

Maybe not all are meant to endure. I know I'm not. I can't stand negative emotions nor continuous anxiety. I can't stand arguing nor oppressive atmosphere. In the end the hardest to endure is pain that needs only one worry to come. When everything else silences it screams. When all touching ends it grabs a knife. When all are gone it comes beside me and whispers. It whispers of useless coward who cries alone in the corner. It whispers of a pathetic incapable parasite who lives on others expense. It whispers of slob. It whispers of day dreamer. It whispers of loafer. It whispers of a brat. It whisper of me.

For a long time everything was well. I felt light and my step was worryless. Now for every step there is a worry. I've tried to cope and think positive but now it starts to feel like I can't. My strength disappears somewhere. I feel like soon won't have anyone. At least not after you leave. My only sanctuary in this world is crumbling. I don't feel good at home anymore. Sometimes I step in I want run out. Far away where no one would never find me and I could stay there and leave all this. But I can't. Where would I go? I don't have an apartment nor a friend to whom I could just go to. I don't have a secret hideout and where ever I would go you would always find me. That's how much you love me... ..but not each other.

I remember how when I was small I always wondered when someone said their parents don't live together anymore or that they only live with either their mom or dad. It was weird. Little older I heard more frequently of these "divorced parents" and how they don't get along anymore. I was so happy that my parents were still together and happy. I was happy that I had a home in which people didn't argue all the time and a place where I could always come back if everything went wrong. Now I feel like I don't have that luxury anymore. You fight all the time. There's no love in between you that I once witnessed. I miss that. More than anything else. More that Sofia. She was always there if I needed somebody, but now I feel like I'm alone. Nowhere can I find another friend like her. That time was and went and now it's time to move on.

But "moving on" isn't always so easy. Many years I tried to be the unnoticeable messenger between you two and finally came that night. I thought I'd get the message through your thick skulls, that for once when you would see your strong daughter to break down you would've understood, but I was wrong. Terribly wrong. That night you promised me something. Can you even remember what? But those words were empty. I wanted to believe I could trust you but now I've finally realized it's not worth it. I'll only burn myself out like I did when Sofia left. I think I haven't told of it to anyone. In the darkest times I sometimes went to our empty cowshed's loft and looked at our barns thick wooden roof beam. Then I was chased away by the memories of us five, my family. I didn't want to break that picture and I left and in the end I didn't go back. And I'm not going to return there. Life has a lot to offer me. But if my only sanctuary is taken away from me and I for some reason am thrown into the darkness again I might not have anything to come back for. You are adults and you hopefully have more wisdom than I do. You've seen more life and felt more pain, but still from time to time you're acting like children. You have secrets, unrevealed scars, preconceptions and grudges of irrelevant things. You don't talk and you blame it on each other saying: "But he/she won't listen"

But I don't care anymore. Forget it. Make it up or don't. I'll be silent as I was back then. But I won't be silenced by fear but rather by determination. As much as I'm hurt by your fighting and as much as I take hits from those daggers you throw at each other, I'm unable to help you. You have to solve this on your own. I won't stick my nose in this stuff again. I won't lie nor hide anything because of you. Live as you please. I won't burn myself out because of a thing that I can't even change. I don't want to hear about this anymore. But you can't suffocate your negative feelings either. I want that instead of avoiding you could start to talk and mend your broken relationship. You could stop blaming the other and look in to the mirror. The best decision isn't always the easiest. This is my last word on this topic. I don't need to be called and you don't need to take the topic up when I return. It's enough for me that you read this. That's all I'm asking. Just remember that there's more on thin ice here than just your relationship.