

Dienachove Kronike (engleski)

- kronike iz budućnosti -

Chronicles from the Future: Diary Page - December 2nd 1918

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FIRST DIARY - MEMORIES FROM THE PAST

December 2nd 1918

I've decided to write a little bit every day, so that I can tell my sad story, little by little, from the beginning till the end.

During the first 21 years of my life you'd think I was the happiest person on earth. It's been 11 years since then, 11 unbearable years. The only thing I'm now longing for is some solace, or something to keep me occupied...

It feels like yesterday, those holy days of craving that never-ending happiness with Ann. It can't be true that this love has had such a sad and unfixable ending, that Ann has been dead for so many years now, that everything has faded away... No, I can't believe it, 9 whole years without her.

"Why do you keep torturing yourself by thinking about all that?", they ask me. I understand. I need closure, but it is hard to find.

You don't know it, but our love was not an ordinary love-story. We were still at school when we fell in love with each other. Since then I had been imagining her name next to mine...

That man, who brought destruction into our lives and sent her to the grave, never loved her! He never considered Ann his one and only, like I did. He never saw anything in her eyes.



When I was little, I would stare for hours through my window, which overlooked hers. And when the weather got nasty, that's when I didn't even move from there! I saw the people pacing quickly, smiling at the thought of a warm soup and a cozy bed at home, while I was wishing that the weather would continue so that I'd have a better chance of seeing her.

"What is Ann feeling at the moment? What does this colorless world look like through her eyes?" I'd think.

And when I saw her under the light of the lamp, holding her embroidery, my longing became a life goal vindicated, my salvation from loneliness...

Only on holidays did I wish for good weather, because a storm would lessen my chances to run into Ann and her family in the park. But still, I got nervous. I would have to say hello and it would be embarrassing for her parents to see me turn pale.

How happy were the days that came after! Shortly before her brother left the city to study, I got to know him better. He invited me home and I went many times indeed. I swear to God, my acquaintance with Anna was not a product of my own initiative. I would have never found the courage. Those who have loved purely and vigorously in their early teenage years are well aware of that, and deeply understand it.



In the early days, not even Anna had realized a thing; she was only looking forward to my next visit so that she could give me a different present each time - travel books, colored pencils... I still remember the first time I saw her at church dressed in white. "How did her eyelashes grow so much all at once?" I thought to myself. I also remember that during my last year in high school, all the margins of my books had her name written on them.

One day I couldn't help myself and she noticed my tear filled eyes. We were sitting in the living room with a huge book opened in front of us on the table. Her mother was sitting right next to her. I will never forget her gaze. It took the form of a massive question mark. It was so serious; too serious for her age.

We didn't say another word and quickly closed the book. Angry at myself, I wiped my eyes, hastily said goodbye to her mother and rushed out of there. I cried myself to sleep that night. It would be my fault if I never saw her again.

Eleven days passed. One afternoon, on my way back home early, I heard noises from the living room. I walked in and, who would have thought, Ann was there with her mother! Before I could get a grip I had to greet the ladies. Ann was completely unabashed, like nothing was going on. A boy could have never disguised himself as well as she did! The visit had been her idea.

Then it was my turn to go away for studies. I was absent for a year or two. By the time I got back she had become a proper lady. The first times I saw her she didn't talk to me the way she used to or looked straight into my eyes. And I blanked out, like an idiot, not being able to utter a few words to form a sentence. I blushed and answered with single words to her every question. But still, I was so happy.

Now I go back to the places where I used to meet her, again and again. What else is there for me to do so as to come to grips with my misery? While writing, my tears drip over the fresh

ink, disfiguring the letters. It's ridiculous, I know, for a 32-year-old man to cry like a baby. I've been told so many times by now, enough to know it very well myself. But please forgive me. I'm just a miserable man that has been through too much in life.

Nobody knew about our love back then, no-one except her best friend, Amelia. I hadn't even told my mother, my own best friend, my hero! How much has she been through herself, with my misfortunes and my sickness. And even now, in her deathbed, she's still my shoulder to cry on, instead of me being hers. I remember you, mom, crying at nights and me not knowing what to do. I remember you going to her house to see her, during her own sickness, and her parents telling you there's nothing else that can be done, no hope whatsoever. And they didn't let you see her. They didn't even let me see her...

Chronicles from the Future: Diary Page - December 4th & 6th 1918

Note: Use the arrows at the bottom to navigate between the pages of the book.

December 4th 1918

Our secret happiness lasted several months. I don't recall what season it was. Did other people talk about us? I don't recall that either. The only thing I do recall is you. My every future plan, my every thought, my every hope was formed by you, and had your form...

Then I got offered the position at that school. I took it as a good sign and was quite happy, since I was financially independent and was able to see her every 3 months. Then another year passed. Her mother died. I had finally saved some money to start my life with her. She used to write to me saying she was very sad. I assumed that her mother's late death was the reason. I was mistaken.

When that man appeared and asked Ann's father for her hand in marriage, her father begged her to accept, lying to her about his financial situation. He kept begging her for months, bending her will little by little. Only after Ann's death did I learn the whole truth about how her father took advantage of her love and affection for him. Should her mother have been alive, she would have sensed the pain in her heart.

Even now Amelia talks to me about how torn Ann was between making her father unhappy and shattering her own heart forever, and how much that made her suffer. She would cry in her arms for hours and Amelia would urge her to leave home right that second, but she could never take that step.

Her mother's last wish from her deathbed - for Ann to listen to her father - was pinned in her mind and defined her every move. And so, from a wrong interpretation of duty, she was consumed by the idea of sacrifice.

One morning I received a letter from my mother. Her brother had been looking for me. I met with him. He asked for my help. They still hadn't managed to convince her. "Have you ever thought about how you're going to live, in what conditions? What do you have to offer her?" he asked me. I asked him to leave, swearing at him, and then I went home and cried, for I had offended someone she so dearly loved.

I managed to see her, a couple of times. She looked happy. “Don’t worry, they can’t make me marry him without my consent...” she said.



For the rest of my life - no matter how long that’ll be - the memory of her that night, the last time I ever saw her standing in front of me, will always stay the same, fresh and vivid in my mind. She wasn’t sad. On the contrary; she was full of optimism. She was laughing. I couldn’t stop staring at her. We were on “our” hill. I placed my lips on her hair. Around us, only blooming windflowers.

"Enough for today ... Let’s go back ... I have to be home early", she said. “Next time we’re here, I’ll make a wreath from windflowers. Will you place it on my head?”

“Promise me that I will see you again, that they’re not going to bend you.”

“We will come here again”, she promised, “I swear to you that we’ll come back...”

December 6th 1918



The damned pains never go away. The doctors ordered me to rest. What was I saying? Oh yes! One day my mother asked me to go on a trip. It took me a while to figure out why. It was the period when Ann was supposed to get married. Don't blame her...

She died two years after the wedding. She started losing weight. Her husband said that she wasn't listening to anyone, nor was she being cautious. The doctors had told them that she shouldn't get pregnant. She died before she could breastfeed her child.

When I came back from the trip I stayed indoors for a year without any contact with anybody. My hair and beard had grown to chest length. The only company I wanted was that of Amelia. Ann was sick but still alive then. One afternoon in 1909 I heard knocks on the door.

"Open up! It's me, Amelia!"

I ran downstairs and almost grabbed her from the neck.

"What happened? Is she dead? Tell me!" I asked while shaking her. Her eyes were red.

"Listen to me! You have to come with me right now. She wants to see you."

Amelia told me she had been asking for me, especially at nighttime. And she kept saying she wanted windflowers. But only today did her husband let her tell me. Today, because the doctors said the end was very near. He wasn't at home. He had purposely left so that we wouldn't meet.

The first thought that came to my mind was that I hadn't even once seen her after her marriage. I couldn't think of anything else. We waited till nightfall. Their house was one of the finest mansions in the state. We entered and went straight to her room. She sat raised on her bed. Only the sweetness was left to her otherwise withered face. She was dressed in a silk robe and had selected her favorite hairstyle. The first word she uttered was my name. She smiled, expressing as much happiness her face could still express. She stretched out her hand. I took it in mine and started kissing it.



“You came, Paul! You came!” I’m so glad you came! It’s good to see you one last time, now that the end is near...And since my husband allowed it...”

I knelt down beside her bed and asked her to stop. I told her she’d get better and everything would be ok. She kept pulling my hand towards her pale face and lips and sighed as if relieved.

“The last time you saw her”, said Amelia, “when she swore she would come back, she really believed she could...” Ann was nodding in agreement. “But then life happened and she couldn’t. That’s been a burden in her soul since then and thus she asks you to forgive her...”

I forgave her with all my heart, I kissed her hair just like I used to, and suddenly her face lit up with pleasure.

We let her rest for quite a while and then she told me: “When I’m gone, I want you to visit our hill once in a while. The trees and grass might have something to share with you. Do not forget me. If you stay true to our love and don’t forsake me, I’ll never leave you alone. I’ll be right by your side Paul... by your side and my child’s. Whenever you need me I’ll be there...”



I escorted Amelia to her house and then went back to mine at midnight overwhelmed by a strange mixture of pain and happiness. “What is this?” I wondered, “Why do I feel so confident that I will see her again?”

On Wednesday night I saw her, on Sunday she was dead.

Chronicles from the Future: Diary Page - January 17 to February 24

Note: *Use the arrows at the bottom to navigate between the pages of the book.*

January 17th 1919

This morning, at 8:40, was the 2 year anniversary of my revival from my first coma. It was at that time that I opened my eyes and was myself again. I remember it was snowing. My mother was on the floor next to me crying tears of joy. “What happened?” I asked her. I got my answer by our family doctor: “Well, it was about time you woke up! You’ve broken every record!”

Apparently it was some kind of lethargy. I had been asleep for 14 days.

The doctor, wearing a fancy tie, was trying to give me courage. Not only did he not succeed, but instead of laughter, a grotesque grin was spread over his face.

As the months went by and I began to feel better, I regained my courage. In the end, human beings can get used to everything...

“Now you are familiar with my case”, I told the doctor once, “so I shouldn’t fear getting buried alive...”

January 23rd 1919



It's the fourth misty, cloudy day in a row. What can one do in this weather? No friends come to visit me anymore... I'm reading a history book. Since I was in primary school, history has always had the power to take me away. I remember thinking back then that we were all born in a certain place and era from a mere coincidence. We could have easily been born in a completely different country, culture and even century, with completely different friends, jobs, lovers. But we wouldn't be able to know any of the things that were about to happen later, that is, now.

I'm trying to read but I'm pushing myself to do it. Back then I used to really engage with what I read. Not anymore. Today, my loneliness has reached its deepest depth.

February 8th 1919

I started seeing the priest again. He never pressured me to talk and that eased me. Amelia had explained to him that I need time. He respected that. That's why I went. He said he liked talking to me. I did as well. The conversation with him was always very interesting. He had a positive way of thinking and a clear judgment, free of prejudice and stereotypes. His mind was robust and bright.

I stared at his library. He had almost everything; from the mystics of the East and the Ionian philosophers to the modern philosophers of the Western civilization.

“I see you staring at these worthless books,” he told me as if he could read my mind, “Don’t expect big things from them. I’ve read them all. I know all that’s been said by the brightest minds of all times. But I will never feel the power that real love has to raise you to the highest point of knowledge... I’ll never experience a love like that...”

He turned to me. It was the first time that he, being such a discreet and considerate man had made an allusion to Ann, albeit indirectly. He was looking within me for help, for insights. He was hoping to feel what love is, even just through a description.

“She told me she’d be with me... that I’d feel her close to me from time to time. It’s been ten years since then. Never, not once, have I had a sign from her. You tell me then, father, how does the concept of the imperishable soul that you preach about reconcile with the absolute lack of any communication with those who so loved us?”

“If you’re looking for shelter from the moments of pain I have nothing else to offer you other than faith; any faith. But let us focus on you. And I’m talking to you as a brother, not as a priest. If I were you, I would not place my hopes and future on this promise. All these years you’ve been over-thinking and consuming yourself at the expense of your mental health. Why? Do you consider this healthy or right? Haven’t you had enough experience to know that you’d better not rely on unrealistic expectations? You need a sign; why should Creation reveal its secrets to you? And why, with the sole excuse of lacking signs, do you discard them altogether? And how are you sure that they haven’t been revealed to you, but found you too blind to notice or understand them?”

I had no counter argument. We sat there for a while opposite each other without talking, and then we left.

That night I said a prayer after a very long time. I asked the Lord to calm me down and show me that my doubts were unjustified; nothing. But then I cried; I managed to cry! Could *that* have been the sign I was looking for?



February 24th 1919

The thought that I could leave this life, get away once and for all, was very attractive in the beginning. So many people are gone every day, at every age. Nothing can be ruled out. Suicidal thoughts, however, didn't cross my mind. I don't know if my mother or my cowardice was to blame for that, or rather a pure selfishness created by that open wound in my heart.

The possibility alone, however, comforted me. I was vaguely looking forward to breaking the ties. If she's gone I'm going with her; as simple as that. That was the thought. And she'd be waiting there for me, unchanged, and everything would go back to the way it was.