

## **Hi my diary!**

There are a few words about me. I don't know who I am. I don't know what's happening with me because each day brings me a different story. Each day I am a completely different person with a different life. I treat my life as an interesting adventure. Each day I wake up with my notebook and go to bed with think new day will be better than the previous one although I don't remember what I did yesterday. I find out it from my diary but when I read it all I can't remember any situation connected with myself. I got this notebook from my best friend Jenny. I was eight. This is my only memory. Since that day I have described my ordinary days and at the same time other than all days. I can't stand it. I can't say anyone about it because nobody believes it. I am used to live like that. I feel as if I dreamt. No one can help me. I live with the conviction that one day everything will change and I will have a normal life. I don't like when somebody calls my life simple...Ehh but what can I do? NOTHING...

## **8<sup>th</sup> June 2015**

Good Evening! It's me – Lucy! I am 8 years old.

This is my first entry to this notebook. I got it from my best friend who told me this diary would change my life forever, so I don't know what to expect. I decided to describe all days in my life.

So it's all for today.

## **19<sup>th</sup> January 2016**

Hello! It's Judy there. My mommy called me sweetie because I am only 10 years old.

It's my first day of winter holiday. It's maybe 4 a.m. I just woke and now I'm going to eat breakfast. My favorite food for mornings is cornflakes with milk. My mommy always prepares me this food because my daddy is busy. He tries to ensure me everything what I need and he works all days, I admire him for it. Today with my parents I fly to Italy for a package holiday, they booked tickets for special event. I didn't write one more thing, for someone that day might be the happiest day in the year, for others not, it's my birthday - It was on this occasion. I am afraid of this day because this night I had a nightmare. I dreamt about my way to an airport. It was just my birthday. In the middle of the road we had an accident. Lorry crashed into our cars. I don't know what happened next because I awoke. I was in big panic. Now I am still thinking about it I hope it's only a bad dream... For my trip I take my friend Emma. I got to know her in a primary school. It was the happiest day in my life. I feel as if she was my sister, I regret she isn't. I don't have any siblings. I think it is the worst feeling in the world. I hate it. Sometimes when I was alone I gazed at the window and I saw emptiness. But, let's go back to my exciting day. So I hope when we have arrived.. hmm okay when we have flown there we would have fun. I and my "sister" decided to snowboarding. I can ride it but I am sorry my friend cannot, but I think I will teach her. I can't wait to see breathtaking view from the top of the mountains.

We are just on the way to the airport. It will be a long way. I think everything will be ok. We are listening to the radio "Justin Bieber – Let me love you" right now. I and my friend know all Justin's song. Recently we have been at his concert. It was a wonderful evening.

OMG!! I was terribly scared but fortunately, everything went according to plan, we are on the spot. It's 5 p.m. We are staying at the hotel today, we will eat the birthday cake and I and Emma will watch two or maybe five episodes of "Gossip girl". It was a day full of adventures. So much for today..

### **11<sup>th</sup> October 2016**

Dear diary, I am Mike. I am thirty five years old. I have a wife, STOP, just today I have decided to go away from her. We don't have any children because unfortunately, I am not fecund and Sonia didn't want to look after a child from an orphanage.

The morning I got up about 6.30 a.m. as always. My wife had a day off today and I decided to surprise her and come back from work earlier. Moreover, I wanted to go with her for a romantic dinner tonight. So when I finished my job I made for florist's to buy a bunch of roses to my woman. When I did it I drove to my house, I couldn't believe what I saw. I nailed Sonia in our bed with a strange man. I was in a shock. I threw the bouquet at them and I got away from home. Few hours I wandered aimlessly. Later I went to my friend Tom. I told him all about today and we together decided to go to the club in the evening. I took a shower and I borrowed some Tom's clothes. The time eventually came to go to the disco. When we arrived to the club I saw my old friend Natasha. I went towards her. When she saw me, smile showed on her face. I asked her if she wanted to drink anything, she said yes so I took her out for a drink to the bar and at the same time Tom danced with other girl and he even didn't notice me when I went away. Natasha has always been in my taste. When we finished drinking our vodka with coca-cola, I proposed her to go with her to a peaceful place. She offered me to go to her house. Of course I agreed with her. On the way home I bought a bottle of wine. When we got home, we downed all wine while talking. I wanted to kiss her as once. So I did it, she returned it. I felt like walking on air. After a good while I came back home, because I was afraid that this situation would go the great length. So I saw her off and I went away.

Writing it, It's 11 p.m. I am sitting in our house and Sonia is sleeping in our bed. I am totally distraught. We must get divorced.

### **21<sup>st</sup> March 2017**

Hi! I am Eva. I am sweet sixteen. I have an older sister Jenny. I don't have parents because they died in an accident, I don't remember them. It's sad but I somehow I have to deal with my problems. Where are my friends? Hmm, I don't have any.

It's eventually the first day of spring. For a large amount of people this time should be happy, animals waking up from hibernation, the birds are singing, first buds are growing on trees and bushes, but for me I DON'T THINK SO.... Since half a year I have had serious problems with my heart. Will I die? I don't know but one thing which I know for sure I need a new healthy heart. Since half a year I have been looking forward for someone who can give me this heart, I just today found out that doctors found the donor. They told me that I may not survive the operation. When I go to the hospital I think my boyfriend will be with me. Josh knew everything about my illness.

He was very concerned about it when he found out. He did everything I would feel better. He love me much, so I do. I think my operation will be successful.

I am in the hospital right now. I am waiting for my boyfriend, he knows I will have an operation that day. But still he wasn't come. I called Josh up but he didn't give me a sign of life but I think he will call me back soon.

I can't wait any longer for him. I am having an operation in a half an hour. I am praying he would visit me before it. I don't know what's happened. He hasn't behaved like that so far.

Finally I woke up after an operation. I am lying on the hospital bed. I am lonely. Josh hasn't come to me, but his mother brought me a letter from him. She cried. I am afraid to open and read it. What if he gave up and decided to leave me? It might be probable.

I don't believe what happened. That is the contents of the letter:

"Sweetheart I know that you needed me but I can't stand by you in hard moments, you must forgive me that. I want to say something. Last time I was on a very bad condition. I found out that I had a cancer and one day I will die. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to hang over your head because you are seriously sick. I wanted to see you before the operation but I came to conclusion it isn't a good idea. I am so sorry I wanted to give you a wonderful gift. My heart doesn't beat for me but I will give it to you. I am always being with you now. I love you so much. Your Josh"

When I finished reading it, I burst into tears.

WHAT? I ask: What did you do Josh?

### **Someday**

Today I am Grace. I am studying law. I am twenty three years old.

It is my last entry to this diary.

I grew accustomed a little bit that every day I am a different person but it still hurt me and I can't get over the fact of my weird life. I know that life writes different scripts but mine is special. Some think that my life is funny but for sure they don't know anything about it.

I have been describing my days for over 2 years. Today I decided to read a few or maybe a several dozen days from my notebook, but it turned out that I read all. And I have decided I don't want to know any more how my life will look like, so I want to burn down my notes. I will do it without any feelings. When I do it I will feel free. I hope when I do it my life will change. We will see what life brings.

I guess it's high time to say goodbye.