

How does my mom see me?

Milka. My little girl, growing too fast and too soon. With the rebellion in the blood system not always following my orders. Your body covered with art(tattoos) made me mad in the first day but now I know that it's your way of expression. You're yelling to the world your opinions and life stories through them. But people will understand only if you let them. As time goes we feel closer to each other. You are saying me deepest secrets and always takes my advice. I see me in you. You took the best from me. Caring so much about the planet and animals is your strongest peculiarity. Still kinda a confused in this big world but with big dreams and stubborn mind to give up.

How does my classmate see me?

Not very friendly face, always going late or aldente to the class. Messy curly hair and earphones always on. You're not very talkative, but I think you are not an introvert. You have friends here, maybe just a few but thats enough. Hundreds facebook's friends is not what are you looking for. One of the only ones who is writing notes on the paper. She is oldschool.

How does my best friend see me?

Mila. Always smiling and laughing crazy bitch. You are me everything. And so do I to you. I know me secret are saved with you. Your comfortable zone is kinda small but worthed an universe. You love to go out, drink and have fun but you need the right people for it. You have really high life goals and always go for it. I would almost forget... you are terrible in math!

How does my boyfriend see me?

Bubinko. You are a cute girl, looking like some curly doggo. When we first met I thought that you are from foreign country, Turkey or maybe India because of your black messy hair and brown eyes in that I see passion and confidence every time you look at me. You are too kind and helpful to every human being, maybe sometimes too much and it makes me jealous. I love your smile, it's pure, honest and natural. You care too much about how another people see you. You work hard and always try to find a way how to achieve your goals. You are the best in justifying your opinion and sometimes so stubborn that I would like to kill you. Its hard for you to admit someone else's truth. Big heart with a lot of love is what I see when I look at you. But to be honest you know also how to mess things up pretty much. But you are the best anyway.

How does my dog see me?

You are great. Cuddling me, feeding me, maybe travel a lot these days so you dont spend so much time with me but I love you anyway. I just jump on your knees and you immediately take me up and walking with me in your arms around the house, whispering kind words that I dont understand. Long walks in any weather is your speciality. You are like me, dont mind if its raining or whatever. When we wanna go out we just go.

How does any stranger see me?

Walking fast in crowd of people. Looking anxious because of that big hurry everywhere. Listening to the music and frowning around. Do you have just a bad day? Or are you simply unfriendly? Style is kinda weird. I cannot decide whether you don't care about being stylish or on opposite you know exactly how you wanna look.

So who am I? Every single person identifies me differently. And all of this, together, is me. Im not that person who I see in my mirror. I am the mixture of people who another people see in my mirror. So I don't feel only like Miloslava but also like Milka, bubo, Mila, that feeding girl, stranger, oldschoool classmates. I live in all of these personalities and they live in me.

So who am I? You tell me!