Book of thoughts: Entry

2017.11.01. Wednesday

Open your eyes. You can do it. Get out of your bed. You can do it.

Oh, of course I can do it. But for what reason? For what reason do I have to get up every morning? Of course, there can be a lot of purposes. You can, for example, wake up every day to go to school. And when you finish school, you do it to go to work. And after that, you wake up just because you have nothing better to do. That’s what life is, but you know what? You need to accept it. Get up.

So I get up. I go to the kitchen. I don’t look around, I don’t have any force to do it. Depression? No way, just low blood pressure. I can’t even do a simple sit up or a jumping jack in the morning.

Every sunrise, the first thing I hear is my cat’s loud meowing and her desperate attempts to jump onto my knees just to be petted. It may seem cute. For me, not at all. Literally, this animal drives me mad day by day. But hey, I still love her. I also love mum, I also love sunny mornings, when the sun breaks into my room through the blinds and I wake up hoping that it is 8 a.m. and my day will be productive. But it is always about 11 a.m. and all I do during the whole day is grocery shopping. I try to follow my what-to-do list, which I always make up in my head. I hardly ever manage to complete it, but it’s OK. Saturdays like this are nice anyway.

But it is Thursday today. I move on to the next step in my morning routine, which is standing in front of the closet for five minutes, pretending that I plan what to wear. To tell the truth, I only just pretend, I rather think about how to plan a trip to Paris, or how it would be to breed horses deep in the mountains. And, eventually, I put on a big sweater and loose trousers. Perfect.

Right now I am washing my face, I almost never brush my hair, because it’s easier that way and at least it doesn’t fall out that much. Mum walks out of the house to drive the car out of the garage. I will spend those two precious minutes brushing my teeth. If I ponder too much while doing that, mum will use the doorbell to rush me. Then, I throw the jacket on, I grab my backpack, and put on my shoes without tying them up. I am going to do it in the car.

I’m always going to do everything in the car. I’m going to study for a test, I am going to brush my hair (sometimes I have to). It is a one big lie. I never end up doing those things. But it doesn’t matter. The car drive is definitely one of the highlights of my day anyway. I always have time to imagine myself in the dark, big glasses, eating a croissant in one of those lovely Paris cafes. Or stroking my magnificent white horse in a beautiful mountain valley. Being in the car is the best time to dream. No one is bothering you because they are either focused on the road or tired.

The quickness of classes time depends on how many cups of coffee I drink for breakfast. The more I drink, the faster the time flies. On one hand, I would say that I do not like lessons, just like almost every casual teenager would. But I think I’m just trying to make myself hate school. But honestly, I love a little rivalry, having a what-to-do list, achieving good grades like trophies, showing media presentations, because of which I have to pull an all-nighter in order to meet the deadline. I love it when during the History lesson finally something that happened one hundred years ago starts to interest me! Who would have thought that the First World War would thrill me so much! If not school, 80 percent out of us would idly spend their time playing computer games or watching TV. This place creates a small society and makes us the people that we are. I would even say that it somehow gives our teenage lives a meaning.

Going back home can be fantastic or tragic. Because, for example, there could be a day, when I have a bus ticket already bought and be on the bus with a company of a group of funny, loud people. And then I could walk the last distance of my trip on foot. This is one of my favourite things. I have my earphones in, I go straight ahead, cars are passing me by. The city is alive, and I am being an observer. I try to imagine where the urbanites are going, did they have a happy childhood, do they admire their work and if life is treating them good or bad today? But then, there could be a day when I forget my ticket, I travel with some boring person, or even worse, an old “friend” from your old school randomly met on a crowded bus. And I go straight home, where my whole family awaits me and dinner is ready. I really don’t like that. I like it when I walk inside a house and there is no single human being that could disturb my existence. I sit down in silence and I think about what I really should do right now. And I do it. I really do it. I clean the whole house up. I do my homework which is due next week, I go for a walk and watch ONLY one episode of TV series. It’s silly, but I love getting into a rut, I love doing, what I have planned before.

But today, I came back home and everybody was already here. So it means I won’t be productive today. It can’t be helped.

I ate dinner, as usual five times what I should eat. Even though I will not gain ten pounds, I am a little upset that I can’t control myself. Food is one of my best friends, I eat on every occasion. I am sad-I eat. I am happy-I eat. After my feast, I’ll lay in my bed listening to some songs, the lyrics of which I will be able to declaim like a poem tomorrow. It is one of my little talents. Give me any song, after listening to it a few times, I already can sing it. I have a lot of those little useless talents. I can twist my lips in a very weird way, I can move my ears, find perfect lookalikes for many people I meet, improvise a speech, or make a great first impression. And on useless days like this one I like to think about all my little talents ant try to find a use for them.(I never succeed)

When I stop listening, I usually fall asleep, I don’t have the power to do anything when I sometimes (always) go to sleep at 2 a.m. AND I HATE NAPS. I wake from a two hour nap and I hate myself for wasting two precious hours from my day. I can never accept the fact that I wouldn’t do anything interesting anyway. I used to do cool stuff. I used to have much more friends and enemies, my phone was making chat notifications all the time and all I did was hanging around the town without any reason or, which was the best of all, I used to do stuff that I regretted. But right now, the whole universe wants me to go to a great new school so I wouldn’t miss the opportunities that life gave me. I don’t protest and argue, so my days are filled with writing essays and making presentations. Sometimes I manage to meet my friends at the weekend, but I don’t have any motivation to do it, my mind is mainly focused on studying. Oh, and wondering what I would do if the nuclear war started, and making conversations with handsome actors that I would play romantic roles with in big Hollywood productions. Everything depends on my mood.

I hope it will all change after my exams. I’ll get out of the city for a couple of days, then again, and then hopefully once more. It will be warm outside. Everything changes with a fresh blow of spring. And life will be all good again, or even better. So I don’t worry about this moment of loneliness because in my opinion it is useful.

That’s how it is when you are fifteen. Your mind and imagination are in twelve different places at once. But it is really cool and interesting.

So when I stop regretting the not-so-well-spent time, which I wasted for sleeping, I decide that doing homework can wait till ten o’clock, and in the meantime I watch Youtube. God, I worship Youtube, especially vlog channels. It is a more interactive and entertaining form of a diary. Maybe one day, I will start one myself. I promise, it would be awesome.( I hope so). When I finally start doing my homework, I will not rest till I finish it, there is no force that can stop me. And when it is finished, I feel fulfilled. That is when the funny part of my day starts. Every single night all my actions are repetitive. While taking a shower, I follow always the same steps. Then I change into my pyjamas and tie my hair. I drink one glass of water mixed with barley grass, I take a pill of horsetail and vitamin C. Then I head to the house door and lock it in a very specific way so it makes a peculiar sound. I pack my rucksack. There is no way I can go to sleep without doing that. Right now I light up all fairy lights in my room and I devote myself to some useless action. For example searching the browser looking for the most unnecessary information in the Internet. Or I’ll sometimes read a book. And then I think, think and think. Dreams and thoughts coming through my head. Thanks to them I can understand that today wasn’t even close to being perfect. But damn. It is okay, it is really okay. Nothing will ever be perfect. And that is what makes life such a fun adventure.