Saturday, 24th

I found him. I finally found him. He is… perfection. When I saw him I just forgot how to breathe. He’s so… incredibly, impossibly perfect. Or just perfect. Perfect, anyway. And we, we will be invincible together. We’ll travel together. And listen to the music. Watch movies. Take pictures. Talk. Sleep. Together. We will shake the world. Just he and I. Oh, did I mentioned his name? It’s Samsung Galaxy Alpha.

There is only one thing. One, really little thing. This phone costs 1999 PLN. And I have got 600. Awesome. But, come on! I need only 1399zł more. Pff, that’s nothing. I’m going to ask dad for it.

Argh! He said “No way, blah blah, that’s too much, blah blah, you don’t need this expensive phone, blah blah blah, blah blah, blah, if you want it, go to work.” Hell yeah, for sure I will.

Sunday, 25th

Aunt B. called yesterday. She is a hotel manager in big and expensive hotel. I told her that I need money, not for phone, but for a trip to Prague. I know, I lied to her and I don’t feel good with it but I really need to buy that phone. Anyway, she offered me a job! One of hotels cleaners twisted her ankle and she’ll stay home for a week, so now aunt has got a free situation AND she wants me to be a cleaner for first week of winter holidays. That’s just fantastic! Dirty sheets, here I come!

What is more, I’ll sleep and eat in hotel room! I can leave home for a week! No squalling children, no sisters, no disgusting mammy dishes and free week in four-star hotel! But the pay… she offered me 5zł/h. Whaaaat? That’s…. not too much. Well, I expected 8 zł at least, but, okay. The conditions are good enough and I need a work so I can’t take exception on it.

I’m in a train to Cracow now. I must be in Zakopane at 3 PM, and I need to go by bus but I didn’t check the timetable. I’ll take pot luck.

Hey, don’t sit here! No, no, no! You can’t sit next to me! You look like you didn’t take a bath for a year and this is how you smell. Come on! No! Oh my god, I feel dizzy ‘cause the stink. O no! I’m like 20 minutes from Cracow. Argh, I need some fresh air and I prefer to stay than to sit next to you, Mr Stinky. Excuse me!

I’m lucky girl. Bus was waiting for me and left two minutes for when I found it. I’m sitting on last free sat, next to young girl. She smells nice. And she has an iPhone. Maybe it’s strange, but I automatically like iPhone’s owners. I have to get off a bus in Nowy Targ and meet with one of the hotels employee, who Aunt B. calls “Mały Krzyś”, just because we (yes, now I can say “we”!) have got five Krzysztof’s in hotel and he is the youngest one. If he finds me, he will take me to hotel when I’m going to meet with aunt. That can be difficult, cause he has no idea how do I look like.

I am exhausted! I spent last twelve (yes, twelve) hours changing dining room to ballroom, together with four other women serving dishes on a dinner connected with party and some kind of awards ceremony, then washing the dishes and cleaning the dining room. It’s 3 AM and I’m waiting for bathroom in room which I share with Aunt B. And I have to serve a breakfast at 7 AM. Please kill me.

Monday, 26th

I have got a lunch break now, so I can write something. We, I mean me and a women, Stasia I guess, spent all morning adding sausages, scrambled eggs and bread to buffet and then checking the roomware – towels, beddings, pillows and TV sets cause there is a possibility that hotel guests can try to spirit something out. If something is missing receptionist, Beata, is supposed to ask guest if he didn’t take item by accident. In one room thing that was missing was a TV set. Did the guest really think that he can sneak out with our plasma? The funniest thing was that Beata just couldn’t tell him “Hey, give me my TV back!”, but, come on, “Excuse me, would you mind checking if by any chance you did not pack TV set from your room?” sounds extremely ridiculous. Luckily in that room was a without TV from beginning, so Beata didn’t have to ask a guest for something like that.

Okay, I have to go now, some guests wants to buy lunch and I need to wait them.

Oh my God. Oh my God. That’s freakin’ impossible. No way. She couldn’t. No. No, no, no! I don’t believe it. She couldn’t kill any dumb old lady!

After the lunch Aunt B. went to solicitor to make a copy of some papers. She told that she’ll be back for forty minutes, but she were away for almost five hours. And one hour ago Mr. Krzysztof, one of the hotel owners, came to the room I was cleaning and told me, oh, he told me that, that Aunt B. killed an old lady at the zebra crossing, and she is at the police station now but I can don’t have to work now and he can take me back to my home. I didn’t agree. I end up that room and now I’m sitting in dining room and drinking a tea. It’s really too sweet dishwater but it’s hot at least. I didn’t talk to her yet. I mean, not to tea, to Aunt B. Oh, thank you, Mr. Krzysztof the Head Chef. I’ll eat this apple pie with real pleasure.

Tuesday, 27th

Aunt B didn’t kill nobody. When she back to hotel I asked her why isn’t she in the jail – well, she killed a person, they should arrest her. She told me that she just knock eighty years old lady and the impact broke her pelvic bone (that lady’s, not aunt’s). Then Aunt B asked me who told me that she killed somebody. As it turned on, one of the taxi drivers who saw the incident identify my aunt as a hotel manager. He thought that the lady is dead, cause she didn’t move laying on the ground. Then he made a phone call to his girlfriend who was a friend of Mr. Krzysztof’s wife, who is in USA now, but when her friend told her about that she called her husband and ratted him that, OMG, his hotel Manager killed old woman! I know, it sounds complicated, but is really easy – one man created a gossip which spread around the world and ended here, scaring me to death.

Aunt B. went to hospital to visit that old women. She told me to do service in guest rooms. I’m supposed to make the bed, bring fresh towels, vacuum the carpet, and, what scares me the most, make clothes. I mean, I have to touch their personal stuff, like old socks or dirty pants. Gross. Hm, there is one really handsome guy in hotel, he is like sixteen or seventeen, and I’ll do a service in his room with a pleasure.

Oh, and now I have got Ania! She is a daughter of second hotel owner, Władysław. And I turned on that that Ms. Stasia is her mum. I’m glad that I was nice for her. Anyway, she is helping me with room cleaning and will help with service too.

I think I should change Mr. Handsome’s name to Mr. Muddler. Or maybe Mr. Disgusting, cause I found a condom on the floor. Used one. And I had to pick up it and put into the garbage bag. Sickening. Ugh, I feel dirty now. Why didn’t I sent Ania to do that? Oh yeah, she was changing pee sheets in other room.

Aunt B. just came back from the hospital. The lady feels alright. If she were younger, she would probably end with some bruises, but she is old and her bones are old too, so they broke when she felt down. How unexpectedly. Worse thing is that my aunt coughs. I think she caught a cold when she was waiting for police and for ambulance after the incident. If she gets ill, she could even die. She can’t forget that she is after kidney transplantation, but sometimes she is like a little children. I made her a cup of tea with lemon, but she was too busy to drink it.

Mr. Disgusting Beauty smiled to me when I was eating the lunch and gave me him phone number. Oh yeah, I’ll call ya, sure, I liked cleaning your room, I think we should repeat that. Ops, I forgot I haven’t got a phone. Oh yeah, I’ll definitely call you.

Wednesday, 28th

What am I supposed to do? It’s 2 AM and she is trembling and I think she have got really high temperature. What is more, I cannot contact with her. I guess she is too sick to answer me. I’m terrified. I’ll, probably I will go down and ask one of the Krzysztof’s for help.

We called ambulance. They said they can’t send us a doctor cause he is causing one’s death now. Send us an ambulance, we said then, and take her to hospital. They haven’t got another’s one. Oh come on! She is dying here or transplantation is rejecting, you can’t leave her!

It’s 11 PM and we are waiting for ambulance. Five minutes ago they said “We are on our way!”. If they arrived I’ll ride with Aunt B. to hospital and

Written by Aleksandra Włodzimirow