There's a moth coming from somewhere. And not just one, but a lot of moles. And not in a fur coat, but somewhere in the kitchen. I'm trying to locate her. The moth was suicidal every night they drown themselves in the remains of the tea or juice, and clearly preferring the latter. Carefully clean the remains of any liquid, but the mole manages to drown in a glass in the absence of it! Tired of killing moths, I feel like a serial killer who ruined more than one soul – now I catch and let out the window. The moth localization was found. And their cafes, restaurants and place of breeding – oatmeal! Your mother, my moth – a true aristocrat! Also been gnawed plastic bags, which were kept in the oatmeal. Perhaps they broke the function of the brain of the moth and led to mass suicide. Interestingly, if you feed a person a plastic bag, what thoughts come to him? Threw away all the oatmeal. Along with the new offspring of the moth. I don't know how she'll get over it. The moth has become twice smaller, but it does not disappear! Also that moth which was let out for a window, obviously conducts mass suicidal promotion among a peace insect of the world – today found a corpse of a moth on a window. Today I got a bug that flattened right in front of my feet. I thought the corpse was gone, but it turned out he was faking it. Released for window. Again emerged the very stag beetle-perhaps, this an assassin, which moth has hired for revenge. All night I dreamt I was running away from Moli's retribution. I started feeling paranoid. Discovered the second shelter moth-millet! Removed. Mole continues to drown in glasses – I took pity and leave some water in them at night. Everything is thrown out, but the moth doesn't leave the post – every day there is a new guard whom I clean from a familiar spot. Moth there is nothing to acquire, but she stubbornly continues to psychological attack. Thought about the meaning of life, loyalty and duty. What kind of heroic feeling pushes the moth to desperate acts, what such a high purpose it serves? Desperate reflection -- feeling less worthy of existence than my mole. Began to read Nietzsche. Together with moths studying philosophy, crying on Berdyaev. Mole continues to drown, showing full solidarity with me and willingness to fully follow their highest values, not for a moment retreating from them.