***8th July 2010, Thursday***

 About two weeks ago some people moved into the house across the road. I haven't had a chance to meet and talk to them yet, but I sometimes watch them looking out of my bedroom window. There's a boy... I don't want to be impolite and I don't know him, but it seems to me that he isn't all there... His parents leave for work early in the morning, they come back in the evening and he always stays inside. All day long. And when everybody falls asleep, he goes outside then - he spends the time in front of the house. He looks up at the sky, that's all what he does. He doesn't seem to be a very talkative and sociable person. In my opinion, after these painstaking observations, he's the shiest and the most introverted person I've ever met.

 However, there's something interesting about what he keeps doing. I can't help watching him... It's so fascinating.

 Now it's almost midnight and he's still lying on the driveway in front of his house. I'm sitting on the windowsill in my room and watching him, as usually. His hands are placed under his head. He's looking at the clear, dark sky dotted with thousands of golden stars. He always looks the same. He even wears the same black T-shirt every time I see him.

 I went to the nearby supermarket today. I saw him there. I had never seen him in any public places before. He seemed to be very pensive and a little bit nervous, I guess. He paid the shop assistant, took the shopping and left, without saying anything. I have to admit that even so lost in his thoughts he looked very attractive.

 Now he's changing his position and standing up. I think it's enough for tonight. He entered his house. OK, I'm going to bed.

***9th July 2010, Friday***

 I was curious... What was so interesting about the stars? He watches them with such emotions and he seems to be very intent. I just wanted to try.

 I went to the patio tonight. I'd decided not to watch the sky through my bedroom window. I took my laptop, just in case I would need to check something out on the Internet, and *Guide to the Stars, Planets and Galaxies.*That's the book which I got from my aunt last Christmas.

 I spent over three hours outside. I loved it. It was an amazing experience. The stars were really beautiful! I think I can understand him now.

***10th July 2010, Saturday***

 I don't know what happened today (maybe I ate something or it's the fault of the sun), but I made a decision and visited him. I've just come back...

 It was about 10 p.m. when I left. My parents aren't at home this weekend so there was no one to hamper me. I was stressed out and at one moment I thought I would come back. But I'm not a coward!

 He was lying as usually. I approached him very slowly. I'd never felt like this before; it was something new, amazing and pleasurable but, at the same time, it was a real can of worms.

 I greeted him quietly and took a step towards him. He stared at me and only shrugged his shoulders when I asked if I could join him.

 OK, it was definitely odd. I'd imagined this situation a few times... Well, in any of my versions I wasn't ignored. I didn't know what to do. Now I don't know what to think about it...

 Finally, I sat next to him and after a couple of minutes I laid down. The sky with him is much better and more beautiful. He didn't say a thing during these two hours that I spent at his driveway, but it didn't bother me. It was a beautiful, silent time...

 And I felt something. I don't even know his name and I haven't spoken to him, but I feel like I've known him for ages. I don't know how to explain it.

***22nd July 2010***, ***Thursday***

 I found a letter. It was lying on the doorstep when we came back home. (Well, I spent the last ten days with my parents by the lake.) There was only my name written on the envelope which was quite strange.

 I read it with curiosity. It was from my New Neighbour, seriously. I visited him again next night after our first meeting. It was better. It seemed to me that he'd prepared for this meeting. Again, he didn't speak, but I introduced myself and from time to time I said something. He was smiling.

 I'm so happy! This letter's made my day. Actually, he didn't write much. He gave me his name, wrote a few sentences about the stars (he loves them) and there was something that made me think that he liked me. At the bottom of the paper there were some numbers written... His phone number.

***29th July 2010, Thursday***

 It's my birthday today! I'm so happy!

 I'm not organizing a big party, I only want to see and spend some time with my friends. We're meeting on Saturday.

 Since last Thursday I've been texting my new friend. I think, I can call him so. Our relationship is quite unusal but I get on well with him. We only text but we've got a lot in common and I like talking to him, though. And I've invited him to come this afternoon...

 When my parents left home (they went shopping), I heard the doorbell ringing. I hadn't expected that he'd come but... IT WAS HIM - MY NEIGHBOUR. I was so surprised, stunned and delighted at the same time. I wasn't prepared! But he was... Quite hesitantly he showed me a piece of paper on which there was carefully written that he'd explain everything to me soon and that I could ask questions later. I was really confused. I imagine the look of my face at that moment! Then he gave me another piece of paper on which it was said that I'd probably turn away from him as soon as he told (wrote) me something about himself. I was completely flabbergasted. I don't exactly remember in what way we ended up in the living room on the sofa but then we were talking there.

 It took us some time. I talked to him, he wrote the answers - his story.

 His parents died in a car accident when he was ten. He lost his parents and his voice. Permanently. He couldn't say anything anymore.

 Life's cruel. I was too stunned at that moment to feel anything but now, writing it down, I want to cry. I want to cry because life's unfair. He lost people he loved, people who loved him. It's unimaginable for me. He often had to move from place to place and he hasn't had friends because of that. People were merciless againts him. But against all odds and all unpleasantness, he's doing well, he accepts his otherness. I know it's hard. He's really strong. He experienced so much pain. He couldn't live like an ordinary person - with new, adoptive parents and without voice. But it only makes him more... beautiful. Yes, he's beautiful.

 We spent together the whole afternoon and the evening. He had thought that his real face would make me stop liking him. Nothing could be further from the truth! I think that nothing can make me turn away from him. It's impossible. But he's such a good person. I don't deserve a friend like him and I don't know why he trusted me and told me about the most painful aspect of his life, but I feel now that I can be a better person. He changed me. I'll be better for him.

***10th August 2010, Thursday***

 I think he's got some problems. Something is bothering him. He doesn't tell me everything, I guess.

 Yes, we're friends and we've got a very good relationship but there's something wrong. I don't know what, it's just a hunch.

 Maybe I should talk to him.

***15th September 2010, Wednesday***

 He's leaving. This can't be true. My life is being ruined. I feel... empty inside.

 I can't sleep. It's about 2 a.m. I want to scream. I'm so sad, angry, tired...

 I've sat on the windowsill. He's not sleeping too. I see the light in his room... He's looking at me and, I think, he's smiling. A wonderful view. He looks really nice in his checked shirt.

 I don't get it. I thought he liked me. We've just talked to each other, everything was fine. But then he said he was moving out. How is it even possible? He can't go. I don't allow him to! We are friends... Or we were friends. I thought... It seemed to me... NO, I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I DON'T AGREE WITH THAT!

***23rd September 2010, Thursday***

 He left. Now he's on his way to his new house. I don't even know where... I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY!

 We talked today. He said - actually wrote - a lot of words without sense in his pathetic little notebook. He said that I was the best thing in his life, that he would never forget me... There were much more sentences but I didn't bother reading them. I didn't want to. I've been feeling horrible for the last few days and I don't remember much of our farewell. I'm not sure about that but I think he kissed me... But it doesn't matter! He's not here anymore.

I'm crying.

Still crying.

Don't have any strength to cry.

***24th June 2011***, ***Friday***

 I'm starting a new life.

 I've moved on. Now I have my own flat, I have a job. I spend a lot of time with my friends. Dad's so proud of me. Mum's going to visit me every weekend. It's going to be a nice life. I think... I'm really happy now.

 I haven't looked at the stars for almost nine months.

***10th July 2011, Sunday***

 I saw Him.

 He was in a café.

 It was Him, I felt it. My heart, stomach and skin... It had to be Him.