1st of July (evening)  
Dear Diary,  
I’ve just made the decision. I must do it. Seeing all my friends driving their cars with smiles on their faces with this unconcealed confidence forces me to join driving lessons. When I close my eyes, I imagine myself in a vehicle being able to do the three-point turn without any problem. In fact, I wasn’t always interested in driving. The whole ‘car madness’ gave me a wide berth. It’s just the herd instinct. If all of my classmates talk only about their funny instructors and hilarious situations which happened to them on the road, I want to do the same! What do I expect from the course? Firstly, I want to be sure that I won’t kill anyone. Yes, that is definitely the most important thing. What’s more? Let me think… Oh! I dream of being a master of driving, but frankly speaking – it’s impossible. The problem isn’t connected with low self-esteem (I don’t know any of these two words). The thing is I’m the most stressed person in the world. And when I say this, I mean I worry about almost everything – when I was a child I couldn’t sleep after my mom read me ‘The little matchgirl’ because I was afraid of people’s apathy. Coming back to the main subject of my today’s reflection – I hope my driving won’t make the inhabitants of my town feel unsafe. I am having my first classes tomorrow. Wish me luck.  
C U, Alex.  
  
2nd of July  
Dear Diary,  
So, how to say it in a few words? My dream of being a great driver is still only a dream! When I was choosing my driving school, my boyfriend said: ‘Come on, pick Robert’s one. He is the most calm person I know. I’m sure he won’t be mad if you do something wrong’. I totally agree with this sentence. Only because he said ‘something’. The singular! I have made more mistakes than the worst student in school on a maths test. You may think it wasn’t so bad. Really? Have you ever had problem with setting the rear-view mirror? He was as disappointed at me as Taylor Swift when Kanye took her VMA Award and gave it to Beyonce. I’m sure now you can imagine. However, finally I started the engine and I have to say – I had never been so proud of myself. This little success motivated me not to give up and finish the course. Hope I’ll deal with it. So, again, wish me luck.  
Kisses, Alex.

26th of July  
Dear Diary,  
 It was my last drive before the exam. I’m so proud of my progress – now I can do the parallel parking even without looking on other cars. Ok, I hyperbolized a bit but in fact, my driving skills have really improved. I still remember the third lesson when I almost destroyed the huge lamp standing on the street. Yes’ as I said it in one of my previous posts – stress kills me totally. Coming back to main subject, I noticed a handsome man with an incredible tattoo on his right hand. I wanted to see what it presented. It was a huge, dotted, red tiger. You surely wonder how I had seen so many details. It won’t be a big surprise – I forgot I was driving and the car ran a little bit further. Luckily, the car was equipped in extra brakes and instructor stopped the vehicle in the right moment. If he hadn’t done it, I’m sure the lamp would be broken and I couldn’t see a man with the tiger tattoo anymore. I remember the feeling of simultaneous embarrassment, anger and depression. But as you may imagine, I didn’t give up. My teacher told me ‘Even Darth Vader hasn’t become an evil master immediately’. These words cheered me up and since that moment I have been driving just like Vin Diesel. My theory and practical exam will be on the same day – 7th August. I must admit, I’m quite afraid that I will forget all the knowledge I have and make a silly mistake which foil the positive result. The practical part? Easy peasy! For the time being, I will study a lot for the theory and make everything to pass them both. Wish me luck for the last time!  
Love, Alex.  
  
7th of August  
Dear Diary,  
You have to wish me luck for one more time. The big thing began an hour before my exam. My stomach started to hurt and my legs were doing this stressful-shivering dance. I was in panic! The SMS from my classmate with the message that our teacher finally checked our biology exams added fuel to the fire. When the clock showed five minutes to eleven I went to room in which we were supposed to have the theory exam. At eleven I started to solve the problems that appeared on the computer screen. I was done after four minutes. The hardest moment for me was to press the ‘Finish’ button. ‘Now or never’ I thought and the green notification came out to my eyes. 74 points on 74 total. Oh, Dear Yoda, I’ve finally done it! I was so happy that I found the practical exam not a big deal. ‘Let’s get it started’ said the examiner just after he introduced himself. Sure of the positive result I started driving as a master. And that was just the calm before the storm. ‘Turn left at that crossing’ he said. Piece of cake. I drove on and I noticed that other cars were going towards me. And that was the moment I understood – I drove in opposite direction. ‘Adios’ said my funny examiner when we parked the car. I didn’t feel like laughing at all. I yelled ‘Au revoir’ and paid for the next exam. 21st of August will be mine. Do I have to repeat myself?  
C U, Alex.

24th of September (evening)  
Dear Diary,  
Today was my third exam. I haven’t passed it. When I went into the waiting room, I felt so calm as if I reached the nirvana state. The weather was perfect even for the last cold days of this month. Sun was enlightening my face and I felt so wonderful. Not only was I sure of the positive result of the exam but in my imagination there appeared the beautiful picture of me holding a steering wheel and looking into rear-view mirror. When the examiner said my name to the microphone my first this was ‘That’s your moment girl, you can do it!’. ‘Rear-fog light and antifreeze liquid – that is what you have to show me’ – said my old, puckered and spiteful examiner. After I pointed them out he approved of it and let me go into the car. I have correctly done tasks on the training yard and just a while after I entered the traffic the machine suddenly stopped and Scrooge’s doppelganger told me about the end of our incredibly nice meeting. I was really close to say two cruel words to him but at last I finished at ordinary ‘Goodbye’ linked to a very honest and amiable smile. I wanted to wish him a meeting with these beneficent ghosts who would change his life for ever after. After this sad experience all I wanted to do was eat tones of chocolate and read ‘Oedipus rex’ to cheer up with the fact that someone has a worse situation than me. For now, I don’t want to have any other exam.  
C U, depressed Alex.   
  
2nd of October  
Dear Diary,  
I had a workout with Ewa Chodakowska and some of her words interfused to my brain and strongly influenced it. It was: ‘Don’t give up’. I won’t. 6th of October will be mine. Wish me luck.  
Kisses, motivated Alex.   
  
18th of November  
Dear Diary,  
It turned out that 6th of October wasn’t my day. There weren’t also three other days. I made less and more serious mistakes. I forgot about the turn-signals, didn’t handbrake and once I almost blindsided a woman. But today is the most happy day of my life. I’ve finally passed it. I have no idea who was more surprised with this information – me or my family and friends. What’s more interesting, the man with the tiger tattoo turned out to be my examiner. Luckily, he didn’t recognized my face so he didn’t take revenge on me. I did the parallel parking perfectly and my three-point turning was more natural than Anna Lewandowska’s typical dinner. The examiner praised me for them and gave me his phone number in case I was around. I said ‘See you soon’, left the car and came back to my house with the evidence of my success. Despite all these difficult moments I have to say one very important thing which I’ve learnt from this experience – never give up. Oh, I almost forgot, and don’t expect the worst from the examiners – they can be great too!  
Bye for now, Alex.