

Shanu-The diray of past-time

By Shanu

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This is about Shanu basicly. Her life. And how she's living it. It's really sorta sad.

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Chapter One, Day One

Dear Diary,

This is Shanu. So far everything's been hell since I got my step mother. She's abused me a lot. I learn to ignore her. But I know she'll do it again. She beats me for no reason. Tonight we are having Spinach and Carrots. Father gets Turkey with gravy. I'm glad he gets a big meal. Although I'm the only one with Spinach and Carrots. My step mother says it's so 'I grow strong and healthy. But I know it's just so I can starve. Well she's knocking on my door. Probably to beat me again. Shanu

Dear Diary,

I won't be able to make a very long entry tonight. My step mother just beat me. And I fell down the stairs to the basement in the process. She's locked me down here. So I guess it's a good thing I hid you in here and not in my room so she can ransack my room and read you. As I fell down the steps I twisted my wrist. She blacked my eye so I know she's going to tell Father when he gets home that some bully at school did. Well my wrist is starting to throb. I'd better stop.

Shanu

Dear Diary,

My wrist has healed but my eye is still a little bruised. Today my step mother didn't give me breakfast, or lunch money. So I didn't eat all day. And she's giving me Tuna Chasoral for Dinner. Although I'm allergic. I don't care if I get beat again I won't let her kill me. Well she's invading my privacy again by picking my lock. So I'm probably gonna be cut sh

CHAPTER ONE, DAY TWO-

Dear Diary,

I'm sorry I got cut off yesterday. My step mother invaded my room. Today was a good day I'm pleased to say. My step Mother and Father had stepped out and left Turk to babysit. Turk-my older brother- finds no interest in me. So really no one has paid any attention to me. I know my step mother invaded my room while I was sleeping again. I found clothes sticking out of my dressers. I would normally put the

clothes in properly. I know she just wanted to find and read you. But thank god I hid you in my pillow case. So my secrets remain that way. For those of you who might read this as a misery story sometime in the next Millennium or so, this may sound depressing and sad, but it wasn't always like this. Before my real Mother died-

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my life was a lot happier. I was 5 when she died. So I didn't get a chance to really KNOW her. But I got a decent breakfast EVERY day. Enough lunch money for 3 or 4 days, and a dinner fit for a queen, that still had good protein and vitamins. Anyway it's running around 12:00 Midnight, Father and my step Mother should be home soon. I'd better put you away before Turk decides he's bored and needs something to read.

~Shanu~

P.S. I do sign my name differently. So no one can steal my signature.

CHAPTER ONE-DAY THREE

Dear Diary,

My Father did come home yesterday but my step mother did not. My Father said that she was ran into her mother and wanted to go home with her for a few days. He was very vague on the details and wanted to head to bed right away to take a shower. I wonder, what was that about. Turk sort have snickered when I asked him. I guess I won't know till his age. Or until I'm 10. I'm only 9 right now. That's why having this diary, I've got to keep it hidden VERY VERY well. Because if my step mother or father ever read the first entry I wrote I'd be totally KILLED! Anyway I think Turk is bored again. He's calling my name in his creepy ghost voice again. I'd better get outta here. Good Bye.

~Shanu~

P.S. I might start using you more like a diary. Writing love, and other very personal stuff. But I might not to reduce the risk of Turk or my step Mother finding and reading you.