Wednsday, 7th of December, 2017 Detroit

Do you believe in reincarnation? There are some legends saying that the last words your soulmate has said to you will stay at your skin in the new, next life. Something like a tattoo or a scar. All people I know have something like this. All of them are different. Some are loving, beautiful and peaceful, other are heartbreaking and dramatic; yet more are full of anger and fear. The problem is that I don’t have sign of a tattoo. One day, I made a research through my skin, looking for beautiful words of hope, dreadful words of fear or angry words full of hatred. Nothing. No words, no beauty, no hope. That was where everything has started...

Today I had one more meeting in the support group. Nothing here is interesting, they can’t help me anyway. I just… want to die in peace. Nobody and nothing can make me happy now. It is not like I do not have any family. I just feel lonely in my heart. Nobody knows how to get into my heart, how to make me open up. My old friends, Anxiety and Depression are helping me. Sometimes they whispered in my ear, what should I do, where should I sink the razor in my skin. Anxiety sometimes caused me crying and feeling useless, Depression used to lock my feelings inside me. But when I tried to… simply kill myself and the doctor with long blonde hair and fancy glasses prescribed me some big, green pills, they stopped whispering. First I did not feel okay okay without them, but the strange girl in support group said, that writing things in her diary always helped her after her friends, Anorexia and Bulimia, also left her, stopped whispering. That is why I’m writing this. Now, when I commited all my foughts onto paper, I feel better. I’ll try to tell her thank you.

Friday, 16th of December, 2017 Detroit

On Wednesday there was another meeting. My mother was so happy that I try speaking with people. But when I tried to thank that girl, she laughed and told me ‘Are you kidding? Haha, I was just saying it to get out of that crappy place! You’re so foolish, Annie!’. In that moment the whispers came back. Anxiety was repeating ‘ You foolish child. So useless, crappy, foolish child’ I am useless, I am crappy, I am foolish, I am childish. Nobody likes me, nobody loves me. Yesterday night I couldn’t help myself. The razor I hidden deep under my bed was singing to me, almost wailing in pain. When did I use it last time? Was it days ago or months? Years or centuries? I took it and written deeply in my skin ‘USELESS’.

I didn’t cry. Why should I use the water for childish acts like this. I’m so foolish, childish. Useless. Where were my big, green pills, when I needed them? I stopped taking them. They didn’t help me anyway. What an irony. Useless. Just like me…

One pill, two pills, three pills, four. I am supposed to take only one, but... They are useless this way. Maybe if I use more of them, they will help. Maybe in other manner. If I cannot be useable, it would be better if I just disappear. My mother probably would not like my foughts, I rememember her cries at night. It was by the time everything has started. Most people told me to fight, for my loving ones. But why should I defeat my friends? They help me. They fight with me. They never disappointed me. We are one and I don’t see need to leave them. All people I know are calling them ‘diseases’. I cannot agree with them. I don’t like when my friends are given names. ‘Illness’ is the worst, I think. They are called also ‘problems’ or ‘disorders’. But they are not evil. I am really thankfull, for everything. Thanks to Anxiety, I know how useless I am. Thank to Depression, I know that world will be better without me. And my last friend, Razor. He sings for me when anxiety and Depression do a little too much. Then, I take it and cut, long and deep curves. The crimson red droplets spill at the floor. I can alost hear how they fall and land on the cold patterns of sandstone in my bathroom. Plim, plum, plim, plum. Hypnotizing sound makes me feel... relaxed? Yes, I think that is a best word to name this.

When I am writing this, I am sitting on the roof of my 20 floor flat. It’s a bit cold out there, but I cannot feel it. Cold never bothered me anyway. I think this is the moment when my story is coming to the end. My friends became pushy a little. Most people write, as their final letters, the pleas for people who they loved, sorry word for those who blame themselves. But, as you know, I am not as other people. There aren’t any people who will miss me, so I am writing this to whole world. To everybody, who will have enough strength to read this, read it from the start to the end. Thank you. Thank you for understanding my feelings and thoughts. Thank you for being. Now, remember: never ever think like I used to. I am one of those lonely people about who no one cares, but maybe someone in this cruel and unfair world, there is someone. A person, simple, plain. But unique in the same time. A person, which cares, loves. You will only cause pain in her or his heart. What if you will be a person, from who everything will start? Anxiety, Depression and Razor might become friends of your caring person. Don’t let this happen. Don’t let your loving ones start caring about those ‘friends’ more than themselves. Never let them become inspired. If I jump now, down to the ground, I will die. Nothing will change. Maybe they will write about me in the newspaper, maybe my name will be written for 2 weeks on the doors of my little church in the necrologue. Then everything will be back to normal. Even my mother will not cry after me for long. So, when you will be reading this, I will probably already be in the afterworlds.

Last thing I want to say, is thank you. And goodbye. Maybe one day, we will meet. I would really like this to happen. Live a good life.

Monday, 16th of December, 2117 Detroit

This, what I will write now, will probably make you don’t believe this. Anyway, my theory of reincarnation is totally true. I have one more message; I finally found my soulmate message. It is written on my neck with blue ink. It says: ‘I will’. Is it you? I would be grateful. Please, don’t hurry. Live a good life. I was useless, but now I found peace and hope. I will wait for you. I will stay for you. Please, become my pure, unconditional love – my agape. Become my seductive, tangled love – eros. Stay close to me, don’t go. Stammi vicino, non te ne andare. My ‘l’ words; love and life. I’ll be waiting for you, on the other side of the path. Remember about me and this diary. We will finally meet. Until then, I’ll write you something everyday. What I did, how my day came here, one hundred years later. I will wait for you, my soulmate. One day, I will be able to say you ‘Good morning’, every morning, ‘Good night’ every night. See you soon!