**‘Day by day’**

This is story of a teenage girl. Her parents wanted her to become a lawyer, but she didn’t want to accept that. That’s why she decided to escape from her house. She though it was a good idea, but winter was real cold and after about ten days of loneliness she realized she had done wrong.

**1st day of my new life…**

Why? They don’t know. But I do. What happened to me? They don’t know. But I do. They always don’t. And I always do. Why? I don’t know.

I was a typical teenage girl. With a typical life. But no more. What happened?

It was a beautiful Sunday. We were spending it at home so I was doing my homework. ad came to the room. He was shouting at me. Yes, it was all my fault. I got some REALLY BAD marks. He was really angry. ‘Young lady! Think about your future. Don’t you want to have EVERYTHING you want? If yes, LEARN MORE!’. I hate it when they tell me what to do with my life. They want me to become a lawyer. I don’t want to. I want to be an actress, but they aren’t listening to me. So I did what I had to do…

One day’s evening mum and dad went to a restaurant. It was my chance. I took five T-shirts, pants, five pairs of socks, two hoodies, mum’s dictaphone and other stuff. I put it in my biggest backpack. Then I had to find my keys and go away from my parents. I felt on my face fresh cold air. Freedom. I felt amazing. ‘Where should I go?’ – I heard my voice. Of course I took with me some money (I stole them from mum’s purse) so I decided to go somewhere and buy something hot to eat. After a great meal I found a really nice place to sleep – under the bridge placed in my house’s neighbourhood. That was my plan: stay nearly house and NEVER contact with my family. That vision was wonderful.

**2nd day of my new life**

‘Dear Dictaphone,

I don’t want to have an ordinary diary. I’m alone. I HAVE TO talk with somebody. Even with myself. First things first, you have to have a name! John…? Noooo. Or maybe Aaron? NO! I think James is quite good…’

**3rd day of my new life**

‘Dear James,

Happy? I don’t think so. Sad? No… What should I do? I miss my dog Bruce. He’s the only one being that is thinking about me. So what now? I think I have to go to the cinema…’

‘I went to the cinema on a romantic comedy. It was beautiful. I wanted …

RRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!!

WHAT WAS THAT?!?!?!

Just a taxi. Ufffff. It scared me so much. My heart’s beating so fast. I miss my home. And even parents…NO! I can’t! They’re my parents! I HATE THEM!!!’

**5th day of my new life**

‘Dear James,

My picture is everywhere. ‘Have you seen this girl? If yes, call us!’.’ Do they miss me…?’. I hope they do. It’s strange to think that even parents like my can’t worry about their child. I have to ask myself this question again: ‘Do they miss me?’. I can’t believe it. ‘

**7th day of my new life**

‘Dear James,

I think I’m alone. I caught myself when I was talking with a pigeon. It was quite strange. I miss Bruce. I miss my best friend Maria. I miss even my maths teacher Mrs Spinster… I wonder what’s new in our school. If I remember well, last week we had an election of self – government. My classmate Paulina took part in. Maybe she’s ‘the chosen one’. Everybody likes her. She’s smart, pretty and kind. Sometimes she looks like she’s a little bit sad. Does she have parents like mine? Maybe, but I’m not so sured… I spent three hours speaking about my past life! I’m becoming sentimental. It’s 4 p. m. and sun is smaller and smaller. Time to sleep!’

**10th day of my new life**

‘Dear James,

It’s Cold. Really cold. I have to drink something warm. I went to my favourite café. ‘I’d like to buy some hot chocolate and a croissant with butter, please.’ – I said – ‘Of course, you have to pay 5$.’ -‘Five dollars?! Crap! I have only 4$ and I have to buy breakfast!’ – ‘Without croissant it’s only 3$’ – ‘Ok, then. Without croissant, please’. Then I bought something to eat again and my money had finally gone. I didn’t know what to do. That was terrible. I realised that next to the church nuns always prepare dinners for homeless. I had to visit them and ask for help. I needed it so much.’

After the dinner I went to sleep under the Bridge. I looked at the picture I found a couple days ago. ‘Home sweet home’. After about five hours I woke up. Now I’m standing on the beach and looking at cars. Yes. People have to go to work, do the shopping, take care about children… They’re running... Running for all the time… RUN! NEVER STOP! I escaped from it. I escaped from this never-ending, stressful marathon of life…’

**The last day of my new life**

‘Dear James,

It was quite strange. I opened my eyes and then black points appeared everywhere. I couldn’t feel my hands and legs. No pain. No cold. Only something warm in my thorax. It was traveling slowly to every part of my body. I couldn’t see anything clearly. Everything was getting darker and darker… I heard a really quietly voice and saw something. I think it was a man. He was really nervous. Then everything disappeared…

**Somewhere in a hospital…**

‘Dear James,

I woke up in a white room. Everything was in that colour. Oh no! My parents were here… ‘Honey? Can you hear us?’ – that was my dad – ‘I… think so’ – I answered – ‘Why did you do that?’ – ‘I…don’t…want…to…be…a…lawyer…’ – ‘You could tell us! You know we always want you to be happy…’ – ‘I don’t think so…’ – ‘Maybe you’re right. Sometimes I was a terrible father.’ – ‘Yes!’ – we were laughing for a while. ‘Please don’t talk with her. She’s really tired. She has just escaped from the death.’ – said a nurse. Wow. I could die. Then I fell asleep.’

**Somewhere in…I don’t know, maybe in my house…**

‘Dear James,

My room. Finally at home. I felt something wet on my face. Bruce! I saw his doggy face and black nose smelling my mouth…’BRUCE! LEAVE MY MOUTH!’. I started laughing and Bruce was jumping on the bed around me. ‘Somebody’s knocking…’ – I said to the dog – ‘Come in.’ – ‘Hi sweetie. It’ s mom. You have to eat something.’. Ouch. My mum was trying to care about me. ‘How’s it going? How do you feel?’ – ‘Fine. What do you have?’ – ‘Doctor Phillips told me to give you some dry bread. I added something to it…’ – she was smiling. Nutella and strawberries! Mum I love you! – ‘Thanks. You really didn’t have to…’ – ‘Of course I had! I realised I wasn’t enough good mother for you.’ – ‘Please stop. We don’t have to talk about it. I just want to see that you and dad take care about me.’ – I ended the talk. I wanted to spend some good time with her – talk like every daughter with her mother. So we were talking for hours – about our hobbies, matters, hopes. We have so much similar passions: books, art, wild animals…’

**Happy end**

‘Dear James,

Now I’m 32 years old. My parents helped me with realizing my biggest dream – I became an actress. They’ re grandparents of six and four years old girls. I think I’m happy and I don’t have to escape from my problems anymore.’

Escaping from our problems doesn’t solve them. We can’t always hide and think ‘It’ll be OK!’. Sometimes it’s very hard. In our friend’s cause, she had to talk with her parents and try to explain them she didn’t want to become a lawyer, but an actress. They could understand her and help with realization biggest dream. Cooperation is very useful, but only when we can use it in a good way.