DAY BY DAY

24TH JANURARY 2017

Finally. Winter break! After three weeks of going to the most boring and hated place in the whole world I was given two beautiful, completely free of school and tedious classes weeks.

Of course, I’d knew that I wasn’t that completely free, but I’ve decided not to think about that in this way. I had a lot to do – memorise fragment of prose for Polish classes, read “Crime and Punishment’ by Dostoyevsky, study for philosophy contest. Moreover, there is always a lot of work around a household. I’m pretty pedantic and cleaning helps me to focus, but when my only wish was just to lay on the floor, coz my mind and will to live said “dunno, gurl, bye!” I was not that content with this situation. Although, did it stop me? No, I was pouring into my poor body hectoliters of coffee to get my stuff done.

Did I get them done?

That’s the point and another story.

Being a writer, novelist to be more precisely, really, really gives you a hard time. Or rather, it gives you no time. Like – okay, I have school. But I also have to sends scripts, talk to my editor and publishing house! I have some work to do and still teachers think it’s like your hobby and it’s not. It’s my job. Being a writer is a full time job, but you are also a full time student. I wake up at 6 am. I am back home at 3 pm. I have to do my homework, study, clean, work out! And no, where is your mind at?

At the beautiful party called ‘THINKING ‘BOUT YOUR CHARACTERS ALL THE TIME’.

So, when you are at school and you are like ‘gosh I wish I could write now’, but you can’t, it frustrates you. And when you actually at home, all tired, you pour another coffee into that poor body of yours and you craves to write the hell out of that imagination and story, but oh no! You should go to sleep.

However, between me and you – you don’t go to sleep. So you just sleep around 4 hours then another day starts. Then you again wake up at 6 am, go to school, somebody says you look like you lost your will to live and you just reply : ‘coz I did, pal’.

So, now you know why I craved that two weeks of winter break.

First days of it were industrious. I actually can only remember the pages of my philosophy book and laughing over “abduction” term from pragmatism. Now, I am not sure why I found it so funny, but yeah, it’s philosophy, isn’t it? I know I know nothing, that’s even Socrates was saying. I wish my teachers from school could accept that answer when they ask me about my homework, but nah, the world’s cruel.

I also really wanted to finish my last book, but writing with your brain on holidays is like driving a car without steering wheel. Or without engine. Or casing. Or just driving a car when you don’t own a car. Maybe that’s an answer why I found the term abduction so funny. Or I just lack of sense of humour.

So, I lived through the weekend. On Monday, coz like yeah, my mind’s on holiday, I went completely crazy and decided, ‘why not start learning Hungarian?’. One of my characters from my upcoming novel was half-English and half-Hungarian , so I thought that learning it, at least the basics, would help me understand him better.

Maybe it’s just my problem, but sorry, I don’t know how and why, but I tried to learn the basics. I think that I even did well. Like two days into Hungarian and I could read it like well. I understood it. But why I could only remember the words like ‘bloody hell”, ‘sorry’, ‘go’ and ‘beer’?

The mysteries of the universe are unsolved. The way my mind works also.

So, in that way I spend the first three days of my winter break.

Then the Tuesday came.

I again woke up at 6 am. Why that early, you would ask. Because… I had a rehearsal. For my play. Where I also played one of characters, the play I have written the script for and I was co-directing. When artists say you sacrifice for the art, it’s really true.

Like I sacrifice my sleep and will to live for the art. Please, appreciate that. Really.

So, I’m at school at 8 am. Then it turns out the one guy is not there. And he won’t be. I am mad. My co-director is mad. Other actors are mad. We are all mad.

Believe me, having a rehearsal when one person is absent is like driving a car without steering wheel. Or engine…

Wait, I already wrote that. Golly! So, you get what I mean. It’s hard. Really.

So, after a 2 hours rehearsal I was back at home. I again got my daily lesson of Hungarian (fun fact: the sz is pronounced as a s, and s as a sh, but shhh! *Bocs!* Sorry – back to English!) and then I thought yeah, finally!

WRITING TIMEEEE.

I like to keep my desk clear and plain, coz it helps me to focus and write, but today I just couldn’t do that. I began to move things, re-organise them and oh no.

An hour later I was cleaning my desk.

You know, actually cleaning is not that bad. You can find a lot of lost things. I found a camera card of which losing I was accused by my brother and now it’s back. So I was cleaning my desk, I beautifully placed my small cactuses, an aloes and then I wanted to tidy my shelves.

There is one thing you should know about me. I like easy, calm life. I have my books, they give me entertainment. But I was sitting on the floor and then ka-boom!

I noticed some silver on my carpet.

Oh my goodness.

Some silver, argentine… boules.

And next to it, a thermometer.

My first thought was: how? Then: what? And then I was like: NO WAY.

I had MERCURY ON MY FLOOR.

I like calm life. And having mercury on my floor was not making me any calmer.

I know that mercury thermometers shouldn’t be used, but when I was young and free my mom was using them. And we had them and one of them in some way just happened to miraculously land in my shelf.

What the person of my age did in that situation.

I asked uncle Google what I am supposed to do when mercury thermometer breaks. Uncle Google said what I am supposed to do.

And of course I did it.

I knew for some time that the Greek name for mercury was ‘liquid, living silver’ and it was used by hat makers in 19th century and that’s why they was called ‘mad’. Coz they had mercury poising. And the possibility of becoming The Mad Hatter didn’t appeal to me. So in some way I had picked the whole mercury harvest I had on my floor to a jar. Maybe I looked collect but inside I was like

*I’m gonna die.*

My mom was out for like an hour, but she actually had came back and went to my room. I never lie to my mom, so I just said I have mercury on my floor. She was even more collected than me. In the jar I picked the nice collection of that small silver boules, which assembles to one even big one. Then we just pour cold water there.

The worse thing was that my mom just started to play with it. She had said that as a kid she always liked to watch mercury and I just didn’t feel well.

Note: tomorrow I’m gonna take that to the pharmacy. They know what to do with that.

Okay, I know how to entertain myself. If I really woke up with thinking I’m gonna write today, after this I was so tired that I couldn’t do anything, just saying words word, which don’t look well printed. In Polish, English, German and Hungarian. Now I just only imagine that if somebody asks me what I was doing during my winter break I will have a flashbacks of picking mercury.

And this is not a heartwarming memory. It’s a terrible memory. Like, I think I need to go and hug my mom.

In that way, I think I will just go and hug my mom and then again, drink some coffee and write. Being a writer is giving you a hard time. But I never thought I will have to face a day like this.