

Norman's Diaries

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THE BEGINNING

Hello there!

Okay... Howdy! So this is happening. Hi, journal. Or diaries. Or... thing that will know way too much about me. I gotta remember to give you a name.

I'm Norman.

My name is Norman Vinícius P. Santos (Please, call me just Norman... or Nih), I have amnesia and, after a certain inspiration, the idea of keeping my memories in paper (or pixels) came to be. If you're reading this, congratulations—you're officially my emotional storage unit!

The Many Many Diaries.

This one is called Norman's Diaries, which is not one diary, but a collection of them, because apparently one notebook isn't enough to hold an entire human being (rude, honestly).

Think of this as a time capsule, except messier, louder, and full of bad jokes, random thoughts, unfinished feelings, and moments that felt huge for exactly five minutes. Or five years.

This journal contains:

Diary of 2002 to 2023: The years that I didn't had any journal.

Diary of 2024: The craziest year of my life.

Diary of 2025: The roller-coaster year.

Diary of 2026: The one in which I'm remaking my journals

And More Diaries. And this is how it works.

Every year gets its own diary. Like its own little universe. I'm writing this text right here in January 26th, 2026, which means: hi, present me! But you might stumble into diaries from years I haven't even mentioned yet. Surprise! Time travel is real.

If you're confused, don't worry—that probably means I was confused too. Different years, different versions of me. Same handwriting. Same brain. Hopefully a little more wisdom—but no promises

The Chapters of My Life

So yeah, each diary is also split into chapters, because my life apparently works in seasons. Each chapter lasts about a month-ish and gets named after whatever took over my brain during that time.

People. Events. Feelings. Random chaos.

For example: when I met my close friends and we created the Tabacudos group, that became... everything. So that chapter of my life is literally called "Tabacudos". Simple. Honest. Very me.

Before each chapter starts, I'll try (keyword: try) to write a small intro explaining what was happening and why that name made sense at the time. Future-me, if you're reading this and thinking "wow, that name was dramatic"—yeah. I know.

Now, about the entries themselves—there's not much to explain, really.

Each day gets one entry. No more, no less. Rules! Look at me being organized as always. Inside that day, I can break things into little sections if my thoughts start multiplying like gremlins.

Every entry starts with: the date and a clever title (or at least something I thought was clever at the time)

And the content is... well...

Some days I'll write about important life stuff. Some days I'll write about absolutely nothing and somehow make it dramatic. Some days I'll overthink one sentence someone said to me three years ago like it just happened five minutes ago. Some days I'll complain, joke, romanticize my sadness, or pretend I'm the main character in an indie game where everything means something.

Basically, diary—This is where my life goes to be processed.

My Inspiration

And yeah—this is inspired by Maxine Caulfield.

She kinda proved that journaling doesn't have to be boring, serious, or "Dear Diary, today I learned a valuable lesson

It can be messy.

It can be honest.

It can be funny, emotional, and slightly embarrassing.

It can contradict itself

It can change its mind mid-sentence.

It can literally talk back to you.

And that's the version of journaling I want. Not perfect. Just—real.

Your Name is...

So, since I'm clearly talking to *you*, I should probably give you a name.

Your name is Max.

Yeah, I know. On the nose. But it feels right.

You, Max, are the one listening right now—whether you're the journal itself, or some future version of me, or someone who accidentally opened this and decided to keep reading. No pressure or anything.

So, Max—expect conversations. Expect rambling. Expect random side notes like "why did I write that??" and "okay, that was dramatic."

This isn't about being cool. This isn't about sounding smart. This is about being real.

If I ever stop writing here, I hope it's because I was out there living something good—something worth remembering. Something so strong that even my fucked up amnesia won't be able to erase it.

And if I keep writing... Well, then I guess this worked. And I needed it.

Final Notes (aka the cheesy outro)

If you're reading this ☺ thanks for being here.

Whether you're my future self, some random stranger, or a curious alien trying to understand human life (in which case, howdy!) ☺ I hope this gives you a glimpse into what it means to be me. (SPOILER: I suck. :v)

LAST DIARY ENTRIES

Current Working On

Hey, Max. So, these are the last entries I'm working on.

If they are old entries, I'll be placing them in their correct order once I'm finished with them. If they are recent, they will stay here until I hit the cap of... 10 entries?

Ok, this is it. I might even delete this part and section of this Journal once I'm done with it... which might be never lmao.

Ok, byee :v

Jan 28, 2026 - Afonso's Birthday

Okay, Max.

This is gonna be one of those days. You know the type. The kind where everything happens before sunrise and I could dedicate an entire chapter for it if I cram two more entries like this together. So yeah. Brace yourself.

06:00 - Going to Petrol^ndia

I woke up at, like, 3 a.m. Which is not a real time. That's night pretending to be morning. Immediately awful.

I had to take this van that costs around 60 bucks, because Junior decided to come with us—and he kinda can't travel alone. Also, he was paying for Afonso's ticket, and honestly it would've sucked to make him take the more expensive van and still pay for Afonso. Anyway. Decisions were made.

Also: I was NOT ready. At all. No luggage. No clothes picked. Hair? Untouched. Plans? Zero. Food? Not even coffee. Not even bread. Absolutely nothing. Past Me really said "future me can deal with it" and vanished, LMAO.

So there I was, speed-running my entire existence at 4 a.m., trying to look like a functional human being.

Thank God my mom was there. And by "there," I mean: not actually helping, lowkey judging my outfit choices, and talking way too much—but she lent me 50 bucks, which honestly saved my life. Financial support > emotional support at this hour.

Eventually I got (kind of) ready. I called the van guy and he was like, "I'mma pick you up right now." Max, I was not ready. He gave me 20 minutes. A blessing. A second chance at life.

Everything was fine. Until we got inside the damn van.

That thing was CRAMMED. It wasn't a sardine, like campus', but still. Some people were literally traveling standing up. The air was warm and thick and hard to breathe, like the van itself was tired of existing. For the first time in years, I actually got nausea while traveling.

At some point, I just stared into nothing and told myself—like, three times: “Don’t be a weak bitch. You’re fine.”

And somehow— I was fine. Which is weird and I would never let myself treat anyone like that... not after so many people have done that to me when I was little. Weird to think that, now, I do that to myself.

But yeah. Brain said “nah” to passing out, and we moved on.

And that was just 06:00.

09:00 - I Love Sunny’s Family

So around 9 a.m. I finally arrived in Petrol^ndia. Finally.

The driver took this very specific turn to drop another passenger right at their doorstep. When it was my turn to take an almost identical turn so I could be dropped at my destination, the driver basically said: “Nah.”

And just left me on the main highway. Cool. Love that for me.

I thought I only had 55 bucks left. Turns out I actually had 65, and he took his 60. So there I was, dragging two heavy bags plus a sad plastic bag, walking all the way to Sunny’s house like I was on a low-budget coming-of-age movie montage.

But. Important detail: I stopped to buy ice cream first. Because I was STARVING for something sweet, Max. Like, emotionally and physically. Survival instincts kicked in and they said “sugar, now.”

When I finally got to Sol’s house—Sol being Sunny’s mom, who I call Tia like it’s the most natural thing in the world—she saw me and immediately went in for a hug. Instant warmth. She opened the huge sliding door (we met at her store first) and welcomed me in like I belonged there.

Inside were Afonso (the birthday boy, the reason for all this chaos) and Doid (Junior) already hanging out. Sunny and Aisha—aka Minhoca—were there too. I hugged everyone. Full hug circuit completed.

And honestly? The very first thought that hit me after hugging Tia and Minhoca was: I FUCKING LOVE SUNNY’S FAMILY.

Like—especially that tiny stick of a human with the googly eyes and the cutest smile ever. Max, I’m not exaggerating: Aisha might be the

cutest fucking thing I've ever seen in my life. It should be illegal to be that adorable.

Also, side note (important): I love how Aisha treats me like I'm her favorite person. Afonso interacts with her like the brother-in-law he is. Junior plays with her a lot. They both treat her like a kid, doing pretend stuff, touching and hugging her and all that.

But me? I just treat her like a person. I talk with her. Joke with her. I ask her opinions and permissions. Respect her in a way. I don't force stuff or play games. Yet, she always talks to me.

She always asks me stuff and she always invites ME for activities. She could be being hugged by Afonso and playing with Junior, and she still would get out of there, pluck my shirt and say "Hey, Vinni. Wanna draw with me?" and we would draw and talk like two close friends. She would even ignore the other and invite me on a chocolate heist with her. Dam, I love this.

Also, We NEVER touch. Like, ever. That's something I love too, because I hate touching and she never goes to touch Afonso or Junior. So, we only hug to say hi or bye, and that's it. If she NEED a hug or a "pick me up", I'd just brush her off and tell her to go after someone else lmao.

Sometimes it's like she's my sister. Which is funny, because she's nothing like Bea—my actual sister—who is way saltier and way more of a smart-ass.

God, I miss my salty smart-ass sister.

And now I need to give Bea a new nickname, because I gave Jaiy the same one, and my brain refuses to separate them. Which is annoying. And confusing. And emotionally inconvenient.

Anyway. Sunny's family = elite. My heart = already soft. And it's still morning.

10h22 - Sunny's Tarot Cards

11h00 - Painting with Aisha

At 12h11, Aisha and I finished our drawings

THE END

Okay...

If this is the end of this journal, then wow. We actually made it here.

If I'm reading this at the end of everything, then this page is proof that I was here. That I felt things. That I cared. That I tried.

And I'm sorry to say this, but it also means I probably died and stopped writing it. Either that or I just stopped writing for other reasons hahaha.

You've seen all my eras:

the confused ones,

the hopeful ones,

the heartbroken ones,

the "I swear I'm fine" ones (I was not fine).

You've held my thoughts when they didn't make sense yet.

You've kept secrets I didn't even know how to say out loud.

You've watched me grow without judging, interrupting, or telling me to "just move on".

If future-me is reading this: Hey. You survived more than you thought you would.

I hope you're gentler with yourself now.

I hope you still feel deeply.

I hope you still notice small things.

I hope you still write—somewhere, somehow—even if it's not here.

And if this journal ends because life got louder, happier, fuller... then that's okay too. That just means the story kept going off the page.

So yeah. Thank you for being my witness. For holding versions of me that no longer exist. For reminding me that moments matter—even the quiet ones.

I hope this isn't really goodbye. That it's just a pause.

Whatever it is, I hope to see you some day.

Take care. I love you!

"Norman was here!"