

Diary of a Teenage Girl

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Ever wonder what it is exactly that a teenage girl is thinking? Have you ever been curious just a little bit? Well here you can read every thought and word of this one teenage girl. Get to know her on a personal level and get in touch with a soft spo

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1 - Entry 1

Dear Diary,

I don't even know if that's how you're supposed to start one of these things so I'll just go with the cliché. Well anyways, my name is Lilybell Reynolds..just Lily to many people and today is my 16th birthday and believe it or not this is just my first diary. I never really understood the complete concept of writing your every thought and word into a little book that's just a typical lined paper notebook with maybe a flower for decoration on the cover. It seems to give you that certain sense of security and being able to actually share your feelings with someone, or something in this case. I guess that's the purpose of it. So I'll do just that. Well, as I have mentioned, it's my 16th birthday...good old sweet 16. You know when I was, like, 10 I never knew I would be this old. All those years just seem to pass by so quickly without even giving you the slightest idea that your life is moving on. I bet you anything that another 6 years will pass by in an instant just like the past 6 years. I'll be 22 before you know it. Eh...oh well. Anyways, my friends came over today. I didn't even know they would, but, yea, they did. They had this huge cake and everything, but they thought they were funny cuz they put a hell of a lot more than 16 candles. See, we grew up together and I'm the oldest of the group so they always joke and call me old and grandma and things like that. I never got to actually taste that cake, well except the part that got on my face cuz it just ended up everywhere anyway. One of my best friends, Leigh, got me this

diary. She said I was always so secretive and maybe with this I wouldn't be so "uptight." Heh, yeah, thanks Leigh. She's always so open about everything. She wouldn't have the slightest idea what a secret is. We have been exact opposites ever since we were little kids. It's a major surprise that we became so close. We have absolutely nothing in common. Life's just the biggest mystery that we have yet to solve. They should put that on "Unsolved Mysteries." Sorry, my thought process went of on a tangent. That seems to happen often. Well, I think that will do for my first entry. I'll be sure to write soon.

2 - Entry 2

Dear Diary,

Well, school is finally back from winter break. Isn't it funny how even for just as little as 2 weeks how people can change so much? People have begun to dress differently and some people have gone as far as changing their hair color. Well, it's whatever you feel comfortable with I suppose. I have never been bold enough to do anything that drastic. Maybe my wardrobe has changed but certainly nothing about my appearance. Maybe it's time for a change. I don't know. The reason why I began writing today is because I would like to tell you about my adventurous day in the building of education..."school" they like to call it. Anyways, the teachers like to be so hard on us the first day back. I already have 3 papers due within 2 weeks plus I have a presentation for Biology. It's biology, how interesting can that presentation possibly get? I already need another long break, that will do it. After that, I'll be able to take on anything, or just be wishing for another break. That would probably be more likely. Leigh asked me today if I've been writing in the diary she got me. She wants to read it, can you believe that? See, I told you she wouldn't know what a secret is if it jumped up and bit her in the butt. Of course I'm not going to let her read it, not that I have anything too personal in it...so far. Then I asked if I could read hers just as a comeback to let her know how dumb her question was and she said, "Sure, I'll let you read mine." And I was shocked with what she said, but not too shocked, cuz it's Leigh we're talking about

here. Well, I better go now cuz I have a lot of work to do and so little time to procrastinate. Good night diary.

3 - Entry 3

Dear Diary,

Today...we got this new student in my English class, but I didn't pay much attention to him. I was writing the rough draft of my essay cuz it was due the next day...thanks to my procrastination I had nothing done with it. Well, anyways when I was walking in the hall during passing periods I was talking with Leigh and everywhere I went I heard, "Did you see that new guy?" or "Did you see that cute new kid that just got here?" and I couldn't help but wonder if this "new kid" they spoke of was that guy that was in my English class. I never really saw him so I can only wonder if that was him. If you put 2 and 2 together that's the only logical explanation. So I asked Leigh what he looked like. She said he was tall, had light brown hair with a few blonde highlights, he had the perfect tanned complexion and he had the sweetest smile. I thought that he sounded cute, but nothing too special. Maybe I'll see him tomorrow in class. I mean I'd have to actually pay attention, but I suppose I can do some work every now and then right? Sorry to cut this short, but it's late and my mom is already yelling at me to go to bed. So...sweet dreams!

4 - Entry 4

Dear Diary,

Once again I failed to pay attention. It's just that English class is so boring! It's hard to pay attention! You mix the monotone teacher with the boring Nathaniel Hawthorne....that's not a pretty picture...or an interesting one at that. Well, I do have good news though. That essay that was due, I squeezed by with a B minus. Not too shabby if I do say so myself. So once again, I was walking with Leigh and once again all I could hear was "new guy this" and "new guy that." I kept thinking to myself, "Seriously you have to pay attention to things a little more often." Just when I thought of that, Leigh told me the same thing. She is always in my head, it's really strange. Well, anyways lunch time comes around and I was starving cuz I woke up late this morning and didn't have anything to eat for breakfast. So I'm sitting there with Leigh and few of my other friends just eating my sandwich and I look over to my left. Sitting there was the perfect image of a guy. He was reading a novel while taking bites out of a bright red apple. The afternoon sun painted the perfect reflection of brilliance in his figure. I couldn't help but stare. He glanced up from his book for a moment and glimpsed in my direction. He gave a slight wave just by simply raising his hand. He smiled and I could feel myself becoming redder by the second, butterflies were literally swirling around in my stomach. That's when reality hit. One of the kids in the middle of the courtyard threw a hackysack at another person, but his aim was a little off. And of course with my

luck it smacks me right in the back of the head. At that exact moment I turned around to see who had thrown it and my hand just grazed my soda can just enough for it to spill right in my lap. What luck I have... I glanced over at the guy. He had a slight smile on his face and he put his hand over his mouth as he giggled a little bit out of pity. I returned the slight smile with another diminutive grin. He then reached into his lunch bag and pulled out a few napkins. He walked over and gave them to me. I looked up at him and said, "Thanks." And I knew that my face was bright red. I couldn't help blushing. He just gave a quick nod, turned around, picked his book up and started walking towards class because the bell had just rang. When we were walking to class I turned to Leigh and asked if he was the new guy everyone was talking about. She only laughed so I figured it was him. She said his name was Jake Hartley. All day, the only thing on my mind was him, his flawless smile, his radiant locks of golden perfection shimmering in the sparkling sun. Awhh... *sigh* ...Well, goodnight diary...sweet dreams...I know mine will be sweet!

5 - Entry 5

Dear Diary,

In English today, Jake interpreted a Shakespearian Sonnet. OMG! His words were like poetry in its purest form. When he finished reciting his analysis, I felt that everyone in the room should have given him a standing ovation, but because an artist is always unappreciated in their own time, he merely sat down and received a verbal praise from the teacher. Jake didn't seem to mind, but I felt that he was deprived of the attention he deserved. Oh, and yes, I decided to actually pay attention in class for once. I mean, it wasn't the lesson I was paying attention to, it was Jake...hey at least I'm paying attention to something right? That should count towards something. Well, anyways, after class I was walking with Leigh to lunch and I saw Jake walking alone, so I told Leigh to go on without me and I went to talk to Jake. I complimented him on his great explanation on such a tough sonnet. He flashed a sweet smile with his pearly whites and kindly thanked me. He also asked if I was a fan of Shakespeare's. I only laughed and gave a big "no" cuz that man was the last thing on earth I understood, or even wanted to understand for that matter. He said he'd tutor me a little if I wanted him to, I didn't know what to say, but in that moment all I wanted to say was "yes." Of course I didn't care much for poetry, but since it gave me time to spend with Jake I accepted his offer. So I proposed that sometime we should get together in the local public library or something like that. But then something came to my head. I always noticed that he ate alone at

lunch so I asked him if he would like to join me and my friends so he'd have a little company and maybe we'd be able to get some lessons in, but before I could utter a single syllable he said, "Hey, how about you come eat lunch with me and we can see where you are in your knowledge of poetry. I was thinking of going off campus for lunch, so anything you want to do is o.k. with me!" Aww...then there was that smile again....that type of smile that made you literally fall head over heels. I couldn't say no, cuz it was Jake... I mean come on...you'd be crazy to decline an offer from him. So, I caught up with Leigh and told her what was going down. She said, "Ah, I see. Well then, I guess you should go, uh, catch up on your poetry eh?" As she said this she winked and smirked a little bit. She likes to think she's funny. I just said I'd see her later and went on my merry way. I found Jake in the front of the school where he said he'd meet me. We got in his car and drove to a local fast food restaurant, but it was lunch time so we could only spend so much time together before we had to get back to school. Well, as the saying goes, "time flies when you're having fun." I just wish that saying was "time stands still when you're having fun", that would be much better for this situation. But, our schooling must be continued so we returned to school. I didn't want anything too personal, so just a casual handshake was shared between the two of us and we went our separate ways. Before we parted we exchanged numbers and all that sort of contact information, so ya know I could brush up on my Shakespeare. Heh, yeah right, Shakespeare, like that's why I wanted his number. When I got home I called him up to schedule another little get together. I had to at least play the part if I wanted to spend time with him. So, we arranged a rendezvous in the park on Saturday afternoon. I can't

wait! That's it for me this time! Bye!