

ANALYZING THE STYLE, LANGUAGE AND TONE OF A DIARY

Friday 17 June 2016

Vile ~~Revile~~ ~~Revolt~~ ~~High voltage~~ ~~Hostage~~ ~~Enrage~~ ~~Rage~~

This is stupid. I don't want to write. I can barely think straight. My hand is actually shaking. Shaking.

She thinks I'm going to fall for the little-miss-innocent act.
YEAH RIGHT.

She might look like an angel with her fake blonde curls and freakishly big eyes (that can cry on demand, by the way) and that might fool everybody else but I see through her.

She almost had me. Until she said she'd give up. "Give up". Like she has the power to give me back what was MINE to start with!!!!

Sunday 19 June 2016

Shame Blame Harm Gloom Glum Gray Shade

I'm dreading school tomorrow. I wish Mom would just call in sick for me, but she's made it super clear she knows exactly why I have red eyes, a pounding headache, and a hamster ball where my stomach should be. How does she do that? Do you get super powers when you become a mom? Do you get initiated into a secret spy network of other moms? ~~Do you~~

I know, I know... I'm doing it again. "Wonder, don't wander" - one of your favorites, isn't it Dr Ratcliffe? I must have heard it a million times. I need to think about my emotions: face them, not avoid them. It's why you gave me this journal, right?

I guess it helps. Sometimes. I still don't know why I need to start every entry with the first words that pop into my head. It doesn't make me feel better. Just... different.

Anyway, my hands are still shaky but the rest of me doesn't want to move an inch. I just want to curl up in my bed and never leave. I feel cold. And empty. But weirdly heavy.

Monday 20 June 2016

Fly Float Flutter Hover Higher Spire Brighter

She did it. She actually backed off. She gave up - just like she said she would. I was so not prepared for this. Not sure how I feel to be honest.

Tuesday 21 June 2016

Strike Contrite Conflict Conscience Perchance Repent Regret

I thought I'd feel happy. I mean, I was happy. Now? I don't know.

I don't want to think about it anymore. I'm exhausted. I did not sleep well. You'll have a field day with my weird dream at our next session...

So I was standing in this huge greenhouse and it was filled with gorgeous glass flowers. But I accidentally broke the most beautiful one. I was so shocked. And angry and guilty and sad. All at once. I couldn't control myself and I smashed all the other flowers too. It felt really good. But then I was trapped in the greenhouse because wherever I walked I cut my feet on the broken glass. So, piece by piece, I glued the shards back together. When I finished, I looked around but I had done it wrong and the greenhouse was filled with glass butterflies instead.

Go on. Work your shrink mojo on THAT.