

# Journal entries

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*This is my vile english teacher's form of torture through writing!!*

# 1. Gifts

Each of us has special gifts inside us just waiting to surface. We owe it to those around us and ourselves to develop these gifts.

Each of us has special gifts inside us just waiting to surface. We owe it to those around us and ourselves to develop these gifts. This is a cute phrase, all sappy and "lovey dovey." A statement that is straightforward and to the point, except for one minor detail, EVERYTHING! First of all, some of us do have "special gifts," that doesn't mean we have to share it with the world. For example, running into walls, while belching you're a,b,c's, while repeating this action and not becoming woozy is a talent, but not one that needs to be publicized.

Second, what is with the part "We owe it to those around us." I object to this notion and it better be sustained! The people around us don't give us our god given talents that we were born with. How could they anyway, except by surgery.

So, as I conclude, I would like to say that I despise this statement and it should be spit on, stoned, and burned for the sake of everyone else, for it is already too late for me. I dub this statement unworthy of my journal.

## 2. Unforgettable experience

Describe an unforgettable experience

How can I describe an unforgettable experience when I have had so many? I've moved, but not that far, I have climbed a lighthouse, I've woken up from a never ending dream, my house has caught on fire twice, but I suppose I can recall one, one that happened not too long ago.

My friends, Connor, Emma, and I were walking to our other friend's house, plastered in cookie dough and drenched because of the rain. We arrived, but soon left because we were just proving to Victoria that we would actually venture out. Upon walking past the elementary school, we heard a very profound, deep bang, one of which sounded like aliens had crashed on earth. Then the sky lit up, and it was so bright it seemed as though it were day, except for the fact that the everything was green. Then, one by one, all the streetlights slowly turned off, leaving us lost in the engulfing darkness. We screamed, as loud as our lungs would allow and ran, we ran as fast as we could. Then up ahead we saw car lights, and Victoria's mother, her dear, sweet, lifesaving mother drove by and asked if we would like a drive. We quickly accepted her invitation. We jumped in her car and were driven home, plastered in cookie dough, drenched and terrible frightened.

### 3. Friends

Describe the qualities of a good friend

Compassionate, caring, someone who wants to be around you, someone who likes you for just being you, are the most disgusting assets a person could have. Who wants a friend who likes you, all they want to is hug and compliment you all day, in fact, who wants a friend at all? All they are, are evil, cannibalized, backstabbing, poking freaks!

For example, you can never trust anyone. One minute you're standing and the next, you are on the floor, having seizures, twitching in pain from that poke your friend gave you, isn't that right, Jessica.

Another thing is, you can not tell your friends secrets. Sure, it starts out as a simple whisper, but BAM, suddenly your biggest secret is publicized in all the newspapers and you end up having a million interviews with every broadcasting network out there.

So all you with friends beware, for those demons you call acquaintances are just waiting to pounce on you and squeeze the life from your very body.

In conclusion, you are the only person you can trust, not anyone else and, I think I am going to trade my friends for a few good tamagotchies.

## 4. Dream

An unforgettable dream

As Ms. Stewart and the rest of the world know, I am the type of person who has very odd and vivid dreams. They vary from visions of that evil Tinkerbell and my reoccurring nightmare about the Grinch, but the most unforgettable would have to be my never-ending dream, that seemingly went on forever.

It was an uneasy night. I was swamped with homework, and finished only half, and with the other half, I planed to save until morning. I cautiously drifted to sleep, worried that I would not get my work done, but sure enough, I was out like a light, then my imagination began.

As I remember, there were floating books and pocket lint, and I was singing 1950's show tunes. Then, all of a sudden, everything swarmed into a thick, black spiral and everything began to spin. The sky became tie-dye. I then woke up and screamed, and woke up again and screamed. This action was repeated several times, which was enough to drive my crazy.

I ended up really waking up, and felt in a dazed, d'ejavu feeling, and I for some reason bellowed at the top of my lungs at the unicorns frolicking upon my chest. They screamed back saying "Shun the non believer," but then they were gone, I was finally awake, and I finished my homework.

I still don't know today if I am really awake because the frilly, puce, squirrel fish are convincing me otherwise.

## 5. Socializing on the net

Are we really socializing when we chat online or is it all "smoke in the mirrors?"

Are we really socializing when we chat online? In one perspective, we are, and in another, we are not. Well, where do I begin? First of all, some people only have relationships based upon the internet, because the real world won't listen. Some people have deep, dark secrets that they will only share to people who chat on the internet, and this is indeed interacting. Someone is actually there reading over what you have written, caring about you and your troublesome life.

Then again, talking in this manner can also be considered "smoke in the mirrors." If you talk to some you don't know, like your neighbour's, cousin's, father's, uncle's, stepmother's, half cousin's, great-aunt twice removed, than you do not really know of whom you're really speaking to and it is like chatting to a piece of metal. You don't even know if said person is paying any attention to your conversation at all. They could be just typing random things that you take as compliment, but were not meant to be as flattering.

So, in conclusion, in some cases, speaking online is socializing and in others, it is not. All I know is that I get too many journal entries to even think about socializing on the internet. I never have time.

## 6. Happiness

I am happy when...

The only time I am happy, which rarely happens, is when I am not writing spelling sentences and journal entries. This is my reasoning for me not being the most content person on earth right now. I absolutely hate writing them over and over; they have no point. I can only wish that something knife shaped and squid smelling would burst into my room right now and tear my work to shreds, that would make me maniacally happy, more happy than Santa.

Doing these time consuming tasks are down right sinister. They make me feel overwhelmingly depressed, and during therapy they tell you to be happy, and since I do spelling sentence all the time I can't be happy, and trained specialists are the ones who give me the advice, so take that Ms. Stewart!

So, in conclusion, I can't be happy when doing these boring, acidic, workloads of writing Ms. Stewart dishes out. Then only possibly ways of remaining jolly are to take "happy pills," or to stop doing spelling sentences and journal entries. Stop them Ms. Stewart or years of therapy won't be able to aide with my condition.

## 7. time travel

If you could time travel, to what time would you travel and why? What would you do there?

If I could time travel to any time possible, I would choose to go back to the era where every being was a micro organism. Being at this stage in their life, and having a thumb, I would be granted supreme seniority, and would be waited on hand and foot.

The premature humans would worship me, seeing as to them my bodily functions are so advanced. To them I would be wise and great. They would blissfully follow my commands with a flick of my wrist, a part of the corpse they have not developed.

If science is true, the people would be very unintelligent. They would be so stupid, they wouldn't even consider riot, in fact, they wouldn't even know what rebelling was.

So, in conclusion, if I were to choose a time to go to, I would go back to the beginning of time. That way I could rule the world, seeing as the humans-to-be would be easily manipulative. I would also raise the people my way, spelling sentences and journal entries would be of non-existence.

## 8. twilight zone

Imagine you came to school and all your friends, classmates and teachers were speaking a different language. What would you do? How would you adapt your life?

If I were to come to school, and all my friends, classmates and teachers were speaking a different language, I would pace myself back and forth, rocking ever so lightly. I would murmur creepy lullaby's to sooth myself, and eventually absorb this new language by osmosis.

I would sit back and listen, being the foreign like kid of whom can't speak a normal word. Subsequently, after listening to this language long enough, I will comprehend its complexity.

Then, when the day comes, the day when I can understand every word of its oppositeness, I will decide to put everyone down in the language they call their own. I will call them names so vulgar, their ears will bleed ever so profusely, and then, in their state of depression and vulnerability, I will enslave them, teaching them to speak proper English.

Little by little, their words will be "Esysa asterma, ourya ishwa sia yma ommandca," to "Yes master, your wish is my command."

So, in conclusion, if this scenario were to happen, although it won't, I would sit back in a dark corner and listen.

## 9. courage

What courage means to me

What does courage mean to me? Dauntlessness, bravery, temerity, boldness, someone who will give something up for the benefit of others, someone who will face something head-on, out of their own will, for the affairs of others. As I do not have any of these qualities, I have come to the conclusion that my courage is nonexistent, in fact, I am chickenhearted.

I am so timid on a daily basis, I can't even go to the lunch line alone and/or without friends. Realistically, if it weren't for my friends, I would live in a hole, receiving nourishment from insects and roots.

Everyday, manipulative people annoy the living heck out of me, but I get through my day straightforward with my friends' courage, and their large mouths. Sometimes, just sometimes, I show a miniscule amount of bravery by slowly and extensively showing how the action they are committing will result in something terrible, but this only happens, if ever, rarely.

Now, I have to get down to business. Ms. Stewart, I do believe it is time to show some "courage," and let go of something. I know we have done them for quite a while, and although they might seem similar to a security blanket to you, but I do think they should be diced, scrambled, and discarded. Seeing as this topic is about courage, and I have freedom of speech...what am I saying? GET SOME BACKBONE, MS. STEWART, AND RID US ALL OF JOURNAL ENTRIES! There, you wanted examples, that was one.

## 10. technology

In what way has technology changed or helped my life?

How has technology benefited my life? Well, it obviously hasn't aided in my laziness, obesity, and short attention span, wow...look a raged bunny with mange, gnawing at my doorstep. Anyways, back on topic. It hasn't helped my life in the least bit. The only thing "modernizing" objects have done is to send multiple radio waves through my head to ensure a life of painful brain cancer, yes, endearing for a world of new product users.

I guess these new, fangled, adored by most items are possibly the cause of global warming. That's right children of the future, you are either going to die, or slowly adapt gills and become cannibalistic water tribes for your grandparents greedy mistakes, otherwise known as technology.

So, I summation, WAIT JUST ONE MOMENT! I have put two and two together, linked until I found the culprit. If it weren't for technology, we would not have spelling sentences nor journal entries. These were just spontaneous ponders thought by a raving lunatic for human torture, placed on the internet for those with a mental capacity equal to the one of said person, to exploit and destroy peoples' lives like my own. An immense sarcastic thank you goes out to all technology used to place torture, spelling sentences and such, and inflict emotional a physical pain on my behalf, and I shan't use you again, that's right, SHAN'T!

## 11. what we Canadians do well

What we Canadians do well

What do we Canadians do well? Some of us are musically gifted, while some of us have what is called a "big mouth," but as a group I think we all seem to be extremely nice, a factor of which Canadian citizens do very well. We sometimes do it until the extent it becomes creepy.

Brazil has its soccer, France has its French and baguettes, but Canada has its friendliness. I don't even know why we are so nice, why can't we be great as a group in some other topic, like cheese grating. We appear to be so nice, that when people from foreign countries still like us after we beat, spit and wield beavers at them. All they do is go back to their homeland and tell others to come to Canada, the "nicest" country on earth.

So, in summary, I would have to say that the area the Canadians do best in, no matter how hard we try not to be, it our attempts always fail. I guess I will have to live with the reputation of being nice, and the overuse of the word "eh!"

## 12. Worrying

"Today is the tomorrow you worried about yesterday." We all worry, but is there any point in worrying about things? What kind of things do you worry about? Does it help you to worry about them? Give reasons why or why not. What are some ways you can help yourself not to worry?

So many heinous questions, not clearly enough mental capacity, commencing the fetal position, screaming with a profound aversion of this foolery, ahhh! Okay, sane once again.

I am going to go with my neutral decision and object to this statement. There really is no reason to worry because no matter how terribly you panic, the basic action of which you are ranting upon is still going to happen.

I never worry, except around dishevelled cupboards, beware of flying canned goods and cutlery, for they are potential death, which should be bedevilled upon. Of course it doesn't aide to worry about most things, if so, something is bound to happen. While fluttering about, aimlessly screaming about something only conceivable, you leave yourself vulnerable, unguarded from your animal type friend to tear large strips of flesh off your bones.

So, in summation, I don't worry because there really is no point. It is quite obvious that if you wish for people not to discover your extreme admiration of nose picking, pull your finger out of your nasal passages. As well, if you are worried about a large test, study for it, instead of running around while twitching and flapping your arms. Is it truly that difficult to stop all your madness so you have nothing to worry about in the first place? Oh, and before it slips my mind, I HATE SPELLING SENTENCES, and I don't worry about them, now they are pertinent to the topic.

### 13. GARF, love

How do I know when it's love?

How do I know when it's love? I do not have any clue. How am I supposed to know when I have not felt its complex and mysterious ways? I am only four-teen. I have heard that it apparently makes you do strange things like perspire for no reason or babble like an idiot. What is really awkward, is that you are supposed to feel like you have jam on your back, which would go down in history as one of the oddest things love makes you feel. As well, I guess you feel like you are floating on a cloud and act like you're on top of the world, even though I already am. That is the one and only thing I can relate with love. What I really think is that everyone feels something different. We are all very unique and have our differences, so why shouldn't our emotions be the same. Oh well, all I wish is that I grow to be an old, terribly nasty, antisocial man, who will forbid love and all of its mysteries from coming into my life.

## 14. Stephen Harper, eww

General Topic: Presidential elections

What is your question: When Stephen Harper was elected Prime Minister, was he truly suited to run Canada?

Answer your Question: I do not believe Stephen Harper was suited to provide for Canada upon being voted for, and now.

Thesis statement:

I do not believe Stephen Harper was suited to provide for Canada upon being voted for, and now. First and foremost I would like to quote that he was the very man that who stated that he despised all members of the maritime provinces and wishes to demerit us from Canada. With me being born and raised in these few provinces given a generalized name, I took this into harsh consideration, and will never forget his spoken words, worse than profanity.

Second, he is conservative and always trying to keep things the way they are, and bring back methods of the past. Come on, the world is changing, and does this male believe that we should be completely oblivious to the trouble surrounding us, yes he does, in fact, this was his motive to begin with. Why people voted for him, is an empty presumption to me.

Lastly, he is too old to be running any longer anyways. If he has silver, fine hair and has to wear makeup to cover his aged face, than we obviously need someone younger, and wiser to be prime minister.

So, in conclusion, Stephen Harper has never been suited to be our Prime Minister. He is just a highly powered, extremely old man who creates false accusations, and wants us to stay the same, not even considering global warming and other serious world issues. And why people even elected him is beyond me.

## 15. Sunday Shopping

General topic: There should/ should not be Sunday shopping

What is your question: Should there be Sunday shopping?

Answer your question: I entirely believe that there should be Sunday shopping, I am disgusted with the fact that there isn't.

Thesis statement:

I entirely believe that there should be Sunday shopping, in fact, I am disgusted with the fact that there isn't. I would like to initially state that there are several reasons that there should be Sunday shopping, all vital such as medical affairs, sudden disappearance of nourishment, and personal luxuries, such as Webkinz.

Sickness is everywhere, and is not only diagnosed during week days, but weekends as well. I don't even believe the doctor is opened upon Sundays which can cause several illness related problems. First, where would you go to determine what sickness you have to begin with, and second, where will you find the suited remedies for said illness. Without Sunday shopping, our population will diminish greatly. Even though people may ponder Sunday as a day of rest, how peaceful will it be tending someone ill?

Second, as I know from experience, a family of four, which is an outlandish numeral to begin with, consumes large sums of food, and usually run out of nourishment by the end of the week. What are we to do without food? We'll have to resort to cannibalism, planning riots with our groupings to attack others, at least until Monday. How would we survive, oh the insanity.

No enough with the unimportant domains, lets cover luxuries. First of all, for some crazed reason, I feel the need to purchase a Webkinz upon every weekend. It is vital against my existence if I don't, and causes me several skin irritations. Once again, people will say it is a time to reflect upon yourself, but you know what I have to say, relinquish profoundly, but silently. Buying objects for yourself is considered doting. So without Sunday shopping, I cant commit these narcissist like actions, and therefore can not reflect.

So, in summation, I strongly believe we should have Sunday shopping. If so, I would not be ill, have severe rashes caused by my deprived luxuries, and in lack of several limbs, connected to my cannibalistic siblings. So, if people wish to diminish Sunday shopping because of their dispossessed relaxation, I will sternly tell them that I CAN'T BE SELFOBSORBED WITHOUT THE PURCHISING OF WORLDLY MATERIALS!

## 16. Thank you kindly, Borsch

I'm not telling  
None of your buisness, New Brunswick  
E6G Apathetic  
February 25, 2008

Mr. Borsch Shobbalabbobabblaboshoopinspreck  
21764 Lumpy Drive  
North Arabia  
R5Y 8U9

Dear Mr. Shobbalabbobabblaboshoopinspreck

This letter has been written to exponentially express my appreciation for the ravishing form of drinking device, used by caffeine by-products. I was infatuated a the mere sight of the gift. My gratitude is truly beyond belief, considering the fine craftsmanship of the teacup. The fact that you toiled on my behalf, to bring the present into my possession, makes it all the more valuable. The handle, the gold trimming, and the bone pigmentation were all wondrous, simply marvellous.

Moreover, your gift aided significantly in the celebration itself. Without your divine choice of dishware, we would all have blistery, smouldering hands because of our lack of cups. Because of your gift most elegant, this is merely a vision.

As well as your gift, I was entirely content that you illegally arrived from Arabia. Your presence was unexpected, but most enjoyable. I have been deprived of you for years, and have found more than enough. You have enlightened me thoroughly, I can go on with my life knowing that you are no longer seemingly deceased, but alive, and well. You have truly grown, especially out of your mud consuming phase.

So, In conclusion, I would like to repeat once again my excessive appreciation for your gift most amusing. Without the cup, and its lovely finishing, we would not have consumed tea, which is quite difficult to be deprived of during a tea party. I also appreciated your occupancy of mass in Canada. The fact that you violated several laws of your country on my behalf, is most keen. So once again, thank you.

Sincerely

Michael Drost  
Your dearest cousin

Who cares High School

## 17. What animals can teach humans

What animals can teach humans

What animals can teach humans, just about anything I would think, except for emus, there are evil, acidic creatures who scare children for a living. First of all, it was my cat who taught me how to be potty trained. Instead of using a litter box like a regular cat, she used the toilet and I would copy her. Animals are not dumb, they just have an inability to speak our language. Just imagine what we sound like to them. Koko the gorilla even taught us. He was taught sign language and taught what he learned to other small children. Many zoo animal tricks are now used in modern interpretive dance and animals don't have just a pretty face, some can do math as well. The fact that we think we are the smartest beings on this planet and animals are just dumb pets is terrible. We are not even considerably smart to the average and, an animal. In fact, they were the first forms of life to roam the earth. In summation, animals can teach us many things from math to potty training. If us humans consider them to be "dumb" then why do we give them a civilized homes, also known as a zoo. We the humans should treat these animals like another one of us. Besides, when they learn to talk and grow thumbs, even though many animals have these abilities, they will probably end up overthrowing the earth making us do the silly dance. "Dance, human dance," they will scream.

## 18. What I worry about

"What I worry about"

What do I worry about? The greatest thing is that I could die at any given moment from little things like falling down or inhaling a pencil shaving. It is quite frightening that I have to worry about every little thing. I have to worry if the chair I'm about to sit in will suddenly break, or if the school spontaneously combusts. I even have to worry about who the next prime minister will be. There are just way to many things in my life that I have to worry about. What if I don't get my homework done or if the world is plunge into darkness by a black hole, and being in this darkness will make everyone in the world lose their sanity, and that would lead to a bloody manifest! Okay, breathe Michael, just breathe. Oh dear, what if I stop breathing, or my cat dies, or the ozone layer completely evaporates and we are all burnt to a crisp. So, what do I worry about? I've decided that I worry about too many things, and this journal has made me realise it.

## 19. world domination

What would you do if you could control the world?

What would I do if I could control the world? Well, I would live a simple life as an ordinary slave driver. I would give my slaves odd tasks like to fetch me a pail of lard and throw it into a volcano maybe every three seconds a day and maybe throw in a millisecond break for them once a year. I think that would suffice. Now let's get out of the nice stuff. I would make my slaves carry all great monuments of the world on their backs and have them carry the monuments to me. I would then have those same slaves carry the monuments back to their original places, and each slave would be wearing irritably itchy sweaters and wigs. I would then make everyone in the world come to my castle made of hand sculpted Tupperware and give them all wads of chewed gum. I would force them to chew the used gum and stick it in their hair while listening to really bad polka music in pure spite of myself. To wrap it all up, I would have five men lined up wearing target shirts and I would force them to let me throw flaming shish kebobs at them for target practice. If they refused to stand still, I would have them thrown into a pit of cake mix, and although this may seem nice, it isn't. What those people don't know is that the cake is cooking at a temperature so high, even the words scorching and blazing can't describe how humid it is. Mua ha ha ha ha ha!