

1
ALONE

Dear Diary,

I can't stand it any longer. Why pairs are formed in a second before the teacher declares the following trip or excursion, so when I'm overlooking the class hoping to see the face as internally lonely as mine everyone is already busy? It's not a decisive thing from the life-long perspective, but the fact that my weekend was spoiled seemed underwhelming.

Do you know that In YA books freaks are the life-winners: they receive attention, admiration and that girl or boy who everyone has a crush on. In real life of mine freaks normally get a seat in bus with a teacher. The only revival possible if the trip cancelled and you are still an internally lonely freak or you finally find a pair. Both are less likely to happen.

10\3\2015

2
CUNNING

When I was on a 1001 bus trip a different thing happened. We were passing odoriferous fields of grass (because people there could grow grass to simply contemplate) and windmills (people there were also up-to-date dudes) when my new friend was sitting next to me watching social media and sometimes the view. I didn't like that he preferred glass on laptop over the window one, but friends are created for understanding and whatsoever oddity.

We were arriving to Vienna. Declaring ahead: this city left an unforgettable absorbing infatuation in my heart.

It was one of the first times my new friend decided to break the conventional rules of excursion. Would anyone dream of wasting 5 hours on listening to the quiet old lady who aims to fill her pockets with your precious youth aspiration for adventures? Probably not, children are raised on the conception that exploring starts with infusion of "extremely useful" knowledge about elaborately folded heap of bricks and embellishment that aim to deceive that these are not bricks but cultural property.

We were the only ones who frustrated her subtle design and escaped in the deep avenues of Vienna.

3

- Hallo! wie gehts? Möchten Sie etwas Interessantes sehen?
- Sorry, we don't speak German at all, - curiously answered me
- Then I will show you a place...

Three teenagers follow the old man. Two of them are at least enthusiastic. The antsy one is my sister, so never mind. We are entering a small nice patio, few pictures, done. Another door, locked. Knock-knock, entrance for elite.

- Come in, guys...

4
FOG

Dear diary,

Yesterday I arrived to Brno and now I'm closer to Vienna than ever been before. It is still depicted in my mind as clear as if I was there on the weekend. Actually, recollection of the memories gives me a fresh perspective on the trip each time I do so.

The only thing which shined dimly in my memory is that barbershop. Did I tell you about it? Hundreds of excuses, I didn't notice my last line was made on the way there.

That old dude was extremely kind to show us the place which left the best impression on us. Old School boss sitting at the table playing chess with his old school friends smoking strong tobacco, fogging over the entrance so you inhale smoke blended with chemicals in barber's bowls and customer's hair... Walls are like vast albums. It seemed likely to be a recollection of the most memorable moments of the parlor in the center of constantly passing time; and both people and art cooperate there. Hair-dressers were like live canvases for the time artist: tattoos worked as sketches of events about to go on the wall. We were contemplating the history. We've seen those people last time in life, but the parlor would leave their memories inside forever.

I don't believe this place will ever be encountered again. It's like rabbit hole, dear diary, or Narnia, appears once and leaves you willing to return.

15/10/19