

# Who Knows...The Diary of Natalie

By TsunachiSpiritHolder

Submitted: May 12, 2006

Updated: May 12, 2006

*This is the diary of Natalie. An insane girl that doesn't know she's crazy...very interesting...yeah...please read and enjoy! The first entry is kinda poetic...*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/TsunachiSpiritHolder/33109/Who-Knows...The-Diary-of-Natalie>

<b>Chapter 1 - Entry 1</b>	<b>2</b>
<b>Chapter 2 - Entry 2</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Chapter 3 - Entry 3</b>	<b>4</b>

# 1 - Entry 1

Dear Diary...

Who knows...maybe I am the sane one and they're the crazy ones...but who am I to say? I do not know...all I know is I am not to blame ...a shattered philosophy spoken by a broken person with blaring music in her ears...nothing is heard anymore...just the screams of those lost in memory...I forgot them...now they are back...I don't know what to tell them...I'm sorry doesn't cut it...and there is nothing more I can do...so lost...now they are here in my ears over the music that I have on the loudest setting...the smell of oil paint is filling this room...its kind of sickening really...there is no way to escape it now...someone else is playing music right now...really loudly too...that too is over my music...wish they'd stop...it sucks...am I a liar? May be I speak the truth...but again I do not know...I try to run from my problems all the time...right now they are catching up to me...ever since I got the friends I do...I've been broken...just like them...I'm the only one who sees it, too...they are all too blind to do as such...but maybe I'm going down a crazy spiral...the memories in my head...the music is fading and their voices are defining...god...? Why did you curse with such an ability...to feel what others feel but I cannot feel my own feelings anymore? I speak what others say...no longer with my own voice...just a robot with recordings...I cant hear myself anymore...they wont let me...a small voice drowned out by those who think they should choose what I do...make it stop...or I will...

From Natalie...

## 2 - Entry 2

Dear Diary...

You know how the world is supposed to end? Well I wonder...does it end in some places faster than the rest of the world? Because if so...its definitely ending here...everyone is breaking...still they are too blind to see it...wonder when they'll realize it...those voices have gone to sleep right now...bet they're going to wake up tonight and wake me up with them...those damned memories...wish they'd just go away...HE still hasn't ended the curse he put on me...it's driving my crazy...my mom is afraid of me now...and some of the people at school...they say I have to get out of my little fantasy world and get a real life...hypocrites! If they went to their own little world, and get away from reality, they'd never want to look back! People like that I want to just destroy...they make fun of me behind my back...all the time...but when they see me stand up for myself when someone bigger than them picks on me, they want to be my friends!!!! Again HYPOCRITS! They need to learn that, just because someone is not like them they should not pick fun at them...but after a while they start to fear me too...its not my fault I speak broken philosophy...and they don't understand it! It's been four days after I took my paintings out of here...it still stinks...I don't think it the paint anymore...but it still has that sickly oily smell to it...whatever it is...

Hope I don't break anymore, Natalie...

### 3 - Entry 3

Dear Diary...

Today the sky is grey and wet...A day that just drains you of all energy...It's beautiful though...no music today...Mom said I shouldn't listen to it so loud, when I told her it was to drown out the voices that seeping through the cracks, she took it all away...So I'm listening to the TV...I have it on the Snow Channel...you know the one with all the static and that strange `SHHHHHH` sound? Yeah...that's what I'm listening to. All the voices are gone, Mom made me take this candy that didn't taste very good...but it made the voices mute and invisible...But now I see the little Static Snow People dancing on the screen, and singing in a high pitched sound that not many other people can hear. It's giving me a headache, but its better than that pressing loud silence. That sickly oily smell is still here, I've searched and searched for its origin, but never found it...it gets worse and worse each day...

From Natalie...