

address

day month year

Dear Jojoba,

I don't even know how to start this. There are so many things I want to tell you but at the same time I know that you know them already...

I woke up late today. A long and very much needed rest indeed. I could see the sun behind the curtains. That made me check the time straight away- it was way after midday. I jumped out of bed and ran to open the curtains. You know how the sun helps me wake up. It's as if it's my first cup of coffee (before the actual one).

I could feel that I was hungry. I didn't have anything to eat before I went to sleep. Not because I didn't want to, no. It was too late to eat when I came back home. So, I decided against it. And, as every single time, I had already planned my breakfast the day before. Planned in my head. Because, as every single time, I changed it and went for the easy option, the one I am constantly trying to change. You know, I really don't know why it is so difficult to do something I know is right and good for me, my body. But instead, I just postpone it for one more day.

And this happens everyday. With everything I do. I know, it's autumn and I'm probably more philosophical about the whole existence thing, but at the same time, I can't escape this vicious cycle. And autumn makes me more aware of it.

It makes me sad. And angry. And jealous. Of everyone. Because in my head I am the only person that has this problem.

I know, I know, I can hear you laughing and making fun of me: if only that was the biggest problem in the world. I know. Silly, isn't it? But it's not funny to me. Because it makes me want to be somebody else.

It's a very strange feeling, not being fully yourself. It's as if I somehow managed to mess up Lacan's mirror stage: I know I'm me but at the same time I don't feel me; I know how I supposed to look like (thanks to the mirror) and what I supposed to do to make me feel good but at the same it's as if there's another me, the real me somewhere at the back of my head that sometimes tends to forget about this me.

Please don't call me crazy. I know I'm not (well, at least not to the extent of seeing a doctor), I just need an explanation. Or maybe just to let it out.

You know, a strange thing happened today: right after breakfast (which was more lunch than breakfast), I realised I'm alone; the house was empty. It is one of the most amazing feelings: you get to be with all of yourselves, listen to the music as loud or silently as you want, dance a little but most importantly, you get to listen to the

silence. It's one of the things I could never give up, it's too important. So, as I realised that I was left on my own and started listening to the stillness of the house, I started feeling a burning sensation in my chest. It wasn't very strong, but it was constant. And you know what the worst was? The more I thought about it, the stronger it grew. I didn't know what to do, so I tried everything I could think of to make it stop: I drank water, I exercised, I had a shower, went for a walk, even put Christmas songs on, just to make it stop.

But it was like an ocean- one moment still and calm and then when you think it's over, a massive wave washes out in the shore. So was the burning. Then I noticed, that I could also smell smoke. And smoke only.

I looked around the house, went into the garden and then into the street to find the source. But there was nothing. It seemed that everyone had disappeared. Even the birds and the clouds. Only the sun, the wind and the blue sky kept me company.

I walked back into the house. I don't know if you remember, but there is a massive mirror hanging just by the door on the left and I accidentally glimpsed at myself. There was a red light coming out of me under my sweater. I immediately took it off, then the t-shirt and there I was, standing topless in front of the mirror with a bright red light coming out of my chest, lungs most likely.

Was I frightened? No. And I have no idea why. I know I should have been, wouldn't you? But it didn't shock me. What surprised me, was that the only thought I had was to fight fire with fire.

So, I ran to my room looking for cigarettes. Of course I didn't have any because I quit smoking long ago. But for some reason that didn't seem a logical explanation, so I looked for them anyway. Then I went to the kitchen- investigated every single cupboard there was- nothing; I raided other rooms in the house- nothing. Then I went to the living room and there it was- a lonely and forgotten packet of cigarettes.

It was so old that you could not see what brand it was- the sun has bleached the colours. It was open. So, I took one. Nobody's going to notice, I thought. I went to the garden and smoked it away. Still there were no sounds. I can't say I felt better, but it seemed to help, so I went to the living room and got another one. And then another one. And another one. And soon the packet was gone.

Did I feel bad about finishing something that wasn't mine, I can hear you asking. No. Did I feel sick after smoking all those cigarettes? No. You know why? Because I was floating, actually floating in the air. Like Peter Pan.

So, I floated back to the mirror to check the light in my lungs. It was gone. Smoking seemed to have worked. And I had a new power that needed exploring.

I opened the doors and flew outside. Yup, with each second my floating seemed to get stronger, so I was already able to fly.

Nothing has changed over the last few minutes: the sun was still shining, the sky was still blue, there still were no signs of sound, clouds or birds.

I looked at the street. It was empty. On both sides. So I courageously flew outside, right in the middle of the street. Such a strange feeling! I don't know if it happens to everyone that flies, but it tickles. Right below the belly button. So I made a few twists and turns exploring my new power and getting used to it and then I decided to fly to the park. It was just at the end of the street.

I like this park: it's very big, with hills, lots of trees and paths that have been made by nature, not human. I wasn't sure if I was going to find it, judging by the strangeness of the day. But it was there. Just without the wind and sound. Strange when you think about it.

I flew inside anyway. Had nothing to lose. I made a few circles around its perimeter, then followed the trails inside, stayed in the rose garden for a bit and landed on the bridge that goes above the railway.

I like trains. I like just sitting there, watching them pass and listening to the sound they make. They give me a weird feeling of belonging: belonging to the world of wonder and adventure. I like trying to guess where they are going, how many passengers are in and what wonderful things they are going to see. And that sound: todo, todo, todo is magical. I can sit there for hours just listening to it- todo, todo, todo...

So there I was, sitting on the bridge, waiting for the train. It started very slowly: firstly, I noticed the shy warm wind kissing my left cheek. With it came the smell of autumn: a little bit of damp earth, a few colourful leaves, an apple and a dust of cinnamon. And then I heard it. Todo. Somewhere far far away in the distance. Todo, todo, todo. It was coming towards me. Very slowly, without any rush, with not a single worry in the entire world. But it was coming, I could hear it. So I kept staring at the distance in front of me.

A good hour had passed. The train had never went past me. There was one point when the sound got louder; it was still steady and relaxed, but louder. I knew that the train was somewhere near. But then it started to soften and ended up blending in with the murmur of the leaves and the overall warmth and calmness of the late afternoon. I knew that the train took a different track. That was why it never went past me. It was ok. I didn't mind it. I told you before, I like to just stare at the train tracks and listen to the trains passing by. And it doesn't matter whether they're close or far away.

I was still sitting on the bridge, when I noticed that the sun had gone down already. The evening was beautiful: the sky was turning to its regular royal blue and you could start counting the stars. Only the bravest five at first. Then another seven. Then another thirteen and the next moment you know, the sky was full of them. The evening was there. The wind has changed: it became heavier bringing the smell of cold and crisp. And eucalyptus. Don't ask me why. I was still sitting on that bridge starting at the distance. But I wasn't the same me anymore.

There was something I needed to do. I know it will take a while. Most of my life probably. But I am ok with it. I think I am ready. I am a completely different person now. I can fly for a start! I know I'll have to get used to that new me, but we'll be fine. I can feel it. Like that train in the distance.

So, I guess that's it. I am going on my new adventure. And you know what the best bit is? I am not postponing it for one more day.

Please don't reply to this letter. I'm not in the same place where I was this morning. Think of me when you hear a train far away in the distance. I might write to you again. Who knows?

Sincerely yours,

Signature