The 9th of the 9th (September), 1999

Today I woke up really early. As I looked outside the window I saw the mist floating in the cold, morning air. The houses from our neighbourhood looked like they were wearing a thin, white coat. The sun seemed to be still asleep. I wondered what would happen if this dreamy and dark atmosphere would be present for the whole day. We would never see the sun shine and probably have great difficulty seeing anything. What if what we see is not even real in the first place? What if all the trees we see on the way to school are just the product of our imagination?
Maybe we are living in a dream altogether. After all, we can not prove that anything is indeed real.

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There is no test which can clearly demonstrate that the piece of paper I am now writing on is really there, in front of me. Sometimes I even wonder about a possibility of the existence of a little green man that is playing with us and dictating our lives entirely – he could just be watching and influencing everything we do and making us believe certain things; we could just be his made up figurines on a chess board (maybe the pieces from our chess boards think they are real too) that play by his rules. How scary! What is truth anyway? Something which is beyond our control? Something relative and conventional that we chose to automatically believe without questioning it? Maybe... On the other hand, if I see a tree and my friends standing next to me see that particular thing as a tree as well, then the truth must have certain parameters; to some extend it has to coincide in our minds in order to allow us to agree upon it. Yet what if the “green” person controlling our lives has actually created one single human and then making that particular human believe that there are other little humans running around him/her? Going by this theory, we could end up

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denying our own existence altogether. We will probably never know, but for the time being it is convenient to not even think about it – avoiding confusion can be the answer.

I guess I was influenced by " What does it all mean?" (a book that we were reading in our Philosophy class, two days ago) in thinking these thoughts. One of its chapters is called "How do we know anything?". The author questions just about everything to do with ourselves, from our senses to experiences and births. What if he is right to rebel against our own minds? He does not preach, he just asks questions and that is much more effective in my opinion (especially since these questions seem to have impossible answers, if any). This whole process of determining what truth and trust of our own senses really are is extremely difficult and confusing. Life is probably just too hard to figure out sometimes.

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