Dear Diary,  
People say that life is short. It’s not true. Life is long, especially when you’re waiting for death. I’m sitting in the wheelchair and feel that soon I’ll be dead. I’m not even able to pick up myself. I’m holding a pen in my hand and writing my last thoughts. Cancer attacked me ten years ago. I have had many [chemiotherapy](http://pl.bab.la/slownik/angielski-polski/chemotherapy) treatments. During the treatment you feel a horrible pain. You don’t know what’s happening to you. Your mind is trying to be free. However, you don’t give up. Your whole world revolves around the hospital. You [become emotionally attached](http://pl.bab.la/slownik/angielski-polski/become-emotionally-attached) to other sick people, only to see them die. Someone else takes their place again. When I was sixteen I thought my life was over. Doctors didn’t give me any chance. Connected to a morphine drip I was slowly saying goodbye to the world. Mum didn’t let me go. She was still looking for accompatible honor. I’ve got a rare blood-type which is difficult to find. My mother Rachel was the only who didn’t give up. I’m the apple of her eye. She wants to keep me here because she won’t be able to function with me in the other world. Precisely, the other world. Does it really exist? Does this huge world controlled by a higher power which keeps this world in common harmony? I believe that after my death I’ll go to the world without pain where I’ll enjoy my next life much more. When death was holding my hand a Christmas miracle happened. Cancer gave up. I hoped that this was over. My happiness didn’t last long. Two years without cancer in comparison to eight years with the disease is nothing but I’m glad that I had that time. I could see life from this better side. I came back to school and spend time with my peers. I was glad to be back but I was scared of people finger pointing at me, making fun of me and not been accepted by society. I’m different because I don’t have any hair and I have dark circles under the eyes. They don’t accept me an equal terms. If I didn’t have chemotherapy I would have had beautiful hair. At the age of 16 I came back to be alive. What an irony. As I thought I became the main topic of gossip conversations. Gossip seems so important to them as if they couldn’t live without it. Funny, I only need my health. At school I go to a lower class then I should. Personally, I don’t believe I need to learn (why should I have to learn since I could die any time), however I imbibe knowledge from books to understand the most world around me before I’m gone. I read a lot. I asked Rachel to bring me books from the library and not to buy then. I don’t want to leave any books or any another possessions. I realize how many tears Rachel would have to shad while sorting my thinks. No one lives forever and everything eventually ends. When a great artist dies the only thing he/she leaves are his pieces of art. The art is unending but not human life.  
At school I knew nobody. Everyone stayed away from me. My favorite place was the playground. It was just like me: abandoned, waiting for discase and [**substitute**](http://pl.bab.la/slownik/angielski-polski/substitute) for something else. It’s always quiet at the playground. In the tower I had the place where me and my fictional friends would meet. There I felt like a princess. My biggest dream is to know the deepest nooks of the world, to see miracles which only a few people are able to know. After two months at school, peers stopped staring at me with “this” look. After school I ran away to my tower. It’s were all beautiful moments from my life happened. Once when I was reading I heard somebody playing on the swing. I glanced over there and I realized that I was being observed by a boy. He was well built. He looked about eighteen years old. His hair was dark brown. Secret boy’s eyes were brown and deep. Cheeks-chubby enough softly glowing. He we wearing a loose T-shirt and torn jeans. I said that starring is rude and I went back to my book. It was raining. When it started to be dark I decided to go back home. The boy was still an a swing, got wet and was staring at me. I took Direction-Home. He ran up to me. I got scared but also pleasantly surprised. It was a nice surprise because nobody ever talked to me. He asked me about the book. Generally, he was interested in everything. He asked a lot of questions. He didn’t ask my name. Everything seemed to be strange. The weather was getting worse but he assiduously accompanied me to my house. It was an ideal conversation, he was a great listener. Judging by his appearance he only cared about fighting .I only needed one sentence to understand that he is different. I saw that when he said to me: “Now I know where you live, stranger”. After I came back home I was a little distracted. In the morning I woke up and went to the window to open the blinds. I saw the boy from the playground, sitting on the curb. My happiness didn’t have limit. I got dressed quickly and went down to the kitchen for breakfast. Finally, I was free and I could go out. I sat next to the stranger and began the talk:  
-You didn’t tell to me your name yesterday  
-You didn’t tell to me you name either- replayed with a dazzling smile  
-You didn’t ask me but I asked you- I annoyed a little  
-I’m Jake  
I introduced myself and we were talking for a long time. I felt with him like I had known him for years. I even didn’t see when the sun disappeared. I didn’t feel any hunger. I think that I don’t need oxygen with him. We spent a lot of time together. Of course when we had to go to school our separation felt forever. I couldn’t focus on learning. We didn’t go to school together. He was one year ahead of me. Every afternoon we met at the playground. We were sitting there talking for hours. Later we went to my bedroom to listen to music. It was like that every day. We couldn’t go out too often because if I felt weak all my medical equipment that can keep me at life is in my house. Rachel was very angry when I came back home late. I didn’t care. I didn’t think that when Jake was talking about his travels, something bad could happen to me. I loved listening to his stories. He was able to do something which I was never allowed. Nothing mattered when I was with Jake. At my birthday, June 16th, he had a surprise for me. He took me to our playground where he sat up a movie projector. We sat in front of the screen. He did presentation for me from his travels. With our favorite song in the background, he kept talking about his journeys. I felt that we were there together and thanks to him my dream came true. With him I felt alive. Unbelievable how people interact with each together. One sentence can make you sad and happy: “You’re sick with curable cancer”. With Jake it was different. From his mouth even bad news sounded good. On my birthday he stayed at my home. At night I woke up with a horrible pain in my lungs. I felt that they were full of water. I couldn’t breathe. Every time when I tried to take a breath I thought that my lungs would explode. Rachel took me to hospital. She was driving, Jake was holding my head. Every turn, elevation, stop made the pain deeper. I hoped that the pain would end. No matter how, I just wanted to be free from pain. My eyes slowly closed. The last thing that I heard was Jake’s whisper: “Don’t go too far because I won’t catch you”. Next thing that I remember is a hospital bed, surgical tubing evacuating fluids from my lungs. When I opened my eyes next to me was Rachel and Jake. Rachel hugged me like never before and told me what happened. Cancer came back. It attacked all of my body. It was mostly in my lungs. It could be said that “my” lungs were only cancer’s cells. After those words Rachel ran out crying. The next day when I woke up Jake and Rachel were sleeping in an armchair. When I picked up my arm to check the time, both of them woke up. Jake said that he would bring me some food. When me and Rachel were in the room, she came to me and held my hand. She said that she loves me no matter what and I would be very selfish if I went without saying goodbye. I was able only to say: “I love you Mum no matter what”. In this moment Jake opened the door to my room with hospital’s breakfast. I told Rachel that she should go home. It was hard to convince her but she left finally. I asked Jake to take me for a walk. When the door from the outside opened I felt warm rays of the sun on my pale face. Wind softy deflated my short hair. We went to the empty playground. They made it for the children who can’t go here because they are too weak. Jake left me in the shadow of a high tree. It seems to me that the hospital visit depressed him but he didn’t say that aloud. I was looking at people, at sad Jake. I was watching everything, trying to remember. I felt weak exactly like two years ago however now with bigger experience. I knew what it means to be alive. I could leave for the other world. Jake went to get a drink. I didn’t want him to see me how I die. I’m alone. No sad face, pitying me. I don’t need any pity. Death is a normal thing. Death is a part of life. I feel free, I am free