*June 22, 1997*

*Dear friend,*

*I’m writing to you because I’ve heard somewhere that it’s much easier when you write down all the things that concern you. Even so, I also need to know that there is someone that listens and doesn’t judge me by the way I look or my clumsy way of daily existence. Doing so, you can’t judge “a book by its cover”, you can fully focus on the inside. Maybe it’s also a reason why I haven’t spoken with people who know me well. So here I am, finding your mailing address and trying to capture myself on paper. You may think, what a weird kid sends letters to an unknown person without enclosing a return address. But I need you to know that I truly mean no harm and my intentions are pure. Opening up to someone new, or even more important opening up to myself is something I want to achieve and what I temporarily consider as a helpful method of dealing with several issues.*

*So now, maybe I’ll outline the “issues” I’m talking about. It’s not a story of a poor child who has no social life and terrible illness or any traumatic experience is a thing he needs to face. I’m an average teen, who is scared that he won’t fit in, who can’t find his lifetime goals and who must make up his mind about his future very soon. It’s such a cliché, isn’t it? There are plenty of kids out there who are in a similar position. I don’t expect to find friendship in custody and have fun like in The Breakfast Club. John Keating standing on the desk won’t be my inspiration which contributes me to find the point of living. We’re just being fed with all these amazing stories about ordinary people whose life’s changed in one moment due to something extraordinary.*

*And I’m really anxious, do those perfect punch lines happen in life? I’d just love to have a little bit of adventure, meaningful aims, something I could hold to and what would make my everyday existence a bit more entertaining and amiable. Just once, I want my life to be like these kinds of movies, preferably one with awesome soundtrack numbers for no apparent reason.*

*Anyway, I truly can’t think of anything worse than growing old. It seems like this convenient period, the only one I can find my feet it, is getting to an end and it scares me. I concern whether I’ll find myself in these new situations. Most people go through their whole lives not knowing what they want and I just refuse to be like some of them.*

*But here’s the thing about life, right? It doesn’t stop for anybody and you need to keep up.*

*Well, it’s enough of my overwhelming thought for one letter. I’ve got to get up early tomorrow. It’s the last week at my school and somehow I’ll try my best to enjoy it.*

*With love,*

 *David*

*July 01, 1997*

*Dear friend,*

*It’s 2 a.m. and I just came back home. Maybe I shouldn’t write to you when I cannot fully focus on things I’d like to tell you about, a lot important things that have happened this week – both sad and happy ones. Firstly, I’ve graduated from my school and honestly it felt bad. It’s that one depressing feeling you get when you feel like something essential ends. Your throat gets really choky, your stomach shrinks nervously and your heart is filled with sadness and regret.*

*Despite the fact that one of the biggest parts of our lives came to an end, I could see happiness on people`s faces even when they were covered by tears. Maybe they are ready to move on, a reasonable plan about the future is something they’ve got at their fingertips.*

*So after the graduating ceremony I went with my few friends to a local bar. We didn’t stay there for long. The main point of this meeting was to decide how we were going to celebrate our high results of final exams and graduation. And today I’ll tell you about that decision and its consequences.*

*While drinking ginger beer and enjoying delicious yeast-cake with strawberries we made up our minds – three days of camping in the place that locals call “Hell”. Three days of not worrying about past, future, decisions which are to be made and this whole drama. Three days of making fun and being reckless. None of us had ever been there before but we had a map, a little bit improved by my older brother who used to drive there with his pales in his high-school days.*

*So we got underway on Sunday morning by Sydney’s dad jeep. The weather was great, the warm sun’s flames were heating our, full of excitement, faces. “Hell” is located 43km away from our little city of which 13km can be crossed only on foot. While driving to our destination all five of us were simply talking, singing and goofing around. That one drive with four people who I have known since kindergarten, hitting together to the unknown place.*

*And I swear, in that moment I needed nothing else. I felt like I had it all, I was happy. Here’s one other thing you should know, I think friendship is the best bond that can connect people.*

*And I was lucky enough to have these four silly human beings in my life. But sometimes people change, they just end up having nothing to say to each other, even if they had been best friends before. I truly hope this won’t happen to us.*

 *Anyway, it was about 3 p.m. when we got to the right place. It’s another thing I don’t know how to describe. I knew that “Hell” is called like that due to its low-lying location, but this view reminded me more of a real Utopia. Everything was covered with soft green grass, all these intensive colors of trees, flowers, stunning songs performed by various birds and soothing noise of crystal clear water.*

*We put up the camp and our whole equipment in one hour and then went swimming. When it was getting dark we sat down and made a little campfire to warm our wet bodies. We were talking, laughing and enjoying the moment for next two days. The entire trip I was experiencing the real meaning of happiness and these few days will always be considered by me as the happiest memories in my lifetime. I don’t want to speak about the details. I want you to know that deep down I’m scared of losing them, and now basically each of them is leaving to different places.*

*We still have like 2 months of being together but it’s hard to stay positive when you know another stable part of your life is going to be demolished. Especially now, when it’s 2.18 a.m. and I can still feel the influence of alcohol going through my veins.*

*With love,*

 *David*

*July 24, 1997*

*Dear friend,*

*I’m sorry I haven’t written for a while. I cannot tell I’ve been busy because this would be a lie.*

*I found a summer job but it’s not really time-consuming. I felt a little bit embarrassed after my last letter but it’s not the main reason either. I did a lot of thinking, even though, I can’t tell you I have suddenly found my life goals. However, I made some important decisions.*

*Here is one: I’m taking a gap year. My parents weren’t happy when I told them about this idea but surprisingly they didn’t make a big problem out of it. I still need to decide what I’m going to do in my gap year. I was thinking of some volunteer work abroad. I’ve seen some interesting offers in the Internet and I think this small adventure could be the best.*

*Hanging out with my friends is now a daily thing. We all want to have as much contact as we can. I’m still anxious about our parting to different places but I’m trying to be of a good cheer.*

*They are and still will be definitely one of the best part of my life, no matter how far they will go.*

 *Remember when I was complaining about my life being not as exciting as a plot from a high-rated movie? Well, my life has its great moments sometimes but I can still make it better, or try to and that’s what I’m going to do. After all, nothing’s going to happen to me that hasn’t happened to millions of people. I guess it’s okay to think like that. If they could make it, I can do it, too, maybe one day I’ll find myself. Maybe we are who we are for a lot of reasons that we will never know and we don’t really see ourselves the way we truly are and maybe we never will be. And here’s another thing I have realized – regret won’t get us anywhere. Some doors close, some doors open. We have to appreciate the good and accept the bad and then attempt to make something evil good. It’s another cliché, right? But life’s a kind of a cliché. And no matter what, we have to embrace it. The truth is, I don’t know what’s going to happen, it’s scary indeed, but it can be splendid as well.*

*So hopefully, I’ll step into an adult life with good attitude. I have read somewhere that “Being happy doesn’t mean that everything is perfect. It means that you’ve decided to look beyond the imperfections” and I couldn’t agree more. I’ll do my best to look beyond these deficiencies and try to fix some of them. So, I have a deadly serious message - adulthood better watch out because here I come!*

*At this point, I also want to thank you for giving me awareness that someone listens, that I could write down my thoughts and share them with you. I’ll write to you soon and let you know what is going on in my life.*

*With love,*

 *David*