

Dear Diary

By violet101

Submitted: July 3, 2005

Updated: July 3, 2005

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/violet101/16888/Dear-Diary>

Chapter 1 - Dear Diry

2

1 - Dear Diry

Please read I promise you won't regret it...not for the "reward" but just because everyone needs to realize this....

Dear Diary:

They told me that I was the ugliest thing they'd ever seen, and i started to cry.
I went home and Jake called me.
I thought the day would get better.

But he told me that long distance relationships dont work out.
He lived in California, and I moved to Michigan.
Then I told him I loved him and that I missed him.
He told me that the only reason he ever went out with me was because I was a joke, and he was dared to.
Then he dumped me.

We were going out for two and a half years!

November 9, 1999

Today got a little better.
I miss jake so much you dont even know diary!!!!
But he even changed his number so I wouldn't call him.
But the most hottest guy at school asked me to the dance!
And those prissy/preppy girls that said im ugly let me hang out with them at lunch today.
It was cool!!

November 10,1999

I'm crying right now... turns out that hot guy was a jerk at the dance. he poured his punch on me, and those girls ripped my dress and everyone

started laughing.

Then my grandma told me today that mom and dad got in a little car accident.

They're in critical condition, they might die.

I can't write anymore.

November 11, 1999

Today's a Saturday... but me and grandma were at the hospital all night long.

Dad died this morning.

Mom is going to live, but she's crippled for her life.

I wanna die too. While we were at the hospital grandma found out that she had cancer in her stomach. She has to go on chemo-therapy.

I can't believe daddy died. I'm crying more than I have my whole life.

I'm in shock.

I can't write... I'm too tired.

I need sleep.

November 12, 1999

Daddy is not dead! He can't be!

It's all a dream. My life is perfect.

Jake still loves me. I can barely write. I'm crying too much.

I wanna die.

Bye...

* * * * *

One day later, Lisa was found dead in her basement.

She had hung herself with a yellow rope.

I am her mother.

My name is Maranda Gonzalez.

The reason I wrote this e-mail to all of you, is because no one else deserves

what my daughter had.

Please remember that everyone needs love.

Everyone needs a hug everyday.

No one should be made fun of, or insulted.

No one deserves to die like Lisa did.

All of you please dont be the popular prissy/preppy girls that put other people down to make themselves feel better!

Please dont be the awful possessed date for the dance that makes people cry.

Now please do me the honor of sending this to as many people as you can think of. So that way everyone will know not to be a jerk.

Thank you.

Everyone who sends this will be rewarded with a random act of kindness..

this I promise you...