



DEAR DIARY

Christina "Chrostin" De Witte

Dear diary,

How do I tell my dad I failed my history test, and how do I tell my mom I like girls? Both will be disappointed, but I'm unsure which one of them the most. Need to drink more water. Learn how to say 'no.' Call my grandparents. Be social. Be present. Put up a show. I lie awake at night thinking about human rights, but they mean nothing when the color of your skin doesn't match the norm. So, what are human rights when you're not considered human? Some are hungry for food, yet share the same planet with those whose greed is bigger than their belly. But bullets feed no one except the power-hungry.

Dear diary,

I want to be seen but never feel perceived. I want to be heard but never caught yelling. I want everything, but everything feels so, so far away. When does the age come when the grown-ups stop talking and start listening? How do I spread my wings if they keep cutting them off? When I grow up, I don't want to become grey, and I'm not talking about the color of my hair.

Dear diary,

Are you proud of yourself, even if it's just sometimes? Because my fear of being scared is making me go back inside. What does she think of me? How does my hair look? Did we have homework? Hand me your textbook. I want to write down the words running through my mind, but once I open my mouth, they vanish one by one. I might not know much, but I know the world is unjust. Cruel. To me and even more to others. I learned more about politics through TikTok than at school. ChatGPT helped me with my homework. But tell me, how are our leaders not the real frauds here? Do you have to be cold to rule the world?



Dear diary,

Have you ever lied to yourself before? I wonder which stories adults tell themselves at night. Do they collectively believe everything will be alright? I need more promises, because there's no peace in sight. Should I write her a love letter, or maybe draw her one? Ask her to prom, let her borrow my favorite comb? Because in a world so unlovable, I have plenty to give. I refuse to be cool when hating is the rule. Because I might have failed my history test, but I promise I won't fail at being me.

