

Taking steps is easy. Especially when they are laid out for you. All you have to do is wake up, dress up and put the left foot in front of the right. But what do you do when the path you are meant to take doesn't come with a map? Of course you do the same; yet, it leads nowhere coz it needs a different step, a different approach.

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My room is spacious: high ceiling, massive windows into the city and barely any furniture. Well, there's a mattress which I refer to as a bed, piles of books and unopened cardboard boxes everywhere. And then there are paintings. Resting by the walls, waiting to be hung. If I'm honest, I like them that way- it seems very avant-garde not to give to a painting what it wants- to be hung. But if I was to tell the truth (which I am cursed to do so since I was born), I simply didn't get round to it. And I don't trust the walls.

Anyway, I love my apartment. The rest of it looks pretty much the same as my room: massive rooms painted in white with unopened cardboard boxes dotted around the perimeter of it.

I barely use the kitchen. I have no time to eat. Or if I do, it's a crab-stick from a supermarket to stop me from shaking. They are cheap, have barely any calories and have no carbs.

It's the end of the summer, so I can smell autumn in the air. It's funny how the seasons arrive before the calendar allows them to. Anyway, the sun, the wind, the leaves no longer belong to summer- AUTUMN HAS ARRIVED.

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I fell in love with autumn the moment I no longer had to go to school. I hated it- it distracted me from what actually mattered: the colours, the change, the slow death of the year leading to a massive celebration of its funeral- the NYE.

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For some reason I am craving a bundle of snowdrops in my room. Next to a cup of dried cherries, cinnamon sticks and maple leaves in every colour I can find.

It doesn't make sense, so it must be a sign. Or I must have been influenced by a book, a film or a painting that I've seen.

One way or another, I cannot sleep- I need those snowdrops. Worst case scenario, I can live with the plastic ones- as long as I have them in the room.

And so, I start a yet unstarted journey of trying to find snowdrops on the 1st September.

Thank me later