Dear Diary!

Friday, May 13th 2000

Today's day didn't bring anything unique into my daily grind. I got up early in the morning, threw few notebooks into my bag in a hurry, took an apple which lay on a table and went for a bus. Day was passing by simply until the 3rd lesson period... Just then in our classroom a specific boy appeared. Mrs. White gave him a warm welcome and showed him the only place left to sit. Guess which one? Next to mine of course! Oh, how handsome he was! With his ebony hair, eyes shiny and blue as sea waves! I said hello to him, but then I felt disappointment He didn't utter a word, remained silent and that silence was just like some burning fervour, with which my cheeks went red. I was counting minutes till the end of the lesson like never before, but every single second seemed to me like forever. When I heard the disembarrassing sound of school bell heralding the break time, I packed my notebook in a hurry and rapidly stood up. Then, out of nowhere, I felt somebody's touch, cold as ice. That was Robert's hand. He caught my hand and we ran off the classroom. We passed the schoolyard and I can't even tell now how we found ourselves in the beautiful park with picturesque landscape. We were looking deeply in each other's eyes in complete silence, when suddenly a resonant sound of my phone spread out – my mom called. I picked up the phone reluctantly. “Where are you? Come back home now!” I obeyed and went back. Now, daily grind all over again – homework, supper, sleep. However my so far colourless thoughts were filled by HIM.

My dearest diary!

Monday, May 15th 2000

I am more than excited! Robert invited me for a meeting tonight, by the river. He said he has got a surprise for me. Isn't it romantic? I have no idea what to wear, red dress with black stripes or maybe long white one? Sandals or heels? Oh, I can't wait already! When it comes to school, I think I won't go there today – I have to prepare myself for the evening.

Diary!

Tuesday, May 16th 2000

The boy turned out to be the same as the rest! He's just an ordinary jerk! He didn't even call me to cancel our meeting. I can't stand looking at him, but I have to go to school because my parents told me off about abandoning one day of this so-called “the best educational care center in this town”. I have no choice, but wait.. today I have 3 biology lessons and an extra group classes, where this jerk attends too. How am I going to survive? Wish me good luck, my dear diary!

Dear Diary!

Wednesday, May 17th 2000

I can't understand boys! Yesterday he came to the classroom, sat next to me and said “Hello darling”, like nothing happened. Insane! He dares to call me “darling” after how he had treated me! I think to myself “What a boor!”. However, what he did later on changed my opinion about him drastically. While leaving classroom with a sour face I saw Mrs. Smith standing at the corridor, next to the chemical lab. She didn't let anyone into the classroom, except for her 'favourite pupil'- Robert! After the bell all students were able to enter the lab, where a bunch of beautiful lilies lay on my desk. (Not to mention that lilies are my favourite kind of flowers). Robert, in an elegant suit, started to quote Romeo's words from the balcony scene. I felt delighted! He was apologizing me, being silent so beautifully that I had to forgive him! Later, after our classes finished I accidentally heard our class 'divas' conversation – you know, the most popular girls in our class. Emily – the 'best' one, was wondering how to capture Robert's heart quickly! What I felt? Anger, for sure, but also certainty. That he won't let me down no matter what. Later, coming back from school in the afternoon, among buskers, ordinary people, businessmen and layers, I spotted this common man, who was similar to other homeless ones, but at the same time different from them. He seemed to beam with great optimism and cheerfulness. I stopped next to him! I caught his hand (to my surprise unusually clean), helped him to get up and guided him to near cafe. Then it became clear to me, that this man was blind. My heart kept breaking, but I tried to stay strong. I ordered him a dinner and fed him with no disgust. After that, oldster started to ask me about my name, age, interests. He was surprised by my attitude and, in the meantime, he told me his story. I got emotional and just then I felt what real joy and happiness are about. He taught me exactly that it's better to also give than just only to take. It is worth to share with others what we have. Banal conclusions, but how hard to fulfil in our everyday life, right?

Dear Diary!

Thursday, May 18th 2000

Today after school I met with Robert on 'our bench' in the park. We were in a way talking about us, our future meetings, school, life plans, our last chemistry class, but my thoughts were somewhere else. My companion quickly realized my thought; suddenly he went silent and that was a sign for me to confide in him. With no hesitation I told him about a blind oldster I've met yesterday, about his fate and that he had lost everything he had ( if he ever had anything) in one moment because of amnesia. Robert's reaction surprised me though. He said that I involve too much and that I should busy myself with studying and 'HIM' (he didn't said in straightforwardly but I got his intention) and not think about homeless and sick people, because I won't save the world by doing so. I got mad at him and went away in silence, not looking back.

Dear Diary!

Friday, May 19th 2000

Today, after coming back from school, I experienced shock. My Robert was talking with Rose, who was seducing him with her eyes coquetting and flirting with him, at the same time exposing her body with revealing shirt and very short skirt! My heart went crazy beating in my chest, but I decided not to bother 'two cooing little turtledoves' and went away unnoticed. Just then I decided to seek out the homeless oldster. It wasn't hard, because he was at the same place as when I have first met him. I guided him to the same cafe, fed him, bought something to eat for him and packed it to a bag. When I decided not to bother him with my problems he asked me about them, like some mentalist. “What's bothering you, my child? I may be blind, but I feel that something lies heavy on you. You can tell me everything, just be sure that I can take your secrets to the grave or reveal them only if you want.” So I told him about my relationship problems, not mentioning the fact connected with him. Oldster, however showed his great intelligence and understanding. He said: “Love is a great gift, you have to fight for it to not lose it accidentally in a train of life like some valuable purse.” We left in silence, but as a goodbye he just said: “If he loved, you just didn't notice the right moment. Go to him and let the force be with you!”

Dearest Diary!

Monday, May 22nd 2000

Tony (the homeless oldster) was right! Robert was seduced by Rose, but in fact she was insisting on meeting with him and he just agreed politely, out of courtesy. “Thanks, oldster”, I thought to myself and decided it's a high time to tell Robert about my observations and convince him to meet my 'heart adviser'. He agreed with no resistance. When we got there, Robert gave the oldster warm welcome and, suddenly, I saw tears dropping from his eyes as if he has found something he had lost from his train of life. Then, the oldster with his voice breaking said: “Dear Robert, do you remember your grandpa?” My beloved replied affirmatively and then added: “I know how much he has sacrificed for us, even with his sight. However once he has simply left and didn't came back. I miss him so much! But what it's supposed to do with you? Are you...?” Then we all already knew... Our relationship after all this just got stronger and Robert finally got back his beloved grandpa. Now, my dear diary, I have to limit my writing here as I have to prepare for my matura exam.