Thursday  
the 12th of May 2014

Dear diary,

I lack nothing. At least when it comes to intestines. I have two kidneys, lungs, no additional liver and a sufficient amount of fingers and toes. My appearance will not be described here as you're absolutely and doubtlessly a lifeless creature and you, dear diary, will never be able to imagine how I look.   
I am not of extraordinary beauty and I stand out with nothing distinctive. Of course, not counting disorientation and awkwardness in situations utterly normal.

Why am I writing this? I have no idea, to be honest, but I will be 17 soon and never have I ever written a diary. What's more, I keep my memory on photographs only. I want to come back to my feelings someday which, for now, are understandable but will fluently shrink among others still to come. I want to write here all about my failures plentiful in emotions.

Not sure if sacrificing my whole diary to negative and embarrassing feelings is my best plan but I'm getting older and I have to try everything in my life. In spite of its taste.

Friday  
the 13th of May 2014

Dear diary,

Is it awkward that disappointing people and leaving them in bewilderment, simultaneously downgrading their value pleases me? If my intercommunication with other representatives of my species goes the way it did today my whole life, I prefigure my further existence pretty poorly.   
Today I have been in an euphoric state. I cannot really say what was the reason of my extreme happiness though. Maybe it was because of the sunlight delicately illuming my hair and warming my face, or, just maybe, because I did not feel such a severe Weltschmerz that day. Whatever the reason of my joy, everything went according to my mind until God decided to bring my pathway with another chequer in this game play called "life". Crossed my path with a person extraordinarily lacking of tact and extraordinarily filled with ignorance towards everything and everyone.   
"Hey" - he said, catching me up just when I was in the middle of arranging my thoughts and trying not to step in a puddle. Involuntary, I turned my head towards him, full of hope that his presence was just a nightmare or some kind of hallucination. Unfortunately, apparently that tremendous baby in heaven just loves ruining peoples' afternoons.   
After exchanging pleasantries he focused on the nice weather. But when noticing the absence of interest on my face and my vision aimed at anything in a fair distance away from him, he moved right on to being offensive.   
"Do you have to be so uptight?"  
Not to lie, even though I expected something more powerful, I still got nervous. Immediately not only his voice or the way he laughed made me sick but also the way he fixed his hair and - oh, what an irrational reason of hating someone - the way he inhaled oxygen. Although what annoyed me the most was the way he smelled - of stupidity and a conviction of his own ration.   
Before replying I closed my eyes, then took a deep inhale and wearily said:  
"Yes."

I left him there, standing angrily, still not knowing me enough to call me stiff. It's probably a shame to admit that extremely sweet is the taste of bitter words. I have already decided, I'm going to the forest to collect some mushrooms. That will be some sort of my relaxation.

Saturday  
the 14th of May 2014

Dear diary,

Why when wanting to turn to something more ambitious, with motivation, promising perspectives and other vital factors which form my possible success, do I always fall down on my knees and start crying before even starting? I'm afraid that a few more of these kinds of experiences and an emotional wreck of a man is all that is going to be left of me. Well, alternatively some ribs and a front lobe, but that is not sure. The reason of me filling another page with disheartening words in this ridiculous lifeless confessor is my latest unsuccessful expedition in search of mushrooms.

No, my mother thought wrongly - the foundation of my failure wasn't an empty basket. In fact, I failed because of my, gently speaking, mediocre sense of direction and the deficiency of some very important carbohydrates which I ought to have consumed in the morning.   
That is how it went: the previous day, by six o'clock in the morning I was mentally ready and all dressed up for my first independent excursion to the forest situated a few kilometres outside of town. To my discontent I had to get out of bed alone because the rest of the people living in my house, with whom I am related by blood, had been sleeping fairly well not even caring a bit about how wholeheartedly I am sacrificing myself in order to find food supplies out of which they will most likely make an exquisite soup. Evidently, I have sucked magnanimity with my mother's milk.

Before I start describing further on, I have to add that I was travelling with two other teenagers, not necessarily of the best aroma and appearance, on the bus. Despite the fact that only four people were in the vehicle, I felt overwhelmed and uneasy. Thoughts concerning the path I was ought to undertake were curling up in my head not letting me think even about the bus stop I had to get off at. Fortunately, the stoop-shouldered, elder bus driver, seeing my reflection, asked me whether I was going any further because if I were, I'd have to pay more. I woke up instantly and stood up too abruptly. Then tripped over my basket, fell down on the ground full of embarrassment which forbade me to mumble a single word. Teenagers chuckled boldly and I felt my cheeks turning red - just like a ripe tomato. I arose hastily and rushed out of the bus.

Then it just got worse. Because of the course I took I was unable to find anything different than toadstools and various hideous insects which causing me to retch and cry for help.

After half an hour I finally found something worth putting in the basket - my happiness was boundless. On the heat of the moment I started performing complicated movements accompanied by occasional laughter. My euphoric dances ended with the moment I realized that I will certainly not make a soup out of one mushroom. Therefore, I set off to continue my expedition through the forest. To my astonishment and bliss I started to find numerous boletes and bay boletes which I happily put in my basket. After a few minutes, which in fact were hours, I glanced at my watch. I faded instantly and I swear - my heart stopped beating for a several seconds, because it turned out that my bus was bound to leave in twenty minutes and I surely had wandered off at least a few kilometres away from the bus stop. At that moment I felt as if only a miracle could help me. That's when I regretted calling God a baby the previous day. Distressed, with my hands on the top of my head I ran off straight ahead. Twenty minutes later I still wasn't at the bus stop, well, I wasn't even close to it. Still distressed, cold, hungry and unstable mentally I wandered through the woods every now and then accidently throwing out my nourishment.

Truly by chance I reached the main road when the Sun was at its peak. I do not know what tempted me to leave the house without eating breakfast.

Hunger was battling all of my organs causing my stomach to shrink to the size of a minor nut. Another favourable phenomenon of this unfortunate day was catching my bus and, thanks to the drivers mercy, getting on it just in time. Relief overtook my body and mind instantaneously resulting in relaxing my limbs and involuntary closing of the eye lids. Once again today I have experienced an undying gratitude not only towards the elder bus driver (as he woke me up at the right stop) but also to the heaven's proprietor.   
Having entered the house, an odour of burnt cabbage struck me. As always - the cooking abilities of my family decline over hundred percent when I'm absent. I proudly entered the kitchen, loudly placing my basket on the countertop making my mother turn her head. She approached me slowly, not asking about a thing, but having looked inside the basket - she burst out laughing.

It turned out that I have not brought home a single mushroom and that my abilities of picking them decline over hundred percent when I don't eat breakfast in the morning and I don't bring a compass with me.

Sunday  
the 15th of May 2014

Dear diary,

That cannot be for me. Writing, I mean. Strictly for the birds I focus on things evoking frustration in me. The mushroom expedition as well as the pathetic meeting with such an unremarkable essence aren't the best things that have happened in my life throughout the years, are they? Focusing on experiences "plentiful in emotions" wasn't my best idea after all, but well. At least I tried. My writing record is exactly four days, maybe I will break it someday but concentrating on the better side of my average teenage life? Maybe someday, in the light of happier circumstances and the opportunity of conveying them.