15 January 2016

Dear diary!

Today it was a very special day. I woke up from the coma. I've never seen my mother so happy. All day she was crying and kept saying how much she loves me. All the time some people were visiting me, although I did not remember these people. The only person I remember is my mother. I got from them a lot of cards, flowers and even balloons. I love gifts, guest and events but today I had neither the strength nor the desire. Everyone laughed, was telling some stories, which in no way I could remember. I tried to be nice, I smiled and kept repeating that I felt good. Half an hour ago my mother left the hospital. I asked her to go home to bring me couple of things. I wanted to be alone now. Today I was very tired. But I still wonder how I got here. What am I doing here? What happened six months ago? I had been in coma for half a year! I do not remember anyone or anything except my mother. Tomorrow I have to ask what's going on. I will have a tough day. :/

18 January 2016

Dear Diary!

I remembered most people. Memories slowly return. But I still do not remember what happened. Although I ask my mom couple of times what had happened she did not want to tell me. She thinks
it is too early, that I need to rest now. Ignorance terribly bothers me. Today, my mother have told me that she takes me to the rehabilitation center. I watched the images of the building, and I think
it is quite exclusive. I wonder how my mother got the money for it - as a teacher she doesn’t a lot earn money, and my dad left us when I was a child. However, I must admit that I have always had everything I needed. My mom was always my role model and surprises me with her resourcefulness. So I will have a long rehabilitation. Doctors say that day after day it would be better but I just have
to exercise. I noticed that my mother is worrying about something. I have the impression that everyone looks at me with pity. definitely they are hiding something. And I need to know what. I recently had
a very strange dream. I dreamed I saw the emerged glare in the darkness. It was approaching constantly in my direction. And when it was very close to it I thought that I see a face. I wanted to take a closer look but the light disappeared as quickly as it appeared. I woke up and I could no sleep any longer. I still have in front of my eyes that face. I think I know it but I have no idea from where…

23 January 2016

Dear Diary!

Today I finally got home. I do not know whether I enjoyed more the fact that I'm going home whether a decent dinner. I waited for mom about half an hour because there were traffic jams. Today I have not slept too well. Again, I had this dream. Still, I could not recognize the face. I was very annoyed. When yesterday I told my mother about it she had tears in her eyes and said that she must have left then.
I wanted to shout. Why no one tells me anything? I have a feeling that it is a night when I had the accident. Is the truth so painful and frightening? In my head I had a lot of questions that I could not find the answers for. Now I'm sure that she's hiding something. Doctors say that everything is moving in the right direction but I can’t get very frustrated or stressed. Now I move on crutches. Rehabilitation begins in three days. I can’t wait until I was free to walk, run, dance. I do not know what the school. Many people declared themselves to help me to learn. I was very pleased. I am glad that I have such friends. When I went home I was very happy. I looked around the house. Nothing has changed, everything seemed normal except for one thing - there weren’t any images. And
I remembered how my mother liked then. When I was little I did the weight of pictures and the same at collage. I asked mum where did she hide the images. She replied that it was for my own good, that this way it would be better. I did remembered, that since childhood I have loved the pictures and I had a box of them hidden in a closet where I always hid pictures. After lunch I went to the room. I told
my mom that I need to rest. I found the box and began to look at the photos. The faces seemed familiar. Slowly I recognized all of them. I do not know why I was forbidden to see pictures as they had a great influence on my memory. I saw my friend Angela, classmates, neighbors, and him ... Ben. I knew him from childhood. Suddenly a wave of memories hit my head. I remembered how we met
in a kindergarten, how he protected me in elementary school and helped me in learning, how together we partied like there was an accident ... I remember that day.. I had a fight with my mother and Ben. Scott, my classmate offered to take me on motor racing. I was angry at the two nearest people
to me, and I agreed. I've always loved that event. But always with me was Ben, watch over me and
he always made sure I don’t do anything stupid. This time I had no brakes. We had a few drinks first at Scott’s house. I have already felt spinning in my head. I wanted to forget about the fight - about the fact that my mother started dating my teacher that Ben thought that my mother was right and has the right to happiness. With my teacher? How can I now look him in his eye? On the racing track we drank a few beers. I felt that I was losing control. He knew that the only person who can help me now is Ben. I called him. He said he would be there soon. When he came there and tried to take me out
of there, Scott together with his buddies began to laugh at Ben. For a long time between Ben and Scott lasted a conflict. Ben was very pissed off. They provoked Ben to race with Scott on motorcycles.
I remember I asked him not to do it. I knew that Scott was better at bikes. But Ben wanted to show that he is not a wimp. I told him I was going with him and Scott also took up some girl. I thought that Ben will give up because of me, but he did not gave up. We got on the motorbike and the race started.
I was very scared but I wanted to support my friend. Ben passed Scott I did not know that Ben could drive so well. Suddenly I saw a light in front of us and oncoming truck. I remember nothing further.
I thought where is Ben? Why he was not in the hospital? He was also in coma? And maybe he still is? I realized that it was his face I've seen in my dreams. I ran quickly to my mother. When she looked
at my hands she began to cry. I did not even notice that I took a photo of me and Ben. I had a bad feeling but at that moment I was sure that something awful happened. I asked "where's Ben?". She has just shaken her head. My world at that time collapsed. The death of my Ben. I was not ready for it. He was my best friend, he was like a brother, like family. He always had time for me, always helped me, he was always with me. If it wasn’t me then this would have never happened. If it wasn’t me he would still be alive! I started to run, I did not know where, I did not hear the screams of my mother,
I wanted to run away. I do not know why but I ran to the cemetery. I was looking for him. In the end,
I saw his name. I saw his picture as he smiles. I loved him. Very much. The only thing I could say was that I was sorry. I did not cry. I knew that he would not want me to cry. I had been sitting there until my mother found me. I did not resist and went home with her. I could not believe it. I know that
he does not wanted me to suffer. He always wanted good for me. He cared about me. I hope we'll meet someday. Now I know that I have to live for the moment, do not waste time on arguments, respect and appreciate the people who help me. Now the most important person is my mother. I want her to be happy. No matter with whom, the most important is her smile. I will never forget about Ben. He will always be my brother. He will always be in my heart.