

Thursday 1.12.2016

I walked out the building because I wanted to be alone for a while. I needed to lay my thoughts and decide what's the best way to solve my problem. I entered the garden which was behind the building and stood next to the wooden fence with rambling rose on it. It was autumn so most of the trees reminded naked, and the leaves on the ground looked like lava when sun's rays met them. But then suddenly night became and it started to rain. I wanted to go back to the building but I saw Her standing in the pouring rain, looking straight in the stormy sky, with a rose in her hand. I was in two minds then, but eventually I chose to go and talk to her. I stood in front of her but She was still looking in the sky. I touched her chin and said "My Dear" and then She looked at me sadly. "Please my Dear, look in my eyes because I'm too afraid to say what's in my heart and I hope that you are going to see it in my look." When She heard it, her eyes changed from the most beautiful blue eyes I've ever seen to dead, whole white balls. In the same moment I felt warm liquid streamed down my chest, and saw a bald man turning up from behind my back. She looked at him and gave him rose held by her the whole time. This rose melted and changed into red fluid. I knew it was my blood. Then leaves below me widened and I started to fall into black abyss hearing her scream "Coward".

I woke up. Like everyday I do. But I hope that one day I won't. To die while you sleep is the most dignified way of death, I think. There's nothing glorious in death caused by drunk driver or cancer. In fact, it's just bad luck. Sorry for the sad thoughts at the beginning but let's not cheat ourselves. Our world is overall sad and only moments of happiness made most of people not regret being born.

Today is the first day of my diary writing. Why did I decide to do this? Because I think that some of my thoughts are quite valuable and I hope that one day someone would find this and think "That's actually pretty smart". I also want to be admired. I know I'm arrogant but only in my minds. My friends find me friendly and funny. They can, of course, pretend to like me but I know they don't. How? I know everything I want to know. Human's mentality is considered as one of the most complicated things in nature. But not for me. People, since they lived in caves, didn't change much. It's obvious for us that making our life harder is worthless so we try to live lives as easy as possible. We learnt to think in some kinds of drafts and the most primitive ones aren't much different from animals' way of thinking. I myself didn't know anybody who was out of those drafts, until I met Her.

My biggest hobby is searching information of other people I'm interested in. Weird, isn't it? For me it's like solving puzzle but there are no pieces and you have to find them by yourself. You can also do it forever because you'll never find all pieces.

The most obvious source is the Internet of course. It's like very deep well. People don't even know how much signs they left there and how easy it is to find them. The only thing is that you have to know how and where to search them. The other source nowhere near as deep (because it's deep infinity) as Internet are information got from other people. And that's why knowing peoples' way of thinking is so important to me. But the truth is that I never learnt to do it. I just feel it and know it. And I have no idea how does it work. So being nice to other people is one but the success of conversation and getting the information that you wanted is much more important. The art is when you can do it efficiently and politely.

I always feel like I'm the hunter. Asking questions is like hiding in bushes- one bad move and you will say goodbye to all the things you wanted to hear. But when you are as experienced as I am you will lead your victim straight into trap. I don't know if they trust me so much or they're so naïve.

So now you can call me stalker, but I don't like to call myself like I'm someone everyone can be. Probably every teenager who's secretly in love is stalker but I'm not like these amateurs. I'm better. I'm The Researcher.

I remember the day I met Her. At that time I had hopes and ambitions to be someone big. I had just started new chapter in my life so I was excited like I had never before. I wanted to be the best and I had all the things needed to be the best. It was love since the first look, but it happens quite often to me and then I always realize that person I'm crushed in is just as everyone. But not then. I remember that I spent maybe one hour with Her and I knew that She is different than everyone. All the things I knew about mentality were useless because she thought in her own way. At first I thought that She's just moody- it often happens to women, I know it quite well. But then I found out that she didn't fit to any of the drafts I knew and She is the one and only, the person who had never existed before. The worst thing was that I had to choose between being the best and trying to solve another and the hardest puzzle ever. It was the choose between glory and true love.

So my friends think that I'm friendly, funny person, but they also think that I'm really self-confident and outgoing. And it was true. It was... I've never been so unable to say anything in someone's presence; I've never been so shy. She was so charming to me but most of other people knowing her started to hate her, because she was different. I was the only one to understand why but I was unable to do anything with it.

Now I have a lot of pieces of her life story. And that's the probably the saddest story I've ever known, and she has no idea that I know it. Again the Internet was useful in this case even more than people, because they don't care about Her. But even though She is quite closed, some things I heard from her. Sometimes I spend hours watching Her house on Google Maps and thinking what She was doing at that moment. Once I even wanted to take a bus and go there but I was too afraid to meet her. Also I often imagine asking her to go with me on a date. And if she wasn't herself I would do it all with no thinking twice.

I spent a lot of time with Her, but mostly she talked to me and I just heard and looked, I felt like I'm paralyzed, and now I'm sure that I love Her. But She's still so indifferent to me. And that's the worst thing that could happen. In fact, it would be better if She was a bitch, because it wouldn't hurt so much. But the truth is that maybe it's the way she thinking, and maybe I still didn't get used to the fact that I can't predict Her behavior.

Friday 2.12.2016

I saw Her this morning. She was talking to Her boss- another one fool who doesn't see the difference between being human and being an animal. Huh... What a classic... I hate that guy, he's not even deserving to talk to Her. I didn't feel angry in fact. Disappointed for sure, but not angry.

I also met some new people, which means- new sources. We had to work together so I had enough time to catch them in my "trap". And now I regret it.

They started talking about their boss ("that" boss). They really seemed to like him, but then one of the guys said that he was like stereotypical boss and he had an affair with one of his workers. And then he pointed at Her and said that some people saw them together in the mall. That was the moment when my world crashed. I did all I could not to cry. I excused myself and just went home.

It was midday and I was drunk as hell. It's weird but sometimes being drunk helps me think sober. I cried a lot but I knew that it was the time to clear all the mess in my head and in my minds. The only one way to get out of this situation and not commit suicide like Goethe's Werther was to tell Her all the truth. It was suicide itself but it was NO other way.

Saturday 3.12.2016

I walked out of the building. She was standing and watching roses in the garden. It was easy to see them. Red roses on white background of snow. The bald man was with Her, he was sitting on the ground next to Her. This time I was prepared. I put silver Desert Eagle out of my pocket and with any doubt shot him in head. His blood was black, but maybe it was just his soul fleeing from the hole in his head. She stood indifferent and sing The Cure's "Lovesong" and I started to fall in pure, white abyss.

Now I don't know if I'm going to wake up tomorrow and I don't know if I want to.