

Dear Diary

March 4, 2003

I don't know if I will be writing in this diary much longer. But I sort of like it because it's like asking a friend for advice while knowing "it" won't blab on you. We were talking about diaries in English class today and the teacher asked us who kept diaries. Many of the girls raised their hands. None of the boys raised their hands and a couple of them snickered. I did not raise my hand; I didn't want the guys to laugh at me. On the other hand, I've been writing in this diary since grade 2. I don't write in it every day, but often enough. I was reading some of the first pages in the diary just the other night. It brought back a lot of memories; some good ones and some pretty ***bad*** *ones. Writing makes me think about things before I decide what to do. I have to make sure the guys don't find out about my diary.*

I won the spelling bee today. It makes me sort of popular because each team wants me on its side.

March 7, 2003

Ok, I need your help. I saw John and two friends take Henry's new Game Boy from his desk at recess. John put it in his schoolbag. Henry had just shown it to the teacher. It cost almost $100. I know Henry is not very popular, but I don't think it's fair. He didn't notice it was missing because math was over for the day. I don't know what to do. I know I ***should*** *tell the teacher. On the other hand, I didn't have anything to do with it, and if I tell, I will get in trouble with John and his friends. I don't want to be known as the class snitch. If it were my Game Boy, I would like somebody to tell. Maybe it's none of my business, but I feel guilty because I know.*

Wow! It's already time for Dragonball. I'll think about it some more when I go to bed.



March 8, 2003

I feel a lot better tonight. While watching Dragonball last night, I saw an ad for Crime Stoppers. It gave me an idea. I called the school because I knew nobody was in the office at night. I left a message for Mrs. Day on the answering machine. I changed my voice a little. I told her what I had seen. This morning, Mrs. Day talked to John and his friends before class. One friend admitted they had done it as a joke. They said they had planned to give it back. Mrs. Day made them apologize to Henry. Then, she gave them a Code of Conduct form. I still feel a little bit chicken for not telling in person.

In group work today, Tom admitted to us that he kept a diary. I asked him why he hadn't told us earlier. He said, "They're supposed to be personal, aren't they?" We all had a good laugh.