



Kidz • New Faces • Young Adults

Girl (9-12) Private Diary

Oooo! You're so dead! I'm telling Mom, and she'll never let you play video games or watch TV ever again. You'll be sorry, you brat! I hate you. I hate you. I hate you!

Mom! Mom, Randy read my diary! Every single page, mom! How could you do this to me? Ugggh! I put all my secrets in there, and you're smiling about it! One day, I'll have a boyfriend and he'll beat you up. Oh yeah! I'm gonna tell him to kick your butt. Quit laughing, Randy!

Did you read all of it? How much? Did you read about Daniel? Or Michael? You know, I just made all of that stuff up. I don't really love them. And I never waited by the bike racks for Brian in the rain for an hour. I'm not that stupid. I just made it all up. Really, you wasted your time. I don't know why I'm even upset. It doesn't matter. Just stories, make believe.

Like the story about me getting yelled at by Mrs. Cartles? I swear I didn't do anything. Don't say a word to Mom or Dad, okay? If you do, I'll break your stupid toy cars. What were you doing in my room, anyhow? You know you're not allowed in here. Can't you read? You jerk! I can't stand this anymore.

I don't have any privacy. The sign on the door says private. Do not enter. Plain and simple. Stay out of my room! Go on! Get out of here!

Mom! Randy won't get out of my room! You better scram or I'll tell Mom that you got magic marker on the couch. And that you used her makeup to paint your face like a clown. Go! Get outta here, you little dweeb. Oh, and I never tried smoking either! Smoking is stupid, just like you. Remember, if you say a word, you're dead! Now bounce!