Dear Diary,

Today was the same as every day. Cleaning and breathing in detergent. Of course I didn't go out again. What do I do? I feel like his place is dirty. Do you know? I went to the hospital today. It was so detective that my lungs saw it because I was breathing. I am very sorry for that. But I can't imagine a life without detergent. Because only detergents can kill germs. I even wash my hands with detergents. My skin is irritated and I wear tons of cream. What should I do, I don't know. I want to get rid of this disease.

People call me "Cleaning Sick" and this makes me very sad. I get a lot of attention as I walk around with gloves. It's good to be clean. But I guess I'm exaggerating a little. I saw an old friend of mine today. He held out his hand to greet you. I also shook his hand, don't be upset. When I got home, I washed my hand with bleach. Even while writing this diary, I erased my pen 6 times. My pen was previously red. Now it is pink. It'll be white in the future.

I don’t like the guests. Because they pollute the house. I don’t take anybody to my house. I don't like this. When guests come, I clean my house from top to bottom. I want to get rid of these obsessions.