



I want to run... I want to escape the darkness of my past and my mistakes. But I'm not sure that I can run fast enough. With the baggage that I'm carrying... With all the scars and bloody wounds that the past left behind, with all the grief and guilt that hunts me in my sleep. Even when I'm awake, I still have goosebumps on my back. Sometimes it feels like the death is trying to grab my shoulder and consume me. But I keep running, I keep wishing for a different ending. I'm looking forward and I imagine a bright future without any regrets or sadness. I fantasize about love, happiness and days filled with sunshine. And that fantasy, that hope keeps me going. It keeps me running from that consuming darkness and death. It is hard not to give up and fight, but the idea of perfect future is worth it. I just hope that I won't get tired, because if I do, it might be the end of me. The darkness will win, and my perfect future will be just an ancient history that never happened.

Karolína Graniová 6.A