

Shhhh

Wed, 26 Mar 2008

11:23 AM

Introduction

Welcome to my life of a teenage soap opera... One day I'm in love the next I'm out. I have girl fights and hate my fashion design school. I'm one year before not being a teenager so maybe with in around ummm 5 months I will learn how to grow up.

Well about me, I grew up in a simple town of no one, just a normal town with their little football games and farms. I was a big dream coming from the big NYC to this... I wanted to be a fashion designer like my aunt. I wanted to MAKE IT. So after my graduation my parents shipped me off to paris (yes paris, france) to go to a nice known school. But at that time I didn't want to go. I had met the love of my life. I remember it clear to this day it was around 3 weeks before sophmore year. He was there, older then me i think he was 21? or just turned... His name was john (i did change the name). From that day of meeting him at my girlfriends going to be boyfriends house. I was inlove, I wanted him like no one else. I dreamed of him at night and even sick little me stole his hoodie for fun to smell when i sleep. He kept me thinking, he kept me good through my horrible teenage years. We then started to "go out" or if you want to call it that. Around the summer before my junior year. But before that we saw each other everyday. I was infatuated. All I wanted was him, to see his beautiful sea blue eyes to feel his long blonde hair. Why did I love him? He was beautiful to me as wel the way he talked was a man but a smile of a boy. They said to me he only laughed and smiled when you were around but now that your gone we dont see him.

(maybe in another entry I will add more about the past and our events)

Now, he is gone.. he put that bullet through his head. and he is gone. I thought he loved me. I thought he told me that we will be together for ever and ever..... maybe he did love me... now i will never know....

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Thu, 27 Mar 2008

10:37 AM

Dinner last night. and a haunting face

Okay well sorry for being alittle blunt about what has happen in my past. The suicide "hotline" women, sussie, told me that i should write everything down. I really never had a onlie journal thing but I think its quite the paper bag fuck. You don't know what I look like and you dont know what is truely me only what I'm writing to you is me and thats all you can imagine. nice. Anyway as you can see I'm horrible in my first language I hated english class and learning things with comas and periods. but yet I LOVED reading, thats before i met john. I used to read and now starting to read so much now. But before when I met john we had a secret pack together, it was if he went I would go with him. And if I went he would go too. But yet now I'm still here thinking why haven't I kept this promise? But anyway we believe that every person is a parasite. The feed off of other people, the are closed minded and religion is a figment of our imagination. Yes, I believe part of it while he believed... he followed it... I remember before going to take walks with him I would take of my braclets, earrings, and makeup . I wanted to show him I was materializitic. I'm not. But i like it but i swear I'm not. I remember those lectures on the park bench about how life is really nothing and only us can make it to something. That was the topic during the dinner we had last night. Now I'm with my new

boyfriend, which i don't know why I'm seeing someone.... maybe john was correct... maybe people are just parasites that feed and need to feed off another. But yeah his name is Joesph (changed) he is 30 and sweet I guess... Its been around 6 months since john has past away.... am i emotionless to a person that i was with a loved and was about to marry.. we were together for 5 years about to be 6... its 6 now.. and I will remember him forever. right? its his birthday today....

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Sun, 30 Mar 2008

2:27 PM

That man is beautiful.

I think i found him, i think hopeful i'm recovering from my lost... I met this man. that is just perfect .. or do i think he is perfect because he is hard to get?... I dont understand realy because he is so nice looking but not really. he is nice to me but then my self estem goes down to nothing and i feel like he is just fucking me just to do it... i miss john. he was perfect for me. he was perfect. with this guy i have a strange feeling. he makes me happy but then makes me feel like im nothing, nothing at all. I pick out certain thinsgs that make me hate him but then after he is so sweet and nice... i really dont understand.... salkjfkadflkjklajsfjkjsadkljflk my mind is all over the place, I feel like I want to tell someone my problems. but then.... i dont.... i have no one to talk to.... i actally dont have a good friend that i can talk to... maybe thats why i'm writing in this blog... i wish i could tell joe everything.... he is so good and laughs with me.. but i think im fucking everything up.. more an dmore with my stupid decions... ughhh going to paint

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Sat, 31 May 2008

1:03 PM

breathe

he is still alive... he can't be gone.... he cant

Security: Public
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