30.11.2016

Dear diary, it's me again. We haven't seen each other in a long time, haven't we? It feels like the last time I wrote anything here was ages ago. Sorry it's my fault, you know I've been busy lately, trying to mend my life, that is falling apart. Well not much has changed, Mia is still in a horrible condition. Her body is all stiff, no signs of life in her. Even her breath is so shallow that it's barely visible. I guess that's how a normal human in coma looks like. I'm still in shock and disbelief after what had happened but I'm finally feeling the need to tell someone about all that and I trust only you and her, so I guess you are the (un)lucky winner and will have to bear with my story.

As I mentioned a year has passed and I'm still not over what had happened. It was holiday time, around July and we were meeting regularly, spending whole days doing nothing but it felt like it was the right thing to do, we were going on a long walks and sitting all nights playing videogames, swimming in a lake and then laying wet on the sand, laughing at our own stupidity, we even went to a concert in another town hitchhiking. It was like a dream, to spend whole month with your best friend. One time we decided to stay a night in the middle of a forest in a tent all by ourselves. It was all fine until it got dark and cold, I couldn't move my fingers and I thought I would die of cold but then she moved closer and hugged me, we stayed all night like this, our legs tangled together. It was hot, our breaths were hot, the atmosphere wasn't normal, I mean it wasn't unpleasant or weird because it felt just right but it wasn't normal for two, even best, friends. When we came back home we both got scolded massively but you know what they say? No pain no gain! And I certainly gained something- that weird feeling in my stomach whether I saw her, touched her, she smiled or laughed. I was scared, my mother always told me not being normal was bad, it wasn't accepted and everyone wants to be accepted. That's why I wear makeup, high heels, am skinny or have long hair. That's why I try to follow trends, always agree to anything people say or laugh at teachers jokes even if they are less funny than a common graveyard. To fit. And then what? I couldn't understand why after all these years of trying and making effort I just gave in that easily to the thought of me and Mia. Then the last day of July she dropped the bomb. She asked if I would be her girlfriend. She apologized several times saying it was fine if I thought it was weird and begging not to leave her as a friend and that if I didn't want to I could just forget about all of that. Oh how much I wish I had kissed her, had agreed to go out with her. But I didn't. I said nothing and then after a while I asked for a bit of time to think (which I didn't need, the answer was yes), because it was too sudden (it wasn't!). I was so stupid!

Ah.. I'm crying again but let's continue. We haven't seen each other for two weeks and it felt like those were the longest two weeks in my life! It wasn't a coincidence, I knew she was avoiding me, probably she tried to give me some space. After that time I called her and asked to meet up, just to spend some time like we would normally do. But this time it wasn't right at all, you know, I just got so used to the idea of us being something more, something special, that being just so normal didn't feel good at all. I thought it would just pass with time and it did. I though the worst period was behind us. But the worst was yet to come... She started smiling less and losing weight drastically. Then she lost that glow in her eyes and she was more quiet than ever. Finally she didn't turn up to one of our meetings. I was extremely worried, I called her thousands of times but I couldn't reach her. I called my aunty- her mom, if she could check up on her. She found her sleeping on the floor, her eyes red and dried up tears on her cheeks. That's when I first got to know she had depression and social anxiety. She didn't want to talk about it and I didn't want to push her too much. Our relationship seemed to get more stable, we talked about it, mainly because I didn't want to let it go just like that. We decided to remain just friends and see if we were ready to stay together for longer, because friendship, I think, is stronger than anything, even love. But again our peaceful days didn't last too long. One night she came to me in the middle of a night in her pyjamas (you remember I told you we were neighbors, right?), she was crying. Luckily my parents were both out of town for a business trips. She came to me and said she couldn't take it anymore and that she needed me. With words of Adele's song "All I ask" (I would have considered it cliché if it wasn't for the situation we were in) she asked me if we could do what lovers do and just for one night play pretend. She then broke down and I agreed, not because I pitied her, but because I loved her and I thought I could show her it better by my actions than words. The morning came our legs were once again tangled together like that night in the forest, when I first realized my feelings for her, but this time it wasn't cold at all. We cuddled in bed the whole next day, saying absolutely nothing, just enjoying the moment. The morning after that I woke up to see an empty side of bed. She wasn't there, not anymore. And I knew that it was the begging of our end.

She gave no sign of life for next two weeks, holidays ended and it was a high time to start thinking about education again, you know, buying set books, start reminding myself all the knowledge I lost during those two months of freedom. I just came back home after I went out to buy all that jazz when aunty called, she was crying hard and I already knew something terrible must have happened. I asked her what it was and she said only one quiet "Mia". I was there in 5 minutes, I must have been the second person she called because the ambulance reached in 10 minutes after she called them which was still a minute before me. Mia attempted to end her life and that is where we are now, a year after that evening I'm sitting in her hospital room, which became my second house. I do my homework here, read books, sleep at least three times a week and three months after her suicide attempt I even started working here. Well the hospital was short on workers and I was always there anyways, so I said to myself: "why not?". Her mom also visits nearly every day, she knows what happened between us and doesn't blame me, which to be sincere hurts me a lot, because like that she might be blaming herself. I hope she's not. I don't know what will I do when Mia wakes up, if she does eventually, I only hope I will be able to do the right thing and save her. Save us.

15.06.2017

She woke up. Her mom was smiling and crying at the same time. Mia looked slightly confused while hugging her mom, I think she must have been shocked to see she was alive. One way or another I want to believe she was happy she was alive. And I? Right after her mom let go of her I kissed her and I guess that was exactly what I should have done two years ago and what I want to do when she wakes up every single day for the rest of our lifes.

Dear diary not every story is meant to have a happy ending, but maybe, just maybe, mine isn't one of those?