

# **A VERY SIMPLE JOURNAL**

## **Part 2**



She found the wind terrifying. The howling made her hair stand on end.

Good thing she hadn't lost her sense of humour. But she wasn't laughing. Well, maybe smirking. No one was around to hear her thinking and muttering and rolling her eyes.

It took the edge off.

[illegible]



## 2

The mouse needed a eulogy. Something that would mark its passing.

They found it burnt to death, stuck inside an electric mosquito killer. You know, the one that buzzes and zaps insects into oblivion. Poor guy.

There were probably other, worse ways to die. She made a face. It wasn't like it could choose a manner or method. They weren't even sure how it got there. It was an incredibly tight fit.

Well, here goes:

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you so much for coming. Thank you for sharing in our grief.

"Yes, it's true. Our dearly beloved house mouse has gone and left us. We mourn its passing, even if it left a lot of droppings, chewed its way into our food, and caused us to jump in fright countless times. It wasn't its fault. It was doing what it was born to do.

"It lived a good life, even if it was cut short. We sincerely hope it has found its way into Mouse Heaven. Amen."

God, she sighed. It was a slow news and writing day.

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She considered it a moment of weakness, her periodic consumption of self-help videos, articles and books. She figured she was feeling down and out, because it was the only reason she could think of for wanting to give in to society's ideas of what success, productivity, creativity and the good life looked like.

These binges left her feeling cranky, vulnerable and even more pissed off. She was actually doing fine and living her life, but every now and then she allowed other people to convince her that she wasn't.

This image shows a full page of blank primary-ruled paper. It features ten sets of horizontal lines across the page. Each set consists of three lines: a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line, providing a guide for letter height and placement. The paper is white and contains no other markings or text.



## 4

Death had finally claimed her.

She looked peaceful. And frail.

They were basically looking at a shell, with her essence lost forever. Or, if you believed people, she had a soul, and that soul was probably floating around somewhere and observing us all from a comfortable distance.

It was eerie. One minute that person was there, and the next she was gone.

Gone. Never to be seen again.

Maybe she would be felt again.

[illegible]



5

She felt conflicted.

She'd never had a conversation with her. In fact, she couldn't remember if they ever even made small talk. If someone asked her to give any personal details, unique habits or mannerisms, it was highly unlikely that she would be able to do so.

She was a terrible person. She should've made more of an effort to get to know her. They were bound by blood after all.

It was too late. She was already gone with the wind.

[illegible]



## 6

Your family is fucked up, she told him.

Given that he was pretty unaccustomed to such language, he was, understandably, shocked.

You can't choose your relatives, he said.

I don't give a fuck, she shot back.

Well, that was that.

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**7**

This person would never see these things,  
these people, again. Never feel. Never smile  
or laugh.

She wondered if this person was even aware. Or if she even cared.

But this person was free. And that was the most important thing.

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## 8

Where were her relatives, some of her children and grandchildren, her friends? They were easy to laugh with and talk to and invite whenever she had her lavish trips and parties, or whenever they needed something.

But now that she was getting old, now that she was bedridden, now that her body was getting weaker and her mind was slowly fading away, not one of these people even bothered to call her and say a quick hello, and ask how she was doing.

No one offered her sanctuary. No one visited her. No one remembered her. No one offered to pray for her. No one thought to take her in, now that she was considered a burden. Even now that she was nearing the end.

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## 9

A person is never just one thing, so said her favourite authors. It was true.

You could be a great friend but a terrible parent or child. You could be amazing at work and with colleagues but an irresponsible, negative jerk with your family at home.

One could never really claim to know someone totally and completely. And maybe that's all for the best.

[illegible]



## 10

She hadn't been sleeping well, and she hated it. Restless nights often resulted in dark undereye circles, terrible headaches, and endless fatigue.

She was more concerned with the first.

She'd been dabbing copious amounts of eye cream and trying not to touch her eye area. But she often forgot.

She looked at her BB creams, colour correctors, concealers and foundations, but was too lazy to put them on.

This was her, what she really looked like.  
Take it or leave it.

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## 11

C was having a hard time breathing. She wanted to help C so badly, but she didn't know how.

Was there really no hope for C? The doctor seemed to think so. In fact, he said so.

But she didn't want to lose hope. As long as C was still breathing (although a bit roughly), she would get through it.

They had to get through it.

Well, C would. She probably wouldn't.

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## 12

If she asked certain someones to evaluate her life, these people would likely say she shouldn't be happy.

But she was.

She didn't have the things, the elements, that made up almost everyone's definition of happiness and success. But it didn't matter. She was still happy, or at least content.

Although she wouldn't exactly call herself successful at the moment. Oh, she used to be this arrogant hotshot. But she walked away from it, from that life, because even though it gave her the material things she wanted, and thought she needed, she realised she was actually a slave. Always under someone else's thumb, and always subject to someone else's whims.

Now *that* wouldn't make anyone happy, right? Apparently, she was wrong... according to these people.

[illegible]



## 13

It was a little chilly outside, but she didn't mind.

Although it was getting late, it was still light, and she wanted to make the most of the dying sun.

[illegible]



## 14

“If it looks good, order it and eat it,” she told herself.

So she did. And it was amazing.

She'd made a list of the things she absolutely must eat while there, and she was able to tick off every single one of them. She considered it a great achievement.

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She wonders if people ever get worried about weird things, like she does.

Like when she's going on a trip. She's worried about being able to book a cab and getting to the airport with more than enough time to spare.

She's worried about the queues. She's worried about not bringing and downloading enough books to read.

She's worried about the food she eats. That is, if it will have an effect on her well-being while she's on a plane or any kind of public transportation. She's strict about it, by the way. If she's not hungry, she won't eat. And she'll only drink water.

She's worried about who'll sit beside her. If that person is going to be fidgety or rude.

She's worried if she'll be able to open a train door. And what she'll do if she can't.

She's worried about going to the bathroom.

She's worried about having to figure out how to switch things on and off.

She's worried about being left behind.

She's worried about being stared at and looking like an idiot. She's worried about the things that come out of her mouth.

In short, she's worried about everything. And she's worried that she's the only one.

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## 16

All that white was blinding. Not to mention the dollar signs. And the smiles. The inevitable tears. The tidal wave of emotion.

She supposed she was cynical. And suspicious. Nothing could ever be that good... or perfect.

She could be wrong. But she didn't want to be the one to burst their bubble if she wasn't.

[illegible]



## 17

She was supposed to love herself. Or learn how to, at the very least.

But what if she didn't... couldn't? That was all right, right? She had her ups and downs, but overall she was doing fine.

Well, the answer would be no... not if you ask them.

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## 18

She couldn't stop watching and replaying their video. The music and lyrics were '90s-inspired (at least she thought so), but the moves were hypnotic in their aggressiveness and boldness.

It looked like she wasn't the only one who got all wide-eyed and addicted, judging by the number of views and comments.

It made her want to get up and dance, and follow the choreography. She smirked, and cringed. And sighed.

Or not.

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## 19

She would miss staring into her eyes, welcoming her hugs and sloppy kisses, and genuinely enjoying her company, even when they were just sitting around, doing nothing.

She wanted her to know that she was perfect. The best. Unique. One of a kind. Gentle. Kind. Amazing. No one and nothing could ever compare.

That she was grateful for her. If she only knew how much she'd changed her life.

She wished she could say it in words she'd understand. Even if she knew they both didn't need it. Didn't need to.

They were waiting. Waiting when they shouldn't. They should enjoy life, and whatever time they had left. It would be better spent that way.

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## 20

It was for her to appreciate and treasure.

Even if no one cared for it, even if everyone sneered at it, it didn't matter. What mattered was that she made it, and that she was happy with it.

She made it because she wanted to. She owned it.

It was what her heart wanted her to do. Following it was the best thing she'd ever done, could ever do.

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## 21

“Stay positive. Smile.

“If you don’t like your life, you must be making bad choices. It’s all your fault.

“You’re not doing enough. You’re doing too much. You must be doing something wrong.

“Always have a goal. Or many goals. A vision. Dreams. They absolutely must be fulfilled. No ifs or buts. If not, you’re useless. A loser. A disappointment.

“No one wants to be with a sceptical, no-nonsense, sarcastic person.

“Be friendly. Be a people person.

“Be open to everything. Always try new things. Get out of your comfort zone. Conquer your fears.

“You have to have these things. You have to achieve these things in order to be considered worthy of attention. Worthy of existing.

“You wouldn’t want that. This is what you want. This is what you need.

“When people aren’t aware of what you’re doing, why bother? Shout it out.”

WTF. Who makes up these rules anyway? She was so sick and tired of it all.

Couldn’t they just let her live her life and leave her alone?

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## 22

The days and nights were all a blur. They all looked and felt the same.

She thought she would feel different.  
Think differently about things. Especially  
since she was suffering.

But that was life. This was life. Her life. Things were as they should be.

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## 23

A decision had to be made. The problem was, who was going to make it?

She didn't want to be the one. It was too painful. It would break her heart. She would never get over it.

But it was her cross to bear. She couldn't ask anyone else to step in. No one would, anyway. This was her responsibility.

Somebody had to stand up for her.  
Somebody should have her back. She was that  
somebody.

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## 24

Do you want it? Do you really want it?

Close your eyes and see it happening in your mind. You've reached it. You're doing it. You're loving it. Everything's great.

Open your eyes. Can you do it, that thing?

Nope.

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## 25

The sound broke her heart. She wished it would end soon; but then that would mean her existence would end as well.

So she held on. And on.

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## 26

Was she a coward for choosing to ignore what was happening around her?

She thought she could handle it, but it had increasingly been getting out of hand. So she decided to get out, and tune it out.

Could you blame her? She felt powerless and, if she was being honest, a little bit insane from the constant barrage of chatter and chaos. Better to focus on what was in front of her, on what she could fix.

It was probably the only decent, realistic thing anyone could do at the moment.

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## 27

She'd been looking far and wide for story ideas, when a pretty good one was actually right under her nose. It was in her personal space, for crying out loud. How could she not see it and notice it?

It was going to be tricky, though. She didn't know if they'd say yes... yes to her poking into their private business and releasing their secrets out into the world.

But it was worth a try. She could already see the praise, the awards, the accolades.

And she was getting ahead of herself.

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## 28

There was nothing, only darkness.

Which could only mean she was bored. She probably heard this line in a cheesy movie, and thought it would be apt to say it now.

There was something, only it was out there.

She rolled her eyes in disgust.

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They were going to be eternally young, but she didn't envy them, and their lives.

She did envy their innocence, their childlike wonder. Their kind and beautiful hearts. Their playfulness and enthusiasm. Their stability.

She wished she could be the same sometimes. It would help her deal with all the heartache, and hopefully become a better version of herself.

They would always shine, and even just a glimpse of that made her grateful to be alive, and to be by their side.

[illegible]



She had no doubt this beautiful soul would go to heaven.

But that didn't make things any easier. She didn't want to say goodbye.

Couldn't you stay a little while longer? she asked. She wouldn't mind begging just to get what she wanted. She wanted more time. She had regrets, a lot of them. They were weighing on her mind.

But no one had any control over such things. There was only so much one could say and do.

It made her incredibly sad, and tired.

It made her cry. ★

[illegible]