

Dear Diary,

what is necessary to be called a human? It sounds so strange and I guess none of the other kids have thoughts like this. But I don't feel that kind of being alive anymore, I don't feel that kind of human anymore. Since my parents told me that I was born on purpose I have this void in my life, a void that runs through my body and my mind and desolates everything I thought I was. This weird feeling inside of me that I can't quite shake, doesn't matter how hard I try. Disappointment, anger, frustration lay like a veil over my eyes. Fear knots my tongue, stuns limbs and I feel like my soul is caught in snares. Senses fall silent and so does my hope. It's like I'm missing something somehow, something that's a big part of me and I don't know exactly what that is. I tried everything to find the missing piece, to live this silly, determined life as good as possible and to enjoy the presence. I tried it with friends, education material stuff but it never seems to be enough. It sucks to have the script of a hero.

I so badly wanna fill my heart with happiness that takes all the sadness away and somehow fill this whole inside of me. I look at others and they seem to be so happy. I observe them, whether in person or on social media and I'm kind of jealous, why can't that be me? It seems so be so easy.

I mean, I'm doing all of the right things like hanging out with friends, dancing to silly music and in the moment I feel great, but sooner or later that feeling goes away and the emptiness kicks in again. It makes me feel like there's something wrong with me, beside the fact that I'm just a donor of organs for Kate. My parents tell me that I'm special, more than an accident, ask me to think positively but it's not as simple as that, not when you've got to the point where you just feel like a prisoner, numb and hopeless.

But no one cares, 'cause as long as I say the right thing and I act the right way they're happy. A pinch of irony, a pinch of humor and maybe a little pinch of naughty behavior et voila: you've got the perfect little girl, the girl I used to be.

Others my age laugh about vaginas or boobs but I'm drowning in my thoughts, swallowing water instead of air. With each attempt I sink further and I wait for the ground which saves me from wars I didn't take part in but eternally lost fights. And here I am as a slave of time.

Sometimes I think about what would happen if I just stopped breathing, if I stopped trying to taste fresh air, if I closed my eyes forever. But that would be too easy, that's not how a hero would handle it. The only reason why I'm here is to save my sister, so I have to keep the machine running. Eventually my death which saves the only person I care for is the missing piece, my own, individual key to rest in peace. Eventually my sense of life is to die and not to live.