

# Leon's Diary

By kiaragurl03

Submitted: November 6, 2006

Updated: November 6, 2006

*This is my role-play charcters diary. His name is Leon and he is crazy! Well...just read it.*

*Leon: ITS GOT KINTA IN IT!*

*No one knows who he even is!*

*Leon?*

*Leon: HE IS GOD.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/kiaragurl03/40657/Leons-Diary>

# 1 - An Obsession

Leon 11-06-06

Hi! ^\_\_\_\_\_^ my name is Leon; I suppose you know that, since Kiyara has so nicely written my name on the inside cover so no one steals it from me. I was born February 8, 1990. I m only 16-years-old, but I feel like I m 5-years-old most of the time. I live in the Netherlands, my own room, my own personal space, though I find myself rushing off to the real world with Kiyara most of the time. It s a lovely place, really it is. Such a big building that I m not sure even by Christmas I ll see it all.

There are two things I m obsessed with in this life. Coffee and Kinta. Coffee because&well why the hell not? Kinta, it answers. Kinta is my boyfriend, and I love him. I couldn t ask for a better one. His hair is raspberry color, I love it, it reminds of love and I love to smell it. His eyes are green in one eye and silver in the eye, such mystery to my love. He s younger then me, though he acts so much older then me. I love everything about him, his mysterious attitude, his cuteness; he has such a good personality! I m so hyper he calms me down all the time and is

Oh my fracking god! I haven t kissed him today! Omg! Ah! No! The world is closing&oh god darkness. NOOOOOOOOO. Ha, ha, I bet you wet your pants hearing that one! You scared little diary! That s right, I owned you! I can act calm! I can! Watch:

So anyway, I guess I will tell you about my day. I woke up around 10:00, much later then the others did. Everyone here is so freakin loud in the morning, its hard to sleep and Akira down the hall is so pissed about that, she is.

We live in the Netherlands, well not like the actual Netherlands, in Kiyara s head. We call it the Netherlands, but the building itself does not have a name, nope, but I call it the Scarecrow. Cause its like from the Wizard Of Oz, no one hear has a brain. God, I love that movie. Why does freakin Dorthy get a basket and a nice pair of shoes all in one day!? THAT dog.

Woah, woah. Anyway I cleaned up, nice enough to travel back to the real world and around 12:00 I assisted back to where Kiyara was in school. She was at lunch, and I handed out flyers to everyone to vote Kinta for president tomorrow for Election Day tomorrow. Kiyara wasn t too happy about me running around. Apparently it s not good for us charries to be flaunting our beauty. But everyone knows the only beautiful one is Kinta..