

**THE
RED STREAM WRITERS
DIARY**

Diary 1

Dear Diary,

my depression started at age 10. I didn't understand what was going on, all I knew was that I wasn't smart and I had no friends. For some reason I thought I was happy at the school I was at, so my parents changed schools. At first I hated it there but I made some friends and my grades began to raise. By the beginning of the eighth grade everyone knew me. I was friends with more than half the school and I was getting great grades. My family went through some rough times around then, and when I returned to school my friends tried to be supportive but they didn't understand. In January a new kid came and took my spot. I had to make new friends. I did. But 5 months later I left for high school. I'll admit, I was happy to leave.

Diary 2

Dear Diary,

when I was about 7 (maybe 8) my uncle died in a car crash. He was my mom's younger, and only sibling. He lived far away, I think in California, so I didn't see him very much anyway. It's weird to think about he's dead sometimes, because I only really knew him through the stories told by my parents and grandparents through teary eyes. I only really remember that we always played this game called "Slap Dragon!". Sometimes when he visited he brought his girlfriend with him, but he usually had a different one from the last time. He always sent us presents, and they always came late, and I loved that because it felt like a birthday. Sometimes I feel like I never got to know him because he died, and other times I feel like I *only* know him because he died.

Diary 3

Dear Diary,

it was 2009 and everything seemed to be alright. Not only were the times good, but the days were as well. 8 months had gone by after a summer in LA. I knew nothing of what was going on in Philadelphia. My grandmom had went to Egypt with my uncle as she had periodically done. After I met my dad at the LAX he told me the least expected news that killed me. My grandmom was killed in a car accident two months prior, but I had no knowledge of it because I hadn't talked to my dad back home. My cousin and uncle were in the car as well. "She only died because her heart was weak," but since then I wrote rhymes spit over beats.

Diary 4

Dear Diary,

my personal experiences are mine for a reason and my thoughts in my brain are not understandable to anyone but myself. My look on life and this mysterious world we call Earth is quite incomparable to you, your brother or your mother, and even your teacher.

Diary 5

Dear Diary,

is it weird to say that sometimes I feel like an outcast because I'm not an outcast? I feel like everyone has an issue, be it drugs, self harm, family problems, etc. I feel like a virgin to the life teenagers live today. I've never smoked weed or gotten drunk or ever gone farther with a boy than making out. Is that weird? Is everyone ahead of me?

On the outside I look like the one with tough skin, the don't mess with her chick, but I feel like my life is boring compared to everyone else's. And I'm not saying I want problems to come my way, but I feel like I'm missing something, and nobody knows.

Diary 6

Dear Diary,

I think that it is very hard to fit in, especially at this age. I hate how hard it is to find good friends. It feels like they are never constant. I know that people change and I would like to think that I do too. It sometimes feels like people still are my friends, even if they don't really like me. I feel like I am letting them down because they might be changing and just feel obliged to keep me there.

Diary 7

Dear Diary,

since I am the youngest in my family I have always felt left out. My siblings are close in age and really close with my cousins and everyone, so I kind of grew up as more of an only child. It was better when I was younger and thought of them as role models, but now I am overwhelmed by trying to live up to the standards they've set. Even when I am doing what I love, I always feel that I am not good enough, whether it be art or sports. I guess that in some ways it motivates me to do better, but I have to accept that I am my own person. I have my own set of skills and talents, and no matter how hard I try I will not be exactly like my siblings. That is a good thing. Having this knowledge I can go on to be confident and proud of what I do. This will let me be who I am and not worry about the future.

Diary 8

Dear Diary,

Fitting in used to be something I thought was the biggest feat ever. And it makes sense, right? If you are like others then it's easier to be friends with them. Cliques are make up of

people who like similar things or dress similarly. I think those are pretty solid facts. Yet I never realized that people might like you for who you are... Who you *actually* are, not what you look like.

A big thing for me used to be material items. I thought that if I had similar clothes to the others I would fit in, or at least *blend* in. That has a lot to do with my physical appearance too. I think after a while I realized looks aren't everything, but I'm still not satisfied with how I look. Frankly I don't think anyone can be 100% satisfied.

So basically my point is that fitting in = friends and looks = everything. But, fitting in and looking good really helps with friends and everything.

I still want to be thinner, to have prettier hair, to have a prettier body and face,
but I guess that's all girls.

Diary 9

Dear Diary,

I always wondered why my sisters didn't love me. Before my brother was born, my father had two kids. Two girls. Years later he met my mom and married her on November 23rd, 1991. Within 6 years they has three kids: one boy and two girls. One of them was me.

My other two sisters live with their mother down south. Growing up I only remember being around my brother, my sister, and my cousins. I never understood why they weren't around. Now that I'm older I still don't understand who to blame and why. I rarely get birthday calls, holiday wishes, or even just checkins. Where did I go wrong? Is it my fault? Am I the reason? The *only* call we get is when they want something. That is not love, that's greed.

I found out two months ago that one of them is getting married. The only one that was asked to be apart in the wedding is my brother to be an usher; not even in the bridal party. I'm furious and frustrated and don't understand. Where is the love?

Diary 10

Dear Diary,

sometimes I get this feeling that everyone hates me, or would rather not be my friend; that they're only friendly with me to be polite, or look good, or to use me. I felt like this all of the time at my old school. I had these people that just looked down on me because other people did. Now sometimes I was rude myself, but I didn't feel it was fair for me to be the butt of the loser bandwagon. I've started feeling better about myself, but I still don't fully trust or believe in anyone.

Diary 11

Dear Diary,

I've never really fit in. Well I did when I was younger maybe. I was a weird little kid. But I found weird friends who liked me. As I got older that changed. I was quiet sometimes and unsocial. I had friends but I didn't like many other people outside of them. So people thought I was weird because I was quiet. I was different too. When I was younger I tried sports to try to fit in. I stopped after a while because I didn't enjoy it too much. I didn't like how competitive things got.

I was always skinny and weak. I later had to go through physical therapy because my core was so weak. My arms were super weak and I was under weight. People called me a weakling. I could run ok but not amazingly. Physical therapy was ok. The therapist was nice and all, and the exercises were easy, too easy. I was weak, not handicapped. There were other kids there too. Mentally disabled kids. I don't want to use the word "retarded" because it's offensive, but back then that's how I felt being there; that's the word I used in my mind. Everyone else used it so why shouldn't it? I wasn't mentally disabled though. I was actually really smart. I don't think they really drew the line between physical and mental disability. By the time I got out of there my core muscles were much stronger. I had a really small six pack when I was eleven. I put on weight too. I was no longer underweight.

Diary 12

Dear Diary,

the truth is, I'm scared of going to college and my childhood ending. I'm scared of my future as an adult. I'm scared of choosing what to do with my life and moving away. What if I make the wrong choice for what to pursue? I'm not ready for my life to begin.

Diary 13

Dear Diary,

to me it isn't really important to fit in. I follow my own path and let others try to fit in with me. I did do something as part of a crowd and regretted it later on. One thing that I did was having a few shots of vodka. I felt like crap later and thought I betrayed myself and my family. To other kids, fitting in may be important because they want to feel accepted. They don't want to feel like an outcast.

Diary 14

Dear Diary,

when I was little, when all of my other friends would go to the gifted program, I would go to a specialist. I was below grade level. My english teacher was the least compassionate person ever. She wouldn't try to make me feel better, even though it was obvious I was self-

conscious; no she would get mad at me, ask me why I was so slow. She would get mad when I would get pulled out of her class. So now not only was I not with the rest of my friends but my teacher would make a big stink out of it.

I felt so different. When my friends would talk about the cool things they were doing, I'd think back to what I was doing and it would be something like reading a picture book or playing with a cash register. When I got to grade level (but really the school got rid of funding for the program) I realized how much I missed it. It always made me smile. The teacher was great and I realized that he had really helped me to extents I could never thank him enough for.

Diary 15

Dear Diary,

some may think that on the outside I am strong, content, and at peace. They think I have it all together, but on the inside it is a struggle. I struggle with someone who really loves me. I know that he loves me a whole lot, but at the end of the day, I always end up hurting him. When I talk to him about it there is always someone trying to stop me. It seems like the whole world is against him and they try to take me from that. I do love him somewhere deep inside and try to please, but I always fail on my own. I struggle with giving him my whole life and all that I have because it's just that little demon that is trying to hold on to me. But I know one day it'll be very soon, that I will give him all I have. One day we will have a close relationship. One day it will be just him and I and no one or anything will matter to me. One day I will rise to the full potential that was planned for me. One day I will stop living for this world and live for him, and it want it to be today.

Diary 16

Dear Diary,

ever since I have gotten to high school I feel like I'm telling the half truth about myself. I feel I have been open about my sexuality but not all the way. I hate telling people that I am a lesbian because in middle school even though there were other people that way, I was still judged and I don't want to be judged at SLA too even though everyone is accepting here. I feel like I can't trust anyone here that much. Right now I am at that point where I don't care about what anyone thinks about it and I am proud about my sexuality now.

Diary 17

Dear Diary,

throughout my life I was always afraid that people will not like me and that I would be left alone. I was always left alone since I was little because my mother was always busy. My grandparents will be there to look over me. I think I felt that way more because I didn't have a father. My parents divorced when I was little and I was the only child. As I grew up I received love, but for some reason I always felt empty. Now even though I seem to socialize with people,

I'd rather be somewhere by myself and alone because that's just what's comfortable to me. I think it's freedom and peace that I feel when nobody is around me. I just don't want people to hate me because I might act some way towards them and I guess that's why I am a little bit aloof. That way they won't leave me because they start hating me.

Diary 18

Dear Diary,

I have never tried to fit in, and yet I have never been an outsider. I feel like that is not who I am and that I'm living a lie, and that just isn't ok with me. I have never done anything in a crowd for fun that I've felt bad about, but I have done some things in a crowd for fun that I later regretted. I think people need to fit in to feel like they belong, but I have never felt that way because I will always belong to myself, and no one can take me away from me.

Diary 19

Dear Diary,

when I was little I honestly didn't care about what people thought of me, but as I grew older it got harder and harder to not care. Soon I was letting a lot of my "friends" get to me calling me ugly and fat. This was in the 3rd grade I was only 8 or 9 years old. At the same time I had my first real crush and all the other girls did too on the same guy. We were little so we chased him around the recess yard and a 4th grader came along and tried to help us. She asked him who he liked and said "you can exclude that girl because we all know you don't like her", referring to me. After that my "friends" didn't really talk to me like they used to and my "closest friend" turned everyone against me. I thought no one loved me so I thought about suicide in the 5th grade. I changed schools and the bullying got worse in some ways and in new ways but I found one friend who always defended me and I love her for that. I still have some of these issues but I know how to deal with them now.

Diary 20

Dear Diary,

I'm very insecure and self conscious about the way I look; my weight, height, mostly everything. Most people wouldn't think that I am because of the way I act I usually. I usually try to cover up my feelings with jokes or just acting happy when I'm really not. That's why when someone makes a joke about one way I look or act, I just do the same back and act like it didn't bother or hurt me. In actuality I really *don't* about what people say most of the time, but lately I have...

Diary 21

Dear Diary,

I constantly disappoint myself. I have a habit of not living up to my own expectations in any field. For years I have been an athletic failure. When I create, I make things without meaning or style. I don't create enough. Musically, I pale in comparison to my friends. Academically I coast. I never work up the courage to ask that one person, whoever they are that month. I always lack the self control not to eat that last cookie. I'm a bad example, but nobody else seems to see it. If only I could be happy with myself.

Diary 22

Dear Diary,

I don't really know what to write about. I guess I can say high school isn't as hard as everyone said it was. I think everyone has also been a lot more accepting than I thought they would be. I've made a lot of friends here so far, and I wasn't expecting that to happen. I appreciate everyone being so nice to me, and for being good friends. Since this anonymous, I can say "thank you" anonymously. If you're reading this, I might be talking to you.

This style of writing is weird, because I don't have any thoughts that I really need to get out of my system. I can only think of phrases I would use to make small talk. I'm at a loss... This usually isn't like me. Usually I have thousands of things to say. I guess some of the stuff I could say just aren't ready to be shared yet. I also don't want to give away who this is by saying something everyone already knows.

Diary 23

Dear Diary,

I strongly dislike those who change their opinions so as to fit in. These kind of people have an éclair for a spine. I feel bad about disliking someone because they are insecure.

Diary 24

Dear Diary,

I don't feel comfortable writing this... I always find something wrong with me. I don't feel as though I am good enough at times. I feel like I'm too skinny or too fat; not pretty or smart enough. It's an ongoing cycle. Sometimes I'm afraid to lose something or someone. I feel like there will always be someone better, prettier, and smarter for that person. I just don't know. it's confusing and weird.

Diary 25

Dear Diary,

Fitting in is difficult, especially when I don't think the same way as other people. I'm a thinker and a dreamer, so a lot of the things I do and say aren't that realistic. Being unrealistic makes it hard for me to understand people. It's easiest for me to view people through their emotions, so if they're serious but look playful, I won't take them seriously. I also despise being emotional, so I might say something bothers me when it really does. I might not even realize when something bothers me, but I probably feel it subconsciously.

I aim to be liked by other people, however so, my daily actions say otherwise. I constantly think or do things that I find funny, but others find disturbing. I have a lot of secrets, some I want to tell people, but so unnatural that I can't. I don't like how the world is set up. I want to be unique. I wish everyone had a special sort of attribute that only a few people shared; something that was actually useful or fun. I want to have a fun life. That's what I think life is for.
Discovery, knowledge, fun.



“Everyone has something corked up in a bottle; a part of themselves that we're afraid to show. So we used the freedom to write it”