

The Diary

This short story is something new for me. A friend suggested I try writing from the perspective of a student, in the first person. So I chose to write as a precocious twelve-year old.

The story isn't really autobiographical, although I was a little overweight as a kid, and did get picked on some. And I suppose I was precocious. I remember once in grade eight my friend and I got into trouble for writing on our desks (I was so bad!). I claimed I was just doing it because my friend was. The teacher asked me if I was sure he was my friend. I replied "Well, intermittently ..."

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"My name is Kevin and I'm twelve years old".

Well, that's a start, I guess. My older sister told me I should start keeping a diary. I think it's stupid; I've seen all the silly things she writes in hers, and I'd be embarrassed if I wrote all that mushy stuff. She's sixteen and she thinks she's so smart. She doesn't even know I've been reading hers.

"I like basketball, and I'm pretty intelligent".

I don't know what to say next. Writing in a diary is hard. It feels like I'm talking to myself, and that would mean I'm probably psychotic or something.

My sister is nice to me most of the time, although sometimes I think she's faking it. She inherited the good looks in the family. At least, the evidence points that way, based on the number of boys who seem to be interested in her. I know because, like I said, I read her diary. The lock on it is so simple, a twelve year old could pick it. Yeah, I did.

"Today I had tuna sandwiches in my lunch. I managed not to throw up. Dad knows I hate tuna!"

I inherited the brains in the family. My sister barely manages to scrape by with sixties in all her courses, and I don't think she knows an exponent from a dill pickle. Maybe if she actually did her homework once in a while she would do better. Or if she spent less time on the phone with boys.

But I like school, and I work hard. I've never had a mark less than ninety in anything. Except for PhysEd. I'm not very good at PhysEd. But I do like basketball.

"I used to have a dog, but he got run over".

That's so lame! Diaries are so stupid. Who would ever want to read this stuff, anyway? It's not like I have anything important to say. I'm only twelve. Although my English teacher told me I have the vocabulary of a sixteen year old. I sincerely hope she wasn't referring to my sister!

Yesterday Bobby copied all my answers from the math homework. I didn't want him to ... how is he ever going to learn if he does that? But he made me; he's a lot bigger than me, and he's started to grow a moustache (if you look really hard), and sometimes I'm afraid of him. He's hit other kids.

"I can't wait for this weekend when we get to visit Mom in the hospital!"

My mother has cancer. It's in the brain, and it's inoperable. I know, because I looked it up on the internet. Mom won't tell me; she keeps saying she'll be home soon, but I know the truth. I've heard Dad crying in the bedroom late at night when he thinks I'm asleep.

I have a few friends, but mostly I do things after school by myself. I think other kids like to pick on me because I'm a little overweight, and smart. Like last week, when a couple of boys from the school across the street pushed me into a corner and called me a bunch of names. They didn't hit me or anything, but it made me feel pretty bad.

"I wish I was old enough to get a part-time job. I need the cash to support my cocaine habit".

OK, I wrote that just in case my sister tries to read my diary. There's no way she could keep quiet about that ... she'd tell Dad right away, and then I'd know.

I get bullied a lot, I might as well admit that. I've gotten used to it. I know why bullies do it; they feel inadequate, and taking it out on someone else makes them feel better about themselves. I read that in my Dad's psychology textbook.

I just wish they'd bolster their egos by taking it out on someone else.

"I'm afraid all the time".

Oh, God, I don't know why I wrote that.

But I guess it's true. So many kids say nasty things to me. I've been pushed around a lot, and hit a few times, and kids are always telling me what they're going to do to me ... well, you know what bullies are like.

I lied before. I don't really have any friends. Is that pathetic, or what?

"I don't know what I'm going to do about it".

That part is true.

I know you're supposed to tell someone. But Dad has his own worries, and I'm not sure what would happen if I told a teacher. For sure I'd get some kids in trouble, and then it would get worse. So I guess that's really why I started writing in a diary, I guess.

"I want to tell someone. But I'm afraid of what will happen. What I need to ask myself is, am I more afraid of the bullies now, or about what might happen if I tell on them?"

I could tell my sister, I suppose. Like she'd care. But one of the guys she's madly in love with is the brother of one of the kids who's been pushing me around. A definite conflict of interest!

My sister is madly in love with a different boy every week. Personally, I don't know what they see in her. They probably don't know she likes to stuff marshmallows up her nose and snort them across the room.

"Maybe I should tell a teacher. Some of them seem pretty decent".

Except for Mr. Hawthorne, the Social Studies teacher. He's always in a bad mood. We all know it's because his wife left him last year, but he's never said anything. He should just get over it! He could probably be a pretty nice guy if he'd smile once in a while.

Like I'm the one to talk! I don't smile much, at least outside of class. I'm too worried about keeping out of the way of bigger kids who seem to always have it in for me.

This is stupid. What's the point of a diary, anyway?

"I could tell them about how Stephen pushed me into a locker the other day, and demanded that I give him some money for the lunch booth. I tried really hard not to cry ... he hurt my arm. And I know crying always makes it worse ... bullies like it when you cry."

I don't know why I'm writing all this. It's not like anyone's going to see it. And what good does it do, anyway?

"I think I will tell a teacher. Maybe Mrs. Bartlett, the English teacher. She likes my writing, and I trust her".

Did I just write that?

I did, didn't I? If I wrote it, I guess it must be true. It's not like my diary is a work of fiction, or anything ... except the part about the cocaine. And my sister really does blow marshmallows out her nose. Just so you know.

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All my stories are posted at

<http://www.worsleyschool.net/stories/stories.html>

I think this is the sixty-fourth one.