1997

My life began in flames; the Fire has molded the wretched soul of mine.

No; it had begun earlier, much earlier, but I do not remember my former life. I just know it was, I know it lasted.

And nothing foreshadowed the tragedy that was to come.

I went to bed one night, weary after hours of crying for a reason long forgotten, and the slumber embraced me quickly. When later I awoke, a couple of hours into the night, the village I lived in was on fire.

The flames – the richest shade of red I’ve ever seen – were filling my room as they danced around, and danced beautifully, so full of grace. Their charm bewitched me, and so I, a curious boy, let them come closer, watching in fascination as they crawled slowly onto my sheets. I wanted to touch them, to stroke their flickering surface, so I reached out and dived my fingers in.

The howl that ripped out of my throat was anything but human.

The rest of that night seems to be enveloped in an impassable web of a spider, the web that reveals only but few pieces.

The most significant night of my life split into the hundreds of small, hideous pictures.

A burnt dog, frantically scratching against the closed door; gruesome, deafening wails coming from outside the window; silhouettes on fire throwing themselves around the ground.

 Who I was before that, I cannot recall.

I must end for now; she is looking for me. She says that we are low on food and that we need to move.

Milaya. Her name is Milaya.

7th of May, 1997

Finally I have some time for myself; it makes me very glad, seeing as those last few days were exceptionally exhausting.

Milaya and I had to walk a very long distance in order to find a safe, dry place that could serve us as a shelter. Lately the rain was drizzling constantly and the forest paths, once firm and dusty, have all turned into the swampy mud. It is difficult, to lead a blind person while stumbling all the time.

And Milaya, no matter how hard she may refuse to accept it, is blind.

Ah, but I have not finished my story yet. Where did I end? On the huge Fire, it seems.

The Fire was powerful and the Fire was great; and, as the all mighty things, it was bound to fall. And it did; other villagers came and extinguished it, though no one could be saved but me.

I was taken in by an old lady, a former nurse; she took care of me until my burns had healed enough to not bleed. I had to go then, go to the world.

However, I delayed my departure as long as possible, for I truly wished to stay; I tried to beg, to plead with her as I have done so many times before the accident, but I was not able to utter a sound. Of all my injures, my throat and larynx got burnt the worst.

I am still unable to speak.

So I left, and then, for years, nothing really happened. My existence consisted of endless wandering, searching for food, for water, in short – of doing everything I could do in order to survive.

And then I met her. I met Milaya. My beautiful, blind Milaya, a cheerful girl that lives a life enveloped in lies.

Dear, but it’s starting to rain again. I must head off now.

11th of May, 1997

We had not traveled as much as we had planned in those last few days. The weather would not allow us; the slight drizzle, thought irksome, we could withstand. The heavy pour, however, we could not.

But all is well now. We have found a small, cozy hut, apparently abandoned, and hid ourselves there.

I have yet to tell about our first meeting, mine and Milaya’s. I can recall every detail of it.

She was crouching by the river, hunched as she greedily drank the sweet water. I was approaching from behind, quietly and cautiously, yet she sensed my presence instantly. Her shoulders tensed.

After a moment of heavy silence she slowly stood and turned around; the wind brushed the strands of disheveled hair off her face. And her face was beautiful; it had such sweetness to it, with those pouty little lips and huge eyes.

Huge eyes, that were blue as the sky above us and the river behind.

Huge eyes, that were unmoving and dead. Useless.

We wandered together since that day. Even though I was unable to speak, and she could not see, we were able to understand each other, in a way I may not explain. I was mesmerized by her.

 I fell in love with her.

Before I met Milaya I’d always taken all abstract things like God and faith as something ever unattainable for me. But peoplemaychange.

She became my goodness. My gracious Savior, protecting me from all the evil branded in my soul. The Maker I could own.

She is my blind God.

13rd of May, 1997

Today was a very sad day.

The rain has finally stopped, and so Milaya and I could resume our journey leading nowhere. We must have taken the wrong turning, as we were walking an unfamiliar path. We were surrounded by pretty little trees, no big plants in the sight.

The aftermath of a fire, I think. The forest is rebirthing.

I remember our first days spent together, as I slowly was getting used to my hand always tightly mingled with hers; “So you’ll stay safe” she laughed as she wrapped her fingers around mine for the first time.

Back then, I knew it was a lie.

She still says it every time she is need of my guidance, and the pertinacity with which she tries to excuse her sightlessness frightens me at times.

Sometimes I just forget that Milaya cannot believe in her blindness. But I understand.

No God would accept any boundary of their almightiness .

22nd of May, 1997

“Sometimes I wonder what happened to the world” she told me today. “It used to be so pretty, so colorful. It’s mostly dark now.”

Times likes this would always bring me a tiny ray of hope.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, “But what am I worrying you with? Our world is beautiful as it is. Just look at all those flowers out here!”

There were no flowers. We were standing in front of the boulder, trying to shield ourselves from the sun.

My fragile hope broke into small jagged pieces that seemed to pierce right through my heart.

1st of June, 1997

“Ignorance gives people hope, whereas the reality would crush it,” the old lady told me once. “Ignorance, my child, is a gift. But it is as frail as the happiness it gives, and is as easy to be destroyed.”

As a little, damaged boy I could not, nor wanted I to understand those words. But now, now I do.

Milaya got lost today.

She was crouching on the ground, curled, when I finally found her after hours and hours of searching. As I was approaching, her body was tensing more and more; she must have been scared of my hasty steeps. I halted.

She slowly raised her head, and I could see the tears coming from her beautiful eyes.

“I wanted to look at the flowers” she stated softly, her voice fragile and raw.

Silence.

 “But I could not find any” she continued after a while, so quietly I could barely hear her over the blowing wind. “I could not find anything.”

 “I guess,” her hand halted uncertainly in front of her face, “I guess I’m blind.”

I could not hear her violent sobbing over the sound of my own tears.

3rd of June, 1997

The flames had devoured me once, and I died; I was reborn when I met Milaya.

Today, I was reborn for the second time.

We were standing on the craggy hill. There was Earth beneath and the Sky above, and we were suspended in between them, ever unable to choose the side, for we areinsignificant to both.

Not much has changed; we are as irrelevant and small as we always were.

 Maybe just a bit more defeated.

“We will last” she said suddenly. I gripped her hand tighter. “We will last forever”.

Yes, we will last. Together.

But no one felt a need to add such an obviousness.