**Prologue**

I opened the door of the school library quietly, knowing, that there’s no one else around. Sometimes I woder: why do people avoid places like that? What’s wrong with books, which are my only friends sometimes? When I come in, I can see lots of shelfs, but there are only three students. And me.

I really wonder, why am I doing this? What’s the point? I came to the one of shelfs and took a random book – that’s something about history, I guess. I wiped the dust from the cover and opened it. I pulled out a sheet of paper filled with small letters and I hidden it in the pages of book. And I put it back on the shelf.

No one saw me.

**26th September**

 Let me be honest with you: I never expected this day to turn out the way it did. It was supposed to be something casual, and what I get? One sick mistery.

 I don’t visit the library very often. Well, I’ve been there about two times, and that was at least five years ago. But today I needed one book about the second world war for history, so I had to come there.

 The library is a weird place – I never understood the point of reading. I asked librarian about the book I was looking for and she pointed to the one of shelfs. In the matter of few minutes I found it and immediately came out of this room, fighting the urge to shrug.

 I opened the book when I was in home – and now I’m getting to the point. I opened it, and then something fell out; t was a letter.

*I don’t know why am I doing this.*

*Maybe it has something to do with my tiny obsession – I want to be rememberd, to avoid oblivion. I desperately want to leave a mark on this world, because I can disappear from it every day.*

*You know what? Sometimes I think, that life is just one big joke. That it’s cruel and it treats people terrible. In moments like that I just want to die, to leave this place. Well, I’m not very far from it.*

*And then there are some days when I just can’t help it: I want to live. I feel like I was holding the world in my hands, like I could do everything. And I want to dance in the rain, I want to sing at the top of my lungs. I want to stay.*

*But – like I said before – I mostly consider life as a joke. Because it’s really unfair.*

*Let me tell You something: try to enjoy everything, because you never realize how much you have until you lose it. And then everything is shattering. Everything breaks. And you have nothing. So pay attention to all the small things, because they are the ones creating our life.*

*You may not understand the point of this letter, but I still hope you read it That’s exactly one of those small things, maybe not for You, but for me it’s live-changing. Even if you are reading it few years after i wrote it.*

*The Letter Writer*

Honestly, I didn’t have any idea what was that. But it was intriguing. And I was wondering, who was that mysterious ”Letter Writer”? Did I know that person? Why was this letter written? I knew almost everyone from our school, but I couldn’t reconize this handwriting.

And that’s why I hate mysteries so much – there are too many questions I don’t have the answer for.

**28th September**

*Okay, so I checked yesterday and my letter disappeared. I guess that You’ve read it. And maybe you will look for more – that’s why I’m writing this one.*

*The last time I wrote something about death – and now I would like to explain it. Prepare for a weird story.*

*I was diagnosed when I was six – cancer. I remember that day, when my mother noticed, that something was happening. After few days the took me to the hospital and two weeks later my treatment has started. I’m not going to go into all the details, because it’s not important. What matters for me: from this time I knew I was dying, even if I was only six. And somehow I learnt to live with this thought, but I still want to stay on this world.*

*I remember my first surgery as if it was yesterday, I was ten at this time. They gave me general anaesthia and told me, that everything is going to be okay. That there is no need to worry. And then the whole world went black. I remember waking up at the sound of my name.*

”*Wake up, sunshine” my mother kept telling, stroking my hairless head. I felt pain practically everywhere, but it has been worse sometimes. And now I was supposed to get better.*

*And it worked, but not permanently. I had three years of peace, and then everything came back.*

*And here I am – I’m not as bad as I was and I still go to school. But no one knows about my cancer. Isn’t it weird that I’m telling You about it? I don’t even know You.*

*But maybe that’s why I am doing this. Because You are stranger. I would never show anything I write to my friends or family, because each time I create something, I feel like I left a piece of my soul there. And I’m afraid of someone knowing me so well. You don’t know me, but – even if that’s weird – I feel like I could trust you.*

*Thank you for reading it – it really means a lot.*

*Anyway – until the next time!*

*The Letter Writer*

*Post scriptum – ”Pride and Prejustice” J. R. R. Tolkien.*

 I finished reading this letter in the evening. It really suprised me and made me wonder about lots of things. So *the Letter Writer* was dying and that was weird thought for me, because I couldn’t imagine that. To be dying every day, to live with the thought of leaving this world. Then there was *post scriptum* – I suppose that it’s the name of book, where I will find another letter. And I am actually wondering, why am I reading those? What made me go to the library once again to see, if that mysterious person left something in the same book?

 But I guess that I wanted someting interesting to happen, because my life is actually pretty boring. I mean, I have good friends, family and everything that could make me happy, but nothing truly interesting happens. And I consider letters left in the library as something really interesting.

So that’s why I decide to continue that thing, whatever it is.

**30th September**

 Today I went to the library once again to find the „Hobbit” by J. R. R. Tolkien, as it was told in the letter. I’m still not quiet sure why, but I felt like I just had to.

*Hi! I’m glad that You decided to read this letter, it’s really motivating for me!*

*I’d like to tell You one thing: I would love to be a writer. I mean, books were always the best part of my live and, since I was a little girl, I always dreamed about writing something one day. So I’m happy, that You read it – even if it’s not a book, then it’s important for me. At least I’m writing something, right? I don’t have a time which I would need if I’d decide to write a novel, so I guess it’s enough.*

*There are some days, when I go outside when it’s dark already, I lay on a blanket and I look at the sky, gazing at billions of the shining stars. And that’s when I’m dreaming the most. That’s when I let myself think about my wishes, my hopes. I’m alone then, but being alone is not a bad thing. I guess I sometimes like to be alone; I just don’t like to be lonely. And I love those moments I have for myself, when I can think about my life and everything that matters.*

*But the truth is, everything matters. Sometimes we just don’t seem to notice that.*

*Do something for me: go outside this night and look at the sky. Let your thoughts fly away.*

*The Letter Writer*

*Post scriptum – ”Pride and Prejustice” by J. Austen.*

Today I went outside, layed on a grass and looked at the sky. I’ve seen more than I used to see before – not just stars, but an infinite space. It really amazed me, and I feel like that one night was more beautiful that the others.

**5th December**

 This letter thing was going on for a long time now. I recived about thirty of them, maybe even more. And each one of them was really amazing, each one of them changed something in me. They just seemed to open my eyes everytime I read them, making me realize, that I’ve been so blind before. I never noticed anything, that was important, and now? Now I feel more happy that I used to.

 Today I also went to the library. I found the letter in one of Willam Shakespeare’s books. But what was inside suprised me a lot.

*My dear Reader!*

*I was wondering yesterday: who would be The Letter Writer without The Letter Reader? Well, nothing really. So I suppose, that You acutally care a little bit. Or at least I hope so.*

*Okay, I have a problem. My cancer has been worse this week and they are taking me to hospital. It’s probably nothing dangerous, but it may last about ten days. But I’ll be okay. I just wanted to tell You, that You won’t recive any letters for a few days. When I’ll return I’ll write to You once again, of course.*

*Keep your fingers crossed for me!*

*The Letter Writer*

*Post scriptum – ”The tale of two cities” C. Dickens.*

 I admit it, I’ve read this letter with trembling hands. She said that it’ll be okay and I should trust her opinion. But, honestly, I was really nervous.

**20th June**

 I waited for another letter, but I never found it.

Today our teacher had an announcment: one of our students, a girl I barely knew, died because of cancer.

And that could mean only one thing.

My *Letter Writer* was gone.