21.05.2016

- Eva, start recording everything I'm going to say and then save it in the ,,Diary" folder.

- Understood.

- Do you know what is the best thing about being blind? Don't answer.

When you run into somebody, step on somebody or douse somebody with hot coffee, he or she even can't shout ,,watch out". Because you never watch anything.

And do you know what is the best part about knowing other people’s date of death?

Absolutely nothing.

Only my mother knows about my ,,gift", but sometimes I have a feeling, that she'd really like to tell about it the whole world. Well, I'm sure that in catolic church, it would be like at, least, revelation.

I think you're wondering how do I get to know these dates, if I cannot see a person. The answer is suprisingly simple: the touch. That's why I never shake hand, never hug, never lean against somebody. When I get to know this secret day, people feel. At least my mother says so. When she hugged me for the first time, she had an impression like I peeked into her soul. And maybe that's true; maybe every soul has its expiration day, and when it passes, the soul dissapears from this world.

Aren't you surprised, that I'm telling you all of it, even though you're a machine? I'm wondering about it too. I think it's all about my ego - I'd like to know, that someday, someone, will know, that I lived. That in this world has exsisted someone like me.

But you know, sixteen year old, but blind since eleventh birthday girl, should be on meeting with friends right now. And I would, if I had any. I've always been surprised, how big need of touch every human has. And that's why I'm some afraid of making friends. Of course, I could step back every time, someone would like to touch me, but what's the sense of it? They're going to look at me like I was a freak anyway.

As I've already mentioned, I wasn't blind since forever. Everything started from a sleeper illness, which appeared exactly two months before Easter. Firstly, I didn't see things from far away, then from closely, and then only silhouettes. When my birthday in December came, I was completly blind. But it wasn't a problem for my ,,gift". Every time, I barely skim another person, first the date appears in my head, and then the way - of old age, disease or drowning. I will never forget, when three years ago a little girl run into me and then I saw her mother, who was keeping her under the surface of water, until the girl stopped moving. I wanted to call her, but I didn't even know which way she run off. But, what was the point? Noone was going to believe me anyway.

You know, Eva, what the worst part is? That everything can change. Everything depends on, decisions you make, in which place you are. I think it works like trains and tracks. When a train driver chooses a good track, he arrives at a station without any obstacles. But when he chooses the wrong one, he can crush with another train. So everything depends on decision he's going to make.

So, the question is, why I never warn those peope. Due to this ability, I could save hundreds, if not thousands of lives. Again, the answer is really simple: I don't do this, because I'm not a God. I don't want to control somebody's life, make him or her live in a diffrent way just because of this one decision. What if they choose even worse? What if instead of calm death in sleep, they would be murdered?

25.05.2016

- Eva, start recording everything I'm going to say and then save it in ,,Diary" folder.

- Understood.

- Today I’ve had an argument with her. (Third in this week, but it doesn't matter.) Anyway, maybe the better word would be ,,confrontation". Because I sometimes wonder, if she loves me, or only my ,,gift". But maybe I'll start from the beginning. Today, like on every Sunday, we went to church. The priest was talking about Mary, how she was chosen by God to give birth to the Saviour. And that moment, she looked at me (I can feel it everywhere and every time) and whispered: ,,See? You are the chosen one too". Then I got up and shouted to the whole church:,,Mum, I don't believe this crap. You can't take me here just because I'm blind and have bad sense of direction."

I didn't have to see to know, that her face was getting alternately white and scarlet. So I took my stick and when I was almost at the door, I heard her shouting: ,,Shiloh, wait!". But she didn't run after me. She would never leave the mass before its ending, even if her only daughter was be dying.

27.05.2016

- Eva, start recording everything I'm going to say and then save it in ,,Diary" folder.

- Understood.

- Have I ever told you, where my name came from? Mother told me this story once. When she was pregnant with me, she read the Bible every night to, as she circumscribed, be more spiritually matured. One day, she came to the book of Joshua, when he ordered people to scatter and meet in Shiloh. And then I kicked her for the first time, just when she was reading that village's name. In Hebrew, ,,Shiloh" means ,,His gift". I've always envied all these Emmas, Marys and Olivias.

I hope you're not getting bored? Don't answer. You know, I don't have many people to talk to, and even I would have, they would be gone by this time. Maybe I'll surprise you, but I was very likeable once. It was exactly two years ago, I was walking to school for disabled children. Everyone had his or her own odd ways, so no-one was angry when I explained my little aversion to touch. I had even best friend, Adam, he was one year older than me. I was a little in love with him, because he was always showing me kindness and giving his cookies. Anyway, I remember when we were walking towards my house. For the first time from many weeks, I had been feeling really happy. And then he held my hand and immidietaly jumped back.

27.05.2016 - death in a place of an accident, which happend at crossway just 100m from our school. Ambulance was late.

I swear, I felt like my blood was running down from my face. You know, Eva, that was really something. For the first time in my life, I liked someone, and that person liked me too. And he was going to die just two days later. We were standing there for few minutes like two pillars of salt - he, because he didn't know what was going on, and me, because I knew that something was going to happen. I made the decission immidietaly. I told him everything.

First, he was surprised. Then he started laughing, because he thought that this was a joke. And than he got so angry with me, because he started to have some doubts. People always get angry with things, they don't undestand. He was shouting at me, asking why I hadn't checked it earlier - maybe he could prepare himself. He run away just before I opened my mouth.

I've never heard of him again.

7.06.2016

- Eva, start recording everything I'm going to say and then save it in ,,Diary" folder.

- Understood.

- You know that for all these years, my mother had never asked me how she was going to die? It always has been a mystery for me, that she, such spiritual person, didn’t want to prepare herself. But she claimed, that she would only delay it. So maybe I'll tell you about it.

24.12.2021 - death because of lost of blood. When I heard her whispering ,,I love you", I shot three times in her chest.