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*Go  
Ask  
Alice*  
Anonymous

## ***September 16***

Yesterday I remember thinking I was the happiest person in the whole earth, in the whole galaxy, in all of God's creation. Could that only have been yesterday or was it endless light-years ago? I was thinking that the grass had never smelled grassier, the sky had never seemed so high. Now it's all smashed down upon my head and I wish I could just melt into the blaaaa-ness of the universe and cease to exist. Oh, why, why, why can't I? How can I face Sharon and Debbie and the rest of the kids? How can I? By now the word has gotten around the whole school, I know it has! Yesterday I bought this diary because I thought at last I'd have something wonderful and great and worthwhile to say, something so personal that I wouldn't be able to share it with another living person, only myself. Now like everything else in my life, it has become so much nothing.

I really don't understand how Roger could have done this to me when I have loved him for as long as I can remember and I have waited all my life for him to see me. Yesterday when he asked me out I thought I'd literally and completely die with happiness. I really did! And now the whole world is cold and gray and unfeeling and my mother is nagging me to clean up my room. How can she nag me to clean up my room when I feel like dying? Can't I even have the privacy of my own soul?



Diary, you'll have to wait until tomorrow or I'll have to go through the long lecture again about my attitude and my immaturity.

See ya.

### ***September 17***

School was a nightmare. I was afraid I'd see Roger every time I turned a corner in the hall, yet I was desperate for fear I wouldn't see him. I kept telling myself, "Maybe something went wrong and he'll explain." At lunch I had to tell the girls about his not showing. I pretended I didn't care, but oh, Diary, I do! I care so much that I feel that my whole insides have shattered. How is it possible for me to be so miserable and embarrassed and humiliated and beaten and still function, still talk and smile and concentrate? How could Roger have done this to me? I wouldn't intentionally hurt anyone in this whole world. I wouldn't hurt them physically or emotionally, how then can people so consistently do it to me? Even my parents treat me like I'm stupid and inferior and ever short. I guess I'll never measure up to anyone's expectations. I surely don't measure up to what I'd like to be.

## ***September 19***

Dad's birthday. Not much.

## ***September 20***

It's my birthday. I'm 15. Nothing.

## ***September 25***

Dear Diary,

I haven't written for about a week because nothing of interest has happened. The same old dumb teachers teaching the same old dumb subjects in the same old dumb school. I seem to be kind of losing interest in everything. At first I thought high school would be fun but it's just dull. Everything's dull. Maybe it's just because I'm growing up and life is becoming more blasé. Julie Brown had a party but I didn't go. I've put on seven ugly, fat, sloppy, slobby pounds and I don't have anything I can wear. I'm beginning to look as slobby as I feel.

## ***September 30***

Wonderful news, Diary! We're moving. Daddy has been invited to become the Dean of Political Science at ———.



January 24th

After you've had it, there isn't  
even life without drugs....

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