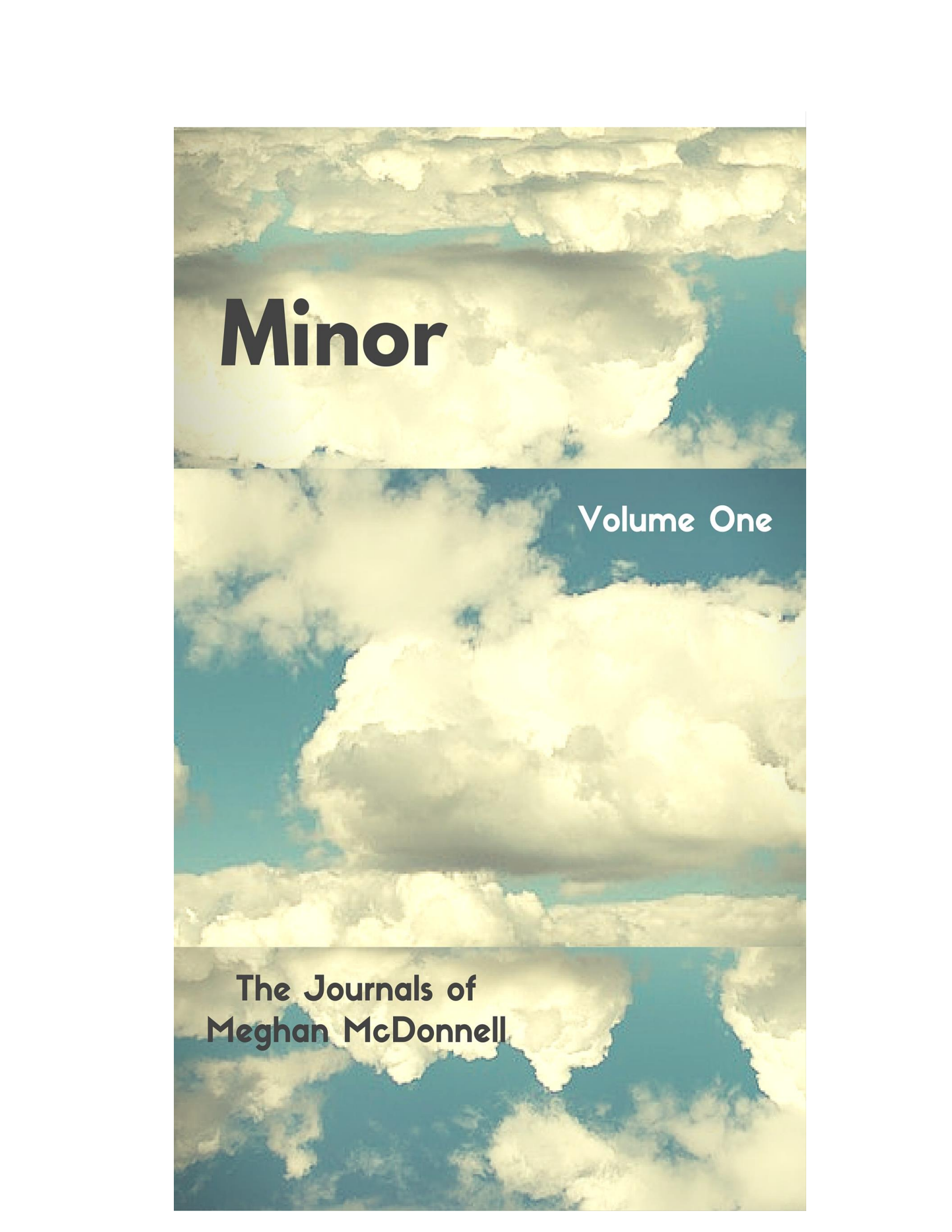




Minor

Volume One

**The Journals of
Meghan McDonnell**

Minor: The Journals of Meghan McDonnell
Volume One

Meghan McDonnell

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Introduction

The Journals of Meghan McDonnell are a project I've been pursuing for almost three decades, since I was 8 years old. I'm publishing each journal in chronological installments as my love letter to human beings because I know others crave story and mutual identification as much as I do. I find daily life so extraordinary that I feel compelled to record it constantly. I keep journals consistently with passion. Within the pages are the hours and years I've spent writing what I thought was significant. The content contains the specific and the universal.

In our culture, we often ignore, suppress, or deny who we are on the inside. Let my words be a balm to you; to liberate, to unmask, and to loosen the binds. I write what I can't speak aloud. I write what I wish is true and what I fear is true. I want to share these volumes because I believe they say something familiar, unexpected, resonant, and true. Let them be sanctuary to thaw the freeze you may feel when faced with your own selfhood amid what this crazy world demands of you. In writing, I have yielded to thoughts and emotions that have insisted on my attention. I have chosen to share them in candor and empathy in hopes that you will feel less alone. Writing is my way of saying, "*This matters*," which really means, "*We all matter*." I tend to the intimate, the secret, what resists being spoken. I say, "Speak it, share it." I absorb people and experiences, alchemize them with my internal life, and pour it back out in the journals. I am not ashamed of thoughts and feelings whether they are yours or mine. In expressing myself through writing, I can unflinchingly avow: "This is who I am and this is what I do."

All names and identifying characteristics have been changed to protect the innocent and the guilty. I have solely recorded my interpretations and opinions of all events. Certain place names have been changed. All else is as I wrote it at the time. You'll find links to songs, books, and films throughout the text and a playlist at the end.

The musings of my 9- or 16-year-old self are raw and foundational and provide context, dear reader, so you may better understand my fledgling development as a correspondent from the trenches of daily life. Take this ride and go deep into the pages. You will discover something worthwhile and recognize yourself in the words.

Keep out - and that means you!! [Inscription on the first page]

Monday, October 26, 1987

Dear Diary,

School is fun. A weird boy capped on us because we don't have *The Muppet Show* on tape. I have to go to piano lessons soon.

Sincerely, Meghan

P.S. I have a crush on Paul Ames. He's cute.

Tuesday, November 24, 1987

Dear Diary,

Almost advent. I can't wait till Christmas or at least Christmas Eve. Crystal and Michelle and Amber are my best friends. My sister has to collect Christmas words. She has 24.

Meghan

Wednesday, November 25, 1987

Dear Diary,

Still a kid. My sister thinks she is so cool and I'm sick of it. Here we go again off to school. For the first time I think I did well on my homework. It is exactly 8:26am. I have a Christmas present for my Mom - a can with coffee nips in it. My sister's present is a bear and pen. School's strange.

Meghan

1987

Dear Diary,

Still the 25th. I have a lot to write about. I thought today would be perfect but boy was I wrong. Mrs. Jensen liked my homework and then she thought I copied Marlana but I didn't. That made me mad.

I had to talk to Dad about report cards. Boring. I just had a math lesson because of it.

Meghan

Thursday, November 26, 1987

Dear Diary,

Today is Thanksgiving of 1987. My relatives are coming over any time. I have a cousin that is cute. Her name is Jamie.

Mom's going crazy trying to clean the house. I'm writing in here till someone gets here and I'm bored.

Meghan

Monday, November 30, 1987

Dear Diary,

First week of advent. Stuck at home. It is raining real hard. I think it will snow this year but other people don't.

Sincerely, Meghan

P.S. I can't wait till Christmas.

Saturday, January 30, 1988

Dear Diary,

My favorite songs are "[The Way You Make Me Feel](#)" by Michael Jackson and anything by Belinda Carlisle. It snowed for five minutes.

Things I love:

Chocolate

My hair

My goldfish

Junk food

My parents

Pizza

Basketball

Snow

Gennera hypercolor t-shirts

God

Money
KUBE 93 FM
Snow
Shopping
Esprit
Baseball
Christmas
My birthday
Presents
Christmas trees
Winning
Mrs. Jensen

Things I hate:
Losing
Spinach
Brussels sprouts
St. Patrick's Day
Candy canes
Mrs. Jensen

Meghan

Monday, February 1, 1988

Dear Diary,

I am going to Crystal's. I know this is private so I think Amber is mean sometimes. She tells me if I'm being mean her mom says to stay away from me. That's not nice. Sometimes Amber is nice but when she is near me she talks about Laura. I guess I'm happy Amber invited me to spend the night yesterday. We saw "[Hope and Glory](#)." I was holding my Belinda Carlisle tape and she grabbed it from me.

I hate how if Crystal gets a paper right she comes over and shows me. I'm going to school. We're early with Mom. Wow!

I hate Amber. Also, I hate it when Crystal always gets in front of me. I don't trust Crystal. It's going to snow. I might be in a spelling bee. Tomorrow is hat day. I hate Amber and Crystal.

Meghan

1988

Dear Diary,

I decided to write in cursive. I can't write. I have to do something.

Meghan

Tuesday, March 15, 1988

Dear Diary,

I'm bored sometimes. When I don't know what to write I read my diary over.

The reason I'm using pencil is because the ink ran out of the pen. I'm going to watch "Who's the Boss?" and "The Wonder Years." "Evening" is dumb.

Meghan

1988

Dear Diary,
I don't know what to write. I'll get back to you.

Meghan

Monday, May 9, 1988

Dear Diary,
I don't care what my friends say. This is my diary and I can write anything I want. So I will write that Amber is a brat. The secret I told Laura on May 6, 1988 was that Amber and Hilary were brats when they won balloons at the mother-daughter banquet because Amber does not belong to the WAC.

I can't get something off my mind. We could have an earthquake tomorrow. I am worried. Some people want one and some don't care. I think it's scary and exciting. I don't want there to be an earthquake.

Meghan

1988

Dear Diary,
I could die. It's me again. The reason I said that was because I have not written in a long time. I have a problem. Sometimes I write mean things about people in here and it's strange that they always want to read my diary.

Another problem is I hate changes. But nobody else does. It makes me feel sad and alone. Every time I hear my parents talking about changing the house around, I feel like I could burst into tears.

Meghan

Saturday June 18, 1988

Dear Diary,
Sue is a good friend. Breanne, too.

Meghan

Sunday, July 3, 1988

Dear Diary,
My birthday is in 10 days. I told you this before but I'm going to tell it to you again. I don't know what to write in here sometimes so I read my diary over but I write this a lot and my hand gets tired like now.

Meghan

Monday, August 8, 1988

Dear Diary,
I am at Amber's. I am in a quandary about giving gum to Amber because if I give a piece to Amber, I'll have to give Candice one.

Meghan

1988

Dear Diary,
Today is August. Marlena is a JERK!

Meghan

Sunday, August 21, 1988

Dear Diary,
We just got back from our 15th family reunion. I did not want to leave. I love to hang around with my cousins Alicia, Tiffany, Steve and Julia. Jamie and Beth are so cute.
My best friends are Michelle, Maria, Peggy, Hilary, Kim, Andrea, and Joy.

Meghan

Sunday, September 25, 1988

Dear Diary,
My sister is a JERK! She is mean but I love her anyway. I wish she wouldn't make fun of me all the time.
I need a good hiding place for my diary. Amber is nice. So is Kim. If I ever said something mean I regret it. I hope it snows hard.

Meghan

Saturday, October 8, 1988

Dear Diary,
I can't wait for Halloween. I am very sorry if I ever said something mean to Amber or did something mean. I want to put her on my best friend list because she's one of my best friends but there are so many people on my list.

Meghan

1988

Dear Diary,
I'm sorry I have not written for a long time. I don't think I've mentioned this yet but whenever I'm at my grandparent's house, I get a strange feeling and I get it when I watch "[Stand by Me](#)," too. I get a deep, almost hollow feeling when I hear songs by the group Breathe.
I'm sorry I have to tell you this but I have a crush on Robert Dunsmore. Nobody knows it and I think he likes me, too. I have to write about this because I'm not like this but with Robert it is different.

Meghan

Tuesday, November 8, 1988

Dear Diary,
I'm going to Andrea's cabin on Orcas. I want to but I won't see my Mom for five days but I won't get homesick. I'm going to bring lots of neat stuff.
They're going to elect a new president tonight and I want George Bush to win because I hate Michael Dukakis. Dad's going to build a nice fire tonight. I want to be warm because my sheets are cold. I might get an electric blanket. I also might get a retainer. I'll write to you more at Andrea's.

Meghan

Friday, November 11, 1988

Dear Diary,

I'm at Orcas with Andrea. It's not the best time but it has to get better. It's like when you get to the South Pole and you can't go south any more or something. Things will get better by tomorrow (I hope).

Meghan

Monday, January 30, 1989

Dear Diary,

It has been an exciting new year. I was thinking about the family reunion and Tiffany, Alicia, and Steve and the rest of the crazy bunch. I wonder if Alicia's step mom Susan was ever on the show "Jackpot" because about three weeks ago when Elizabeth and I were sick, we saw a woman with a name tag that said "Susan" on the show and it looked exactly like her. I'll write tomorrow.

Meghan

Tuesday, January 31, 1989

Dear Diary,

Today is the tomorrow I wrote about yesterday. It could snow tonight. Michelle wants me to pull a scheme on Peggy and Peggy wants me to pull a scheme on Michelle. So I did what any normal and civilized fourth grader would do. I went to my Mom. She made me feel better about the whole thing. She told me that I should not do either one and I won't. I wish Michelle and I could be best friends again because I miss it.

From, Meghan

Wednesday, February 15, 1989

Dear Diary,

I am at school. Leslie Mayfair got hurt bad. I hope she is okay. I continued and now it is February 17, 1989.

Meghan

1989

Dear Diary,

Peggy's mom is going to have a baby. It will change and ruin everything. Mom brought up Family Life again. Why can't she be like other moms and just sign the book? No questions asked.

Meghan

1989

Dear Diary,

I am babysitting right now for some people called the Reynauds. I was reading over my diary and I am a very weird kid. My best friend is Michelle but I'm not her best friend. Peggy the butt is her best friend. I am trying to be a good person and my closest friends are Amber and Hilary.

I just watched "[Beaches](#)" and I cried. I dried my eyes secretly because I did not want my friends to think I am a weirdo from some strange planet.

Now back to Michelle. We used to be best friends but this year Peggy decided to steal her from me. I was mad. Now they do everything together. I'll list what they do: they live across the street from each other, they were on the soccer team together, they walk to school together, they even went personal on Thursday when they had their arms around one another and they chanted, "Hi, Meggie!" And I got mad and I ran along the gym faster than any boy. And I'm mad at Peggy that she has made me mad at Michelle but if I spill my guts out to Michelle she will get all psychological on me and I can't believe I forgot to tell you they sit together! I don't understand why they just don't kill me.

Meghan

1989

Dear Diary,

Karen Robbins died last Wednesday. She was sick with cancer. I will never forget her. I love her.

Meghan

Saturday, July 20, 1991

Dear Diary,

My slumber party ended today. I'm sad that my birthday is over. Emma and I are going downtown with Brenda Cates and my sister. The anniversary sale is going on downtown so it will be a madhouse.

I have to baby sit Tabitha tonight. She is huge and she's only one and a half.
(later on) Today when I went downtown I spilled my pop all over the table. The lady was really mad. I bought a V-neck t-shirt and hoop earrings.

Meghan

Sunday, July 21, 1991

Dear Diary,

I finished *Daughters of Eve* last night and I started *Down a Dark Hall*. I love Lois Duncan books but I don't like the endings. I'm going to the cathedral for church at noon because most of us overslept.

(later on) We didn't go to church after all but we did go to Bite of Seattle.

It's weird how when you are little, you think you will never grow up even though you want to and when you get older you look back and wish you were young again. I have memories that I want to relive and I can't wait much longer. Let's face it. I'm not getting any younger. Every sick and gross person I know says it's normal to feel like this but if it is normal how come it's sad? I wish I were a carefree kid like I was before sixth grade.

I have a memory of us getting Santa pictures and we still do - but when I think about it, it makes me sick because it is such a good memory. I like Reggie. I have to compete with Laura, Sue, Emma, and a girl he likes. I'll beat them all to him.

Meghan

Wednesday, July 24, 1991

Dear Diary,

I babysat for the Smiths today. Oscar is funny. I have to baby sit again tomorrow. I want to but Billy will cry the whole time. I spent last night at Laura's. I hate St. Christopher School. It is far away and unfamiliar. I don't see how Laura can stand it. I'm sure it was great when my aunt went there and once my sister wanted to go. I'm glad she didn't.

Meghan

Thursday, July 25, 1991

Dear Diary,

"Beverly Hills 90210" is on tonight. Dylan gets in a surfing accident and Brenda and he might get back together. Today I babysat for the Smiths again. Oscar is so gross. Billy is cute. I like it when he screams and screeches.

I'm going camping with Crystal and her family. Lisa is going too but Crystal and I aren't excited about it.

(later on) I saw "90210." Brenda and Dylan got back together. I want to finish *Down a Dark Hall* so goodnight.

Meghan

Saturday, October 26, 1991

Dear Diary,

Jesse French is so fine. I'm glad that Christy girl is just a slut. Elizabeth said there was a possibility that Jesse might ask me out. I memorized his phone number. How pathetic. I heart the way Jesse chews gum and the rubber bands that go across his braces. Elizabeth says she'll give me his picture. Scott Shields is funny. He's cute, too. I'm sick today so I'm sitting in bed right now. I'm devoting all my thoughts to Jesse today. Goodbye.

Meghan

Friday, January 3, 1992

Dear Diary,

I had a fabulous new year with Emma, Marlena, Crystal and Kim. Amber couldn't come (hooray!). I and the other girls at the party are bad influences on her according to her mother.

Julia, my cousin, is going to spend the night.

I love Jesse Michael French. Well, I don't love him. I like him. When will he notice me? I don't know but I am visiting St. Mary's H.S. on February 17th.

Meghan

Tuesday, January 7, 1992

Dear Diary,

I'm still sprung on Jesse. I don't think he will ever like me back the way I like him. People always say, "Meggie, wait." Wait for what? I've been waiting ever since Friday, October 11, 1991. What can I do to make him understand?

Life was going right but now it is falling apart again.

See you, Meggie

Saturday, February 7, 1992

Dear Diary,

I'm pissed. I kissed Dirk last night. He told McCallan that he didn't mind but that he didn't want me to do it again. I didn't think I liked him but I do. I've been waiting for my Romeo and now he comes along and doesn't even like me. He says I'm a good friend. I'm sick of being everyone's friend. Brian McCallan told me that I always feel sorry for myself and that I always complain.

I'm staring out the window right now remembering my childhood. Why is life difficult? I want a boyfriend. Not one of those boys who goes out with you for a week so he can french you and then dump you.

I hope my kids don't have as hard an adolescence as me. I suppose others could have a much worse adolescence. I miss the days when my Dad and I went on bike rides together. He acts like he can't be regular around me because I'm growing up. He's scared to be around me. Why don't guys like me? I felt like I have a great life but I don't. I want to be a kid for a little longer but I keep getting caught up in clothes, boys, and music. I don't want to grow up.

All of my closest friends have gone out with someone. I'm telling you all my problems because if I told my friends my problems they'd think I feel sorry for myself but they still come to me for advice. Life is so weird.

I don't want my other Grandma to die. I miss my Grandma. I want to be a carefree kid for as long as I can. I wish someone could comfort me. Jason and I used to be close but he doesn't like me anymore. I feel like I'm starting to irritate you with my problems but you're just a book.

Spring and summer are coming up so I can be carefree. I can't stand the thought of getting my period during those seasons.

I need a boyfriend. I want him to have the following characteristics: accepted by others, nice, fine, easy to talk to, and won't make fun of me but will joke around. Is that so much ask?

Meggie

Sunday, February 8, 1992

Dear Diary,

I would say, "What a bitch," about Crystal but she is my best friend. She is prettier, more popular, sweeter, and finer (according to guys) and I don't want to compete. She knows it, too. I'm sick of her. You should have heard her last night. "Oh, I can't believe Lance likes me." Or, "Are you sure he said yes?" I'm tired of it. I wish I could tell them all how I feel. But Brian will think I'm complaining or feeling sorry for myself. That isn't true. He told Crystal that my life was better than his. That's not true at all. Things are more difficult now that Crystal is little Miss Cool. I don't want to be around her anymore. She just talks about money and how fat and ugly she is even though she isn't.

Meghan

Sunday, March 22, 1992

Dear Diary,

I'm sprung on Dirk. I have another period or bladder infection again. I'm praying it's a b.i. I should tell a friend because it has been nagging on my mind. Dirk and Brian went on the ski bus. I wish I were there today. Brian said he'll talk to Dirk for me.

Kim might ask Brian out again. I hope Dirk gives me a chance.

Meggie

1992

Dear Diary,

This summer will be a blast. I won't have my period, I'll get Dirk and all my homies and I will chill. It will be a summer to remember.

I'm sick today. Last summer was terrific but this one will be better. I'm bored. I'm sprung on Dirk Joseph Hogan and I'm always thinking about him. I'm worried about what he said to Brian on the ski bus.

MM

Tuesday, April 7, 1992

Dear Diary,

I read in an article that if someone is depressed for a long time, they should seek professional help but I'm not a psycho. If I bring up my grades and slim down I'll be ok. Dirk doesn't realize what a good opportunity he is wasting by not giving me a chance. I'm going to tell myself that so I won't get too down on myself. Well, never mind. I'm sick of liking him.

I feel like no one can help me and I can't even help myself. Things are out of control and out of my reach. In the song "[Ain't Too Proud to Beg](#)" by TLC they say, "How can you be happy alone?" Things have changed and I'm not the same person as I was last year. I want to be, though. Crystal and I are not doing well but I've made a major breakthrough in my problems thanks to Kimberly Ann Granger. Everything will be alright.

Peace out, M

Wednesday, April 8, 1992

Dear Diary,

Today is Crystal's birthday and I didn't even talk to her except to say happy birthday this morning. We are growing apart and I can't stand it. I'm closer to Emma which I'm happy about because I want this summer to be like last summer. I'm not the same person as I was last year and neither is Crystal. Maybe that is why we aren't close anymore. I feel depressed. I want this to happen during the next couple of months:

Go out with Dirk

Not get my period or a bladder infection

Me and Crystal to be as close as we used to be

For it to be like last summer

Problem: Dirk won't go out with me. Solution: Flirt like mad.

Problem: Crystal and I aren't as close as we used to be. Solution: talk to her.

Problem: I'm huge. Solution: exercise, go running every day.

Problem: period or b.i. Solution: pray it's a b.i.

Meghan

Saturday, April 18, 1992

Dear Diary,

I have a problem of letting go of the past. This winter was so cool that I don't want it to be over. I don't know if I like Robert, Tyler, Dirk, or David. I want to get to know Tyler and David so I'll eliminate them and I don't know what to do about Robert because Crystal and Elizabeth tell me to go for him but I don't know if I'm over Dirk. Things are changing out of control. It is too weird liking Robert and Tyler. My heart says get Dirk and my mind says get one of the other guys. I want to go with my heart.

Meghan

Saturday, April 25, 1992

Dear Diary,

I threw up five times this morning. I feel like hell and I look worse. I like Dimitri Kohl. Robert and Lance talked to him and he said he likes me, too. But we both decided that we'll get to know each other better before we go out. I don't know if I'm over Dirk Hogan. Jonas Nelson is fine and I'm sprung. I don't like any other guys.

I visited St. Mary's on Wednesday. I have mixed feelings about guys right now. There is a dance on May 1st. This summer will fly by and before you know it, football games and St. Mary's activities will start up. I don't want to spend my summer with Tyler, Bree, and Tim. I want to spend it with Crystal, Jason, Kim, Kristi, Robert, Lance, Dimitri, Dirk, and Reggie. I want to dance with Dirk H. and Dimitri at the next dance.

Meggie

Saturday, May 2, 1992

Dear Diary,

Dimitri Kohl asked me out last night. I asked him to dance and he said, "I will dance with you on the next slow song." I said ok and then "[Beauty and the Beast](#)" by Peabo Bryson and Celine Dion came on and he was nowhere in sight. But I felt a tap on my shoulder and I turned around and Dimitri was there and we danced. Lance, Kyle K., and Erica Rylant all came up to us and were making fun of us but it didn't matter. There were a few more songs and then "[Jump](#)" by Kris Kross came on and everyone jumped when the song said "jump." We danced to "[Rush, Rush](#)" by Paula Abdul. After the dance was over we went outside and Dimitri told me to call him when I got home. I called him and he asked me out.

Meggie

Monday, May 4, 1992

Dear Diary,

Ever since Friday life has been hell. I like Dirk Hogan again. What do I do? Say, "Sorry, Dimitri. I like Dirk"? I can't do that. I'll walk with Kim tomorrow and she will help.

Today Emma, Erin, Marlena, Michelle, and Sue went to the Rainbow Project and they were exclusive about it.

M

Friday, May 22, 1992

Dear Diary,

Last weekend I went to the lock-in at the convent. I met Sam Baron and fell in love. He is tan and has a middle parted step haircut. His eyes are huge and icy blue. He has a cute little nose and a cute big mouth. Erica Rylant said that we would be perfect together. She frenched him a while ago but she doesn't like him. I went to her house yesterday and I saw him in the Dutton yearbook and he looked funny and cute. I got his phone number and Erica said she will give me his picture.

When Kim and I were at Erica's house yesterday she showed us a letter that a guy wrote to her. It was the sweetest thing I have ever read. He said he loved her, he was in love with her, that

he loved everything about her, and that he was always up late thinking about her. My dream is to get a letter like that one day. Erica Rylant gets all the guys.

Sam is in eighth grade and that could be a major problem because I don't know if he'll lower himself to go out with a 7th grader.

Meghan

P.S. Dirk is coming to our school next year.

Wednesday, June 3, 1992

Dear Diary,

The class ahead of us graduated from 8th grade tonight and I cried. Mr. L's roommate sang "Shooting Star" and Amber and I cried because that song ties in with our own lives.

I saw Carissa and she was so nice. I don't want to graduate. I'm sad things are changing uncontrollably. That's life.

MM

Monday, June 8, 1992

Dear Diary,

I want to be pretty. Carissa is pretty and she flirts perfectly. I want a summer fling with Sam. I like Robert and I'm trying to tell myself not to because I want to salvage our friendship. I want something to happen between me and Dirk.

I wish I were like Erica Rylant because she can get a few guys and not go out with them but like french them or something. She likes the guy who wrote the letter to her about being in love with her. I hope I get a letter like that once before I get into high school.

I'm not ready to graduate. I wish things were not confusing between me and Dirk. I'm the one who is not being his friend. God, let life improve.

Love, Meggie

(same day) I called Sam tonight. He didn't know or ask who it was. We talked about his finals and when we get out of school and then he said he had to go so his friend could quiz him on his Spanish finals.

Robert and I are talking again. We established that we are over Kim and Dirk but that we are still stuck on them and can't let go. I miss how it used to be but I'll understand it more as time passes. I'm happy in a sad way.

Love, M

P.S. I look horrible in the yearbook.

Monday, June 22, 1992

Dear Diary,

I miss Amber. I could tell her anything. We always talked and whenever I was pissed I could call her up and talk. We spent time together and I miss that. I told Elizabeth I want to make up with Amber and she said, "You're such a user," and I was hurt because that's what Amber had said at the beginning of May. I don't care what Emma and Kim and Elizabeth say, I'm going to make up with her. So what if I go to the club. So what if I don't. I don't want to be friends with Amber to be occupied this summer. I miss her and I want to spend time together. She and I have wasted time that we should've spent together.

I love my impression of Sam, that he is always the center of attention in a crowd, and he is always funny and hyper and spirited but when he likes a girl and considers going out with her, he

can still be funny but in a quiet and shy way and he can get intimate and personal. I don't know if my impression is 100% accurate but I hope it is half way true.

Meggie

Thursday, June 25, 1992

Dear Diary,

I talked to Dirk for a couple brief seconds. It was awful. I didn't know it was him till I hung up. Dirk is always on my mind. I think about him every day. I miss Amber. I want for things to be the same. I'm still sprung on Sam. I'm confused and mad. I wish I could stop thinking about Dirk. It is always on my mind and the harder I try to forget him the harder it is to do that.

Dimitri Kohl makes me sick. I'm going to erase him from my past and my life. Lance is nasty. It was disgusting what he said about Dimitri. I never want to see Dimitri again. I hope Amber isn't mad at me. Life will be weird with Dirk in our class next year.

It's weird how in 6th grade winter I liked Dirk and the summer after, I was full-fledged sprung on Reggie and Dirk wasn't a glint in my eye. And this winter we just had I was in love with Dirk more than anyone I have ever liked. My 12th birthday party is a prime example: July 19, 1991. I had a slumber party. Reggie and Dirk showed up and practically half the class was sprung on Reggie and Dirk wasn't on anyone's mind. I hope what happened to Dirk happens to me. Because at first no one liked him but this year a bunch of people did. Everyone has their year: sixth grade - Emma and Reggie, seventh - Dirk, eighth - who knows. Maybe me. I hope that happens but I am aiming too high.

Meggie

P.S. Tomorrow Kim and I are going to Cove Beach near Sam's house. I talked to him twice tonight.

Sunday, June 28, 1992

Dear Diary,

John and Mom are pissed at me or maybe they hate me. Elizabeth and Dad are the only ones who love me and I see them least. I'm sprung on Sam and he'll never like me. I can't let go of Dirk and the fall-spring of 7th grade. Robert gets mad at me for that. I think I have my period. I'm fat. Amber and I won't be the same when we are made up. I feel like a reject. I am depressed that we are graduating. That pretty much sums up my shitty life.

There are a couple of good things, though. Brian understands and listens to my letting go problems. Lance and I are better friends and Kim and I are cool. But I do have one more problem. Crystal is pissed because she doesn't want me and Amber to be close as we were, which I can understand I guess. I wish I could write simple entries like last summer but too much (bad) stuff is going on. I hope I can solve my problems quickly.

Last night Crystal and I went on a walk to Kim's. I called Sam twice. We talked about high school and how bored we were and on the second call we talked about religions and whether or not he's a member of any country clubs (he belongs to Lakeshore; I wish we still did). I'm sprung.

Peace out, Meggie

Thursday, July 2, 1992

Dear Diary,

I'm over Sam. I'm sprung on Zach Koenig. He is the finest guy I have ever seen. My sister used to think he was fine and I agreed and later Amber and I thought he was hot. When we went to Subway he thought we were 15. I hope he still thinks that. He reminds me of Dirk, whom I saw today and he ignored me. Things are awkward between us and I hope that changes.

John and I aren't close. He is only here for a couple more weeks before he leaves for college and I want to make things right between us. We aren't close at all. I need to talk to him. He is insensitive towards me. I wish we could make up and make it okay. He acts like there isn't anything to work out. When I asked him about Zach Koenig, he got pissed off and was rude about it.

I am sick of being sad. I wish that for once I could get the guy I like and be happy for a change.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, July 4, 1992

Dear Diary,

John and I made up. I wrote him a note and he came upstairs and hugged me for a very long time and he started crying while he hugged me. We went into my room and talked and I cried.

I went downstairs to watch TV and babysat at the Uribes'. I talked to Kyle Kohl and read him my "Him" poem. He said it was good. His family and Lance are going to Sun River and they'll be back on my birthday. Kyle said he'd send me a poem.

We are going to my cousin Tyler's today to swim. I saw "[Backdraft](#)" last night and it reminded me of Dirk. I still think about him. I wish I could call him. I'd tell him I regret how things turned out. I'll talk to Brian McCallan and he will help.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, July 5, 1992

Dear Diary,

Today I went to the nursery at church and talked to Amber, went out to breakfast, went to Amber's house, and we saw "[Far and Away](#)." I came home and my grandparents were here and then I got on the phone with Erica Rylant at 8:00pm and we called Sam, Isaac, and Oliver. I asked Sam out and he said he didn't remember what I looked like and he didn't know me well enough but he wouldn't mind getting to know me.

I hope Erica R. can spend the night on Tuesday. I have to tell her what I'm feeling. I love Sam. I can't sleep. I've been on the phone with Erica for 7 hours.

M

Sunday, July 12, 1992

Dear Diary,

I went to Kim's cabin on Hood Canal. Brian came over today and brought me gum, baseball cards, a magazine, and a rubber ball. Jason H. and Robert came over too. I have a sore throat.

Sam called. He kept saying, "You like Robert," and I called him back and said, "Sam, I don't like Robert. I like you." He acted like he didn't hear me. I told him my birthday was tomorrow and he said, "I'll dedicate a song to you on the radio for your birthday." I feel bad because while we were talking, my Mom said I had to go. I told Sam that and he said, "You're getting bored aren't you? You don't have to go. You are just bored," and I said, "That's not true. I want to talk more but I have to go. I'll talk to you soon."

I haven't been happy for a long time but I think I am now. This is my last night of being a non-teenager. Tomorrow at approximately 1:30pm I will be Sam's age. See you in the teen years. I'll fire up my pen and fill pages during them. Goodnight.

Meghan

Monday, July 13, 1992

Dear Diary,

I will always love Dirk. 20 years from now I will be able to say I love him. He was the part of my life that caused all the sadness. But I needed that sadness. Until the day, I die my feelings about him will always foreign. I wish I could call him and see how he is and no one understands why I can't. I need a friend who understands me.

I'm listening to depressing songs. I wish I could have a good cry. My birthday sucked. I got cool presents but my family wasn't together. John got his tonsils out and Mom and Dad were gone all day. When they got back, Elizabeth, Dad, Mom, and I went to Cucina! Cucina! Last year, my birthday was perfect. On July 12th, I babysat for Kayla Bardahl and read stories after Kayla went to bed. I read one story about a little boy and no one needed his help with anything around the house so he decided to run away. It is the best story. When I got home, I washed my hair with Smith & Vandiver shampoo and watched "[Rebecca](#)." I went to sleep, woke up, opened my presents, had dinner at Cucina! Cucina!, saw "[Naked Gun 2 ½](#)," came home for cake and ice cream, and went to bed.

Sam has called me a bunch. Goodnight.

Meggie

Sunday, August 2, 1992

Dear Diary,

If I don't get out of this town soon I'll go crazy. I feel trapped. Last Sunday my heart was crushed. I read Sam a letter I wrote to him. Afterwards, the first thing he said was, "Did you know I was going out with Annika?" On Monday night, my sister called and chewed him out.

Meghan

Sunday, November 15, 1992

Dear Diary,

After Sam broke my heart, I woke up every morning with a crack in my heart and a tear in my eye. I went to Cove Beach with Crystal Barber and saw Sam on July 27, 1992.

On August 1st, I went to a party at Tino Toretta's and the Briarwood parade and festival with Erica Rylant. After Tino's party, Faye, Erica and I went to see Mark's play. Oliver was there and Erica told me he liked me. We went to the rose garden at intermission and they told me to do the "walk" so Oliver could see it. Some lady was watching me and she freaked out. We watched the rest of the play and Oliver walked us out to see if my Mom was there and she was. We drove Erica home and Mom and I jammed to "[Daybreak](#)" by Barry Manilow.

When I got home, Oliver called and told me that if my Mom hadn't been there, he was going to pick a rose for me. A few days later, Erica and he called me. Erica hung up a couple minutes later so Oliver and I could have privacy. He told me he liked me. I didn't know what to say so I told him that I'd tell him how I felt the next day. I didn't and the day after that, Erica, Tilda and I wanted to go to Michael's house to see him and meet Oliver. That was when I meant to tell Oliver my answer, which was "no." Oliver and I sat on a bench under a tree in front of Michael's

apartment near Cove Park. He sat there while I told him that it wouldn't work out and he kept saying, "Nothing ever works out." I felt bad and had to go. He gave me a ring pop. We said goodbye. Tilda and I went to Sam's and his family was having dinner so we said hey and left to take a walk around Edgemont and I went home.

Oliver and I had talked the night before. The movie "It" had been on TV. I spun around in my living room while we talked. The next day, Erica and Tilda came over and I met Tilda for the first time. We went to the rec center and we went to see Oliver and I told you before what happened.

On Friday, August 7th, I went to Tilda's and we went on a walk and wanted to go swimming in Lake Washington with our clothes on. We went to ask Sam and his sister Ava to join us so we went to Edgemont. Their parents weren't home but they were. Sam didn't come but Ava did.

We were afraid to swim to the dock but did anyway. When we got there, two weird guys came up to the benches and we got scared, swam back to shore, and ran to Ava's house. Once there, Sam and I went upstairs and he said, "I have a surprise." He turned around and sprayed with me with Drakkar. He got some in my eye so he took his thumb and tried to wipe it out. He took out my bunchy and squirted more Drakkar on it and he put it in my hair.

Ava and Tilda were in the TV room and I went to wring my shorts out because they were soaked with lake water. I was standing in a t-shirt and underwear when Sam walked in. It wasn't too embarrassing.

Ava invited herself to spend the night at Tilda's house and the three of us kicked it in Tilda's loft. We stayed up all night and didn't sleep for a minute. We talked, sang, and listened to her radio. We walked to Cove Beach to watch the sunrise. We stood on the shore and pretended we were J. Crew models. Ava went home. We had breakfast and Tilda and I decided to go to Oliver's.

He took us on a tour of his house. I had all my stuff with me and he wanted to go through my bag. We watched "[The Shining](#)" and had dinner. I wanted to go swimming but it rained. His parents were on their way to a party down the street and they asked us if we'd come. We walked by Mark's house and he came with us. We left the party after a few minutes and walked back to Oliver's.

Oliver and I went into his TV room and made out. Tilda knocked on the door so we came out. We went into the bathroom and talked about our eyes. We had a lot to talk about so we went into the TV room again and had a long chat about us. I told him I was unsure. Mark knocked on the door and we flipped on the lights, I jumped into a nearby chair and flipped on the TV and "The Real World" played on mute. Mark knew we had done all this but it was because we thought Oliver's parents were home.

Mark left and we sat next to each other, turned the lights off but kept the TV on mute. When we went out into the living room the moon was all the light we could see. Oliver gave me a kiss goodbye and my Mom took me and Tilda home.

Meghan

Friday, February 5, [1993](#)

Dear Diary,

Kim's parents bought a house in Tacoma and she's moving. I'll die without her. There will never be another girl friend that lives so close to me. I won't be able to run to her house anymore when the life isn't treating me so kind and the same is true for her but she'll meet new neighbors. I don't want another family in that house. She told me when we were doing milk. I was rinsing the

bucket and she closed the door and said, "Meghan, my parents bought a house and we're moving." She was at the other end of the room and I bent my head down. She walked over to me and was helping me rinse the sponges when she asked if I was crying. When she realized I was, she gave me a hug and I started sobbing. She got teary-eyed and told me not to cry. She told me that she'd wanted to tell me first but it was so hard that she ended up telling me last. Amber and everyone knew but I didn't.

I can't believe she is moving. We'll visit each other and she'll be driving before we know it but it won't be the same.

Meghan

Wednesday, February 10, 1993

Dear Diary,

Everything is screwed. We are all moving on and graduating. I might not get into St. Mary's, Kim is moving, Breanne's parents are getting divorced, I'm so exhausted I could scream, Oliver is bummed about Annika, Erica Rylant thinks I don't care and she has given up on me (who could blame her?), Will Rexroth will never like me, Emma thinks I'm a bitch, I can't concentrate in school, my Mom and sister are against me, and I miss John. I have to study for a social studies test that I'm going to fail. Thanks for being here since no one else is.

M

Saturday, February 13, 1993

Dear Diary,

I'm living out my 13th Valentine-less Valentines' Day. I went to dance lessons and had fun even though Will wasn't there. I talked to people about him. I told Alice about Oliver and I discovered that she is as much of a romantic as me. She told me sweet things about Will, like when he eats chocolate ice cream, he gets chocolate all around his mouth; his tiny ears are like dried apricots; the way he chews and little things like that. I like him but I'm trying to avoid that because I don't want to get hurt. I won't be able to stop myself because when I like a guy, I like a guy.

Oliver is in Calgary and I'm in love as ever. I want to tell him how I feel but I'm scared. I don't know what will happen if I do.

On Friday, I went to Dutton and had to wait a half hour for Tilda while everyone stared at me. I saw Calvin, though. Tilda and I took the bus to the Ave. I bought a t-shirt, soap beads that smell like Drakkar, and shoes. Tilda and I were eating ice cream cones at the bus stop when these guys walked by and one of them said, "Hmmm, I wish I were an ice cream cone."

We went downtown and acted stupid, loud, and immature but it was fun. We went to Betsey Johnson. I tried on bell bottoms with a bustier. The lady said, "That looks funky," and I looked weird. The bus we took up to Broadway was crowded and a guy laughed at me and Tilda when he heard us talking about how nasty our math teachers are. I bought jeans at Urban Outfitters. We had dinner at the Gravity Bar and saw "[Untamed Heart](#)." We walked to QFC and made fools of ourselves until her dad got there. We went to her house, talked to Robert and went on a walk. We walked to Michael's apartment and I visited the bench Oliver and I sat on when I said no to him last summer and I cried.

Meghan

Monday, February 15, 1993

Dear Diary,

I have to tell Oliver. It has dragged on for nearly six months. I'll feel relieved to get it out but then the real worrying begins. The more I talk to him, the deeper I get. I won't plan it and on the spur of the moment, I'll tell him. I'll read the poem, too. Please, please, please let his response be good. It's not worth it. I can't tell him. I have to but I can't.

Meghan

Sunday, February 21, 1993

Dear Diary,

I went to Oliver's today with Tilda. He gave me love beads and I gave him his present. I'm afraid that he likes Kim.

Kim spent the night and we spun around my living room listening to "[Every Day is Like Sunday](#)" by 10,000 Maniacs over and over. Friday was our last ski bus and we went to our basketball party today.

M

Sunday, February 28, 1993

Dear Diary,

I got into St. Mary's. Yesterday I went to my volley ball game in Mercer Island and we won. On our way home (Dad, Crystal, Amber, Erin, Emma and I), Elizabeth called and asked to be picked up at Hannah's. When we got there, I ran inside to get Elizabeth and she said, "I have some bad news. You got into St. Mary's." I ran outside to tell everyone and Emma started crying.

I went to Amber's and we waited for the mail man to bring her letter from St. Mary's. Crystal and Emma came over and cried. Amber and I got in a stupid fight but we made up. She and Emma chased the mail man around while Crystal and I stayed at Amber's. We were sitting on the floor talking about old times. Amber and Em told me to come because they found the mail man. He gave Amber the envelope. She opened the letter, dropped it, sat down in the grass, began to cry, stood up, and ran home. Em and I picked up the letter, talked to the mail man, and slowly walked back to Amber's. She and Crystal were in her room and they were both crying. Brian, Joe, and Dirk came over.

Brian pushed play on Amber's stereo and "[Stand by Me](#)" came on. Brian began to cry and left the room. My Mom came to pick me up to shower before dance lessons. I got in the car and started to cry and Mom pulled over and talked to me.

Amber and I went to dance lessons and Ryan asked me to dance. Harvey asked me to dance, too. He told me he went to a dog show and asked if I wanted to do something outside of dance lessons. He asked for my number. I asked Will to dance and we danced to "[If I Ever Fall in Love Again](#)" by Shai.

I woke up and went to the nursery at church to babysit. I went shopping with Elizabeth. I talked to Amber, Laura, Derek, Kim, and Oliver. I'm sprung on O-love but he likes a junior named Sonia even though Matt Warner is with her. He hates me or something. Will is going to our dance. Erin, Kim, and I are going to Mt. Baker to snowboard in a couple weeks. I think I have strep throat.

Meghan

Tuesday, March 9, 1993

Dear Diary,

I think I just threw away the best friendship I ever had. On Friday, I went to the dance and danced with Ryan Wright and he told Misty that he liked me. I went to Erica's on Saturday and spent the night. She is the best. She listened to all my shit. We babysat Billy and Blair and Ryan asked me out.

The next day my Dad picked me up and we went to my volley ball game at St. Anne's on Mercer Island. Ryan went and so did Paul. Amber took me out into the parking lot and said she was sad about me and Ryan but she is going out with Dan Wilson.

On Monday night I read Oliver the poem I wrote for him. After I got off the phone with him, I cried because of his reaction and called Kim.

(continued on 3.11.93) John and Molly are home from college and we went to the Ave and Broadway with Kim and Elizabeth. I bought a hat, incense burner, guardian angel charm, and Chinese mary janes.

I came home and went to jazz dance class. Crystal came over and Sean Hardin, Molly, and Pete Dunsmore were over, too. I got in a fight with Dad and cried in the car this morning while we were listening to "[How You've Grown](#)" by 10,000 Maniacs. He picked me up from school and we went to St. Mary's, to The Gap, to the store, and volley ball practice. I can't wait to see Ryan at Paula's party tomorrow night.

M

Saturday, March 13, 1993

Dear Diary,

I'm at Mt. Baker with Kim and Erin. I had a volley ball game and I came home, and talked to Paul and Ryan. I said goodbye to John and packed. The girls and I got tea and went on a walk to a place near here where these boys and girls who came from dysfunctional families stayed. A guy opened it about 20 years ago but had to shut it down after a law suit was filed against him.

I went to Paula's party last night. Ryan came and while we were slow dancing, we stopped being shy and he put his hands on my ass and we got into the swing of things. They played "[Crazy for You](#)" by Madonna and Ryan and I made out. We danced our way out the door and Gary, Pam, Kim, Brian, Ryan, and I went to the big toy. A chaperone came out and we covered for Brian and Kim and the rest of us went back inside.

Ryan and I walked to 7-11 and bought mint and raspberry gum. We walked back and then we danced and kissed again. We went outside and Ben, Amber, and Dan were there. Ryan and I sat down by a ramp and talked. He put his arm around me and we sarcastically talked about how Jeannie has deep, long-lasting relationships. We kissed for a long time. Dan and Amber interrupted so we stopped. We danced more and went home. Marlena spent the night and we went to our volley ball game.

Meghan

Monday, May 3, 1993

Dear Diary,

Ryan dumped me a while ago. I spent the night at Shelby's house twice and Paula's once and we are buds. After the St. Frances dance, we spent the night at Shelby's, went to their volley ball game, I got a haircut, and went to Paula's. She lives next door to the lady who was axe murdered a couple years ago. We waited for Shelby to get back from a photo shoot and we made an Italian candlelit dinner. We watched "[Single White Female](#)." Shelby and I talked and went to sleep. The next day, we went downtown dressed like k.w.a.f.s (kids-without-a-friend).

When we got back to Queen Anne, we went to a park, took our shirts off, ran around, and spun in the rain. We looked for Gary's house but couldn't find it so we went home.

On Friday we went to Our Lady of Mercy to see "Robinhood." Amber and I went to Alice's and Will, Pam, and Simon came over. Will is cute. Alice says he likes me but I don't think so. We went to the guys' volley ball game. I babysat for the Uribes and went to sleep.

I'm sick today. I'm in love with Oliver; my heart is aching and breaking; Kim is moving; Sam is moving; Paula is moving; we're graduating; Oliver will be gone all summer; and it's raining. I keep telling myself not to call Oliver. I haven't talked to him since Saturday, a new record. It's hard when your heart feels something your mind won't let it. I'm a loser but I love myself.

Meghan

Monday, May 17, 1993

Dear Diary,

I started softball. I suck but I like it. I have no clue how I feel about things.

We visited Michael's apartment at Cove Beach but he wasn't home so we sat in the park and made daisy chains. We walked for hours. We snuck into Edgemont to visit Ava and ran into Sam. He is a penis and a half. I'm disappointed that people aren't turning out to be who I thought they were. I keep listening to "[This Woman's Work](#)" by Kate Bush.

Meghan

Tuesday, May 25, 1993

Dear Diary,

On Friday night, I went to "The Boyfriend" at St. Teresa's. I went to a dance after it and Amber and I spent the night at Alice's. On Saturday morning, Gerry made us waffles and we were in Alice's room when the phone rang. Alice walked in and her eyes were wide. She said, "Do you guys know Jess Gifford?" and we said, "Yeah." She said, "She died last night in a car accident." I looked at her thinking it was a misunderstanding. I was on the phone with Jeff Romm and I dropped the phone and cried.

We took our showers and met Jeff on the Ave. We shopped around and toured the UW campus and sat to talk. We went back to Alice's and then went home. Emma came over and Mom and Dad went to a wedding. John and Elizabeth were with friends and had gone to the memorial service. Kim came over later.

The next morning we went to church together. We went to my softball game and kicked ass. Later in the evening Kim and I walked to Robert's with her dog Bingo and we dropped Bingo off and went to the park to walk for a couple hours. We went home and I packed for a retreat.

Before I went to sleep, I reread the article about Jess Gifford and Jim Chricton. He died, too. I played "[Have I Told You Lately?](#)" and "[Sweet Thing](#)" by Van Morrison. I bawled. I turned off the light and sobbed. I don't know who I cried for more: Kelly Gifford or Jess. I woke up and went to school.

Meghan

Thursday, August 5, 1993

Dear Diary,

This has been the shittiest time of my life. I haven't updated you in eons but I've written in other places. Shelby and I are getting to be mega buds and I went to Sun River with her. We hosted the

Japanese girls and my birthday sucked. I went to Oliver's three days ago with Tiffany (she is rad), Matt (fine), and Erica. Oliver and I fought. We went out in his boat and went swimming and then Tiffany and I went to Tilda's, who got back from Sweden three days early. I went on a long walk and came home and called Oliver and we're still screwed. Erica spent the night and we went to Northgate to meet Tiffany and went to Matt's. We got lost and when we got there we were tired.

Of all people, Annika Strom came to the door and we were shocked. But we listened to Oliver and Matt jam and it was awesome listening to them play guitars down at the hammock.

The next day we went to the beach and met some guys. I met a hottie named Wade and I smoked with a group of people he hung out with. He was beautiful. He was tanner than anything, he had the best ass, his smile was beautiful, his hair was dark shiny brown, his skin was smooth, and his blue-green eyes were sparkling and alive.

Meg

Saturday, August 28, 1993

Dear Diary,

It's been the shittiest summer of my life. Oliver and I are supposedly friends. What a joke. I'm sitting in my bedroom for the last night. We're moving tomorrow. I'm sad but in a way that's not worth coping with.

Tiffany is the raddest. Eve is awesome, too. I'm unsure about St. Mary's but I'll deal. Sitting here in my room reminds me of 6th grade when it got remodeled. I've been through quite a lot in this room. Everything is fucked but I don't give a shit. I'm just riding the wave. I'm actually freaking out. Oliver can go to hell. Not without me, though.

M

Tuesday, September 7, 1993

Dear Diary,

I started at St. Mary's. I've met cool people. Brady Jensen looks good. Gary is cute and so is Gill H. I'm in my new house and writing to you here seems wrong. I miss home. I can't live like this. I don't want to get used to these things.

Here's my problem list: I want to go home, I want St. Mary's to get better, I don't know Erica R. anymore, I don't ever want to be with Oliver but I love him with all my heart, I miss John, I can't adjust to changes, Shelby and I are different, and worst of all, I'm mad at God.

M

P.S. I got high three times this weekend.

Sunday, November 14, 1993

Dear Diary,

Last week Shelby, Dana, Eve and Tiffany came over and we watched "[Pretty Woman](#)," made collages, and chilled. The next day, Shelby and I went on the St. Alphonsus retreat and Grant Moreland and I got together. We are together now and I'm not afraid to say that I am sprung. He is the kind of St. Mary's guy Shelby and I have been looking for. He is nice, cute, funny, and awesome. I feel good and sheltered around him.

Frieda and Ryan are together and all of us are kicking it. I miss Oliver and I'm sad in that department. We have finals but I'll write when I can.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 25, 1993

Dear Diary,

It's Christmas. It wasn't spent at 1775 Thornhill Lane so how could it be as special as I'd hoped? I want to go home. This house is cool but it isn't home. I should start going to mass and making Jesus and God part of my life. I feel incomplete. What happened to all the people in my life whom were important to me? I need to do things that make me happy. I'm praying to God that He'll send me someone who will show me the light. Christmas was good but the special-ness wasn't there. Grandma has Alzheimer's. She makes me sad and I feel bad to be around her. Maybe admitting it will make it easier.

Do I like St. Mary's? I don't know. The only thing I know for sure is that my family is important to me and I hope I'm always as close to them as I am now. Is this life? I'm dumb. I need laughter. I need Oliver. I'll go because I'm probably making you sad.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 27, 1993

Dear Diary,

I can't wait for Oliver to get home. My head is rushing and I think good poems will come out of this period of my life. I'm eternally in love with Oliver.

Isaac is coming home tomorrow and I'd like to see him. I've been smoking too much and I need to go running and I don't know why I'm writing in here. I'm skiing tomorrow.

M

Saturday, January 22, 1994

Dear Diary,

I'm down. I feel like everything works out for people and even though things work out for me, something is missing. An important piece of my soul. I wish people weren't numb to what I can perceive. I feel weird about Evan. I feel sad every time I picture anyone at Café Paradiso's face. I feel empty. I think it has to do with Oliver.

I want somebody to share everything with. Maybe a Paradiso guy. Maybe Grady L. Maybe a guy floating out there. Can I please talk to Oliver? I miss him. Things are in a weird light right now. I want to close my ears to everything I hear. I can't take anymore lies wanting to be the truth. Won't things improve?

Meghan

Sunday, February 7, 1994

Dear Diary,

I like Brent but he's too hard to read and I won't get dogged. Brittany's friend Cole is fine and I'm attracted to Brandon C.

Cassidy A. is fresh. We went on a walk last night. Brittany, Nina, Claire, Margo, Cassidy, and I told stories and got all freaked out. I'm a happy girl right now and I have to stay like this. I'll try to stop smoking. I love Oliver but I'd like to hook up with Brent.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, February 27, 1994

Dear Diary,

Erica had sex with Desi. I can't believe her. Tilda came over and we talked and smoked all night. I feel like I have no close friends and like it is impossible to get happy.

I'm listening to "[Dear Jessie](#)" by Madonna and remembering the fall. I hate winter. I'm sad for real. I am out of reach with everyone and I don't know what to do. Maybe it's worry and stress but why does it hurt?

Meghan

Friday, April 8, 1994

Dear Diary,

We're on our way home from Black Butte, Oregon. On Monday when we got here, we unpacked and got in the hot tub. The next morning we went snowboarding and met some rad guys and a few girls. That night we got baked and watched "[Poltergeist](#)" and "The Shining." The next day, Tilda went snowboarding again but I was too sore so I stayed in the lodge. I went out for a smoke and the finest guy asked me for a smoke and he asked me what college I went to.

Ryan, Gary, and Jason came over after we met some hottie at the arcade. Before that we saw Tony Forte and Bruce Walski and we had dinner at some joint and this waiter like wanted us. Yesterday we watched "[The Thing Called Love](#)" and we were feeling pathetic. We asked Mrs. Soren to give us a ride to the mall. We hung around and met two girls, Bev and her cousin who lives in California.

I met my soul mate. His name is Taylor and he's perfect. He lives north of Fresno, CA. He's in a band and plays guitar. He plays soccer and he skis. He has a Chrysler minivan. He has a dog named Little. His birthday is October 2nd. He surfs and his aunt lives on Mercer Island.

After chillin' at the rink, we went to the arcade and to the fields and the golf course and talked and stargazed and smoked and I got too attached. We were supposed to leave tomorrow but everyone thought it was best to leave today. I wrote Taylor a note and gave him my favorite bracelet. He was skiing when I dropped it off so his mom said she'd give them to him. I didn't sleep at all last night and kept waking up and crying. I can't eat. I'm sad about this and I don't know why. If he's my soul mate, though, I'll see him again. Who knows how I'll feel by next week?

Meghan

Monday, April 11, 1994

Dear Diary,

I can't find any connection between things like Taylor and things back home. Last Friday, we went to Claire's. She and her family were in Puerto Vallarta and she gave the house keys to Nina. I smoked out three times and got ripped off my ass. The next night I went to Squall Park with Tilda and Brittany. Elizabeth picked me up with Sasha and Shana and we drove around. Sunday was Easter and I went to Tilda's later that night before we left for Black Butte. This Saturday, Tilda and I went to the basement at Café Paradiso for a welcome back, smoke-out party for some guy's band. I smoked hash for the first time and got completely baked.

Yesterday we went to Kurt Cobain's vigil and 5,000 people were there. A couple hundred of us ran down into the fountain and got soaked.

Last night Brent called. He said, "Oh, I need a girl." We talked about it and he asked, "Who would go for me?" and I said, "I don't know. Who would go for *me*?" and he said, "Brandon Caldwell. But he doesn't deserve you." I asked what he meant and he said, "Never mind."

Meghan

Friday, June 10, 1994

Dear Diary,

It's the first day of summer. Looking back through my journal, you'd think I was depressed but this year was fun and awesome. I'll miss frosh year. Yesterday we went to Nina's. Then Elizabeth picked Cassidy, Margo, and me up and smoked us out on the way to a cruise with our class. We saw Wilcox, Brent, and Brandon on Brent's boat. We slept at Margo's house and Elizabeth picked us up and we went to St. Vincent's. Brent, Brandon, and Brian came with us and we drove around all day. I think I'm going to Damien's tonight with everyone and we're going to the sand dunes. I like Colin.

Meghan

Monday, June 20, 1994

Dear Diary,

I'm on my way to the Huber's cabin on Shaw Island with Dana and her folks. She invited me this morning and I'll be there till Friday. It'll be good to get away.

I've seen Colin a lot and I'm hanging out with Emma, Crystal, and Brian again. I've had fun going to Denny's with them.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday June 22, 1994

Dear Diary,

We got to the cabin on Monday night. Dana and I slept out under the stars by her barns and made a campfire. Yesterday we drove to Orcas Island to drop shit off for her sister Kelly and we went to Moran State Park to picnic and swim all day. We went to Olga and Doe Bay. We got back late but it was summer solstice so Dana and I rode to Whale Reef to watch the sun set.

Dana and I slept outside again last night and today we rode to Spalding Spit and tanned and had a picnic. We had dinner and canoed at Wigwam. After we got back, her parents took out the canoe and we sat and read *Tomboy* by Hal Ellson. While she read aloud, I thought of Brent more potently than I have in ages. I thought about how he looks and sounds and the way he moves.

Now Dana and I are sitting in her field playing cards, singing songs, talking, and smoking. There's a song that reminds me of this week but I don't know what it's called. I got it on tape though. I will miss it here but it will be good to get back to the city for Colin, coffee, friends, cigarettes, cheese sandwiches at Denny's, and Paradiso with Tilda. I'm burnt as hell and in love with Colin Laufner.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, July 3, 1994

Dear Diary,

Last Sunday I went to Denny's for dinner with Emma and Crystal and I was depressed. We went back to Emma's with new guys we met named Lane, Doug, Joe, Stan, and Bob and they dosed. Emma and I got drunk and I hooked up with Doug.

Colin makes me feel like shit. I know he's tired and has his undies in a bundle. But I'd like to see him. Doug's rad. He watches out for me. He's sweet but I never want to break up with Colin even though he doesn't make me feel too great. Doug wants me to dose with him tomorrow but I don't want to do acid. I don't want to hurt Colin.

Love, Meghan

End of July

Dear Diary,

This has been the loneliest time of my life. On my birthday I went to Colin's and he gave me a rose and some weed. That night Abel, Doug, Joe, and Lane spent the night at Emma's and I shroomed with Doug. Yesterday I went to the hospital because I hemorrhaged. I'm fucking my health up and I need to live better.

My family relationships are fucked. Tilda got back and I'm a different person. I feel like I'm going to die. I love life and I'll fight for it but I don't have much strength.

Everyone thinks they understand but that's bullshit. Everyone: stop fucking pretending to care and understand. No one gives a fuck about anyone but themselves. That's as true as it gets. The world would be better if everyone learned to care and listen. They don't need to understand, but it helps to talk about things. I don't want to die. I need Doug but if he can't be here I'll stop looking to others to ease my pain. Let me live.

Love, Meghan

September 1, 1994

Dear Diary,

My parents are sending me to Idaho for three weeks so I can get my shit together. I can't leave now. I'll miss everyone. I want to fix myself up now. I'm ready to make changes and I regret so much. I miss Tilda already and I don't know how I can do this without her. Sometimes I think I'll be okay and then I think of being away for so long. I'll do anything to stay here. God help me.

Meghan

September 2, 1994

I got to this camp and it's nothing like I expected. It's hell. I saw something like this on MTV once when all these people tried to do what we're doing out here. I didn't realize we had to live off the earth. I miss everyone. I have no idea how to get through the next 19 days. Lord, make it pass fast. All we're doing is hiking and trying to survive. I think I might die before I get through this. It makes me feel better to know Jason and Todd have gone through this program. I need to take it step by step. I've never been so challenged in my life and that doesn't make me feel strong. It makes me feel weak and makes me want to give up. But I can't. I can get through this. It's unfamiliar and scary. I don't know if I'll get used to this and I'd love to talk to my parents.

I'm fuckin' pissed and sad. I've thought about what it would be like to live off the bare necessities but I never thought I'd have to try it. I'm afraid I'll come home more worn down than when I left. It's hard to say on my first day, though. My group is cool and I like my instructors but I don't want to spend 19 more days out here. That thought depresses me and it doesn't make me want to accomplish anything. I hope I get some horrible health problem so I can get out of here.

I'm stuck in hell. War was probably as bad as this. Maybe worse. I have to learn to be happy for food, water, and sleep. If I don't graduate by the end of the course, I have to stay longer. I need to look into myself to get through this. I'm depressed and I'm not in the mood to go accomplish the impossible. All we've done is work in curriculum and check out the food ration

situation. This is not good. God, get me through this. I hope we can write home or I'll die. Wish me luck. This is such a fucking joke.

Meghan

Day 3

I have mixed feelings about this place. One minute I feel okay and can handle it. The next, I'm trying not to cry. God better help me through this. I feel better when I think about my family and Tilda. I don't know if I'll get used to this shit. What if I have a panic attack? Stan tells us to stop thinking about graduation and to focus on getting through today but that makes me feel trapped. I don't know what to think about. I hope things are better by week two. I'm already dirty and picturing the van picking us up on the last day makes me happy but what if I get sick of that thought? Other people in my group have to go to boarding school after this so I should feel lucky but I'm worried about getting through this.

We started our hike today for our new camp and I wonder how long it'll be till I break. Last night, while everyone was having dinner and I was trying to sleep, I heard them talking and I like this crew. This group came together from different parts of the country and we all have a lot in common. We're the MTV-watching, parent problem, Generation X regulars. It's good to know that these people are connected to the real world.

It's comforting to know that every second that goes by and every step I take brings me closer to the end of this. I want to occupy myself with survival and at night, I want to slip away to an escape so my reality isn't so harsh. We have to think and reflect and that gets me sad. Will we be rewarded for this? Right now I'm angry and I don't want to be here but I hope that soon, I'll maybe even like it here or at least get into it. Three weeks is a dot on my life. Three weeks is eternity. I hope I don't come home as angry as I am now.

Meghan

Day 4

At times I'm fine about being here and I think I understand how to get through the next 16 days and other times I feel like a lost little puppy. I started a countdown of the days and I made a list of what I want. Every second that passes and every step I take brings me closer to the end of this. What I'm afraid of is that instead of getting stronger and things getting easier, I'll get weaker and sadder and sicker. The food is unbearable but if you puke, they cook it again and make you eat it.

We hiked eight miles yesterday. That's pretty good. I enjoy talking with the people in my group and Brody's funny. It gives me hope to know that everyone who comes out of here has had a positive experience in the end. Stan said that it was the hardest and best experience of his life.

I picture my parents picking me up. I hope it gets more livable when we're on search and rescue. I can't wait until our field supervisor shows up. I don't want to hike today but if it gets me through the day, it'll do. I hate it here. That's how I feel. No one can comfort me. I can't take anymore. I don't care about being strong, I want to go. If I were in Hawaii, I'd get homesick - it's my nature. And being out in this shit place makes it worse. I'll do anything to go home but I have to get through this.

I hate how we have no information about anything. It makes me insecure. I don't know if it makes me feel better to try to be strong or let myself be weak. I don't want to think about anything out here. I'm too sad. This is not living, this is practically dying. I want to leave but I've got to make it through. I'm going to toughen myself up.

Meghan

Day 5

I'm homesick. Do my parents understand what they did to me? When I get home I'm going to hug them and say, "I love you and I'm sorry, but how could you do that to me?" The search and rescue team (third week group) came by last night and told us how much SUWS has helped them and they related to us and understood how we felt. I suppose that should give me hope.

I had a hard time making a rat trap last night. Stan and I stayed up late after I finished so I could make a fire with my spark rock. I'm getting used to the food but a bagel from the Bagel Stop sounds good.

I like Jenny. She seems chill and Brody is funny. I'm afraid that everyone back home is changing and when I get back I'll be some pure and innocent outcast. Right now I have no clue why I'm here and everyone says you have to figure it out for yourself. I hope it doesn't take much longer. It's good to know everyone who leaves thinks it was a positive experience. Maybe that's because home felt so good and they got through the damn experience. I hope I get more used to this shit. If I try to get into it, it will go faster and easier. Search and rescue will be awesome because we'll feel powerful. One of the third week members was named Christopher from Illinois and he seemed like he'd be hot but then again, it was pitch black. My Mom said I was supposed to be in that group. They all seemed strong and I hope we're like that by at least the middle of the second week.

This is hell. It's like how they lived during Vietnam. I have crazy dreams out here and Stan said it's because your mind is clear and it's quiet. I think about St. Mary's and my friends there. That's weird. School starts tomorrow - without me. I love and miss Doug so much I could puke. I better not though, because I'll just have to drink more water. God help me.

Meghan

(later on) The field supervisor came to talk to us after a long, terrible hike. He confused the hell out of me. I can't help thinking about home but I will try to get something out of this. It feels like a weird dream but it definitely isn't. It's probably about 7pm and we're not even at camp yet. Sometimes two more weeks sounds like a breeze and others, it sounds like a nightmare. I wish we were as close as the third week group but that comes with time.

Stan's always in a bad mood and Emily is heartless. It's their job. They ain't doing it to give people compassion. The field supervisor told us we could make ourselves get what we want. He said we have to find the answer to an unknown question. I don't get it. I'm getting used to this but I'll be home soon. I miss my parents, Elizabeth, John, Tilda, Doug, and Emma. But I'm doing this for myself.

Meghan

Day 6

We got to sleep in. Stan hates me. He thinks I'm an attention-getter and that I try to play the role of poor, helpless victim. It bugs me. He judges us and he doesn't even know us. I'll make it through this ok though. They can't keep me here longer than the 21st or I'll die. Maybe I'll like it if Stan stops coming down on me. I'm bad at mouse traps and he thinks I mess up on purpose. What a crock of shit.

We've got a lot to do today and I hope we make it to camp early. I have to improve on all the skills we're learning. The dudes and the chick who talked to us a couple nights ago are graduating tomorrow. They started and they finished. We started so we'll have to finish, too.

Stan is mean to me. Maybe he's doing it so I can depend on myself more. Sorry I'm a lazy American, chain-smoking slacker. Our field supervisor came by yesterday. I saw this place differently after he said, "This is as simple as it gets." The supervisors are supposed to help us realize what keeps us from getting what we want. I feel like I have all I want back home but I don't.

We're taking a break right now and while I was hiking I realized that I have to challenge myself and no one here is going to applaud me. I have to be my own mentor, challenger, and cheerleader. This place makes me push myself to the limits until I see that there is no limit. I miss Tilda. I miss her smile, laugh, tears, anger, and love and it's killing me. We're almost to the end of week one and I think it'll only get better but not if Stan keeps doggin' me. He is making me think I have to stay longer and then he's like, "Don't worry about that now." I need to prove Stan wrong because he is wrong.

Meghan

Day 7

I made it through the week. The handbook said "The first phase of this course is strenuous." Maybe it gets better. I miss my parents. "[Mother](#)" and "[Winter](#)" by Tori Amos are stuck in my head. We stayed in a cool place last night and Stan was mean. Then he was cool and I think he hates me again now. I'm getting used to rice and lentils. This whole trip is like rice and lentils - one bite at a time. I get too overwhelmed when I see the full can.

Yesterday I gashed my hand with my sheath knife so Stan took it away from me. Sometimes I'm in desperate need of going home. Others, I'm cool about being here and two more weeks sounds fine. Is this program brainwashing me? I'm scared that I'm changing into a different person here and it won't fit when I get back home.

We're on a mini-solo right now. I just saw the tiniest squirrel. I'm getting better at some of the skills but I don't know what to do since Stan took away my sheath knife. My lungs are cleaning themselves out and I need lots of water. Right now's a good opportunity to quit smoking but I don't want to. Maybe I'll feel different later on. I'm sad to be missing Elizabeth, Emma, and Mom's birthdays; also Tori Amos's show. But I'm here now and that's what counts.

My hair is getting nappy and my leg hair is growing out. I think I'll shave my pits but not my legs when I get home. I'd love to be on Broadway right now. But I know that once I get home and go to school, I'll wish I was back here. Am I going nuts? I'm lonely here. I feel like God isn't with me.

(later on) I had a sudden breakdown and I went to talk to Emily. She said it was the first time she's seen me show emotion and she knows I have what it takes to get through this. She's right. I'm tired of the bullshit. I'm facing this. No more escapes and excuses. I can get through this. It'll be good for me. I can't fight the sadness, though. I have to let myself feel but I can't let my grief or anger or self-doubt overtake me. No more weakness. If everyone else has been believing in me and depending on me, then why can't I? Each of us in this group is going through it alone. We're all alone together.

I have a new feeling about myself right now and it's different than I've ever felt. Nothing's going to stand in my way of finding peace, love, happiness, security, and ability in myself. This is the only place for me right now even though that is hard to accept. It's easy to let myself be weak but I refuse to be from now on. I've always wanted the chance to get myself in shape and now I've got it. This is an opportunity, not a punishment. I can learn to do anything. I always thought of myself as a strong person but I was never put to the test. Now I'm being put to the test

and I have to prove I can win. It gets lonely out here sometimes but that makes me stronger, too. I trust is that this is a great experience. Stan and Emily wouldn't give up their time to something they didn't believe in. I'm thinking less about home. I'm thinking more about survival. I need God's help but this time it's up to me. I'll get home when I get there, but for now I'm here and I'm dealing with what I've got. Waking up to a new day here doesn't seem so depressing anymore.

Meghan

Day 8

Time is speeding up. This is a great place to get simple and sort myself out. I've been taking a long and hard look at myself but I don't see anything. I don't know if that's because I have nothing to me or I'm too scared to see what's there. The weird thing is that I thought there was nothing wrong with me when I came here. I was an average chick who was fighting with her parents. But I'm starting to see that I did change. I was unhealthy. I don't blame my parents one bit for being scared. Part of my unhealthiness caused me to be angry and (whether my parents know it or not) fearful. I had never gotten in a fight with Tilda before this summer and everything changed while she was in Sweden. I became rash while she was away and when she got back, I thought she and everyone else was crazy and paranoid for thinking I had changed. But I had. I became crazy inside my head. I was too erratic to sort out my thoughts, feelings, and words. I'm starting to understand this.

There is a lot to think about and I've wasted the first seven days trying to escape or gear my thoughts somewhere else. It isn't being here that makes me sad. It's that I regret so much. I can't erase what's happened. I can hope the scars fade with time. It was my fault for living a life of fake happiness. My parents blamed other people and things for my behavior but they realized it was me. Of course they did or I wouldn't be here. I'm not worried about being strong anymore. I know I can do that. Now I'm focusing on how to break out of the habits I formed from the way I thought. I'm not saying that when I get home I'll stop smoking weed or occasionally having a smoke or a drink. Or that I'll stop seeing Doug (I don't know what will happen with him). I'll stop doing whatever creates a negative atmosphere. I know the things I listed before maybe do that but I'll have enough control to stop it from happening if it's only bringing me down.

Cassidy and Margo always told me they admired my "Just fuck it" attitude. That was "fun" and "easy." But I need to draw a line. It used to seem appealing to be a lazy stoner who was always chill. But there's more to life than that. Whether people know it or not, I'm a very feeling person and it may be easy to blow off obligations and parents but I cannot blow off my emotions. It's scary that you can be yanked out of a lifestyle that you're used to and think is pretty good and be put face to face with a mirror of every aspect of yourself and realize that maybe your life isn't all you thought. It's a challenge most people don't bring on for themselves. My parents had to do this. I know they tried with shrinks and family counselors and the whole shebang and I didn't understand them when they said this was the only option. But it was. I was incorrigible. Enough emotions for now.

Stan woke me up early and I caught up on my spark rock fires. I filled my can. We're having another solo today. I have to work hard to get my tasks done. Those mouse traps are giving me trouble again. We're staying in the same place tonight as we did last night. It's an old homestead with a shack of a house. There are a million mice and they crawled all over me while I slept and I had to beat them away. I was so tired I barely cared but still it was disgusting. I made oatmeal for breakfast but it wasn't good. I'm worried about the skill Stan taught us today (fire board)

because it's difficult. I smell bad and my leg hair is growing long. I might keep the leg hair when I get home but I'll definitely shave my pits.

Meghan

Day 9

This morning started off great because I got to talk to Craig first thing. I talked to him about how I felt about my parents. Craig asked me to picture a dream in the sky. I pictured getting out of a van with everyone here and seeing my parents come to meet me. We were all crying and happy to be together again. Craig told me that my parents were considering boarding school and that scared me. I wrote them a letter. I led the hike today and it was short but mostly uphill. They appointed me as primary navigator.

We're in phase two, learning how to become a family and contribute parts to it that we never gave our real families. That freaked Brody out. We talked for a few hours and it's all good now. We're sleeping on top of a hill tonight. I miss my family but the time is flying. I want to talk to Craig again soon. He's comforting. I love this group and I think I'll always remember this. The scariest thing is that this is supposed to be the week of emotional stress.

I love the night best because it means we got through another day. It's a time to chill and talk to everyone. Sometimes this seems eternal and others it feels like no big thing. "[Learning to Fly](#)" by Tom Petty reminds me of this place. It makes me smile to think of getting home and doing the Alabama voice for Alexa, Sasha, Ken, Bill, and Elizabeth when we're all stoned. After all this shit, I'll be ready to let the good times roll.

Meghan

Day 10

I'm half way there. I miss my family. We're supposed to get a new member toady named Cal. I want to talk to Craig again and ask him what my parents said about boarding school. He said that my dream could come true out here. My dream is to make it through this and wake up at dawn on the 21st and hike down to the SUWS headquarters and shower. We'll eat and have coffee and our parents will be there to pick us up at about 9am. I'll see my Mom and Dad and hug them. We'll develop strong relationships again. I have more to add about that later but I want to talk about my little change.

During the hike today, "[Chloe Dancer/Crown of Thorns](#)" by Mother Love Bone came into my head and I realized I have options now. Before I came here, I thought the way I was living was the only way. I was bored and I needed a break. I see the light now and I can't believe I've made it this far.

(later on) Stan's pissed off because when we got halfway to Crow's Nest, he called in and the first week group was there and wouldn't budge so the search and rescue team joined them. We had to come back to camp at the place we stayed on my first night to meet Cal because of it and all of us were bitching and moaning so Stan flipped. Brody freaked out and everyone else was frustrated.

I can't wait to talk to Craig tonight and find out if my parents said anything about boarding school. To end this, I'll continue with my dream. We'll drive home (Mom, Dad, and Elizabeth) and I'll call Tilda and tell her to meet me on Broadway at 3:30. I'll go to school on Friday and start my new and improved life. After tonight we'll be further than half way through.

Meghan

Day 11

My shoulders hurt so bad I. Cal's here and he's alright. Craig told us he's had a rough life and he blames everyone else. His mom committed suicide recently. That hit me hard. Brody's 34-year-old brother Christopher died of AIDS (he was gay) and his parents are divorced. They seem like a rad family the way he talks about them, though, and they must care about him because Craig said they were selling their cars to afford a good boarding school for him. Georgina has done every drug in the book and she's going to boarding school. Lorne is either going home or going to his old boarding school. Jenny has it worst. If she doesn't go back to Olympic, she's being put in a lock-up and her parents and she can barely communicate. I understand how trapped she feels. I don't know what's going to happen with Cal. I guess that brings us to me.

My parents want me home but they are making a long list of rules I have to live by if I go home. I'll do anything. They misled me and I didn't know that I had screwed up so bad that they felt they couldn't discuss what was going to happen after SUWS.

The next nine days will be fine because for the next three day, we'll be on solo. In that time we get to eat, sleep, think, write, talk to Craig, and work on skills. When that's over, search and rescue begins. We'll get more food and maybe we can ride in the van if there's a major emergency.

I'm going to make a list of the positive things this place does for me. I'm getting more accepting of it and time takes me closer to home. We are on the longest damn hike today so Cal can get his resources. Right now, nine days seems like eternity. Brody was hilarious when he said he's going to build an underground railroad for this place, call himself Harriet Tubman, and help kids escape.

Meghan

Day 12

This morning we took it easy and took our time. I had oatmeal and Stan read to us. Cal doesn't want to hike today so we're stuck here until he does. Time is going fast and it's hard to believe we're on the fifth day of the second week. We need to get moving so we can go on solo. Solo makes me nervous but it'll be cool to be absolutely alone for three days. Shit, monks do it for years.

I can't wait to get back to Seattle and go everywhere and see everyone. I know I'll graduate on day 21 and it will be one of the best days of my life. I hope we see Craig soon. I want to read my parents' letter and guidelines. As long as they let me eat, sleep, breathe, and go to school, I'll be happy. Cal ran today so we all followed him and came back to camp. Looks like we are staying here again tonight. Solo starts tomorrow. Craig came in today to talk with Cal and we got to talk to him, too. Craig says we don't have to cook on solo which is awesome. I heard Brody say something about going to the library to get a book to read on solo. I can't wait to get home but in a strange way, I want to do this and get through this.

On solo, I'm going to write a list of goals and all the things I want to do when I get back. Stan talked to us about solo and he and Emily are going to check on us twice a day. We'll get a book and food so we don't have to cook. Craig is coming to talk to us the day after tomorrow and to bring us letters from our parents. God, let him bring something good. I'm stoked for solo. I can't wait to get through this and get home. I wonder how different everyone will be. Will they be excited to see me or will it not matter? Too early to stress about that. Life seems good right now.

Meghan

Day 13

We're waiting for the dude to show up with our materials for solo. Time has become a warped issue since I've been here. Once we get through solo, we have five days of search and rescue and then graduation. Cal says we'll wake up at dawn on the 21st day and hike down to SUWS headquarters and they take us out to breakfast and our parents are ready to pick us up and they usually have a hotel room so we can shower. Stan has to leave on Wednesday because two of his good friends are getting married. That's weird. I don't think Stan ever liked me much but there were times when we connected. He was there through dramatic changes in my life and I won't forget that. We'll all be ready to graduate on Wednesday if no one blows solo because yesterday Craig said, "You guys are all talking like third week group. This is great." I can't wait to talk to him tomorrow and read my parents' letter. I hope it's half way agreeable. Even if it isn't, home is where I need to be.

Solo will be awesome. I'll laugh, sing, cry, eat, sleep, spin, write, plan and tone up. I hope they give us a book to read. I have to proof-read my curriculum, set up traps and work on bow-drill. I'll have to get all my shit organized, too. I'll miss these people. Last night, before we went hiking (another war story) we were talking and messing around and I like these people. At sunset, I came to cut down a spindle and I heard Georgina singing "[Silent All These Years](#)" and I said I felt like crying and she said she did, too, and I cried and she said, "What's the matter, Meghan? Come to Mama. Come and give me a hug." I did and she took my hand and looked me in the eye with the brilliant sunlight splashed across her face and said, "Listen to your heart. It always knows what's best."

Meghan

Day 14

Stan and Emily woke me up this morning and gave me yogurt and a letter from my parents. (Last night they gave me an apple, a carrot, and soap.) They were pissed because my mouse traps fell down again. Sorry. Yesterday I cried and wrote Elizabeth a letter. I hope Craig can give it to my parents for me. This is my second day of solo. Yesterday was rough. Stan keeps pissing about my bow and fire drill. I think Craig is here today because he told us he likes to come on solo's second day so we'll all be lonely and in need of conversation. Man was he right. And how did the letters from our parents get here? My parents' letter made me sad but it's good to know they think about me and miss me. I hope when I go home it isn't all like, "Oh, Mother! Could you ever forgive me? I've been horrid!" and then, "Of course I can. You are my happiness." I want it to be normal.

Do you understand how bad I want it to be day 20 and talk with everyone all night, get sleep, wake at dawn, eat French toast, see my parents, and shower? But for now, I want to talk to Craig. I think he's bringing a book for each of us to read so that'll help pass the time. I hope I'll be able to sleep today and tonight because I slept so long last night.

This place pisses me off. They expect you to never talk about trivial things and they practically brainwash you into a new person. Whatever happened to "[If you want to be you, be you; if you want to be me, be me](#)"? Like Jenny said, "I can't believe the highlight of my day is talking to some guy in a GWAR t-shirt," meaning Craig. I hope he comes to me later today so I can get this shit work done and talk to him, read my book, eat, and sleep.

Meghan

Day 15

I missed Tori Amos's show. I'll see her someday. This is our last day of solo. Even though I broke down a couple times, I liked it. Craig came to talk to me today. It pisses me off because he always puts me off and acts like everyone else is so important and it's like, "I'll get to Meghan ... if I have time." Screw that. He said I should make out an integrity list. Stan left this morning so we said bye and now we have a new instructor. I'll be home in less than a week. Pretty amazing what humans can do. A new group of kids comes today. Five guys, one girl. A lot of tall kids who want to run. I read *The Little Prince* by Antoine de Saint-Exupery today. It's pretty good. I had never read it before. I miss my team and I can't wait for search and rescue.

The days are speeding up and I'm motivated. I thought talking to Craig would make me feel better but it made me feel worse. He asked what I thought about my parents taking me in for drug tests.

Life is in a weird angle right now. What if everything isn't peachy keen when I get home? I won't be able to tell how much I've changed till I'm in my old surroundings. If my parents send me to boarding school, there'll be twice as many drugs and I don't belong in a lock-up. But I'll lay low with them. I'll let them have control. My wanting control was another source of stress for them. I hope search and rescue goes fast. I look forward to watching group one. We're already the top notch. Being here feels good right now.

(later on) I didn't realize it before but I think we're spending tonight on solo which is great because I'll get more sleep and it'll take care of one more day and night. I finally got my traps up so when Emily gets here I'll get more food and then I can go to sleep. I'm too homesick to think of this as a great experience but time is flying and home is close. I worked on my bow drill. There's some daylight left so I get to waste time. Emily brought Leslie, our new instructor, by. She seems cool. I got a carrot, celery, an apple and rabbit skin to make a pouch (I have no idea how). I'll reread *The Little Prince*, read this whole thing again, and read my parents' letter before supper and sleep.

Meghan

Day 16

Today we worked in curriculum so we could begin search and rescue. I miss home more than ever and last night, Craig told me my parents thought I was "faking my way through the program" and they want me to stay longer. But they wrote me a letter saying, "See you Wednesday," so what's up? They were pissed because I thought we could compromise but they made it clear that we can't. I will fucking do anything but staying here longer won't help.

We went to SUWS base camp in the late afternoon and did a ropes course. It was sweet. Georgina was my partner and then Jenny joined us. It was a rush. I want to go to the Vertical Club when I get home. I want to do a lot of things when I get home. Craig made dinner for us and that was sweet. I'm primary navigator so I deal with maps and compasses and directions.

Only four more days so I'll "suck it up," as Lorne says. I love talking to Georgina. She is comforting. Lorne is rad to talk to, too, because our situations are similar. I feel for Brody. His parents will be too busy with work to come to graduation. Georgina's dad is coming. Jesus, I hope my parents do. From the sounds of it, my Mom misses me so I think they will. I need to make it to night 20 and I'll be fine.

Today dragged. It'll be cool to talk with the first-weekers, though. Craig thinks we'll do a good job. Tonight, Jenny told us that a truck driver forced himself on her when she ran from

Olympic and she tried to press charges but they didn't get a case because of her past with guys. It's terrible and it's hard on her.

Meghan

Day 17

I'm missing Elizabeth's Golden Birthday. How could I do that? I'm so homesick I could die and will not stay here longer than Wednesday morning. I have to write a letter to my parents. I can't wait to graduate but I'll invest myself in search and rescue. Craig makes me nervous and he makes me think things are not going to work out. I don't know how to make it through the day. I've changed here and I'm wondering where it's leading me. I can't see Tilda when I get home and that reality hasn't sunk in. Jenny's best friends are both in programs now. She's not going back to Olympic, though, because her parents know she hates it. I hope they don't put her in a lock-up.

My group makes me feel shitty sometimes. I've never felt like I 100% belonged. Stan said I was an attention-getter. Emily thinks I'm a bullshit artist. God knows what the others think. I want to know who I am and it's impossible to figure it out here. Like Georgina said - are the same things going to matter when I get out of here? Will I feel the same about things in life? Will I know who I am and know what direction I want to put my life in? This place has let me take a look at how hard life can be. Hard in the city. Hard in the country. Hard in the desert. I don't know who to depend on when I get home. It's an opportunity to become as close as can be to my parents. I need them. I hope they need me. I hope I get my head together before I start dealing with life back home. I have to make it to Monday afternoon and I'll be fine.

Meghan

Day 18

We're almost done here. I can't believe how far we've come. It's already late afternoon on Sunday. All we have to do is work in curriculum, hike to camp, watch group one, go to sleep, wake up, hike to camp, do emotional rescue for group one, go to sleep, train new counselors, have dinner, go to sleep, wake up, have breakfast, go home.

We're all laughing right now because yesterday, we met a guy named Steve who stunned a pack rat with a stone. Brody calls him "Chip" because he looks like a Chip. I wonder what's going to happen after I leave here. I can't stay any longer than Wednesday morning. Jenny thinks I should go to boarding school. That thought scares me.

I can't wait to shower and eat French toast. I really miss Elizabeth but I don't mind trekking through the rest of this. This place trips me out. I don't know what I feel anymore. What will matter when I get home? I don't care if it's hard at first. I hope to build trust back up. I want to have fun these next couple years but my parents need to be able to sleep at night.

When we wrote poems about this place yesterday, it tore me up. I hope I still write when I get home. I'm sure I will. I'm content right now. I'm psyched to graduate and I'm psyched for school. I hope I can stay in touch with everyone here. Day 21 could be rough, having to say goodbye. Emily is getting bitter towards us. Today Craig gave us clues to go find some things and he gave us SUWS hats and Power Bars.

Meghan

Day 19

Today's hike was hell. Brody was bugging the shit out of me. We made camp after everyone stopped bitching. We're sitting here with Leslie eating military rations (tuna with noodles). Georgina took off her shoes and it reeks. We're doing emotional rescue at dusk. We have time to cook and Craig's coming in a half hour. I hate being primary navigator. I have to make a new bow and dig-throw stick and that fucking sucks.

Tomorrow is our last day. We have to take Georgina to base camp and train people who are going to work here. It's dinner, sleep, shower, eat, and get the hell out. I'm scared Craig's going to say, "Your parents want you here longer." I would die. I quit smoking but I have to admit that a nog for my homecoming might be nice. I am stoked for driving home and sitting with Mom in the backseat. We don't have to talk. I want to sit with her and hug her. I want to get home, unpack, go to 7-11 with Elizabeth, shower, and sleep.

A shower and French toast and a chocolate shake sound amazing. Soon it will be time to stop dreaming and start living it. We get to finish curriculum and discuss graduation. I know my parents are going to be strict but I'll deal with it. I've been thinking about Brent again. What am I going to do without Tilda? Maybe with time, my parents will understand how important she is to me but if not, I'll wait till my 18th birthday. Not to defy my parents but to fulfill the space in my heart that she fills. I wonder if others will notice my change. I wonder if I do. God, what a confused girl I am.

Meghan

Day 20

I made it. I am crying endlessly right now. I miss home. I can't wait to see my parents at trail's end tomorrow. Jenny doesn't know where she's going. Brody and Georgina's dads are coming. Lorne's parents might. I feel so much right now but it's a mass of confusion. I am loved back home and everyone here thinks I'm fake, insecure, and incompetent. I can't tell them that because they'll say, "*We* never said that. *You* must feel that way." Even though Leslie expressed the first two and Lorne just screamed at me and said, "It takes you 15 hours to do anything," because I had to explain to him that milk and butter don't come in a box of macaroni and cheese. Jenny's cool. But everyone else has made me feel like shit at different times. I'm having mixed emotions. I've got tasks so see you in Sea-town.

Love, Meghan

September 26, 1994

Dear Diary,

I survived SUWS. I'm sad and tired so I'll write tomorrow. Sorry.

Meghan

Sunday, October 2, 1994

Dear Diary,

This was the strangest week. I barely want it to end. Sasha is great. I respect her. She told me she tried to commit suicide and other intense shit about her life. It might have been because she was loaded but it's cool that she trusts me.

On Wednesday, Elizabeth, Sasha, Ken, and I smoked bowls and went to the store to buy Yoo-hoo. Ken jacked roses for us and he gave me a "bonus bouquet." I've kicked it at Claire's all weekend. Margo is my favorite.

I feel far from Elizabeth right now. She's always angry. I want to be as close as we were. I want to figure out who I am. I'm having an identity crisis.

On Friday, Margo, Ken, Sasha, and I went to the pits and danced to Grateful Dead in the road and smoked. I've been high lately and the song "[Screen](#)" by Brad makes sense to me. I miss Tilda and I need to see her.

Meghan

Saturday, December 3, 1994

Dear Diary,

I should remember this era but I can't bring myself to write in the last page of my journal, a phobia of moving on. I think about Oliver and Matt Warner and Aidan. Every night before I go to sleep, I listen to "[Nothingman](#)" by Pearl Jam and my mind goes.

I thought about when I visited Dutton and Matt was weird to me. Oliver said something I didn't hear and then said, "Just kidding. This one's for Meghan." And they covered "[Not for You](#)" by Pearl Jam. I think about when Tilda, Nina, and I laughed so hard on the way home from Donny Waller's boat that we thought we'd never stop. And when Ken Delpy was singing along to The Doors and said, "Tell my grandpa to tell the kids to go to bed," in a Jim Morrison-like voice during "[The End](#)" and started shoving Jonas against the windshield.

Meghan

Monday, December 5, 1994

Dear Diary,

I'm confused. Doug called last night and I didn't like it. I talked to Oliver. Today Dana, Tilda, Josie and I chilled and jacked shit. Sorry about that. We went to Paradiso. Elizabeth bought "Vitalogy," Pearl Jam's new album. I hope it keeps snowing tonight.

Meghan

Saturday, January 28, [1995](#)

Dear Diary,

My journal from Nina got stolen. Tilda and I went to the Queen Anne Café and I gave her a letter I wrote to her. When she finished reading it she cried. I'd written the words to "[Fire and Rain](#)" by James Taylor at the end of it and she had written me a letter with those lyrics while I was at SUWS. We went to the market and we sang with Lee ("[I Shot the Sheriff](#)" dude). He sang "[Against the Wind](#)" by Bob Seger and "[After the Gold Rush](#)" by Neil Young.

Brittany called and we got coffee with Amber. We had an earthquake, 5.0 on the Richter scale, and I got rocked. I was standing naked in the bathroom about to take a shower and the house started rocking. Brittany didn't feel it because she had been driving. We went to Allegro and ran into Amy, Frieda, and Shelby who were looking for Dirk Hogan's house because the Ecuador exchange students were there. We went with them. Why do I feel as though it's the [end of the world](#) as we know it and I don't feel fine? Does everyone go through this anxiety at some time in their life?

I want to go on a road trip, go back to SUWS, lose my virginity, go to college, get married, get old with Tilda, and know Oliver forever even if I don't marry him.

Last night I went to Oliver's with Tilda. Bruce, Matt, Isaac, Agnes, Calvin, Liz, and Derek came, too. I listened to them play and I died when they played "The Rising."

After everyone left except Bruce and Tilda, Oliver and I went out to his dock. We walked into the kitchen and the clock said 11:11 so we made a wish and I reminded him that he told me the kitchen is the kinkiest place in the house. I jumped on his counter and kissed him. We went to his room and drank Southern Comfort.

I've never gotten on Oliver (just kissed and hugged) but I did last night and it was good but our hair got in the way so that was crunchy but it's ok. Too bad he likes bottom the best. I feel weird on top.

Oliver makes my heart race and my stomach freak out more than anyone ever has and he's great to lie next to. I like it when he kisses my neck. I'm more comfortable with laying with a guy and kissing and holding him than I am with hard-core sessions. Oliver is a sigh of relief. I love him and we don't play games; we know each other too well. Sometimes I feel weird about being with him. It makes me high. It makes me low. It makes me burn up with embarrassment because he must think I'm a freak sometimes. He turns me on. It makes me sad and happy and complete. I can't bullshit about it.

I asked Matt about Margo last night and he tripped out on me. Everyone was like, "You stood up to *Matt Warner*?" I put him no higher than anyone so everybody can step off. If I have something to say that deals with me and someone important to me (Margo), I say what I have to say. Margo said, "He gives you respect for that." I wasn't out to gain respect. Besides, Oliver made it clear to me that it wasn't cool.

I hope I make it to tomorrow. I hope everyone does.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 30, 1995

Dear Diary,

I was in a bad mood for most of the day. I keep listening to "[Losing My Religion](#)" by Tori Amos.

I just bought smokes. I feel like a terrible person. I have never not wanted smokes so much. I'm quitting. Maybe instead of going back to SUWS in June, I'll put to use what I learned there. I have never felt this alone. It's not the alone like when there's no one there. It's the alone when you look into so many eyes and know they have thoughts and feelings and dreams and goals and not being able to know about or relate to any of them. My passions and dreams feel impossible and worse, selfish. Does anyone else feel like this? I don't want Tilda to go to boarding school. I relate to her. I don't understand why Oliver has to be gone now all of the times. Tori Amos won't get out of my head.

I've had times when I was bursting with thoughts, emotions, troubles, dreams, laughter, and goals. But this is the first time I have sat with them and wondered why I ever thought of them. I feel lost. I feel like others are so lost that they want to help others to not feel lost themselves. I remember balance and harmony but I don't feel it now. Why do I feel weak when I need to be strong?

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 20, 1995

Dear Diary,

I'm meeting Margo downtown. Last night, when I went next door to see Elizabeth while she was baby-sitting, I asked her if she had heard "[Water Runs Dry](#)" by Boyz II Men. When we were going to sleep after we had gone out, I turned my radio to KUBE hoping I'd hear it and the third time I switched it back, it was on. We listened to it and at the end she said, "That song is

beautiful,” and I started crying. I told her that I forgot about times when I was happy and how it seems like when you’re young, reality isn’t so bad but as you get older, you make it bad and you look for an escape. Even if I can’t convey it here, I had a revelation last night and I think I’ll remember it and how I felt. I wish I could explain it to someone.

Last night Elizabeth, Shana, Brenda C., and I went to Bhy Krake Park and drank 22oz. beers and smoked a couple bowls.

Tilda is coming home for the summer and going to Harding next year. She’d understand how I feel. I’m late. I hope Margo isn’t pissed.

Love, Meghan

Sunday March 5, 1995

Dear Diary,

On Friday I went to Squall Park and Hidden Beach with Brittany, Margo, Amber, Cassidy A., Brandy, Shelby, and Tiffany and we got loaded. I had a wonderful talk with Brittany about how different this year is from last spring. I heard “[Joey](#)” by Concrete Blonde on the way to Hidden and I think that inspired memories of last spring. Yesterday I babysat from 8 to 5 and Oliver picked me up and we went to the benches on Highland and talked and smoked. He gave me a book called the “The Loathing Time,” a collection of poems he wrote, and it makes me cry. We went to the Mecca Café for coffee. He drove me to Robin Stark’s and I drank wine and talked to Tiffany and Neal. Elizabeth showed up with Brenda, Sasha, Rick, and Dominic and we all chatted and smoked.

Love, Meghan

Friday, March 10, 1995

Dear Diary,

I’ve been a million different people tonight. Not schizophrenic but. We got out of school at 10:45 this morning. Shelby drove us to Magnuson for Mason Amstad’s keg. I got loaded and took some of the pills Alexa freaked out on recently. I went to Claire’s and Miranda’s with Lexi B. I wrote and I was on a happy high. Miranda and I went to get beer and smokes. We got denied at Royal and Pike so we went to Henry’s Market and while Miranda was buying, I sat in the car and listened to “[Talkin’ ‘bout a Revolution](#)” by Tracy Chapman. On some weekends there is a theme song. Tracy Chapman is that tonight even though she reminds of 8th grade.

We drove around Windermere looking for some chick’s party. We found it and it wasn’t going on. We went back to Kelly’s and someone said they heard about a party so we drove to Capitol Hill (I had to sit on Phil’s lap and it was crunchy because Claire and I used to have a crush on him). It was Bruce Walski’s house and I felt uncomfortable. I saw Shiloh, Calvin, Matt and Isaac and other Dutton people. Kelly Gies was being stupid. Calvin and Agnes said, “We don’t want to be rude and this isn’t our house but Bruce didn’t want it to be a party.” I felt bad and out of place. Who was I to show up with all these obnoxious partiers at some house that was chill? Kelly tried to get Matt’s number and I came into the kitchen and I said, “Kelly, let’s go now,” and she laughed and said, “I need to get Matt’s number,” so we made one up. We were a party foul. Oliver would have been there if he wasn’t away. I wrote him a letter when I was fucked up today and I don’t know if I should give it to him. I reread it when I was sober and I still feel the way I said I did in the letter but I don’t know.

We went to Laurelhurst and people were kicking it in the street so we all got out and Miranda drove Kelly, Curtis and me to egg Lina’s house. When I got back, Lexi asked me if I wanted to

sit in the car and listen to tunes and have a smoke so we did. We listened to Tracy Chapman and talked about how lame people are and how stupid it was for people to be drinking in the rain for the sole purpose of being social.

Sean Hartney popped up and started talking to me and got into Miranda's car. The 5.0 came so everyone left. Miranda couldn't get her car started so we had to talk to the cops and a nice middle-aged couple gave us a jumpstart.

We drove to View Ridge and all these freaks were there. Kelly and Miranda thought it was cool but Lexi and I sat in the car and wanted to leave. Elizabeth showed up with her friends. She and I are psychically linked. Shana gave us a ride home.

Love, Meghan

(Claire's room: "[Indifference](#)" by Pearl Jam; "Losing My Religion" by Tori Amos; "[Nutshell](#)" by Alice in Chains).

Tuesday, March 14, 1995

Dear Diary,

After sunset, I walked down to where I could see Gas Works, Lake Union, and Lake Washington. I thought about last spring and memories came back to me: when I hung out with Brent, Taylor, and Colin; listening to Counting Crows; and what a good phase that was. I listened to "My Backyard" and went through an old notebook with the words to "[Tomorrow, Wendy](#)" by Concrete Blonde and "[You feel](#) there's something calling you..."

I am listening to "[Omaha](#)" and when he says "drop past the color, come up through the summer rain," and that instrument plays, it reminds me of my hopes for the summer and last spring. It's funny, in a twisted way, how stupid I was. I miss Tilda and I wonder how her head works now and if she ever thinks about this shit. Sometimes I think she forgot about it and is always "living in the now" but when I talk to her, the way her voice sounds tells me she remembers.

I have this gnawing, heart-achy, nostalgic, crazy-making feeling and I'm not bored now. What do I do about it? Things have changed and it makes me crazy. All I can do is improve myself and my life. That doesn't seem impossible right now.

I want to be in Tilda's loft - the loft it was before last summer. It's finals week and I need to study. I had a dream about Isaac on Sunday night and he's been haunting my subconscious.

Meghan

Wednesday, March 22, 1995

Dear Diary,

On Friday, we had finals and got out at 10:45. Mason A. had another keg at Magnuson and I went with Tiffany and Brittany and got loaded. We went back to Tiffany's. We called Brandy and she came over and we drove to Colin Laufner's house because he was having a party for Brian M.'s birthday. I saw Brent and we talked and something in me will always love that guy. We spent the night at Brandy's and her parents were out of town.

On Saturday night, a bunch of chicks went to Tiffany's and we drove out to The Annex. What a nightmare. I went inside and it was lame so I came outside and talked with Brittany's friend Cole for the rest of the night. Frieda and I spent the night at Tiffany's. On Sunday, Frieda, Shelby, Cassidy, Grant, Joe, Lars, and I went to Eileen's and watched "[Where the Day Takes You](#)." I love that movie.

Tilda comes home on Friday. I cried when she told me. Elizabeth and I haven't been getting along. I started drivers' ed yesterday. I've been cussing too much.

There's no reason I can't have a million professions when I get older. I want to be an actor but I'm never going to tell anyone because I'd feel lame. The only thing I'm good at is having emotions and talking so why not make it work for me. I want to be a marine biologist and own a health food store. I want to own a world-famous chain of restaurants with good music, good food, flowers, and wine. But while I'm young I want to go on a road trip across the US and move to Hawaii and surf. I want to be a guide on the Colorado River. I want to learn Spanish, French, and Italian fluently and have skills in carpentry, candle-making, pottery, and jewelry-making. I want to sing folk songs and play piano. I want to study Buddhism, plants, and flowers.

I've been thinking about my childhood. Sometimes when I'm falling asleep and I have my blanket next to me, I feel like crying. I've changed from when I never swore, smoked, drank, fought with Elizabeth, or fought with friends. It gives me a glimpse of why it makes our parents sad that we party too hard.

Meghan

Thursday, March 23, 1995

Dear Diary,

I just got back from going out with Tiffany, Olga, and Brittany. I made lemon water and came upstairs and before I climbed into bed, I turned the radio on and "Black" by Pearl Jam was on (the live version) and it restored every feeling I've had for Oliver. It reminded me that I haven't had something to fight for or lay down on the line for in a long time. Before I heard it, I was wondering what was left of me and Oliver.

I wrote a letter to myself today and explained every possible anxiety I have. I'm exhausted so I'll write poems and finish *Black Elk Speaks*. Or I might go with Elizabeth to get beers with Wallace.

Meghan

Friday, March 24, 1995

Dear Diary,

Yesterday Margo and I went to her house and took a ferry to see Nate O. on Cedar Island. We drove to the docks and smoked a bowl while waiting for the ferry.

When we got to the island, Nate picked us up and we listened to tunes and had smokes as we drove around the dark roads. There were stars out and I wanted to stay for a long time. We went to his house. He has a place over his parents' garage where he kicks it with his friends. We smoked a bowl and talked and he drove us back to the ferry. I stole a couple of signs on the ferry. I went out to the deck and looked at the stars and laughed because the wind was strong.

I saw Nate differently last night. I used to see him as a weird guy I could say anything to. Now I look at him as a good-looking, mellow, kind, and genuine person who likes to party. He told us drinking stories.

He told me that on that night a couple days before 4th of July last summer when Tilda and I snuck out with a bottle of wine to meet him, Brandon, Eve, and Eli, that after we walked around until 4am and went home, Nate and Brandon went to Broadway at 8am. They got beer and went to a park to drink with bums. Brandon had to go home but Nate kicked it with the bums for the rest of the day. He took a bus to the Ave and the next thing he knew, cops were beating him with

sticks because he was passed out on the street. They took him to jail kicking and screaming and his parents came and they were not pleased.

I'm on my way to Arlington with the fam and Grandma and Papa. I want to see Oliver tonight. I miss him but I don't know.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, April 19, 1995

Dear Diary,

Last Friday, we went to Brittany's for a bbq. Dana and Jeremy L. came over. So did Cassidy and Brittany and we picked Cora up and went to Montlake for a keg. On Saturday, I went to Café Paradiso to hear bands play with Elizabeth, Alex, and Kristi.

Lucid played that night even though Oliver had specifically told me they weren't. Nina called from Calvin's studio to tell me they were.

Meghan

Sunday, April 23, 1995

Dear Diary,

Yesterday, Crystal and I got up and Brian and Colin came over in the afternoon and we chilled. Margo came over and Brian and Colin got us beer and came back to take us to a park near Matt's and we drank and walked to Matt's house to hear Lucid play. They played the cuts and I cried when Oliver sang "Rose Petal."

He played a song he's never played before and dedicated it to me. Crystal wanted to go and as we were leaving, Oliver began to play "Unbound" and I had to stay for that. Margo said that he dedicated that to me, too, but I didn't hear him. My Mom came and got us and I came home and cried myself to sleep. Margo stayed at Matt's but I couldn't stay since Crystal wanted to go.

Oliver and I broke up on Friday. He came over in the late afternoon and we got it done and I walked him to his car, thinking I was fine. When I got back up to my room, I cried. I want to talk to him but I can't.

Love, Meg

Tuesday, May 2, 1995

Dear Diary,

On Friday, Elizabeth, Alex, and I went to Luxe for coffee and to see a guy play acoustic and went bowling with Elizabeth's rehab friends. The next day Margo, Dunya, and I took a ferry to Cedar Island. Nate and his friend Owen picked us up and we went back to Owen's house and ate magic mushrooms. We sat on his deck all day and tripped and talked and smoked and drank tea. These scary-ass guys who looked like monkeys came over and we left after that. We took the ferry home and walked back to Margo's. We talked and related on what seemed to be a million profound things. We had to eat dinner with Margo's family and we kept spazzing out in front of them.

I went to an AA meeting with Elizabeth. Her friends from group, Kevin and Jim, came over and we drove to Bellevue for the meeting. It gave me a million feelings. I couldn't stop thinking about a guy named Pete from Elizabeth's group. I'm drawn to something about him. I heard "[Leather and Lace](#)" by Stevie Nicks today and I need a copy of my own.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, May 4, 1995

Dear Diary,

“Believe it if you need it, leave it if you dare. And it’s just a [box of rain](#) or a ribbon for your hair. Such a long, long time to be gone and a short time to be there.” (Grateful Dead). Is it wrong to miss the way things were?

My life fell apart on June 26, 1994, the day I met Doug. How am I going to forgive myself? I lost everything. But I gained the important stuff back at SUWS.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Some of the best times in my life I can’t seem to write about.

Monday, May 8, 1995

Dear Diary,

Yesterday Elizabeth, Mom, and I went to “[Circle of Friends](#).” I saw the trailer for “[Mad Love](#)” and it looks good.

Today at school, we talked about Father O’Neal having AIDS and I broke down during first period. I went to an AA meeting with Elizabeth tonight.

Meghan

Monday, May 22, 1995

Dear Diary,

I saw Ani DiFranco play at Evergreen with Elizabeth, Kristi, and Alex. She inspired me. I’ve been sober for quite a while and I’m glad for that. I have been alone. I was going to see Lucid on Saturday but when I called Oliver to see if they were playing, Matt went off on me because I left their last show when Crystal had wanted to leave.

I talked to Oliver and flipped my wig. He must think I’m a lunatic. I told him I hated him. How could I have said that? I’m never going to be able to talk to him again but I wrote him a letter.

“[The Waiting Song](#)” by Ani DiFranco reminds me of last night. Why do I feel lonely every time spring comes? I can’t wait till Tilda and John get home.

Elizabeth is graduating. Everyone grew up. After learning about the state of the world in UN class, what do we have to look forward to?

Meghan

Thursday, May 25, 1995

Dear Diary,

In the 60s and 70s young people had visions to live free and escape the binds of the modern world. They had to wait to hear if the ones they loved had been killed while serving our country. They needed to find solace from this in love, music, peace, and drugs. We’ve all been handed a lot in the US and we continue to up and leave and escape in music, but drugs become such a part of that. I can’t say I don’t do drugs but is that all there can be?

Is it wrong to be advanced and civilized? Are we joking ourselves to think technology is the answer to a fulfilling life? I could follow the Grateful Dead, I could sell my soul like Tilda will, or I could go to school, stay straight, get a job, and conform. Either option entails constraints and benefits. I’ll take my own road to happiness and peace no matter where it goes. I must admit I relate to travelers more than people here.

Meghan

Thursday, June 1, 1995

Dear Diary,

Oliver and I haven't talked in two weeks. The last time we did, I yelled at him and hung up on him. But I wrote him and he wrote back.

I went to Dead Village while the Grateful Dead was in town. I love the folk song tape the guy at the Dead show gave me, especially "[I Don't Eat Animals](#)" by Melanie.

Dad stayed up with me to help me write my UN speech. We went to Elizabeth's baccalaureate mass tonight. It's crazy that she's graduating. I don't know how I feel about it. I can't believe sophomore year is almost over. We got yearbooks. Lance asked if I want to fry on acid tomorrow but I need to be smart, healthy, and in control for now, for the summer and for the rest of my life.

I'm reading a rad book called [Illumination Night](#) by Alice Hoffman. Wallace is looking good lately. I know, he's my neighbor and like my brother but he's looking hot. Maybe a smooch. I'm not going to do anything stupid. "[I will get by](#). I will survive."

Love, Meg

Wednesday, June 7, 1995

Dear Diary,

Part of me feels empty but part of me has a mellow excitement for what's coming up. I'm in a river, standing on a rock, knowing I have to jump to the next one but I am afraid I will slip and want to swim back.

Tilda and Glo came to Elizabeth's graduation with me. We went to have a smoke and we were happy, laughing and talking. Yesterday I took my driver's test and passed with a 62%. Wallace picked me up and we met Tilda and Glo at Queen Anne Coffeehouse. We chilled in my room, making bracelets and dream catchers and dancing to Ani.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, June 20, 1995

Dear Diary,

We got out of school on June 13th and went to a keg at Magnuson and then on a cruise. Tilda and I went to Pain in the Grass. Last night, Tilda, Margo, Josie, and I went to Gas Works and sang and Margo spent the night.

While Elizabeth drove me home from the ferry dock, we saw Crispin. Elizabeth drove around the block because I told her I was thinking about him. I felt stupid.

Tilda, Wallace, and I went to the Fremont Solstice Fair a couple days ago. Sunday was Father's Day and everyone came to our house and we went out to dinner with the Wakefields.

Margo and I watched "[Dazed and Confused](#)" yesterday and the guy with big teeth is hot.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, July 1, 1995

Dear Diary,

I went to Anacortes this morning to take John to the ferry. We visited Western and went to LaConner. Jessie, Elizabeth, and I went to Hidden Beach to swim and then to Jessie's to watch MTV and drink strawberry vodka daiquiris.

Yesterday, Emma, Crystal, Elizabeth, Wallace, and I went swimming in Fremont and to a party near Harding. Nina was there and we drank and chilled. There was a fight and this nasty guy was all bloody.

I've been swimming in the lake a lot lately. I'm reading *Practical Magic* by Alice Hoffman and I finished *Second Nature*. I'm turning 16 in a couple weeks. That seems old but young in different contexts.

I went to a party at Cory Frank's house last Friday with Amber, Margo, Mary, and Frieda. Margo came over here before and we got drunk since my Dad was having a party. She spent the night. I spent the night at her house the next night and we camped out in her next door lot and drank and talked.

I'm almost done reading Oliver's book of poems. We haven't talked lately. I'm lonely. I'm on the rag. Are there any guys?

Love, Meghan

Monday, July 10, 1995

Dear Diary,

On Thursday, Tilda sat in her loft and talked and smoked and cleaned all the moldy dishes out of there. We decided to cast away a bottle of rum into the lake - the one we finished last summer. We wrote messages and put them in the bottle and walked to Hidden Beach to send off. We had dinner at Hank's and I said goodbye to her because she went to camp the next morning.

While I was at her house, I found "*Watching You*" by Melissa Etheridge and it brings me back to every summer I've ever had, especially '93 when Shelby and I were at Sun River.

On Saturday, Elizabeth and I drove to Mukilteo to stay on Whidbey Island with the Offendahls. We went to an arts and crafts festival and watched "*Say Anything*."

Elizabeth, Mom and I watched "*The Prince of Tides*" because I'm almost done with the book.

Aidan got shot in the neck, heart, and leg a couple days ago. That's insane. I hope he's alright. I'm wiggling because I'm almost 16.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, July 13, 1995

Dear Diary,

I had my birthday breakfast with the family early this morning because John had to get to work. I want to get my license. Our right blinker doesn't work so we drove to BP and it's going to take half an hour to fix. I freaked and my Dad drove to Schuck's with a screwdriver to fix it himself. I've been a bitch to my parents this morning.

John and Molly gave me another book by SARK and I got an herb book, clothes, a CD, and money.

I'm going to visit Aidan at the hospital later.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 2, 1995

Dear Diary,

My parents had a surprise dinner for my birthday. I saw Aidan at the hospital and got my license. Emma and I have been inseparable. We went to Index with my family and Molly to swim and

picnic. We've been going to the sand dunes. Tilda left for Oregon at dawn with Josie. I have been alone long enough that I've begun to love myself and listen to myself.

I met a guy named Martin at the market. I was listening to Lee play guitar when he introduced himself. I couldn't stop thinking about him even though I didn't want him and I wondered why I kept going to see him. Then I met his friend Bradley.

Emma and I got coffee on Broadway and I saw Bradley playing guitar. He was drunk and we sang with him and walked and talked and we went to Minnie's for coffee. We told him to come to the University parade. He showed up with Tilda. Emma and I looked at each other and our faces fell. We had both developed a crush on Bradley and didn't know he knew Tilda. Game over. Tilda had come home from Oregon around the 25th, long enough to meet Bradley. She left for California yesterday.

John went back to LA for a week but he'll be home soon. Songs that remind me of now: "[I Will Not Forget You](#)" by Sarah McLachlan and "[Tangerine](#)" by Led Zeppelin. I've been driving and feeling happy.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, August 5, 1995

Dear Diary,

Elizabeth, Dad, and I are on the road heading for Hickory Ranch in Northern California. We'll be gone a week and I'm sad about going.

Emma and I had been low profile about Bradley and we weren't straightforward, especially with each other, about it. I began thinking about him the night we ran into him on Broadway but I tried to push it away because I thought I wasn't a glint in his eye and that he was thinking about Emma or Tilda.

When Emma and I decided to take a break from that scene, I caught myself zoning out and thinking about Bradley. I went to the market often and saw him. We went swimming at Hidden Beach, got coffee at Beth's, and the other night we camped out. I made a joke about him knocking me all the time and he said, "I think the reason I do that is because I don't want to be attracted to you."

When we camped, Bradley and I lay down and talked and kissed. I didn't expect it because earlier he'd talked about our age difference. We stayed together until it got light. We had a smoke and kissed and I left and got back to Emma's after dawn.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 16, 1995

Dear Diary,

I haven't been writing because I don't want to come to terms with the summer ending. I went to the Four Seasons with Emma and her grandma for lunch. I came home and now I'm babysitting Madeline. I think Emma and I will drive around (what's new?) and go to Bill's because his parents are out of town.

Last night, I went to a keg at Magnuson for Donny Waller's homecoming. It was good to see old faces. Emma went home afterwards and she ended up getting on Keith (a never-ending dream for her) and Kyle K. What's her deal?

Yesterday I went to the market and saw Bradley. He said, "You're gonna get hurt." I already was when he said that. I care about him but I need to set him free and let him do what he wants without having to deal with my feelings. Being drawn to him has made me realize that I want to

have a deep peace and love for all people and especially for myself. Nothing can phase me when I am love.

I got drunk last night and had a ball. I got back from California and if I ever want to relive that week, I'll read the hundreds of notes I wrote to Emma or listen to "[Three Days](#)" by Jane's Addiction and "[Brief Bus Stop](#)" by Ani DiFranco.

When I last saw Bradley, he said he likes me, is attracted to me, and that he wants to see other people. Later that night, I kissed Wallace.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, August 19, 1995

Dear Diary,

Summer is ending. A couple days ago, I went downtown and to the market with Margo and her cousin. We met Drew Stoddard and Aidan for coffee at Paradiso. Emma is in Canada. I can't deal with school. Mom is trippin' on me and I don't know how to calm her fears. Donny Waller got back to town and there was a keg for him at Magnuson and I came home plowed.

I went to Cedar Island a couple nights ago. We went out to dinner with the fam and Molly to Santa Fe Café and it sucked because Mom and I were brawling. I don't know how to convey to her that it's important to me to take care of myself and enjoy how I live.

Jerry Garcia died. Tilda is probably tweaking her brains out on drugs over that. Great. When we're 40 and sitting on my porch drinking water, she'll be schizo. Life goes on.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, August 22, 1995

Dear Diary,

I'm not mentally ready for school. I'm reading [On the Road](#) by Jack Kerouac. Even when I don't feel like it, I must write: thoughts, songs, phrases, memories, stories, poems. Tilda was supposed to come home today. She's been gone for almost a month.

I went downtown with Tula and Emma. I saw Bradley playing at the market but we didn't talk.

I can't relate to who I was before this summer, from my birth to the end of spring this year. It scares me that I remember so little about wonderful (and shitty) times I've had. This summer was the first time that I lived in the present and dreamed about the future without looking back into the past. I feel detached from it even though I usually dwell on the past.

I was whole and peaceful this summer. That made it easy for me to meet people and experience life especially since I wasn't letting my past bog me down. But I met Bradley and let my mind get carried away with thoughts of him.

It seems that you start out whole and full and good - and you give your mind and heart to someone and in doing so you lose those to them and become a "shell of a person." Sometimes you think you're giving your soul away but that is the one thing that is free and can break away from anything that makes you crazy or sad or that makes you lose your sense of self.

I want to sing and play music. There's something awesome about playing out thoughts and emotions through an instrument. I once asked Emma and Bradley if they thought about how awesome it is that a guitar can make such beautiful sounds and that you can hear someone's whole being in a song. They gave me weird looks and said, "No."

I hate it when you try to say something and people don't hear you and make you feel like a spaz. It's funny when you write or think something bizarre and your facial expression is calm

and neutral. I'm being random but I think this journal should be for my real thoughts, not just "Oh, I went to a keg and it's December 6th and I ate an apple."

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 23, 1995

Dear Diary,

Tilda got back this morning. I saw Bradley and he gave me a big hug. He makes me sad. I hope things are ok for Emma and I because we've been taking each other for granted. I want her to know that I'd be lost without her. I've decided to love myself and other people without exceptions and conditions.

Bradley played "Three Days" today and I didn't think I could take it but he broke his G-string so he didn't get too far. I better "[forget my troubles](#), come on, get happy." Madeline is beautiful and sometimes I wish I could be little again.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, August 26, 1995

Dear Diary,

Bradley and I talked. He said, "You are a very special person and I hope you always remember that." He made me feel better about moving on. I need to say goodbye to that part of my life. It's bittersweet. I'm sad but not in a desperate way.

I hear the song "[Name](#)" by Goo Goo Dolls all the time now. Emma and I have dubbed it "song." Lately I hear it right before I go to sleep. I have a dream of finding Bradley one day and singing "Leather and Lace" with him. I think I'll be ok. It makes me sad to look at Emma lately because we've lived like sisters and she was with me when I did some soul-searching. I need to let time run its course. I lost the beautiful big ring with the lapis oval on my way to Denny's last night. Bummer. I can't wait for Oliver to get home. I'm off for a midnight nog and some shut-eye.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, August 29, 1995

Dear Diary,

It's the last night of summer. I heard "song" today on the radio while Tilda, Bradley, and Emma were all in the car with me. I know I will look back on this summer and remember my mystical time in June: reading every day, stargazing, tanning, and soul searching. I'll remember July when Emma and I were happy and whole, driving around listening to "[I Sex Want Your Sex](#)" by George Michael and other cuts, meeting people, cruising the market, and those few magical nights with Bradley. I'll remember August as a harder time - California and the awesome people I met and thinking, eating, sleeping, breathing Bradley; missing Tilda; being with Emma; saying goodbye and moving on. It's been an awesome time and I'm not ready for school. I'll never forget this part of my life or myself.

Love, Meghan

P.S. One evening last spring Tilda and I sang "[Ticket to Ride](#)" by the Beatles with a couple old people and a guy playing guitar at the market. Everyone looked beautiful and I thought, "This is how summer should be." It reminds me of listening to Lee sing "[Night Moves](#)" by Bob Seger in the summer. That song gives me the chills. Night is the best time (sunset to sunrise) and it is "funny how the night moves."

Wednesday, August 30, 1995

Dear Diary,

Today was weird. Everyone walks around like a shell of a person. I don't know who I am and life is unfamiliar. I find it hard to write because it brings me close to myself and what's going on inside and I can't feel anything. I wish I were anywhere else in my life. I don't find solace in people or music and I don't know where to turn.

I took Nina to Planned Parenthood today. I am feeling for her. I can't talk to anyone. I can't face tomorrow. I don't know how to escape this. I'm not suicidal or depressed, just fuckin' sad and scared. I have no one to talk to and everyone's an alien.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 5, 1995

Dear Diary,

On Friday, Emma, Kim, and I went to Bumbershoot and saw The Reverend Horton Heat. We went to Beth's and went to Emma's and got loaded. I saw Carl at Bumbershoot and he was slimy. We met a hilarious guy from New York and when I'd laugh at his accent he'd say, "C'mon. It's not that bad," and I'd laugh more. I went to Bumbershoot again on Saturday and saw Tilda. We ran into Bradley on Sunday and kicked it with him. We heard Trillian Green play. We went to Sky Cries Mary and got stoned. I saw Oliver, Matt, and Isaac there.

On Saturday, I saw Cole Boone (oh fuck, he's hot). I went to Parliament yesterday. I saw Ani DiFranco and a beautiful guy. She sang her song about Napoleon and I dig it. I cried when she played this [song](#) that said something like "You two are perfect together so fuck you..." She inspired me and I've been in a good mood ever since.

Today I had detention. Then I went to Claire's. Nina and I sat by her window to have a smoke and we reminisced about old times. I love that chick. On my way to Tilda's earlier, I got in my first fender bender. When I showed up, Bradley was there. We had a good talk in her loft. I picked up Crystal and Emma to go to Beth's for a cup of joe. I saw Drew and Aidan.

Love, Meghan

P.S. "Everyone is a fuckin' [Napoleon](#)."

P.P.S. I heard "song" tonight with Emma on the way to Beth's.

Sunday, September 10, 1995

Dear Diary,

I started taekwondo in school. Aidan and I went to Beth's for coffee and conversation on Thursday. He kicks ass.

On Friday, Tilda and I went to Claire's. We went to Montlake and drank and Troy gave us a ride to Broadway. We laid in his truck and laughed our asses off. We saw Bradley. He said, "You're going to be someone special. You're so smart. I wish I were like that. Drugs will fuck it all up for you." I went to a dance, went to a party, and came home. Emma's birthday was yesterday. I made her a tape and went to Beth's with Tilda. My parents and I are fighting. What's new? I stayed home from Hempfest today and cleaned my room and the bathroom.

Love, Meghan

Monday, September 18, 1995

Dear Diary,

I started crew today. School was school. I'm at Beth's waiting for Aidan so we can do homework.

On Thursday, I went to see Oliver and I got Ani's new CD. On Friday, we went to a stupid keg and then a double keg at some dude's house in Bothell. Random. We dropped people off and Shelby and I picked Tilda up and we went to Denny's. We took Tilda home and crashed at my house.

On Saturday, I ran errands and went to the market- big fucking mistake. I had people over and we drank and had fun. I spent the night at Emma's but I let Claire, Aidan, and Drew crash at my house. I came back at 8am and cleaned the house all day. The four of us went to Beth's. I got Elizabeth flowers and painted her a picture for her birthday. We went out to dinner and to Grandma and Papa's. I got "[Anchorage](#)" by Michelle Shocked.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, September 23, 1995

Dear Diary,

On Thursday, I went to "Tie-dyed" with Tilda and Bradley. China Rose played. They do Dead covers and they sounded exactly like them. I came home and went to the Hurricane with Elizabeth. I didn't have school yesterday. I cleaned the house and got coffee at Still Life. I went to Cedar and we had a campfire and chilled out. The cops showed up and Margo and I took the ferry to Dunya's house. We danced to the Dead and took shots and went to sleep. Dunya and I went to the bakery at Alki today and Mom picked me up.

I finished [Illusions](#) by Richard Bach yesterday. Elizabeth is leaving for college and I'm trippin'. I don't feel like myself. Too much is happening. Change is obviously part of life and every season brings it but there is comfort in the same things happening over and over each year. But now, everything is drastically going in strange ways. Only music, love, writing, and reading will get me through. Elizabeth and I are off to the market.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, September 27, 1995

Dear Diary,

I went to crew today and ran three and a half miles. I came home at 11:30 and skipped taekwondo. I did homework, drove to crew and went to Beth's to work on my [Tempest](#) paper and to get browns and coffee. Nina left a message saying Lucid was playing at Queen Anne Coffeehouse. Tilda came over and we went. Those three guys make me feel weird.

Oliver: I love him like a brother. I've known him through it all and we've been close, we've been far, and we always wind up friends in the end. I don't know what I'd have done without him after SUWS and he's an awesome guy but he makes me feel crunchy sometimes. I can always be me and read him my shit.

Matt: I used to want him and he always fucked with me but I dug him even though I knew he was an asshole and not to touch him because of Erica R. Besides, it wouldn't have happened for us anyway. He and Margo met. Shit went downhill and now he probably thinks I'm stupid and rude (that sounds horrible together). He's a great musician.

Isaac: He's a Scorpio. Enough said. Before I met him, everyone said, "Watch out. You'll fall in love with him," but I didn't. We talked often a long time ago. I thought he was awesome. But Tilda loves him. Everyone loves Scorpios. Nothing needs to happen with us but it could be sweet to sit down and have a chat about life with him. He's beautiful.

We took Elizabeth to Western on Sunday. I didn't cry but I've been indifferent lately. My room feels empty now. We went to the market on Saturday. I went out with Tilda and Leah. I came home that night and all hell broke loose. The whole family bitched at each other. Elizabeth and I fought and cried and laughed and got shit off our chests. Emma went to Minnie's with me on Sunday night.

I miss Elizabeth. I've been listening to Michelle Shocked. She makes me think of traveling, the 1950s, and she reminds me of Sunday (last Sunday and Elizabeth leaving). Bradley is a whore. A lying whore. Homecoming is on Saturday. I'm going with Nate and now I go to sleep.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, October 7, 1995

Dear Diary,

I'm at Western with Elizabeth and Hannah. Last Friday, I went out with Tilda and Leah to the Hurricane, Beth's, and Tilda's. Saturday afternoon, I picked Nate up and we went to Levi's grave and got coffee at Minnie's. We went to Claire's and I dropped him off at Brandon's and ran to my house to get ready. We went to Claire's, met up with everyone, and went back to Levi's grave. We went out on Claire's boat. We went to the homecoming dance and got pictures and went to Drew Stoddard's. We played drinking games and listened to Phish and The Pogues and drank. At 4am, we stumbled home to Claire's.

On Tuesday, I met Tilda, Dana, and Leah for Phish. We got shrooms and doses and danced all night. They rocked. On Wednesday, Wallace came over for "90210." On Thursday, I went to meet Margo's Aunt Daphne. I talked to Eunice on Wednesday and she is coming during Thanksgiving break.

Elizabeth came home yesterday and we went to a stupid frat party and I had to get out of there. I went to the Ave and had cider at Last Exit. We're off to Leif Penland's party.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, October 8, 1995

Dear Diary,

Last night Arlene called her brother and he and his friend took us to a party. Arlene's brother is funny as hell and I laughed until it hurt. We came back to the dorms and I talked to Elizabeth's friend Darby. We went to his room and I heard "[Both Hands](#)" by Ani DiFranco and "[Shelter from the Storm](#)" by Bob Dylan. Darby gave me a record of his band. I had dinner with Frank, Darby, and Blaine. Elizabeth's at mass. I'm out of smokes. Write you later on the Greyhound, baby.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I have many sides to myself and when I'm with different people, different sides are brought out. It's hard to figure out who is at the core of me.

Monday, October 9, 1995

Dear Diary,

I'm on the grass across from Mathes Hall. My bus leaves at 1:45. I need a smoke. College is cool - better than St. Mary's anyway. Last night wasn't too exciting. We had dinner and went to a hall meeting. We walked around to all the rooms. I went on a walk and ended up in Frank and Darby's room and we played records. A girl just walked by and gave me a freaky-ass look.

I got sick of watching MTV so I came outside. Coming here helped me realize that there is fun and good shit in life. I knew it before but, well, I don't know.

Love, Meghan

(later on) I just boarded the Greyhound. Life is a Greyhound. Before leaving Western, I went on a walk, bummed a smoke and went up to the deck. I read and went back to the room. Hannah and I walked to the bus stop and on our way, we saw Darby but he looked away.

This weekend was a kick. I wish I could come back for Max's party but I'll wait for Ani DiFranco's show. I hope Mom lets me go. I also hope she lets me go to Sweden next summer. I wish someone beautiful would board this bus. Tomorrow it's back to St. Mary's and crew. I'll call Emma and Tilda when I get home. I'll finish *On the Road* while I'm here. I wonder if Oliver has called. First thing I'll say is, "How was your show on Friday?" and throw him off. But Oliver doesn't get phased when I say stuff like that. I just discovered a barf bag sitting next to me. I'll save it as a souvenir. Good thing I don't have to use it.

Western is awesome and I might go to school there but I'll check out Oregon and Colorado colleges first. I laughed a lot this weekend, especially when Max tried to sit down on the arm of the couch and missed it by about a foot and unplugged the lamp. When Elizabeth laughed at him, she accidentally turned the stereo off and turned to me and said, "Did I do that?" in Steve Urkel's voice. And when Hannah was loaded and imitating Chancey Howe. At dinner last night, Frank, Darby, and Blaine were all facing me. I went to get something to drink and a girl asked, "Why are the three of you sitting in a row?" And when Andy sat down, he was eating a huge slab of steak next to Darby, who's a vegetarian, and asked him why he didn't get some meat.

Love, Meghan

P.S. All I can do is sit and stare out the window.

Wednesday, October 18, 1995

Dear Diary,

Elizabeth came home last weekend. We went to the Hurricane and to Larry Collier's house. On Saturday, Nina, Claire, and I went to Jimmy Schiller's and Toni Blok's and back to Jimmy's. On Saturday morning, I had a regatta. Tilda came home on Saturday night and we went to Minnie's. We visited Oliver on Sunday. I have a lot going on with crew and school and I barely have time to find myself and do what I want to do. I talked to Elizabeth and Darby last night. I think Nina and I are going to Western next weekend. I can't wait to go up there for Ani DiFranco.

I got a flat tire at crew today so Judy and Jessie fixed it for me. "Box of Rain" by the Grateful Dead just came on. I used to listen to this when I thought about my dreams and hopes. That's all gone now. This song reminds me of Tilda. I am alone but that's good. I have PSATs next week.

I heard "Nothingman" by Pearl Jam on the way home from crew. Blast from the past. A good-looking guy who rows on varsity crew gave me his jack today for my tire. That sounds scandalous. We said maybe one sentence to each other. He's a Cancer like me. I need to read Kerouac. I need a man so I can feel again. I know that's bad but I don't have much going on emotionally.

My Grandma is moving to a nursing home tomorrow. Papa is seriously bumming. My Dad is a gentleman. He goes to the hospital every night from 10pm to 7am to visit her. Things are good with my folks. Sweet dreams.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, October 31, 1995

Dear Diary,

I don't know how to start since my Grandma died and anything else is superficial to write about. I got home from being out with Tilda on Friday the 20th and before I went to sleep, Mom and Dad walked in and told me Grandma had died. I cried and called Elizabeth. I lit candles and listened to "[The Two Trees](#)" by Loreena McKennitt.

On Saturday morning, Papa came over and cried at the breakfast table. Elizabeth came home. We had dinner with Mabel and Everett, Papa's friends. Elizabeth and I went to a stupid keg and went to Minnie's. John came home Monday.

Grandma's funeral was Tuesday, right after PSATs. John and I did the readings. I cried when Dad talked about my Grandma. I've kind of ignored her death and I wonder when it will hit me. The week wore on (Denny's, Beth's, homework, the usual).

On Friday, I skipped crew and came home. Emma picked me up and we set out for Western. It was the best. We listened to cuts the whole way (Pink Floyd, Satchel, the cuts I made for her, "[Walk like an Egyptian](#)," etc.). After the sun went down we listened to "song" while we drove along the mountain roads and it was beautiful.

We went to Arlene's room and got beer from Elizabeth's room. We went to a party and I danced with a guy. We had to pee so I went outside with him. The cops came so we got more beers and went on a walk. We went back to his friend's house and got together. I stumbled into Elizabeth's room at 4am and everyone had been out looking for me. I don't want to know what her friends thought of me. I wish Darby had been there. I'm going to see Ani DiFranco up there on Thursday with Dana and Dunya. Emma and I drove home on Saturday and I saw Trillian Green that night with Tilda.

On Sunday, Emma, Tilda, and I went to Beth's. Emma and I saw "[Now and Then](#)." Yesterday I had my erg test at crew. Oliver invited me to the symphony. We went to Minnie's. I ran seven miles at crew today and talked to Resa the whole way. Dana and I went to QA Coffeehouse. Eunice called. She's staying here for Thanksgiving.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, November 5, 1995

Dear Diary,

Late Wednesday night, Dana called and flaked out saying I couldn't get a ride to Western for Ani. I flipped. I cried about all the things I haven't been able to cry about. Mom and Dad were cool about it. We decided I should go see a naturopathic doctor. They let me stay home from school and miss crew. That night, Emma and I went to Beth's.

On Friday, I went to crew and then the football game. It was freezing. Margo and I met up with Claire, Nina, and Travis and drove to Claire's. We went to a park and got smoky and the moon shone down. Nina and I tripped on these little girls when one of them said, "Close your eyes and look up." We did. After the park and dinner, we went to Bauhaus for coffee. We went back to Claire's and watched channel 29. Two people fucked, right there on public access. Claire and I were distraught. We fell asleep listening to Phish and in the morning, she drove me home.

I went to Tower and got "Like I Said" by Ani DiFranco and went to Bartell's for shampoo and shit. I came home, had dinner, read [The Scarlet Letter](#), worked on religion homework, and talked to Elizabeth. I mailed Oliver a letter, too.

"Both Hands" by Ani reminds me of Darby and I want to go up to Western to see him and Elizabeth. I'll never forget sitting in his room and listening to it the first time I went up there. Emma and I decided to room together if we go there.

Last spring was awesome: peach tea, Ani DiFranco at Evergreen, Alice Hoffman, the park by Highland, Margo, Nina, Oliver, the Grateful Dead, Kearns Lake, hopes for the summer, AA meetings, all that. I miss it.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, November 23, 1995

Dear Diary,

Happy Thanksgiving. I put this off for too long. I went to see a naturopathic doctor and she gave me kava kava root and calcium-magnesium. Last weekend we skipped school on Friday and went to Magnuson Park. We drank and it was insanely windy so we went to the sound garden. Aidan and I had good talks. I have so much to say and I feel like it's all going to spill out of me in an out-of-control way. I need to get honest, like nutty honest, with myself if I'm going to be happy. I have to face the bullshit that I give to myself. I don't put masks on for others but I put a mask on to myself. That's weird but it makes sense.

In grade school, people talked to me about their stories and lives and problems or concerns and I tried to help them figure shit out and I never (or so I thought) needed anybody to talk to about what was going on with me. But I would have an insane breakdown once a year or so and then I'd be fine again. At SUWS, I was offended when they said I had bullshit to sort through but they were right. I've never heard of people hiding from themselves. Crazy. I'll be honest in what I have to say from here on out.

Eunice is here. I hope she's having a good time. We're kickin' it at Brenda Cates' tomorrow night.

I picked Elizabeth up from Western on Tuesday after my math final (I know I flunked). I get a strange feeling every time I go there. It's euphoric. I saw Darby. He is down to earth. "Blood on the Tracks" and "Both Hands" remind me of him and my first time up there. Nina and I are going back the weekend after this.

Aidan and I studied hard for finals on Sunday. I thought my brain was going to crack. We chatted about Dana, snowboarding, and life. I love that guy but I could never want him. I love him in a brotherly way because he reads Jack Kerouac and listens to Dylan and takes it for what it is. We talked about how different the Beats and the hippies were, though I think it's easy to see how the hippies evolved from the Beats. The Beats worked and felt pain with the balance of good times and good friends. They understood the goodness of wine and ideas and sorrow and *life*. The hippies were only down for good times and drugs and had no idea of balance.

When we were driving back from Western the other day, I saw a round-roofed building with the red neon word "Café" in huge letters on top of it and it was straight out of *On the Road*. I swear I could see Sal and Dean walking out, smoking a cig and looking around.

Last night, Eunice and I went to Minnie's with Tilda and Leah and we went to a guy named Lowden's apartment. Tilda likes him. He was cool and hospitable. I'll have a nog and catch some shut-eye.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 2, 1995

Dear Diary,

We're on our way to Western. Last night Tilda, Louis, and I went to Lowden's apartment. Leah and some other folks were over there. We got beers and went to another guy called Mason's apartment. Leah likes him and I think he's awesome. He's sweet and I can't stop thinking about

him. Leah though. We got smoky and watched them play quarters for a couple of hours. We went to IHOP for coffee. I drove them back to Lowden's. I had a blast last night but sometimes I'd look around at everyone and wonder if Tilda and I have grown beyond summer '94. Other times, I'd look around and think "Fuck it - it's youth." I want to figure out how to kick it while being whole.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 25, 1995

Dear Diary,

Merry Christmas. I am bummed about Mom. I went to see Mason tonight. I told the Mrs. that I'd be home by 9:30 or I'd call but un-slick me rolled up at 11:00 without a phone call. Mom was so pissed she ran around the house gritting her teeth and foaming at the mouth. I feel horrible. I ruined her Christmas. I wish I could be honest with her about guys I like but I'm forever cursed by summer '94 unless I find a St. Mary's guy and they don't dig me. Mason is a lot more harmless and is more of a gentleman than the guys my Mom would want me to see.

I have mononucleosis. Yippee. I had the best week despite being in pain. I stayed at home and slept, watched TV and read, played cards, wrapped presents, and nursed myself back to health. Mason and I talked for hours on the phone on a few nights. It was nice to be home and be comforted by everyone in my family. I took my pain killers, got my hot water bottle, put on Enya, plugged in my Christmas lights, and fell asleep or talked to Mason or Mom. Things are weird with Elizabeth and me. Christmas was weird. We all grew up and Christmas shows you that. It shows you how much you've changed over the years. I skimmed through [Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl](#) and I'm reading [Go Ask Alice](#). They wrote such different stuff in their journals.

I went shopping on Thursday and I've been visiting Leah's shop at the market. On Friday, I got Christmas pictures with my family. Yesterday, I chilled with Tilda and I went to give Leah her gift and we had a good chat and I love that chick. She knows what's up. Josie's back in town. Fuck. I'll deal with it.

It's so cold outside and I hope it snows. We went to the Fulton's on Christmas Eve as usual, went to church at St. Paul's, went to Papa's, and came home. I read "The Last Leaf," a story by O. Henry, to the family and we went to bed. We opened presents at 8am. I got a Patagonia jacket, Sorels, a harmonica, a candle, a subscription to "Outside," a hiking manual, a tea pot, earrings, and a sweater. We had breakfast and I went to Emma's for a few hours. I went home, the family came over, we had dinner, and people went home. I'm tripping about everything. Leah gave me [Big Sky Mind](#), a candle, postcards, and stuff that turns your bath water blue. She got me the sign of Cancer candle that I'd been wanting. Claire gave me tea and vanilla mix. Tilda gave me three beautiful candles. Nina made me a dream catcher and gave me Tracy Chapman's new CD and a picture frame with photos of us.

Oliver called while I was out. That makes me sad. Last year's Christmas was magical. I connect it with "Under the Pink" by Tori Amos, especially "[Pretty Good Year](#)" and when I played it for Mom and cried. I remember looking at my lava lamp and wearing Perry Ellis 360.

Elizabeth is going on some spiel to me about trust and integrity right now. There may be many advantages to having my family but I get my share of bullshit. I feel bad saying that but it's how I feel right now.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, December 28, 1995

Dear Diary,

I feel like writing and I usually don't anymore. I always have emotions stirred up in me during Christmas. I like Mason and I feel a new "phase" in my life: Christmas lights, Tracy Chapman, Ben Harper, and more time with my family. I miss Tilda even though I see her. We want to spend time together but there's always extra people and things to complicate it now. I appreciate my family and friends, through all my confusion and dumbfounded-ness.

I keep getting further away from SUWS. I don't think about it much anymore. Most important, I'm getting away from that horrible summer.

I always get sad when Christmas and summer end but I have to remind myself that each cycle needs to complete itself. January and February are coming up, my most dreaded months, but I'm going to make them good and start experiencing the things I've kept myself from doing (unrelated to sex and drugs - I'm going to do good things). I have a good understanding of myself but I need to figure out who and what are important. Part of me feels good when I reorganize things like this and part of me wants to puke. I'd try to explain that but I think I'll always understand it.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 30, 1995

Dear Diary,

I do not want to go back to school with a passion. This break has been peaceful. I always wonder how guys I dig could dig me back. I hope things are good with Mason. We went through the "Is this comfortable for you?" stage and now that we're past it, things are getting uncomfortable. I think about him and I want to be with him. What am I getting myself into?

He isn't seedy like I've found some other guys to be and he isn't an asshole, or not yet. I haven't talked to him about that Jane girl or his other past girlfriends. He got the tape I made and Leah was over there last night. She says things are awesome. I hung out with her and Tilda tonight.

Year in review: January - Oliver and me, Margo and Matt, watching them play music, chillin' with Nina and Claire, partying, Queen Anne Café, the mountains. February - Tilda leaving for boarding school, Oliver, Tori Amos, "Pretty Good Year," hopes for spring, confusion in the city, thoughts of SUWS. March - UN class, Ani DiFranco, the garden and lookout point on Queen Anne, Oliver, and Nina. April - Spring break, confusion, drugs, regretting mistakes, Cedar Island, breaking up with Oliver. May - Summer coming, peach tea, UN, Cedar Island, mushrooms, Elizabeth's rehab, AA meetings, Grateful Dead, Dead Village, ganja brownies, Fr. O'Neal (AIDS), Wallace, Ani's show at Evergreen. (Quick break. "Black" just came on and I heard it on another station 20 minutes ago. What's up? Is the past hunting me down? I'll go on.) June - Summer, peach tea, Alice Hoffman, astrology, knowledge, mystery, peace, bliss, solitude, Ani D., Rusted Root, Wallace. July - my birthday, Tilda being gone, getting my license, Emma, meeting Bradley, the market, being happy, tanning, Wallace. August - Hickory Ranch, things falling apart, let downs, Tilda being gone. September - Elizabeth leaving, Jack Kerouac, Michelle Shocked, Bumbershoot, school starting, crew. October - Grandma's death, Aidan (Beth's and QA Café), view point, Nina, lunches with Marcy and Kristi, visiting Elizabeth, school bullshit. November - Eunice coming, Thanksgiving break, meeting Mason and Lowden, hopes for snow and going to the mountains. December - Everyone coming home, being sick, starting out with Mason, regrouping, sneaking around, Tilda, Leah, the market, peace.

I need to think of other things besides Mason. If I don't write tomorrow, see you in '96.

Love, Meghan

Monday, January 1, 1996

Dear Diary,

I chilled with Margo and Dunya on New Year's. We listened to a band and went back to Margo's. The Hudsons and the Blackburns are coming over today. The Blackburns came over yesterday, too. Leah, Tilda, and Josie stopped by. I hope 1996 treats me well. I wonder how things will turn out with Mason and what things will be like at school, with friends, and when Elizabeth and John go back to school. I hope Josie leaves soon.

I can't sit around on my ass anymore. I have to take care of myself, get healthy, and do what I need to do. I don't know if I want to make any resolutions because you always forget about them by mid-January. I'll make a list of what I want to do this year: improve on the guitar, go to NOLS, visit John in LA, go running, spend time outside, get a job, stay above a 3.0, rock climb, take a pottery class, develop my creativity, read, and love. I don't want to make any resolutions but I do want to get shit done.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, January 21, 1996

Dear Diary,

Papa came over for dinner. I got coffee with Oliver at Minnie's. He's going to Sun Peaks tomorrow for two weeks. Tilda, Leah, and I got coffee today. It snowed and I hope it starts up again so we won't have school.

On Thursday night, Aidan, Nina, Kristi, and I did our Spanish commercial and Nina and Kristi spent the night. It snowed and we slept in till nine and came home from school early. Crystal and Emma came over and we went to La Palma.

On Saturday, I went to see Oliver, went to church, s topped by Mason's, and went to Drew Stoddard's with Margo and Dunya. Fools from my class were there and it was the best time. I love the people in my class. Dunya, Nate, and I spent the night at Margo's. I have a history test to study for. Please snow.

Last weekend I went to Jeremy's and kicked it with St. Mary's fools and spent the night at Nina's. I'm going to Western next weekend. I've been seeing Mason and working at QA Manor with the elderly for community service. I love my parents. I better turn out well after all they do for me, beyond material things. I have to hit the books.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 3, 1996

Dear Diary,

Lowden is being a punk-ass bitch and I feel for Tilda. She does not need to put up with that. Mason came over on Monday and we walked to the Mecca for coffee and then walked to the garden. We came home to get dinner at my house. I saw "Dead Man Walking" again with Tilda.

It's raining hard and all the snow is melting. I either want a blizzard or summer. I'll settle for spring. I feel crunchy about Mason. Tilda's at Lowden's and they talked. He's an indifferent, apathetic ass.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 7, 1996

Dear Diary,

Why do I bullshit? I'm barely honest with you and that's scary. I'm out of touch with people and myself. I'm trying for something but I don't know what it is. Mom and Dad are making me do crew or a St. Mary's sport. What a joke. I have notebooks and folders filled with my goals, dreams, and aspirations and I sit on my ass letting life pass me by. I do not know where to go. I miss John and Elizabeth. Elizabeth is smoking pot again and she's back to her "blow it off" stage. St. Mary's is empty and I get a sick feeling whenever I think about people like Brandy and Tiffany. They are into bullshit and don't have a personable bone between them. I only talk to Nina, Marcy, and Kristi. That's it. I talk to Aidan, Neal, and Joe sometimes but it's random chitchat. I miss talking to Aidan and doing homework with him. He and Nina are always at Allegro, which is cool, but I miss how it was.

Tilda is going to California and her parents are freaked in the head and she's going to mess herself up. I keep thinking: who's missing? I can't figure it out. I have never been this lonely and people-less in my life. Emma and I are in that winter phase where we don't talk much so I'll have to wait till we pair up in the summer again. Then there's Mason. I like him but we're already starting to crust in the conversation department. I care about him and I hope we get over this stupid hump.

I saw Margo in the hall and she was a mess. She is sick right now and seems unhappy. I don't know anyone anymore. Nina is the person I'm traveling through life with right now. I don't know if I'm going to Oregon next week. Everyone in my family is a sayer, not a doer. My parents are going to Portland tomorrow. At least I'll have one night to myself. That's a scary thing: myself. Who am I now? That was the title of a movie about puberty. There's not any new music to see me through.

I heard an interview with and a couple of live songs by Tori Amos on The End today. I bought earrings, incense and shells for the car. Why do I sound like a bitter, angry misfit? Is this what I've sunk to and is anyone else going through this? I'm going to Western to see Satchel on Friday.

Mark my words: I will not do crew or a St. Mary's sport. I will do things that I enjoy and that fulfill what I think my purpose is.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, February 11, 1996

Dear Diary,

I just got back from Aidan's birthday party. St. Mary's is weird. I want to be a part of it, but I can take it or leave it. Mom and Dad are still trying to make me do crew. Nina and I talked tonight and I told her I feel attached to Mason. She said that what's going on sounds like her and Travis and that I need to stay rooted and depend on myself for my happiness because it makes no sense to look to others for happiness and stability. That's true.

On Friday, John and his friend Robby drove Mason and me to Western. We dropped Mason off and picked Elizabeth up and got beers, went to dinner, and saw Satchel play. I ran into Mason at the show. We kicked it in Mathes and I woke up the next morning and the four of us drove home.

Yesterday, Mason and I went to see "From Dusk Till Dawn." I went to the mother-daughter lunch today and washed the car. Margo picked me up and we went to Gas Works and Aidan's. I thought about when Tilda and I were dropping Leah off downtown last week and the sun was

shining and “Hey, Hey, What Can I Do?” by Led Zeppelin came on and we laughed our asses off. I can’t wait till she gets home. It was beautiful today. I can’t wait for spring.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 12, 1996

Dear Diary,

“[Wonderwall](#)” by Oasis is on the radio right now. I used to listen to this song last October. It reminds me of when Nina, Travis, Claire, and I drove around stoned all night. Last night, Margo and I reminisced about Magnuson and going to the sound garden in a drunken stupor during a windstorm.

I looked over at the flower crown hanging in my window and realized that soon, it will have been a year since we made those at Hickory Ranch. I have to let go when things are too intense but that’s hard for me.

I have energy (that I owe to the beautiful weather) and I want to reach out to everyone and go places. I got Mason a card and I’m making him a tape and cookies. I see him almost every day and I hope crew doesn’t change that. I wish Tilda were home.

I’ve been smoking too much. If I do crew, I’ll keep smoking because I’ll be stressed but if I don’t do crew, I’ll smoke because I have time on my hands. Oh, what a waste of time.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I never wrote about what happened between December 1st and 25th. Mason and I kissed on the 13th. We went to Allegro and came back to his place and he held my hand and said, “I’m kinda mackin’,” and we kissed. The only reason I saw him after the night I met him was because we went to Layla’s one night and he left his bag in my car. He told me he meant to. The next night I went to his place to give it back and we got smoky but no cigar. I saw him a couple other times before we got together and it took me by surprise. People warned me about him but we spent long nights talking on the phone while I was home with mono, unable to see him, and worried it might ruin our chance of being together.

Thursday, February 15, 1996

Dear Diary,

I’m on the Greyhound heading to Eugene. I’m staying with cousin Charles to check out U of Oregon. There is an aspiring country singer, a happy drunk, and a couple good-spirited people sitting behind me. We’re on the bridge into Portland. Sometimes when someone strums a guitar, I feel like crying.

Last night was Valentine’s Day and I babysat and went to Mason’s. We got dinner at My’s Restaurant. He gave me “Puddle Dive” by Ani DiFranco and a beautiful candle that matches one that he has and a beautiful candle holder. He said something that hurt my feelings. I dropped him off at Lowden’s and went to see Emma. The drive to Lowden’s was awkward. Emma thinks I should call him on what he said. I do, too.

Elizabeth is coming home tomorrow. This country singer is just jamming right now. I’m thinking of Isaac because I’m going to Eugene, where he was born. I need to be happy on my terms. I don’t want to be dependent on other people. “There’s a river of people that runs past my eyes. It’s beautiful just to watch it go by. But the trouble with water is that she’ll always leave you for gravity.” Ani DiFranco sings [that](#). It’s true. People have to move on. It’s unnatural if they don’t.

Mason said this is one of his longest relationships. I need to protect myself before I wreck myself. Mason won't let me know what's going on in his head. I hope Tilda gets home soon and I hope we get out of this bus station soon. Two and a half more hours till I'm in Eugene. I read in [Huckleberry Finn](#) this morning. I hope my grades are ok this trimester and that I don't have to stick with crew.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 17, 1996

Dear Diary,

Eugene was a blast. I pulled in at 3:30 and sat in the sun waiting for Charles. We went back to his house and I met his roommate Dan (hottie). He has tan skin and a nice smile with blue-green eyes and perfect lips. Charles showed me around campus and we stopped at a bar for dinner. We went back to his place and I met his girlfriend Kenzie. She is awesome. We chilled at his place and spent the night at Kenzie's. I got breakfast at Sailor's, the bar where Charles works and went to Spanish class with Kenzie. I walked up and down 13th St. before going back to Charles's to wait for my parents.

One of his roommates got me stoned and Mom could tell when she got there. I felt bad about it. We got dinner and headed home. I slept the whole way and crashed when we got home. Elizabeth and Martin were here so we got a bite to eat.

I hated being stoned in front of my parents yesterday. I went to Tilda's and we got smoky and went to Minnie's. We laughed a lot. We saw Ava Baron. Tilda and I were trippin' on how well we know Seattle. I like the feeling of waking up in a bus or car when it's sunny and you're all disoriented and there's a good song on. I want to travel more and see more places.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I loved sitting at the bar with Charles and his friends in the sun and listening to "[Jessica](#)" by the Allman Brothers.

Tuesday, February 20, 1996

Dear Diary,

Mason and I planned on meeting up on Sunday but he called at 5:45 saying he wanted to get loaded with his friends. I was fuming. Elizabeth and I went out to dinner with Mom and Dad, drank a few, and went to Bauhaus. I went to see Mason yesterday and I felt strange about us. I went to Tilda's and took her and Leah to a party at Leo's parents' house. I came home from crew today and lo and behold, Mason said he had bad news, but I had to go to crew for my erg test and running. When I got home, Mason was sitting on my porch. He looked ready to cry and said, "I kissed some ugly Eastside girl last night." We went on a drive and broke up. I took him home and told him that I was sad and hurt. He looked uncomfortable and as I drove away, I began to cry. I pulled over to the side of the road and went to a mini-mart to buy smokes. My eyes were bloodshot and the cashier must have thought I was a goon.

I came home and listened to "[Putting the Damage On](#)" by Tori Amos. Thinking about it now, I wonder if Mason kissed that girl to say, "See, Meghan? I'm a dick. Don't waste your time or get hurt by me." I care for him. I remember good times, like the night I dropped his bag off and he wanted to go out to coffee late and I couldn't because I didn't want my Mom to know about him. And the night we went to Layla's and we danced to "[That's the Way](#)" by Zeppelin in the living room. And the night we came back from Allegro and we sat on his couch and he held my hand and we kissed for the first time. He came to me at a good time. My family was here,

Christmas, “[The Promise](#)” by Tracy Chapman. Is this the end of it? I’m going to sleep tonight and I’m going to find peace.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, February 21, 1996

Dear Diary,

I have a dull bittersweet pain in my heart. This is hard for me. I wish I could talk to Mason. I am crying right now but they’re not depressed, useless tears. They are genuine and I don’t know how to make things better. Mason and I got rid of something good because we were afraid of something serious. I wish he could tell me how he feels without thinking of other people or putting on a stupid front. I’m supposed to go to Western with Marcy on Friday. Mason and Lowden need a ride. I went to Allegro to work on our Spanish class video and I ran into Tilda. She doesn’t make me feel better. She makes me think about everything more.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, February 24, 1996

Dear Diary,

I went to coffee tonight and considering I didn’t go to sleep last night, I decided to come home early and crash. Tilda and I were delirious with sleep deprivation. She came over Wednesday night. I had some things to say to Mason so I called him and we had a good talk. I took Tilda, Lowden, and Mason to Western after school yesterday. Tilda and I went to Tony’s Coffeehouse to see one of Darby’s friends play. We went to Elizabeth’s friend Riley’s house. We kicked it there all night. At 2:45am I went to get smokes with this awesome guy, Austin. He’s a Marine and we kissed. It was fun but I am still thinking of Mason. In the morning, Austin drove Tilda, Jess, and me to Jess’s dorm and we crashed for a couple hours. We listened to Jess’s friend’s CD that I listen to every time I go up there. I recorded it and it is beautiful. There is one song I love on it but I don’t know any of the names. Elizabeth got us at 10:30 and I went to her room to clean up and call Mason to see if he and Lowden wanted a ride home. They decided to stay till Sunday. He left his pipe in my car and I asked if he wanted me to drop it off on my way out of town and he said I didn’t need to do that and we could deal with it back home. Is that a good sign? Am I a dork? Tilda and I drove home. I showered and went to Nina’s to work on our stupid Spanish video. I’m exhausted and up to my ass in things to do.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I wish I could lay with Mason and fall asleep right now.

Sunday, February 25, 1996

Dear Diary,

I came home and took a bath. I looked in the mirror and connected (or tried to) the thoughts in my head, the feelings in my heart (soul, whatever), and my physical self. I think about Mason. I’m thinking about spring, too. If I didn’t have crew, I would go running on my own, take guitar and pottery classes, and kick it a whole lot more with hot babes and good friends. I wish I could find a comfortable space in myself right now.

The night Mason and I broke up, Tilda and I were on the phone and she reminded me of a time in summer ’92 when I went up to my room and cried about Sam Baron and my brother came up and told me a story about all the people in the world who have always worried about what could go wrong or what they were afraid of. After each example of their fears, he said, “But

the sun still set and the sun still rose and the world still went around.” It was comforting. I can’t retell it as cool as he did. I keep listening to that song by Jess’s friend. I want to find someone like him.

Nothing’s what you expect and everyone is too complex for me. I hope to simplify myself so I won’t get hurt. I wish I could go snowboarding, meet some honeys, and drink into the night in the mountains with good people and music. By the way, I’ve been meaning to get a life soon. Goodnight.

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 26, 1996

Dear Diary,

I skipped most of the school day to work on my Spanish video. I saw Oliver at U. Village. Mason called to ask for his pipe tonight so I’m going to drop it by tomorrow. Today, when Nina and I were driving, she said, “Meghan, whatever you think about will come to you. That’s all I can tell you.”

I don’t know if I miss Mason or what we had or that time in my life or what. Today was my last day of community service. I pray I don’t have to deal with crew. I saw half of “[Kids](#)” at Claire’s today. Fucked up movie. It’s getting to that time of year when the weather fools you into thinking it’s spring but spring won’t be here for another couple of months. I feel lonely right now. I’m getting sick again. Confusion. Same old story. Seeing Oliver was like, “I saw you with my friends and you with your friend. Call me later. We’ll deal with it and say what we’re thinking of.” I have to go shower and write a paper.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 4, 1996

Dear Diary,

Last Tuesday I saw Mason and he gave me a mix tape he made. I went out to dinner with Emma and had coffee with Tilda and Leah. The rest of the week was a bitch with finals and whatnot. I kicked it with Tilda on Friday after I got out of school at 10am. We met up with some fools and went to Magnuson. I had a horrible time and fought with Claire and Margo.

On Saturday, I went to the market with Tilda and Leah. I saw Bradley. I saw the rest of “Kids” yesterday at Emma’s. I read [Helter Skelter](#), the story of the Manson murders. It disturbed me and I couldn’t sleep last night. Mason called. Spring’s coming. I finished my Spanish video today. I’m going to do math and sleep.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, March 5, 1996

Dear Diary,

Yesterday I filled you in on my itinerary but I didn’t write about what’s going on with me. Mom, Dad, and I got in a fight about crew. Same old thing. I wish they could see that I have goals and that doing crew doesn’t make me happy. I feel lonely and all the people at school are different and weird now. They are all these trendoids who don’t like kicking back with friends anymore. They want to get higher and higher and lay as many guys as possible. I don’t get it. I feel so stressed out and uptight. It feels like a battle. I question my thoughts and after I say something, I think, “I’m such a freak. Why did I say that?”

I want to take care of myself. I need the summer to travel, be lazy, feed my mind with knowledge of things I care about, beautify myself, find a guy, and have a good, fun, healthy relationship and find my friends. I can't complain about everyone else. I need to look at me. I'm aggravated by my parents and I have a hard time getting inspired about each aspect of my life. I miss my sister and her friends. I miss the feeling of knowing awesome people. Someone who I'm thinking of right now was coming up the stairs at school today and I didn't know if we were going to acknowledge each other or what so I looked away and he said, "Hi," and I clucked it. I felt lame. I went to see a play at school today. Aidan's here to edit our Spanish video. Adios.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Mason made me a copy of Nick Drake songs. Half the time I miss him, half the time I'm laughing.

Thursday, March 14, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm off to Western. Marcy and Jeannie will be up there so we'll kick it. I went out with Tilda and Leah last night. We went to Gas Works and Minnie's and schwilld. Oliver and I got coffee this week. Mason and I had a lame phone conversation. I wanted to write sooner but school has been keeping me busy.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, March 16, 1996

Dear Diary,

Mom told me people are drawn to me but for the last year and a half, I have withdrawn myself and if I think I'm not connected to people then my image of who I am is distorted.

I went to Western yesterday and had a blast. We drove along Chuckanut Dr. and it was beautiful and sunny. I got food at Casa Que Pasa and there were many honeys working there. We went to Skeet's house and I ran into Marcy, Jeannie, and Greg Engel.

Tilda and I chilled and got coffee today and tried to scam our way into going to Eugene but no dice. We kicked it at Lowden's. Mason's ex-girlfriend Kelsey is awesome. When Mason walked in, she turned to me and said, "I know exactly what you're feeling." Lowden and I had a good talk about how everyone is alone and in their own bubble and all we know is our own life. I bailed and went to Emma's but she wasn't home.

Tilda is at a rave right now, frying on acid. Mason and Kane were going to do ecstasy and Lowden gave his treatment speech and I know what it's like when you want to kick it and relax and not think about things but I understood what he was saying. The way things went with Tilda and him is lame and he messed up but I have a new understanding of his thinking process. I hope he and Tilda work shit out because they were good for each other.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, March 21, 1996

Dear Diary,

Spring is here. Today was shitty. I have a loose tooth that is irritating the hell out of me. It was a beautiful day but it's raining now. I made Nina a mix tape today, babysat for the Cochrans, and studied for chem-comm. I finished *The Great Gatsby* last night. I'm about to watch "ER" with Mom.

I have a warped view of people. I don't know where I fit in and it's disturbing to me. I feel disconnected from others and I don't know if it's in my head or what. Elizabeth's coming home soon. I want to go to an AA meeting with Wallace soon.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, March 24, 1996

Dear Diary,

I wish I could write the things in my life down in here like they happened. I used to be able to write and talk to people but that changed. Marcy and her friend Abel picked me up on Friday and we went to Lander Rhodes's.

Elizabeth is home for the week and she, Shana, and Alexa picked me up and we went to Minnie's. Everyone at school trips me out.

On Saturday, Tilda and I went to the market and saw Bradley. I understand why I cared for him last summer. I went to mass and Wallace came over to visit Elizabeth and Martin. Wallace and I went to some guy's apartment and kicked it. I saw old-schoolers like Sasha. Cory Gellar reminds me of Doug. Wallace and I got together. Tilda came over and we went to Beth's with Emma and Wallace. We drove to North Bend to go to the outlets. We got smoky and chilled in the sunshine.

I listened to "[The Times They are a-Changin'](#)" by Bob Dylan and the line about "the present now will later be past" gives me the chills because he wrote that 30 years ago. Time flies. It reminds me of a night last week when a man on the radio said he heard a song during one of his college classes that inspired him to go into radio. He said it was the song of his generation and he played "[For What It's Worth](#)" by Buffalo Springfield. I listened to "[It Ain't Me, Babe](#)" by Bob Dylan and I figure if every guy in the world feels the way Dylan does, no one's ever going to be happy with their spouses, lovers, boyfriends. I'm young and I'll stay this way for as long as possible.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, April 7, 1996

Dear Diary,

Happy Easter. Last weekend I went on the retreat. On Saturday night, Claire, Margo, Cassidy, Marcy, and I sat on the dock and sang all night. On Sunday I crashed at 5:30 and woke up at 7 the next morning. School was a bitch all week and I thought we'd never make it to Friday.

John and Elizabeth were home this weekend and we had dinner at the house. Then Dana picked me up and we went to Vic's garage and to see Oliver's band play. Isaac said a few words to me.

Margo and Nate came over this weekend. We smoked and went to the Hurricane. We went to church this morning and people came over for brunch. Charles and Aunt Frances were taking care of Rooster, Charles's dog, and I took him for a walk. It was 80 degrees so I lay out on my roof. Tilda and Wallace came over and then I got coffee with Oliver. I stopped by Mason's on my way home and it was good to see him. I need to talk to Tilda about some important shit because she's making mistakes. It's hard to talk to her about these things because she thinks she has a good head on her shoulders.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, April 11, 1996

Dear Diary,

Marlena's mom passed away on this day seven years ago. I'm at Western. Elizabeth said Wyatt will be at the party we're going to. He's a Scorpio.

I didn't say goodbye to Tilda and she's leaving for Hawaii on Saturday. I hope she comes home in better spirits. A couple nights ago I went out with her and Leah to Lowden's and watched "[Shawshank Redemption](#)." Last night I went to see Emma. While I was over there, I had all these memories about times in my life I'd forgotten about. Like when Colin and I were together and we'd go to the beach with everyone. And the night that Emma, Crystal, and I bought an eighth of pot and smoked it in one sitting. Fittingly, Elizabeth bought me another copy of Tori Amos's *Little Earthquakes* and gave it to me today.

It's spring and my emotions are on overdrive. I took Chuckanut Drive to get here today. As I was on the freeway listening to my music, I thought about how awesome life is. I get a sad, bittersweet feeling because I want to grasp it and be a part of life's largeness and beauty. I struggle with a fear of writing. I need to write and write until my hand falls off. I'm reading [Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test](#) and it urges me to keep writing.

Love, Meghan

Friday, April 12, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm chillin' on Chuckanut listening to music. We decided I am boy-crazy. That's lame. We were at Casa yesterday and Jess said, "You look at every guy like 'I'm available.'" I do not. We went to some guy's house last night. I told people their fortunes and I was a freak. I went back to Mathes and turned on *Little Earthquakes* to fall asleep to and cried when "Winter" came on. I'm realizing how old everyone is getting and I hope I find awesome, positive people to hang with during the next few years. I want so badly to go places, to learn new things and ideas. Maybe that's all anyone wants.

I was supposed to meet Elizabeth and Hannah for philosophy class but I was late so I'm hanging in Red Square and the sun can't decide if it wants to come out. I ran into Sharon Kramer. She is awesome. I wonder where I'll go to college.

Love, Meghan

Monday, April 15, 1996

Dear Diary,

Some nights words come easily so I'll take advantage of that. Nina and I skipped PPD today and got coffee. We talked about spring restlessness and the feeling of wanting to do things but knowing we'll end up sitting around doing the same old thing. We're at a weird age. We're old now and almost worn down but we're at the prime of our youth. I had a good talk with Aidan, too. Spring trimester is so easy. I want to go to prom but I don't know whom with. I went running around Green Lake today. Wallace and I went to an AA meeting tonight and saw Leigh. It made me sick to be around them and I know I do not want Wallace.

Sometimes when I read books or hear songs, I run into exact phrases or words I've thought, used, or written to describe things. That's good just so I know I must make some sense.

I hate being so fond of guys. Wallace and I talked about eyes last night and I hope I get "light" eyes at some point in my life. I've only seen a few people in my whole 16 years who have light eyes. One was the guy on Broadway who sang "[I Would for You](#)" by Jane's Addiction. He was beautiful but it wasn't on the outside as much as it was pouring out from the

inside. He seemed like he's been through experiences but that his heart and his mind were at peace. He was like a mountain. Wyatt at Western has light eyes, too. The rain is pouring down outside and I don't mind.

Tilda is in Hawaii. I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to her. We all drive in circles our whole lives. Each season spins out people, places, and songs into our lives like waves.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, April 21, 1996

Dear Diary,

Tilda gets back from Hawaii tonight. As I told Leah, it's scary to not know what your best friend is going to look like after a week-long trip. I had a good week and went out to coffee and dinner with Emma and Leah and others on different nights. On Friday, Crystal, Emma, and I went to La Palma for strawberry daiquiris and watched "[The Basketball Diaries](#)." That movie was fucked up and made me sick.

I went to Cedar Island last night with Neal, Drew, and Mary. There were a lot of fools at Owen's. I crashed at Margo's with Mary. We laughed our asses off on the ferry because these guys were tripping on the water faucets. I met a guy named Trevor who lives on Cedar and he is - cute? Hot? I don't know. I want to see him again. Mary said she'd get the goods on him and find out if he has a girlfriend or what. Nate is a good guy. I had fun with him last night. He's a good photographer.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, April 23, 1996

Dear Diary,

I miss Elizabeth more now than I did when she left last fall. I hate how it rains all the time and I miss driving on starry spring school nights with my sister and friends. Tilda might as well be in Africa. She has no life or sparkle anymore. Josie is in town again and Tilda spends all her time with her or fucking Dorian and trying to love Dave Matthew's Band and rock climbing because that's what Dorian is into. Why does she always take on the guy's personality in relationships with them?

On Friday, I went to the father-daughter dance. I went to Oliver's to see his band with Nate, Owen, Bruce, and Margo. On Saturday, Marcy and I went to Shilshoe and drank with her friends. I am going to prom with Drew Stoddard.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, May 4, 1996

Dear Diary,

Prom is tonight. I have to go to Claire's for hair and makeup. On Wednesday, I went to Allegro with Claire, Aidan, and Ben. Marcy came over after school on Thursday. We met up with the chicks and went to Magnuson. At eight, Nina and I were sitting by the fire and we had an earthquake.

We didn't have school yesterday so Mom and I went to the market. She is a hip lady. I stayed home last night and I'm antsy now. Oliver is going to Redlands in California for college. That hasn't sunk in yet. I'll fill you in on prom later.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, May 8, 1996

Dear Diary,

Prom was fun. I chilled till dawn with the girls and the dudes. My class makes me sick in the way everyone just gets on each other. Drew was a sweetie. I bought Dave Matthews' new CD *Crash*. I heard it the morning after prom when Tilda and I sat at the beach and had breakfast. Sorry the only reason she has it is because Dorian digs it. I was talking to Brandy today and she said Dorian is manipulative and gets people to do things they otherwise wouldn't. He seems like an ugly, slimy, unkind guy but Tilda disregards that.

Elizabeth is tripping about God and how she is living. I wish we didn't have to question and fear. I started guitar lessons yesterday and I am scared of that because for so long, I have wanted to play. I went to a poetry reading at Penny University with Leah. Haven't seen Tilda. I have softball today and I've got to go to Allegro after "90210." I feel lonely and I miss last spring but this shit happens every year to me and I get used to it and practically welcome these annual thoughts and feelings. I can't wait for Ani D.'s show. I hope I can go to Alabama to see Eunice. I'm wiggin' out and people can tell. Who have I got to impress? No one. I wish I did. I'll call Nate and go to Cedar. I'm driving to Western to pick up Elizabeth on Friday.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, May 11, 1996

Dear Diary,

Summer '94 all over again. I flipped out on Mom and Dad last night. I bailed to Cedar Island for the hell of it and kicked it with Nate. I feel horrible about what I've done. How could I be so dumb? I feel bad. I haven't talked to them yet.

I'm at the LaFran's babysitting and I'm exhausted. I had confirmation and a softball game tonight and we won. Tomorrow is Mother's Day and I had to be a little brat two nights before it. Elizabeth's home for the weekend. She's tripping on God and she broke up with Martin. Things are unfamiliar and different right now and I seem to go through this every few months. It takes getting used to. The DMB CD is good and I want to cry every time I hear "[Two Step](#)" or "[Lie in Our Graves](#)."

I saw Trevor at the beach last night and he looks good. I wonder if he thinks about me or if I'm lame. I need to get a tan. I feel selfish right now. I should do community service, something that will take me outside of myself. I need to chill out and show Mom and Dad that running out when I can't have my way is not what I'm all about.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, May 15, 1996

Dear Diary,

I totaled the Volvo a couple hours ago. I feel like shit about it. This spring is jinxed. Tilda's in Canada. I don't talk to her anymore. She's too busy with Josie and Dorian and DMB and rock climbing. I went to the doctor this morning. I have a cold. Nina stayed over till 11:30 last night and I had a breakdown when the computer got fouled up. I hope I go to Alabama and get a job at a restaurant this summer. I want to talk to Oliver right now and that's a rare occasion.

We're watching "[Flatliners](#)" in religion class and "[Braveheart](#)" in music class. I'm babysitting the LaFrans right now. I will shit my pants if we have to sell the Volvo. I can't believe the woman acted like it was my fault.

I hope I can go places with the guitar. It seems hard right now but it's less complicated than I thought it was. I want to sing and play and entertain millions of people like Janis Joplin. But I'm staying away from the white man's powder and needles. I need to start looking better for summer. I have to keep reading and open my mind. I don't want Aidan to go to Europe but he has to.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, May 16, 1996

Dear Diary,

I woke up this morning and felt angry about the car. I can't believe the woman tried to make it out to be my fault. I keep tripping on what has happened this year. I have changed and I'm not happy with who I am at this point.

I'm writing in colegio and it's weird to write at school because my school self is different from me otherwise. I have errands to run and I wish my car wasn't all fucked up. This has been the longest week. Mr. Hardin's bitching, so, later.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, May 25, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm on my way to Kearns Lake with Mom and Dad. We went to Bea's funeral today. She died two days ago. I walked to my Grandma's old house and it was strange. I'm out of school for the summer. It ended on Thursday. I went to Folk Life with Chelsea Cooper yesterday. I saw Tilda dancing in a crowd and left as fast as I could. I went to see Lucid play and went back to Folk Life. I love this time of year: driving to Kearns, sunburnt faces on happy people who have been in the rain for the last nine months, festivals, sunsets and twilight, tea, good conversations and *music*. I love playing guitar now. I love the open road. I'm going to Alabama on June 4th. Summer is the best time.

Tilda and I haven't talked in weeks because she's too busy with Josie and Dorian. I ran into her at the phones at Folk Life yesterday and she acted like I was one of her old Dutton classmates. I'm trippin' on her. I read in an article that Seattle is inundated with heroin and junkies. That will never be me.

Peace, Meghan

Tuesday, May 28, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm chillin' at St. Vincent with Emma right now. She and I got tossed last night and I am tired. Kearns Lake was fun but it was different because Hilary Blackburn, our parents, and I were the only ones there. I went to Folk Life and saw Martin from last summer playing his guitar and we stared at each other for the longest time and I looked away and kept walking. I was stoned and I felt like crying. I saw Tilda dancing at a show and went home. Elizabeth and I went back later and I saw her by the phones. I was civil but not too nice. I can't explain what happened with us because I don't understand it. She changed, stopped calling. She is a sell-out. She's so cool with her new dreadlocks and her cool boyfriend who rock climbs and listens to DMB (her new interests). I saw her last night at the drum circle and bailed ASAP. Leah said Tilda asked, "What is wrong with her [me]?" Fuck that.

I had a good time dancing at the circle until the cops came and broke it up - can't have too much fun. I went to Emma's. I read all these articles about how big heroin is in the music industry, especially in Seattle. That scares the shit out of me. I wonder if Doug and Mason are strung out on it or if they will be. That's sad. Why can't I find a clean, awesome guy? Mom says I'm attracted to the "poor, helpless victims" because of my sensitivity. I just want my normal life back.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, June 2, 1996

Dear Diary,

I had SATs yesterday and I went shopping with my Mom. I went down to the Greyhound station and right before I boarded, I saw a beautiful guy load his bags and get on the bus. I walked on and every aisle was taken so he moved his stuff for me to sit down. I met Jude and we talked our way to Bellingham. He told me about where he's lived (Peru, Prince Edward Island, and Kentucky). He was on his way home to his girlfriend from San Luis Obispo. We told stories about high and low times and he affected me in a good way. We exchanged numbers and I wonder if I'll ever see him again. He wondered what he'll be doing next year on June 1st and promised to remember me. He was beautiful and that sucks because it wasn't like that. His shit came from the inside out. It came through in his eyes (brown "light" eyes that have seen places and things). I don't know why I get attached to and affected by people.

Elizabeth and Martin gave him a ride home from the station. He invited us in for a bowl. His girlfriend called and sounded pissed but he was sweet to her. I said goodbye and that's one more person to add to my memory.

Elizabeth and I went to a party and sat on the porch. I told her how soft, peaceful, and beautiful Evelyn Blackburn is now. Having cancer has changed her. I told Elizabeth I was thinking about Jude and that I feel a connection to people. She told me I realize that all human beings are part of the same huge cell. When one of us is hurt or distraught, it affects everyone.

I told Jude that I wanted to remember his face and he said, "You'll remember," with his silhouette against the window and the trees, like something out of *On the Road*. I hope I remember. After we got back from the party, I went to the lounge and chilled with Hannah and her friends. Everyone left and it was just me and Paul. He's a cutie. I have this feeling that I need to go home and talk to Emma.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, June 4, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm on an airplane for the first time since I was three. I am on my way to Alabama.

Leah and I went out to dinner when I got back from WWU and it was good to see her and talk with her. She said Tilda's trippin' about me. Let her trip.

I started *Big Sur* by Jack Kerouac. It's a depressing book and the other half to all of his high, fast, fun times. It's weird to be moving, suspended in air and to be passing over all these states. I know I'm a fool; I just haven't flown in so long. I'll write you when my feet touch the ground.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, June 6, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm in Birmingham, Alabama. On Tuesday, Eunice and her friend Hayley picked me up and we drove around Birmingham and chilled with Eunice's guy friends and went to a coffee shop, similar to Beth's.

Yesterday we met up with Eunice's cousin Brian. We partied and drove to a place under the freeway and went back to Brian's to watch shows and crash. That afternoon, Brian and I got our ears pierced and it hurt. Today we went to the mall and a thrift shop with Brian and his friends. We ate dinner at Eunice's dad's house with his second wife and family. I love the South. Everyone here is rich. I hope Monday doesn't come too soon. I dig Brian (shhh). I'd better go be social.

Peace, Meghan

Monday, June 10, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm flying to St. Louis and then Seattle. Thursday night we went swimming at Brandon's. The next day we went to Brian's and drove around. I went out to lunch with Eunice's mom and she is a sweetheart. She says I am an old soul and a Southern girl at heart. We went swimming and spent the night at Louise's. We had dinner with Eunice's mom and her new husband. I went to say bye to Brian's parents. We went to their lake house yesterday to go sea-dooing and waterskiing. I caught some sun. Eunice, her mom, and her sister got into a fight last night and I felt bad for being over there. There are all these mixed up family problems because of divorces, remarriages, depression, and alcoholism. It's like a Tennessee Williams play. Eunice's mom and Brian's mom don't talk anymore because Brian's mom is a serious alcoholic and everyone has tried to help her but she won't accept it.

I dig Brian and it's a trip that I might never see him again. I'm going to miss Birmingham. I love the South. Brian is organized, like me, and he's a sweetie. He looks out for Eunice and he's fun to talk to. I'll miss him. This trip has brought me closer to knowing that I love people and get attached and I need to learn to keep on living and loving but learn to be strong and accepting about goodbyes. It will be good to see the faces of everyone I know and hear their voices after a week of Southern drawls. I will be homesick for the South and I have a place in my heart for everyone I met.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, June 11, 1996

Dear Diary,

We had to put Cuddles to sleep today. I cried while John drove me to say goodbye to her. I've had that cat since I was four years old. Poor Dad. He's sad about Cuddles. I am, too.

I went to my guitar lesson tonight and it's weird to be back into the swing of things. Elizabeth's coming home in a few days and I'm going to see Lucid play at the coffeehouse tomorrow. I miss Eunice and Alabama and I hate to say it but I miss Brian. Will I ever see these people again?

I've had a lump in my throat all day about life moving fast, Alabama, Cuddles, and Tilda. I want to go back to SUWS. I had a breakdown tonight after my car stalled on Aurora on my way to get coffee with Kristi.

I keep thinking of Eunice, Brian, and me, sitting in the airport lounge turning luckies over for each other in our cigarette packs.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, June 13, 1996

Dear Diary,

I had a good talk with Mom. There's a great Indigo Girls song called "[Thin Line](#)" that I've been listening to. John played it for me for the first time when we were on our way to say goodbye to Cuddles. I went to a party at Colin Laufner's tonight with Margo, Dunya, and Leah. Last night, Margo and I saw Lucid play at QA Coffeehouse. They have improved.

I got my pictures back from Alabama. I miss Brian. I communicated with him like I should communicate with everyone. I hope I see him again in this lifetime. Alabama has my heart right now.

Love, Meghan

Friday, June 14, 1996

Dear Diary,

Emma came over this morning and woke me up and I'm glad she did. I want to enjoy all the time I have this summer. I have a few hours to kill before I take the ferry to Cedar. It scares me how far time takes us away from experiences we have and I am afraid of getting too far away from Jude. I know that's weird. I'm afraid of getting far away from Alabama and Eunice and Brian because I like the way I felt around those people and places. I went to a party at Colin Laufner's last night and I don't feel like I am who I want to be when I'm around those people.

Writing ties me down to something and gives me security. Elizabeth comes home today and that is sweet. I miss Brian and that is lame but I have to be honest. I wonder if I'll ever see him again. It's crazy how fast time goes by. I'm going to celebrate "because life is short but sweet for certain." Dave Matthews is the kind of convivial guy I'm looking for.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, June 15, 1996

Dear Diary,

We're on our way to Molly's on Indianola. She's going to Chicago for two years tomorrow to work with children in the slums.

Cedar was awesome last night. I sat on the beach in the sun with Margo, Nate, Devon, Leif, and a couple others and we went to another beach and built a bonfire. I rode on a three-wheeler. Nate's going to work at Camp Tahoma for two months, leaving today. I dig him. Trevor wasn't there last night. He was at Mt. Baker.

I haven't seen Elizabeth yet but she got home yesterday. I miss Alabama and I know I'll go back. I hope I see Brian again. Leif told me it takes time and I'll forget about him but I don't want to. Oliver broke his foot so I have to go see him tomorrow after the Fremont Solstice Festival. I want to find someone to be with this summer.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, June 22, 1996

Dear Diary,

I regret not writing for so long. Emma is on her way over. Kristi is stopping by, too, and Marcy and I are kicking it tonight. Elizabeth and I made dinner for the family. I've been away from Alabama for 16 days and it still haunts my dreams. I talked to Eunice. She told Brian I liked him and he didn't believe her. He said, "Well, she lives in Seattle." I'm going to Hickory Ranch for

camp. I leave on June 29th and go until the 12th of July. We're spending my birthday in California and then Mom, Elizabeth, and I are going to Cannon Beach.

I haven't talked to Tilda. Fuck her. Aidan and I chilled yesterday. Elizabeth, Alex, and I went to Bauhaus and met the funniest gay guy named Stuart last night. I've seen Oliver a few times. I went to listen to Lucid at his house a couple nights ago and it was just the four of us. I had a good talk with Matt and I like those three. I finished *Big Sur* by Jack Kerouac and *Angel Landing* by Alice Hoffman. I miss last summer. I feel like I've gained 10 lbs. I hope I haven't.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, June 26, 1996

Dear Diary,

I went out with Marcy a couple nights ago and stumbled home to Mom at 1:30 completely tanked with Kristi. The next morning we went to Beth's. I had my guitar lesson last night and chilled with Elizabeth and her friends. Marcy and I talked the other night and she doesn't feel like it's summer either. I miss last summer. Emma and I always had something to look forward to.

I love "*Sugar Mountain*" by Neil Young. Brian called today. He is haunting my dreams. I have had four dreams about him since I left Birmingham. It was surreal to hear his voice after all those dreams. Hickory Ranch will be dope. Emma and I are going to Minnie's tonight. She's going to Chelan tomorrow and I won't see her until July 18th. I will miss her.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, June 27, 1996

Dear Diary,

I sleep too much. It doesn't feel like summer. I need to get away from the city and be with good people, working and playing. I wish I could find a good guy (man? Boy?) I wonder if I'm the only one in the world who feels this loneliness and wanting. I miss Tilda but at the same time I want to spit in her face. I'm letting the summer slip away. I don't know who I want to see or talk to. I have a heart sickness and I don't know how to cure it.

I once told Aidan that I want to kick and thrash just so I can float. I expect too much from people. I expect life to be perfect. I'm going to be 17 in almost two weeks.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, June 29, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm on the plane to Sacramento. Five minutes ago, I stood at my gate and the sun was shining in the windows. Looking out on all those planes felt like it did when I was leaving Alabama. Brian and I have a link and I will see him again. He called me on Thursday night and we had the best talks. He said, "We have to keep in touch," and I hope we do. ("I still believe she was my twin" - *Bob Dylan*).

I picked Emma up and we went to her house with Elizabeth. We talked and played guitar all night while I thought about Brian. I wrote Emma a letter and left it by her bed. Yesterday, I picked Margo up from Cat's Eye Café. We went to Lincoln Park and had an awesome talk about guys, our "guy style," and got smoky.

I drove to Oliver's last night but he wasn't home. I stopped by Mason's and seeing him made me realize that I have changed and I need to be with a guy who is solid. I don't want to live how I used to live. Not that it was so bad when I was with him, but I could have done without it.

I came home and Oliver called so I packed for my trip before driving back over there and drank a brew and chatted with him, Elise, and Matt. Some others came over and we went outside to look at the moon. Matt and I wound up sitting in the living room. He told me he was very attracted to me and said that he was seeing me in a different light. We talked about how we've known each other for so long but we don't know each other. I told him I was attracted to him, too. I asked if I could write to him and he gave me his address. He walked me outside and we stood there hugging and we kissed and now I'm thinking about him and it feels good to know one back home will be thinking of me while I'm gone. We talked about how things were different the night I came to Oliver's to hear them play a while back. All the sudden we took a look at each other.

I have no idea what awaits me for the next two weeks. I want to marry someone in Alabama and I want Matt fucking Warner. How do these things happen? After all this time, it's safe to say I want him. I'll write you in Cali.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, June 30, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm at Hickory Ranch. I feel weird here. Everyone is from the South and they all know each other or know people in common. I'm the Northerner outcast. I'll be fine.

I wrote Emma and Matt today. We went through orientation and swim tests. A girl in our cabin is Brian's ex-girlfriend. Her name is Heidi. Eunice was talking shit about her earlier but now they are all chummy. I have a strange affection for Brian. I can't get him out of my heart. I hope we stay in touch and that I see him again. I know enough about Birmingham and the South but no matter how I love it, it's not part of my roots and I will always be an outsider to its place and its people.

I can get through these two weeks but I'm lost right now, back home and here. I feel disconnected, like nothing is familiar - here or anywhere. It doesn't feel like summer. Or it feels like a summer from someone else's life.

I dream of Brian, wonder about Matt, miss Emma, and disregard the rest of the world. That's harsh but true. I want to relate and care for people like I used to. I feel let down by people: Tilda for bailing out, Elizabeth for being so controlled by her anxieties, and school friends for selling out but that's not right of me.

Love, Meghan

Monday, July 1, 1996

Dear Diary,

My counselor Greer is awesome. Our group is kind of lame but I like Jessica and Annette. Eunice is always in a shitty mood. At breakfast today, I almost started bawling at the table. I'm doing fine, though. I can't wait to call Emma and hear a Northern accent. I talk and think with a Southern drawl now. Part of me wishes I had never gone to Alabama. I know too much about it and I love it but I'll never be a part of it.

I feel weird around Eunice and seeing Heidi makes me sick and reminds me of Brian. I have to make it to Friday. You'd think the night would make me saddest but the morning does because

I know I have a whole day in front of me. Today felt like eternity while I was going through it but looking back, it flew by. I don't want to change.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, July 6, 1996

Dear Diary,

I've been at Hickory Ranch for exactly a week and I'm on my 24-hour solo, chillin' in my underwear. I feel like I've been here for months but I don't mind living out the rest of it. I met Jessica from Austin, TX and we have chilled the whole week. We hiked to Hastings Meadows and slept there last night. Eunice and I had a nog and talked about staying in touch. Monica, Kyle, and Ned are awesome. I'm lucky Greer is my counselor.

My birthday is a week from today. I hope there's a lot of summer left when I get home. I wonder if I've changed here. I think of Brian. I hope things work out with Matt but time can fuck things up sometimes. I can't wait to see my family but Friday will come too soon. I've gotten over my 16-year bout of homesickness. I'm going to write letters and have a nog. I'll write to Brian, too. Eunice said she'd give it to him for me. I can't wait to hear my own music.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Greer is on her way up later to talk and we seem to be alike.

P.P.S. There are so many bugs out here.

Sunday, July 7, 1996

Dear Diary,

I had an awesome time on my solo. Eunice, Jess, and I played cards, sang and smoked. I had the best talk with Greer. She smoked for six years and quit the day before she got here. We are similar. I wrote in here and wrote a letter to Brian. I have to write Matt again. We're going to the river tomorrow. It's weird how not homesick I am.

I thought we were never going to make it up the mountain today. We got lost a couple days ago on our way to the meadows. It was hardcore. The last eight days have flown.

I had fun with Eunice and Jess last night and Jess and I have been living like sisters. I've gone places in my mind and heart here. Ned is funny and sweet. Kyle is mellow and chill. Monica's a sweetie and she's understanding. Autumn is a total Southern naïve girl and I'll miss these people. I had a smoke with Crane tonight, some guy I think is cute. I'll be 17 on Saturday. I'm at my last church meeting. Yeehaw.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, July 9, 1996

Dear Diary,

Yesterday we waited around camp for hours until the buses came. It sucked because everyone was playing CDs and I want to wait till I'm home to hear my music. I sat next to Todd on the bus yesterday. He's funny as shit. We played chubby bunny with grapes and laughed our asses off. We got to the river and went swimming. It was still hot as hell at 6pm. We had a couple smokes and a counselor busted Kyle.

We went down to the river today and had an awesome time. Ken, Todd, Jess, Monica, and some weirdo were in my boat. We're going on a hike to the waterfalls at Little Maldives tomorrow. I want to go home but I will miss these people.

I got bit by a bug today, sat in semen by the river bank, and saw human shit on the trail.
What's up?

Love, Meghan

Friday, July 12, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm in Ashland, Oregon chillin' at a Texaco. I'll be 17 tomorrow. I spent the night at the Ranch last night and helped Greer clean the cabins till my parents picked me up. It was weird seeing Eunice and Jessica go. John and Elizabeth are on their way here. I'm glad I went to Hickory Ranch even though I did "create my own program." I feel different now. Two weeks was the perfect amount of time to be at the Ranch.

I'm curious about what will happen with Matt when I get back. I don't have his number. Oregon should be awesome and home will be sweet when I get there. We're going out to dinner and to see a movie tonight. The staff from Hickory Ranch is coming to Ashland today. It is 105 degrees right now. Ouch. I got my SAT scores back: 1000. I can do better. Oliver and Emma wrote me letters.

Love, Meghan

Monday, July 15, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm at a laundromat in Cannon Beach with Mom and Elizabeth. It's awesome to be at the ocean after two weeks of rivers and mountains. On the 12th, we went to a Mexican restaurant in Ashland and a man played a 12-string guitar and sang "Sugar Mountain" by Neil Young. It threw me off guard because I've been obsessed with that song lately. He sang "[Message in a Bottle](#)" by the Police and "[Breakdown](#)" by Tom Petty. I woke up on my birthday and opened my presents: a ticket to HORDE, Rusted Root's new CD, Texas, a book, a linen dress from Abercrombie (the one I wanted), and a guitar. Mom bought me a zodiac calendar later that day. We went out to lunch and to Jacksonville, an old mining town near Ashland. We had dinner and I ran into the staff from Hickory Ranch. We went swimming in a lake that day and the sky clouded over and thundered. The family got ice cream and we went back to the hotel. We went to church and got lunch in town yesterday.

John and Dad are headed to Hickory Ranch and Mom, Elizabeth, and I drove to the coast and got in last night. We went through town and soon we're on our way to dinner. I miss Matt. I want to see him. I am going to use the rest of the summer to clean up at home and get myself back on track. I want to make a journal of photographs of people's hands doing different things because I love hands. I'll ask Nate to help me.

Love, Meghan

Monday, July 22, 1996

Dear Diary,

We went to Seaside and ate out a lot and drove home from Oregon. I went to Emma's. She's fallen in love with a New Yorker named Seth. I've been unsure about the Matt scene. I spent the night at Emma's and took her to the airport at 6 the next morning and now she's in Wisconsin.

On Saturday, Margo, Claire, and I went to Bite of Seattle. I got home with Margo and Mom told me Lucid was playing at the Four Angels Café. I drove Margo home. I went to Broadway to run errands and Margo ran into me. We drove to the café and met up with Claire. After that, we

went back to Oliver's. Matt and I went on a walk. I gave Isaac a ride home. Matt and I decided to hang out and it sucked because I wanted to say how I feel but it's screwed up and he's going to New Mexico in a month for school. I got home at 3:15am and my Mom was furious because Elizabeth woke her up and told her I was gone.

Yesterday, I went to Arlington with the parents and Papa to see Uncle Charles and Aunt Frances. My uncle is a serious alcoholic and it's taking its toll on him. Mom and Dad think they're going to ground me for two weeks for my stunt on Saturday night. Elizabeth is being frustrating. I wrote Matt a letter last night and it should get there by tomorrow. I wish Emma were home but she won't be until Wednesday.

I went job-hunting today. Where is my life going? I wish I could write more in here but I'm paranoid about my Mom reading this and there are things I need to write that only I want to know. I don't know what I'll do if I'm stuck here for two whole weeks.

I neglect to write what is going on inside and I'm too busy writing about how "we chilled" or "it sucked." I forgot to write how I cried when Matt and Isaac played "Lilies" and "Gone" and how Matt dedicated "The Rising" to me. I talked to Margo tonight and I wonder if she's curious about me now because of Matt.

I called Brian and we talked and I need more people like him in my life. Uncle Charles has a brain tumor and Mom cried in the kitchen and I wanted to hug her but I'm bitter about having to stay home.

I can't stop listening to Tori Amos. I had to call Leah at Tilda's. Tilda is in Sweden and she's Dorian's clone and I hope I don't see her at HORDE. I am bitter toward Elizabeth because she's unaccepting of my mistakes but I have been there for her when she was fucked up.

I need to live. I merely exist right now. I am indifferent and numb except for my shallow thoughts about Matt and my anger about having to stay at home. This was where I wanted to be while I was in Cali and now I want to be anywhere but here. Tori Amos makes me aware of things I regret and I am sad I did not see her play. If only I could find a talent to reach people the way she speaks to me. I'm so busy writing things down so I won't forget them that I begin to resent writing because I can't get what's in my mind out on paper.

I hope I can measure my life by beautiful people and peaceful places instead of hours and days. I am young and it is summer and I don't have two weeks to waste at home. I have new ideas, thoughts, and feelings to explore before I get too old. When I am old I will take my time and sit around for two weeks, but not now.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, July 23, 1996

Dear Diary,

Matt called tonight. I can't wait to see him again. We decided to just be friends. I went through old tapes and notebooks and things from the past are slowly kicking my ass. I found an old entry in one of my notebooks that reminded me of things I had forgotten about. It happened in fall/winter of sophomore year and I wrote about one night when those three guys played and Matt came up to me (this was three weeks before he and Margo met and hooked up) and he said something about us wanting each other or hooking up in the future. I have a feeling that subconsciously made me think of him because years ago, we used to joke about wanting each other. It's funny how it's turning out.

I am remembering parts of my past that I had blocked out and people like Erica Rylant There was always an unspoken circle (maybe just among the girls) while we were growing up that

consisted of Tilda, Erica, Isaac, Matt, Oliver, and me. I haven't written of it until now. Erica and Tilda were tight with Oliver and introduced us. Erica had been in love with Isaac but got together with Matt so then Tilda fell in love with Isaac. Matt and I always had our stupid remarks and looks that confused me. Isaac and I went through a period of a good friendship. He told Tilda years ago that the first time he saw me (after we had talked on the phone and become friends) that he fell in love with me. I blew it off and covered up that my heart leapt and that I felt the same way for him. I thought about him and dreamed about him at random times and I loved his quiet, peaceful nature. And every time I saw him playing his drum, I thought that drums sound out the rhythm of living and I thought it was beautiful that he was in sync with that. I wanted to be friends with Oliver. We became best friends. I "fell in love" with him. He broke my heart. We stayed friends. We had a romantic relationship. We broke up. We are friends now and he is my brother. Matt and I rarely talked unless we were playing with each other's minds. Now we've been together and I can't get him out of my head. Isaac, beautiful Isaac. I will never be able to express what I have felt and still sometimes feel for him.

I need Emma to come home and I need to get out of this house and run as far away from all the things that are haunting me as I can. I want to sit in this summer night with people, drinking tea, and to laugh until my sides hurt. Being home is driving me to look at myself and to come clean but I cannot take two weeks of this.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, July 31, 1996

Dear Diary,

All I've been doing since I'm "grounded" is: Emma picks me up every day and we go swimming at Hidden Beach and drive around or run errands. I saw "SFW" and the guy in it is hot. I saw Erica Rylant for the first time in two years last week. I'm reading *In the Lake of the Woods* by Tim O'Brien. My friend Jessica from Austin is coming stay with me in a couple weeks.

Emma is leaving on the 6th to go to New York and spend a week with Seth, Jason's friend. HORDE is on Sunday and I'm a free woman after that. (I won't be "grounded.")

Oliver got home a couple nights ago and brought up the Matt situation. That bugs me. He said Matt owns me right now. They are playing on Saturday and I'm not even going to look at Matt.

Last night at my guitar lesson, Melinda told me that when she was 16, in the '60s, she lived on the East Coast and one evening she went through a predominantly "black" part of town with her beat-up guitar. An old man stopped her and asked her to play for him. She played "The Times they are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan and the old man smiled the whole time and told her he loved it. She remembered it when I asked to learn that song last night.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, August 7, 1996

Dear Diary,

Emma woke me up this morning. She's in New York with Seth now. I miss her already. Her mom and I took her to the airport yesterday morning. On Monday, she picked me up and we went to Denny's for a cup of coffee and we ran into Shane. He's normal now, working and living clean. Emma and I talked about what a fucked up summer '94 was for all of us but Tilda and Doug took off with that lifestyle while the rest of us chilled out.

I visited Margo at work yesterday and we went to the market with Elizabeth and saw Leah. We went by her new house and went to Penny U. where I could've read my poetry but there were too many people signed up.

Kim came up and Emma and I chilled with her and we went to breakfast last week. That night we went to Forrest's and saw Tucker Wilcox and Dan Wilson. We stopped by Oliver's and that didn't go well. We were supposed to see them at Four Angels on Saturday but we left right after Matt rudely said, "If you guys have to go, just get out of here." I talked to Oliver an hour ago and it's all good. We're chillin' tomorrow. Mason called. Maybe I'll do coffee with him after guitar lessons tonight.

I went to HORDE on Sunday. Rusted Root and DMB kicked ass. I saw Tilda. She's in Montana now and supposed to call me when she gets home. I don't know about her. She is the exact same as Dorian now - loves DMB and rock climbing, dreaded her hair, quit smoking cigs (which is good, but for the wrong reasons). Summer's coming quickly to a close. It's scary how fast time goes now. I've wasted the last three weeks. I got a job at Queen Anne Café.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, August 8, 1996

Dear Diary,

Last night, Elizabeth and I got coffee with Alex and Kristi. Oliver flaked out but I talked to him this afternoon and he and Matt almost stopped by last night. I wish they had. I saw "Trainspotting" with Kristi tonight. It's disgusting that people are into heroin. People glamorize it and give credit to actors and musicians who were strung out and either sobered up or died from it and that is bullshit. Why not support the actors and musicians who never poisoned their bodies like that?

Kristi and I went to Minnie's and got inspired and happy about things to come. I saw Shane as I was leaving. Kristi says, according to *The Celestine Prophecy*, it means I'm supposed to call him and talk to him.

Matt is leaving for college in New Mexico in less than two weeks. Next Saturday is their last show. Elizabeth and I are going to Western that day because Martin got a house with some friends. They're having a party and Willis is playing a show at it.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, August 15, 1996

Dear Diary,

In Bellingham we played Asshole and listened to Willis. They're good. Jess came in from Austin on Monday. I picked Emma up when she got back from NYC and she was a wreck because she misses Seth. I know what she's going through. She's coming home from Lake Chelan tonight. Aidan, Drew Stoddard, and I got coffee last Sunday. Jess and I went to Broadway and the market on Tuesday and we met up with Margo at Cat's Eye and went to Magnuson. Yesterday we went to the waterfront and Pioneer Square. My Mom picked us up and I saw a package with my name misspelled in Matt Warner's scrawly handwriting. He gave me a tape of his and Isaac's music and wrote me a letter. We'll see him, Oliver, and Isaac tomorrow. He's leaving for New Mexico in four days and that letter and tape were the first signs of softness I've ever seen in him. We got coffee with Aidan and came home. We saw "Trainspotting" today. Ewan McGregor is hot.

I'm bummed about school starting. I keep thinking of Brian and I miss him. Jess will be here until Monday. I hope she's having a good time.

Love, Meghan

Friday, August 23, 1996

Dear Diary,

Jessica and I went to the waterfront. Then we pulled a "Hey, Mister" and chilled at View Park and drove to Oliver's. Matt and Isaac were there and they played a couple songs. I kissed Matt again and Jess and Isaac kissed. We went in the lake and hot tub and then bailed. Matt left for New Mexico on Monday.

On Saturday, we went to Owen's and went out on the water and hot tubbing. On Sunday, Jess and I saw Margo with Aidan. I had to work on Monday, but later on Jess and I went to Broadway and pulled another "Hey, Mister" with Emma and went to Bhy Krake Park and to the airport. I was overwhelmed. I'm going to miss Jess and Matt left that day. I've been shopping and working. I went to Forrest's with Emma last night. A few people came over. We schwillled and I hooked up with Tucker Wilcox.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, August 29, 1996

Dear Diary,

I had my first day of senior year today and it depressed me. I'm on the rag. I'm tired of thinking about people at school and my attitude. I saw Dana tonight. I went to Emma's and things are different. I can't believe how fast this summer went. I keep thinking I am ready for college and I can't wait to get out of here but I am safe right now and this is my last year to be a kid. I must be an immature person. Everyone seems to go through life with grace and I freak out over the strangest things.

I finished *The Handmaid's Tale* a couple days ago. Oliver left for Redlands on Monday. He came over Saturday night to say goodbye. I'm lonely at school without Aidan and Marcy. I need to be strong and change my attitude. Fall always trips me about. It will have been two years since I went to SUWS in two days. I need to find the girl who graduated from that program. I'm not her anymore. Getting older, even when you're young, is hard sometimes but I make it harder than it needs to be.

I want to go to Western, somewhere in Oregon, New Mexico or Hawaii for college. I need to get disciplined in my writing and guitar and I need to start running again. Margo, our dads, and I are going to Ross Lake for the weekend tomorrow. It's at the bottom of Desolation Peak where Kerouac used to write. It will be good for me and Dad. I love my parents and Elizabeth. They are true role models. I'm missing Bumbershoot but I'll get over it. I wish I could see the Indigo Girls, though. I have history homework.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, September 3, 1996

Dear Diary,

This weekend was fun and peaceful. It was a wonderful feeling to be in the boat on the isolated lake with the North Cascades looming above and protecting me. Ross Lake is beautiful, especially its canyons. I got wary when Margo's competitiveness seeped in but I got over it. I dreamed that Neal Mullins and I kissed. I told him about it today. He said, "I hope I satisfied you," and I laughed.

I sent a letter to Matt a few days before school and I received a postcard from him today. Short but sweet. I'm feeling sick to my stomach about life in general because I love many people and places and times I've had and all the things I'm yet to experience. It overwhelms me. I got a postcard from Oliver, too. I wrote him back and at the end, I wrote, "If you hope I become an atheist, I hope you find God."

I look forward to senior year. I have homework every night. I ran Green Lake today and I will start doing that two times a week. I need to play guitar. I'm down on myself for not disciplining myself like I should. Emma and I are doing coffee tonight. I'm busy but I like it like that. I've been going through these phases and I often think about and miss a whole section of my life and my past.

Today, Tilda went out with me and Emma after I got home from Ross Lake. We ran into Bradley. I'll think of Mason or Bradley or even Doug. Sometimes I think of Jude. I always think of the possibility of guys I could have loved. I think of Aidan (as my brother). I think of Matt and I think of random times with my friends and especially my sister. Life is all about this goodness and I'm sitting here laughing and crying and screaming, "This is all too good."

Today in AP English, we talked about Emily Bronte's life and when I compare mine with hers, mine feels insignificant. But I can't live my life like that. I'll make do with what I can do and how I can live.

Love, Meghan

Monday, September 16, 1996

Dear Diary,

I just yelled at my Mom because she told me I might be anemic. I know; it's ridiculous. But I'm run down with school and work. I am becoming stronger and more independent but at the same time, I'm losing sight of my youth and have no more balance of relaxation and chill times. I barely have time to listen to my music. Elizabeth's in LA visiting John for her 19th birthday and she won't be home till Wednesday. I got her a cool ring. She leaves for school this weekend.

School is stressful. I'm sick right now, but in more senses of the word than I know. Last week, I went to lunch with Mr. Wiseman and had coffee with Cassidy A. She is sweet. I met Aidan and Malin for coffee at Allegro. Malin is cool and easy to talk to.

On Friday, I chilled with Brittany and we went to Cora's to get ready for their keg at Montlake. Nina and I had a good talk about our friendship. The cops came and we went to some chick's house and frat row. Shit's weird right now and I have never felt so alone and I've said that a lot but I know it's real this time because I'm not freaking out about it. I can't believe my boy Aidan will be in Italy in ten days and letters will be the only way to communicate with him. I hope it's the best experience for him. He is lucky. I wish I had time to get it all done. I'm going to school late tomorrow. I need my sleep. Goodnight.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Mason moved to Bellingham on Friday. I miss last fall.

Wednesday, September 26, 1996

Dear Diary,

Aidan's leaving for Italy tomorrow so everyone's kicking it tonight. I'm getting over being sick. On Friday, a St. Mary's bus got into an accident but everyone is alright. Elizabeth left for school last week.

I saw Tilda on Monday. She's pregnant. She grew up way too fast. Emma and I have been doing coffee. I went to Allegro on Tuesday with Aidan and Malin. I'm going to miss him. I keep seeing all these glimpses of myself and I don't know what to do with them. I want to fight my way to the surface. I've created barriers for myself for no reason. I make myself think I am incapable and stupid and it's bullshit. A good example: I wrote my college essay and Mrs. Cheney said, "You need to be more personal and reconstruct the whole thing," and I don't want to because I don't think I can do any better. I can but I'm lazy.

I want to go to Fairhaven College. I wish I could write my thoughts down clearly. I have no passion for anything. I'm a grown-up and a tight-ass and I don't go through anything I should go through anymore.

Aunt Jane entered herself into rehab and might have to stay for 30 days. I feel bad for her but I'm proud of her.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, October 2, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm irritated. My spirituality class is discussing the complications of being young and having too much to do and not being able to do what we want to do because school and preparation for college take up all of our time. We discuss our frustrations and there's no inspiration in it. Mom thinks I'm depressed. It's not that. It's that these are turbulent times and I can't say I haven't enjoyed my high school years, but there is work and strife and stress and sadness intermingled with the goodness and joy. I'm growing up and taking responsibility. I don't go out on weekends. I work, do homework, and sleep but I don't mind because I know I'd go out and get drunk if I didn't stay home. But I'm taking Sunday off and going to Cedar on Saturday.

Things in my past affected and hurt me and I need to deal with them. Like moving when I was 14. I talked to Oliver a couple nights ago. I'll see him when I visit John in LA in November. Emma and I are going to Western in a couple weeks. I talked to Brian for a long time last night. I have guitar lessons tonight. I hope I go far with that and don't throw it away. School and the people there fuck with my head. I hate how they shape my mind and feelings.

I love the fall. It's a sad, quiet, reflective time. I hope I get into Western. I miss Aidan.

Love, Meghan

Friday, October 4, 1996

Dear Diary,

Senior year will be sweet but this summer was the last time of innocence. Our lives will change radically and everyone seems to handle change well but I always freak out. I wrote Aidan today and I miss him. I'm going to Trent's with everyone tonight.

Everyone is in their own zone and it's hard to connect and find comfort but at the same time I'm having fun being with everyone. There are no outlets. Nina and I talked about that today. She and Toby broke up last night. There's no one to see besides St. Mary's people which isn't bad but basically, what we see is what we get. I need to care about myself and help myself through this time. It's weird not having Tilda anymore. I should call Kristi or Emma. I can't wait to see Elizabeth.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, October 20, 1996

Dear Diary,

On Friday, I went to the football game in West Seattle. Margo and I took Nina and Claire out to dinner for their birthdays. On Saturday, Emma and I schwilld and we picked up Tilda because she was feeling out of sorts. We stopped by Forrest's and I saw Brent and Tucker. Weird city. We went to Cedar for Nate's birthday on Sunday and ate smurf berries and chilled on the beach and crashed at his house. I've been thinking about Nate and I wish I wasn't. I like who he is.

We kicked it at Sven's house on Friday. Wasn't my scene. We stopped by Tucker Wilcox's on the way home and it was weird. I worked today and yesterday and saw "[Sleepers](#)." It was intense. I told Mom I want to be an actress. That's scary because it's something I've wanted to do for so long and I never let myself be ok with that. Emma, Nina, and I are going up to Western this weekend. I'm going to visit John in LA the first weekend in November. I'll visit Oliver while I'm down there, too. I talked to him last night.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, October 27, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm at Western with Nina but she's chillin' with Travis right now. I got a minor in possession last night and I have to come back up here to contest it. We got here at 5 and met up with Malin. We went to Phil Wray's room in Fairhaven and Elizabeth picked me and Nina up and we went to Greg Engel's place. We went to Martin's and there were only about 15 people there but their neighbor called the police and hooked me and Nina up with MIPs and the other guys with disorderly conducts.

On Friday, I got my hair cut and met up with Nate. We went to Levi's grave and Starbucks. We walked to his old house and I know exactly what that's like, looking at your childhood home. Like a different lifetime. We went to Cedar, to his friend's house, and I had the best time talking with Nate. It was only the two of us and I rarely get to talk with him when we're all kickin' it. I hope to see him again soon. I'm starting to dig him. I don't want it to get ruined. Carissa is taking me to classes at Fairhaven tomorrow. I see Western in a different light now and I miss how it was last year. Life's moving too fast.

Love, Meghan

Friday, November 8, 1996

Dear Diary,

I am on a plane to LA. Whenever I fly, I get cabin fever. I ask someone for the time and I'll think I'm almost there and someone will say, "I think we've got another hour."

Nate called last night and asked if he could take portraits of me for a class project so we're doing that next Thursday. I wanted to hear from him all week. I dig him and I don't want to lose interest but I need to see him.

I'm going to Rusted Root with Margo next Saturday. I get into LA at 9:15 and then I'm taking a Greyhound to visit Oliver at Redlands. We're going to kick it tonight. I wanted a window seat but I've got an aisle one. Tilda chopped her dreads off. Leah saw Dorian and said he did the same thing.

Love, Meghan

Monday, November 11, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm on the plane home. I had a good weekend and I have a lot on my mind. John picked me up at 10 on Friday. I went to the Greyhound station in the ghetto and rode to Redlands. Oliver and I didn't know there was no station there so they dropped me off at a Salvation Army and I walked a mile and a half in 100 degree weather. It felt like summer. I ran into Oliver right when I got to campus. I met his roommate, Vlad. He's from Brussels and he's sweet. He has this delicate, European-looking face and he's precious. It was good to see Oliver and where he lives. College is just the place for him to come into his own. We walked around campus, talked, and got coffee. I came down with a fever so he took me back to his room. I got into bed and drank water and tea and went to sleep at 10:30. That sucked but Oliver went out so it's cool.

John picked me up at 1 on Saturday and we drove back to L.A. We went to Hermosa Beach. We saw a gorgeous sunset and right after it went down, the sky was vivid pink and five dolphins began jumping and swimming ten feet from the shore. Everyone on the beach was going nuts. That night we ate at Islands and went to Santa Monica to see "[Ransom](#)" but it was sold out so we walked down 3rd St. instead and it was fun to see all the performers and vendors. We got beers and rented "[Fargo](#)."

Yesterday we went to Westwood. John had a basketball game so we went to campus. We had dinner at Bill Johnson's and that guy is a kick. We went to coffee with John's friend Shelly. At midnight, we went to his girlfriend Cara's dorm and she and her friends had just gotten back from San Francisco. Her friends were cool and sweet. Cara is dope and I'm glad John found a good lady.

I always get bummed when I have to come home from trips. John and I had a good talk about me wanting to be an actress yesterday. I don't think I should go to Western. It's easy and it's safe but it's not in my best interest. The only reason I've been so set on it is because I'm scared to look at other options. If I did, I'd have to make a decision. I like Oregon and California. I'll figure it out.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, November 23, 1996

Dear Diary,

I'm sitting in my room and "[Closer to Fine](#)" by the Indigo Girls came on and I remembered all these things about freshman year that I have blocked out. It seems like all before SUWS was a dream or a movie I watched whenever I try to think about it, but I need to think about it and get it out of my system.

Sometimes I get caught up in superficial shit. I need to sit still sometimes and show grace; not the grace I try to put on for show, but genuine grace. Maybe all we need is people, conversation, emotion, knowledge, and the intangibles like beauty and passion. I've lost my passion. Not passion in a cheesy way but in a true way. I rely on other people to remind me of my past and my experiences because I get scared when I look back and I don't know why. I relate to Nina and I don't know what I would do if she weren't around.

I was thinking last night and it's sad because my parents are only 30 years away from being 80. That seems like a long time thinking about it now but it didn't last night.

I like Nate. That's one thing that gives me feeling. I asked him to a dance last night. I want to scream and laugh and be crazy and calm and warm and good. People I've known for so long are different now and when I step back to think about it, it's an amazing trip to grow and change with people. Another thing: I miss Elizabeth. It's like she's an old friend I grew up with. But

she's my sister and that keeps us linked. I could write about what I've been doing but I don't feel like it. I've been chillin' and enjoying my life. I want to get coffee with Emma so peace out.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, December 5, 1996

Dear Diary,

I need to write all these things down because they are going fast. I forget to write about all the little shit but it doesn't matter. I'm looking forward to the dance on Saturday. I'm going with Nate. We are going to dinner, going out on Claire's boat, to the dance, then to a hotel, and I am anxious. I talked to Jeremy in study hall and we decided I have to make a move with Nate if anything is to happen. Margo said he digs me. She said, "His eyes light up whenever he looks at you." We did tea and went to listen to the monks chant at the cathedral on Sunday night. On Friday, I went to Cedar and watched slides at Nate's with Owen and Leif. I'm confused around Nate. He wants us to go to Cedar tomorrow.

I went to see Lucid on Saturday. Seeing Matt was silly. He is silly. I should write to Oliver. I hope I see Vlad again before I die. Elizabeth came home for Thanksgiving break. It wasn't good between us.

Last night at my guitar lesson, I started laughing hysterically and once I regained composure, a smile spread across my face and I felt like I was going to erupt into more laughter. Melinda must have thought I was on serious drugs. I felt light and giddy. Mom said it was a spiritual experience. It was a release and I needed it because I am tired and stressed and I'm reading all these depressing books in school right now.

Some days I feel on top of things and other days I feel like everyone else is bad-ass and is good at something and I'm struggling. John and I talked about that in LA. I can't wait to see him again when he comes home to visit. I've been thinking about my entire time at St. Mary's and parts of it make me sick to my stomach. Let shit work out with Nate.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 9, 1996

Dear Diary,

We decorated for Christmas tonight. Is it already that time of year again? On Saturday, Margo and Nate picked me up and we got Ryan and drove to Serafina and waited for half an hour for everyone else. Nate gave me a rose and champagne. After dinner, we went to Claire's and all the guys busted out their flasks and various alcohols. We went to the dance and I actually danced. Nate and I got pics and then drove to the hotel. I chilled downstairs and Nate was upstairs for a long time. I wanted to at least talk to him. These kids were getting faded. Around 2am he came over and sat next to me and said he was sorry he hadn't talked to me. We went upstairs at 3am to call my Mom and talked more before having one last cig and going to bed. We kissed. After all these thoughts, feelings, phone calls, picture-takings, chill sessions, and what have you. We slept for a couple hours and went hot-tubbing at 9. Margo drove us to my house. Nate, Ryan, and I had breakfast at Barlee's in Fremont. I drove Ryan home and took Nate to the ferry. He got his stuff and gave me a hug and said, "Thanks," la la la. Things are weird. I wanted to break through our awkward walls and talk and now I don't know if I can call him. I don't want it to be like I kissed him after a dance and we're just friends and now it's weird. I don't know what I want. I wish we had enough comfort between us to discuss what's going on but that part is lame. If he plays it off

like I'm another Jill Harrington I will be offended. He won't. I wish I could talk to him but at the same time, I don't want to deal with it. I didn't know it would be like this.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, December 28, 1996

Dear Diary,

It's a winter wonderland outside and snow continues coming down. I've been listening to music, cleaning my closet, and doing laundry. I pulled out Oliver's old tape and have been listening to Mother Love Bone.

Martin and Cara are in town visiting John and Elizabeth. Last night, John's friends spent the night, drank beers, and we played Trivial Pursuit. The day before that, Emma and I went downtown, went to her house, drank champagne, and listened to Van Morrison.

Christmas was good but strange. I've had a hard time getting into the spirit. On the 20th I went to a keg at Lower Woodland and I only talked to Nate for a few minutes. He's at Mt. Hood right now. On Sunday, I went to Cedar and Nate and I went to the beach and had a fire with a few guys and we tried to go to a pub but his ID didn't work. Leah came over on the 23rd.

I regret not writing sooner because I can't recall what's happened since the 9th. I was sick and had severe laryngitis and Elizabeth scared me into thinking I had diabetes.

I haven't talked to Nate since he dropped me off at the ferry. This fall went fast. As I cleaned out my closet tonight, I found all these things that reminded me of freshman year. I wondered: when people get past a certain point with me, if they get scared of me or don't understand me. Like I lure people in with this fun, happy-go-lucky exterior, and after a time they see my other sides: my emotions, sentimentality, and complexities. And I wonder if it's too much for them. Maybe I'm misreading it, though. I form very deep and intense relationships with various people and then they are gone. Like we get too close too fast and understand, relate and connect and then boom: the next day we're casual acquaintances who don't know each other anymore or secretly and silently resent each other. Nina and Emma are the only people this hasn't happened with, knock on wood. As for other people, the list goes on (Tilda, Tiffany, Shelby, Brent ...). Maybe that's how it is in high school.

I have emotional baggage to unload and go through before I go off to college. I'm trying to eliminate my fear in this whole thing called life.

Leah is moving to Hawaii. We went to Beth's the other night. It was good but it wasn't the same. What the hell is? I feel lame writing Nate's name in here anymore than I already have but he's taken up space in my thoughts and he's a question mark on my life.

Love, Meghan

Monday, December 30, 1996

Dear Diary,

I went downtown and to Broadway and saw Leah. Emma's on her way over so we can get coffee for the first time in ages. I've been writing in this journal for two years.

I was playing the chords I "made up" on my guitar earlier and reading stuff I wrote in hopes of putting a song together and I came across something I wrote about Nate: "You wanted to see my art so we exchanged words and pictures," and I remembered what I was thinking of when I wrote that: the night at Devon's cabin on Cedar when Nate and I were laying on a bed, talking about life, and I felt safe and comfortable with him and it was in such a friend way. I thought about when I hadn't seen him since last June and one day he came to St. Mary's in the beginning

of September. I walked outside and saw him and I thought, “*That* is who is missing from me.” I saw him at a football game unexpectedly and I stood by him. We didn’t talk but I wanted to be near him. I miss seeing him like that and I miss our stupid phone conversations and making plans with him and it’s not like all that is gone but it’s distorted or fucked up now.

The rain is coming down in buckets. I have to babysit all day tomorrow.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, January 8, 1997

Dear Diary,

I’ve been down lately. I have no motivation or inspiration. College applications are due and it’s a cloud hanging above my head. \$20 says I’m at Western with Emma a year from today. I miss Elizabeth and John. I start acting classes in a couple weeks. Nina, Claire, and I are driving to Eugene on the 4-day weekend coming up.

Nate had Devon give me a picture for him today. Emma and I analyzed the hell out of that one. I didn’t call him. I was getting him out of my system and then he gave me a sign that he knows I’m alive.

I have to write for the rest of my life because if I don’t write my experiences, thoughts, and ideas, it’s like they never happened or aren’t real. But sometimes it’s frickin’ hard to pick up a pen and let it flow.

If I could’ve forgotten my ego for a minute, I would have told Nate that I dug him and life is short and we’re connected and if he doesn’t feel the same, I’ll get over it because the last thing I want for us is to get into something our hearts aren’t in. But since I didn’t, I wish I could say, “I thought we were close and I miss you. We don’t need to get all weird but I wish we could chill and talk like we used to.” As Bridget Fonda says in “[Singles](#),” “I don’t want to be your girlfriend. I just want to know you again.”

I told Emma that Nate and I talked about when we were in 8th grade and obsessed with Mother Love Bone. It makes me want to mail him a slip of paper and write the lyrics: “You used to treat me like a lady. Now I’m a substitute teacher.”

Love, Meghan

Saturday, January 18, 1997

Dear Diary,

Claire, Nina, Margo, and I are driving to Oregon for the weekend. Margo and I went to Cedar last night and chilled in Leif’s caboose. I miss Nate. I have things to say to him. I’m torn. One half of me says it’s obviously over and nothing will come of us again as friends or more, and the other half (the one I want to listen to) says I have to talk to him because my heart and mind are in this and I’m fucking myself over if I don’t. I have never had a harder time trying to figure someone out. My Mom says that will keep me after him.

I am a good communicator but it’s hard to feel like I’m the only one putting anything out there. I started acting classes. I’m the oldest one but I need instruction and experience. I got coffee with Malin on Thursday. She’s a great lady. I miss my sister. Emma and I are going to go visit her soon.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, January 26, 1997

Dear Diary,

I finished the last 100 pages of *Crime and Punishment*, read *Oedipus*, and wrote my paper about it. I got coffee with Emma and Tilda, took a nap, took Rooster for a walk, and filled out college applications.

When we got to Portland, we met Jonas and walked around 23rd St. We got beers and went out to dinner and kicked it at Jonas's all night. Nina and Claire flipped out and got into a huge fight in front of God and everyone. It was a long night. We talked and crashed at 3. The next morning, we wanted to get out of there ASAP because of the drama the night before. We sat at Denny's for two hours, drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes ("and watchin' *Captain Kangaroo*...") and waiting for our food, exhausted as all hell. We hit the road and made it to Eugene around 3. I walked down 13th St. with Margo while the girls slept and showered and we met these weirdoes who were riding our jock. We went back to our room and played Circle of Death. Margo crashed and the rest of us got dolled up and drove to Doc's Pad, a sleazy tavern, but they didn't let us stay. We got brews and stayed up until 4:30.

We made it home. I was exhausted and hadn't showered for five days. This week went by slow. I had acting class on Thursday and when I got home, Claire called and we went to Joe's. Trent, Grant M., Jeremy, and a couple other kids were over there. I crashed at Claire's.

On Friday, I watched "*Karate Kid*" in study hall when I should have been doing homework. We went to the baseball game and kicked St. Vincent's ass. We went to Joe's and I didn't have a good time. There were all these weirdoes there and I didn't feel like drinking. I called Nina and she came over.

I took the ferry to Cedar yesterday. I don't want to write about this. We kicked it and went hot-tubbing. I talked to Nate. We were going to go to Devon's cabin and I said, "Nate, I need to talk to you." We rode in his car on a long drive to the cabin. I spilled my shit but I couldn't say what I wanted to because it was jumbled. I crashed at Margo's. I need to see Elizabeth. I'm going to Western on Friday and my uncle's funeral is on Saturday. He died last Saturday. Why am I numb to that?

Love, Meghan

Monday, February 10, 1997

Dear Diary,

I have not written nearly enough this year. Daily drudgery feels pointless. Wallace came over for smokes on the roof. He is living, walking Zen. That's the only word to describe it. He's filling his Libra shoes. Mom and Dad want to go to Montana this weekend because I have school off on Thursday and Friday.

Brian called while I was babysitting with Emma next door on Saturday night. I wrote him a letter. He's supposed to come up here. I can't believe we keep in touch. It's a good sign. Sorry Alabama.

I saw Nate on Friday when he came by after school. I went to a party at his cousin Monica's on Friday. It was fun but all these fights broke out. I saw Sam Baron. He's all around town lately. I saw one of Tilda's old boyfriends and we shot the shit.

I have hopes and expectations for this spring and summer. Tomorrow is Fat Tuesday so I have to go indulge with my homies. What will I give up for Lent? Smoking? I don't think so.

I have a paper due for African Studies on Wednesday. I feel lonely and empty but not depressed. I didn't write about Uncle Charles's funeral in Arlington but it was a beautiful service. There were bagpipes. That Saturday, John and I drove back to Seattle after dinner. We talked and "Thin Line" by the Indigo Girls came on and it was fun to sing songs and smoke cigs

with my big brother. He is the only other person who loves that song like I do: "When I'd try to make it more, it was always less. There's a thin line between pleasing yourself and pleasing somebody else." It reminds me of coming home from Alabama and Cuddles dying. It's a trip that I had a cat named Cuddles. What a name. I miss her more than I know. I'm no maniac for animals but she was some cat.

I feel like I need a guy but what I need is to discover myself. And then maybe a guy. I want to see Brian. I want to kick it with Nate. I want to lose 10 lbs and get tan and be beautiful and travel and meet people and be good at something. I want to act. I want to stop wanting things and start going after them. But right now I am on the rag and on codeine and I want to sleep.

Love, Meghan

Friday, February 14, 1997

Dear Diary,

Happy Valentines' Day. We're in Big Sky country. It's beautiful here. We visited Carroll College in Helena. It's cool but it's small. I got a pair of moccasins and a Native American satchel. We're driving back to Missoula to spend the night. We stayed there last night, too. Mom gave me a card, a cute box with candy and *This Boy's Life* for Valentines' Day.

I need a nog and to call Emma. I want a piece of land out here. I love the Old West. I was pissed about having to come here this weekend but I'm glad we did. I got chestnut henna to color my hair.

Margo and Nate are camping together this weekend. I shouldn't care but I do. If she kissed him, I would never be able to be her friend again. I know that's ridiculous but that's how it is.

Last Wednesday, Tilda and I went to a stupid keg at Magnuson. I didn't have fun. Emma and I are meeting Chelsea at Western next weekend. I'm going to school there next year.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, February 20, 1997

Dear Diary,

Margo and I went to Jeremy's with Neal and Joe and saw "*Star Wars*." On Sunday, we went to a keg at Foster's (kegs are no fun anymore). School is tough lately. I watched "90210" and "Party of Five" at Wallace's last night. He grosses me out. I feel bad about that but it's true.

I have acting class tonight and Donald Ganz is having people over. Trent is having a cocktail party tomorrow night. I went to the baseball game on Tuesday and Margo and I talked. I told her I think about Nate and he'll have my heart for a long time. She told me she brought it up to him while they were camping and that he dodged her questions and dropped the subject. Part of me thinks he cares about me, thinks about me, and sees something in me. I'll see him tomorrow night.

Emma, Chelsea, and I are going to Western on Saturday. Marty Cofax and I are going to "*Hamlet*" on Sunday. It's four fucking hours long.

Life is moving fast. I don't feel anymore and I hate that. I've never been so despondent about my goals. I used to unconsciously be aware of my gifts and talents but I never gave myself any credit or put myself first. I'm starting to see that I have gifts and goodness. But, to me, I feel like if I recognize them, they go away because part of their goodness is that I don't see or acknowledge them.

Last Sunday, I taped a documentary on River Phoenix's life and death. It affected me profoundly. It affected me more than it should have. I came home and I got into Elizabeth's bed

and talked to Emma. I turned off the light and cried about it. There was something about him that was real and aware. As I was laying there, I thought, "People like me have to carry on the torch and keep acting and connecting with people." I wanted to hug him and take away the pain and strife of being and feeling too much, of people and drugs and *addiction*. He was a staple of my childhood ("Stand by Me" made me want to act when I was little and it was the only movie that stuck with me) and a symbol for young, lost Americans with a lot to give who feel so deeply about life and everything in it that they try to escape it. But he was more than that. It could make me cry now. I don't understand why I feel like this. Or why it happened. But I understand all too well. Somehow people, at least I've noticed it in me and him, know what's bad for them and takes away from their spirit but they can't seem to get away from it.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, March 6, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm at Margo's. I got cast in a play I don't want to be in. Mom and I went to The Herbalist today and she bought me St. John's Wort. It's supposed to be good for mild depression, something I've suffered from for a few years now. Mom is the greatest person I've ever known. Acting classes ended tonight. I should have written sooner. It helps me more than I know.

Love, Meghan

Monday, March 10, 1997

Dear Diary,

I don't know if it's a girl thing or a human thing but people get worked up about things when they think about the future or they dream people and things up to be more or different than they are. Example: I care for Nate. But the reality is this: I called him to ask if he wanted to see "Kerouac" with me and it was stupid and I can't talk to him anymore and it's annoying and why did I overestimate him and me and us to be different than we are? This happens with everyone and it is disillusioning. I am vain and proud and fake and fucked up and clueless and scared. Every day, it's: do I go work out? Do I have a cigarette? Do I go running? Do I drink water? Do I play guitar? What should I do? I waste my precious time and I'm too frustrated to describe it, to figure out what is good and right and important to me. I need to rethink my motivations. I need to see my reasoning for why I do and don't do.

I'm so sick of Mr. Wiseman's spirituality class I could wretch. I feel lonely and there is separation between everyone lately. People are sprawled out into all these different groups and weird shit is going down. I can't talk to anyone about this. Everyone, including me, is preoccupied but when I think about it, we're preoccupied with frivolous shit. I can't have a normal conversation anymore. It's all like, "Man, I'm faded," or "I'm so irritated," or "Yeah, let's kick it." That's all anyone says and we don't kick it. We stand around getting faded, talking about how faded we are and then some girls will get in a fight or something. Where's the fun in that? What's wrong with me and everyone? Why can't I talk to anyone about this and why does it bum me out that there are only three more pages of this journal?

On Saturday, Emma, Chelsea, Rita, and I went to Western and chilled at Martin's and I met a hottie named Gray (a Scorpio) who bought us beer. The weekend before last we went to Flip Busby's and out on Claire's boat. Claire had people over. On Thursday, I crashed at Margo's. We got out of school at 10:45 on Friday. Frieda and I went running and everyone got faded at Claire's and went home early. On Saturday I went to the baseball game and we won. I had

people over. I've gone to Forrest's with Emma for the last two nights. I'm going to Canada with Mary, Frieda, and Shelby for spring break. I don't feel like myself lately.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, March 15, 1997

Dear Diary,

This was the last week of the trimester and the easiest one all year. I either had homework and blew it off or didn't have any. Nina, Claire, Margo, and I kicked it on Tuesday. We went to school for Spanish finals and pounded 40s on the way to state finals. I came home and worked out and Wallace came over that night. We had state again on Thursday but ended up going to Claire's and afternoon classes. I got out at 1 and Mom picked me up. I heard a car horn and looked behind me to see Nate. I went home and showered and met him at Foster's Island. We chilled and talked. We went to Starbucks and Barnes and Noble (that place is crazy) and went back to Foster's and sat on the dock. I had a good time talking with him as the evening grew dark. I think he sees me as a quiet, weird girl and that's not me. He said he picks out people's flaws easily and I wondered what he sees as my flaws. We fit together and even though we have a good time kickin' it, I can't call him. We drove to "Kerouac" and sat in a dimly lit smoky lounge before the play with all these loaded people. It felt like a movie. I like to be near him.

Margo and I went to Cedar last night. We had a fire and Nate showed slides. I was surrounded by people I didn't know. Nate came over and sat next to me. My tongue was tied. I don't feel like myself and the way I feel about him and act around him are not what I'm usually like.

The songs from the "Romeo and Juliet" soundtrack and Fiona Apple remind me of this time and this week. Sister is coming home for a week and a half on Wednesday. I can't wait. I've got to go meet Emma for coffee.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, April 6, 1997

Dear Diary,

This is my last entry in this journal. It's the last day of spring break. I went to Canada with Shelby, Mary, Frieda, Joe, and Vic. I want to go back soon. We kicked it at clubs and bars. We met locals who sounded Irish and Australian.

I went to Magnuson last night and saw Tucker. I dig him. I have to lose 10 lbs. and get tan for summer.

Cassidy and I are going to Colorado at the end of April to look at schools. Elizabeth came home and we had tons of people over for Easter. I chilled with Emma and we went to coffee. I don't think about Nate like I used to. It's good that I've gotten over him because now we can talk without me trippin' about it.

Mrs. LaFran next door had a baby boy last week. He's precious. Emma's Mom is due any day. Emma and I are going to Discovery Park later.

(later on) No, we didn't. Aidan gets home from Europe on Friday. He's been gone so long. I hope it isn't all too much for him to be back. Tucker picked me up today and we walked the trail at Myrtle Edwards Park. It was beautiful and warm. He taught me how to drive a stick shift at the cemetery and I made a total ass of myself. It's spring and time for me to get in shape, be healthy, and be happy. I can't wait to go to Colorado.

Margo called tonight and we had a good talk. Most of my relationships are going well right now. They are the most important things to me. I don't know if I like Tucker as more than a friend. He's wonderful and I can talk to him about anything. He makes me feel special. I don't want commitments right now, though, which is unusual for me. Life is great. I'm dissatisfied with myself but it's up to me to change that.

Diary, you've seen me through some crazy, sad, happy, great, boring, magical, beautiful times and I hate to finish this journal but I will continue on and keep writing. It's important. Thank you. This has helped and now I will remember things I would have otherwise forgotten and you know me and my memories. I love you.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, April 17, 1997

Dear Diary,

We're moving. I don't know if that has to do with the way I feel but one minute I can't stop laughing and the next I have to restrain myself from bawling.

Malin came over yesterday and we had a good, long talk. She's living up in Bellingham now and I can't wait to spend time with her there next year. I got into Western last week and I'm sure I'll be going there. I've got time on my hands lately but it all goes fast and I haven't done homework in ages. I don't know what I'd do without Emma. Or Nina.

Tucker and I got together on Monday. He puts a smile on my face. All day at school on Tuesday everyone was asking why I'm so smiley. But that turned out to be a rough day.

I went to the soccer game (guys vs. St. Vincent) and I saw Aidan (I'll get into that later). Emma, Jordan, and I got coffee and met Frieda and Margo at Allegro. We went to Aidan's and Vic's. Frieda dropped Margo and me off at the bridge later and we talked for hours.

I went to see Tucker last night. He's in Utah now but he'll be back tomorrow and we'll kick it at Colin's. I went running yesterday and Tuesday. It's good for me and I need to make it a habit.

Aidan is causing me stress. He got home on Friday and we all kicked it at Magnuson. I was so happy for him to be home. I went to Skykomish with Drew to meet everyone on Saturday night and Aidan and I got together. I'm sick to my stomach about it because of Tucker and Margo. I couldn't get to know Aidan again because this happened. I don't want to look at him now and things won't be the same.

Austin Bergman asked me to prom today so I guess I'm going. I need to cry. I need to laugh for a couple days and then sleep for a week. I'm a wreck and today Nina said, "I hate to see you like this because you never get like this." I haven't lost hope and I don't think I will but there's a deep sadness in me. I can't stop listening to Fiona Apple. I didn't write a quarter of what's going on with me but this helps. I leave for Colorado on Wednesday.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, April 19, 1997

Dear Diary,

I run into problems when I lose sight of what I want and lose motivation, drive, and ambition. I care for other people but I forget to care for myself. I have to stop myself from slipping into a negative lifestyle. I need to keep writing and I need to get into acting. I have struggled with depression and I am struggling with it now but I don't know how to help myself or let others help me and all the while I'm trying to be a rock for my friends. I'm sad about moving out of this

house, graduating (but only because of my friends and experiences, not school itself), getting older, getting together with Aidan, and the way things are with Margo. There is a dark space within me and I don't know how to bring light to it. I feel like sleeping for days at a time but this other part of me wants to live and be disciplined.

I go through the motions and I expect them to make me happy (guitar, acting, candle-making, etc.) but even when I'm doing these things, there's something more I want. Everybody has their passion for something and what makes them content and I can't figure out what mine is. I need to move outside of my head and do community service or something. I need to discover God. Or maybe He needs to discover me.

I hope I see Tucker tonight. Margo was pissing me off about him last night. I lost my voice and it hurts. We went to Colin's. I had a long talk with Forrest. I feel for and relate to that guy. When Margo and I got home at 1:45, my Mom flipped and said all this stuff that freaked me out. I went out on my roof and cried my eyes out and had to wake up at 9 to babysit next door. I have to shower and go to an audition.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, April 20, 1997

Dear Diary,

We're in Dale's van on our way to Warm Beach for our spirituality class retreat. Last night, I went to see Tucker, Forrest, and Waylon at Forrest's. I like Tucker. I'm not going to be able to see him this week. I get home at 5 tomorrow, babysit and pick up Emma and Jordan from the airport. I hope I can see Tucker on Tuesday. I don't want things to get weird. Maybe they already have. We're both being negative because of what we're picking up on from each other.

Margo said Aidan might be coming up to the retreat today. I talked to Nina about that ordeal. She understands. I'm sad about moving because I've liked this house. I want Emma to come home.

Love, Meghan

P.S. I wonder how my audition went yesterday.

(later on) All I need is the woods, water, a fire, friends, and I am set. City life contributes to my blues. I feel like a chain or burden has been taken away for the first time in ages.

I have a distorted image of myself and I can't name my good qualities. But that's almost as bad as being cocky. I see it like this: we were all made by a higher power so we can't give ourselves too much credit, but it's not right to give ourselves none. I am a dope person but I have a major flaw: I won't let myself see it and I am stubborn about it. I see myself as an ocean that anyone can walk into, that embraces life and all it entails and, like my Mom said to me, I see life through a beautiful and unique lens. The only flaw is that I don't embrace these things and myself. These words echo through my head and even though I heard this song ("[Never is a Promise](#)" by Fiona Apple) for the first time a month ago, when it comes down to it, this is what I always come to: "You'll never see the courage I know. Its color's richness won't appear within your view. I'll never glow the way that you glow ... My feelings swell and stretch. I see from greater heights. I understand what I am now too proud to mention to you." This is my new "Silent All These Years."

I get overwhelmed by life. Nina asked me if I've ever felt so many emotions I wanted to puke. I have. And sometimes (I've talked to Elizabeth about this) I get tripped out by things like eternity and I feel like I have to drink tons of water to make it go away.

The other night, when Aidan and I were walking to Vic's, he told me that I once said to him, "Be careful who you say 'I love you' to because if you don't mean it or you say it to too many people, it loses its sacredness." I have always wanted something pure and sacred. After talking to Forrest, it seems like he wants that, too, and I hope he finds it, even in Emma.

I've always wanted to look at a person and know that I love them and they love me unconditionally. I love people all in different ways and there are times when I love everyone and want to be with everyone and it's not that it's un-sacred. It's like when you're at a party and you connect with someone and the next time you see them, it's like nothing ever happened. But to me, it's like - you still connected. I know what I'm trying to say and there are words to explain it. I can't find them right now.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, April 22, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm waiting for Emma at Denny's. The retreat was great. We built a bonfire on the beach and had brews and smokes and everyone talked and kicked it in the moon and firelight. I love nights like that. That's how I want to live. I can't wait to see Tucker. School is a byotch right now - out of control. I'm behind. Nina and I got something to eat after school today and randomly drove by the Highlands and ran into Aidan and his friends. I need to talk to him.

I talked to Brian last night. I told him to come up for Memorial Day so we could go to Folk Life and enjoy late spring. Fat chance of that but maybe in summer. It's raining out but it was beautiful this morning.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, April 24, 1997

Dear Diary,

Nina, Cassidy, and I are chilling in Troy's room at Regis in Denver. On Tuesday, Emma and I got coffee before I packed and went to Tucker's. He's constantly on my mind. I got home late and Mom tripped because that's become a habit. We went to Troy's friends' and "Kids" was on so I called Emma.

We're going to Boulder today but we don't know how we're getting there. I can't wait to see it and check out the town. It's snowing buckets. The roads are drivable but we're struggling for a ride.

I'm happy to be missing school. I love going places and meeting people. Things at home have chilled out concerning Aidan. Things are weird with Margo, though. I have some bitter feelings but it's not fair of me to be cold toward her or not talk to her because she is like my sister and we have been through and experienced too much to have it all go down. Four years is a long time and there are a lot of things we all know about each other.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, April 30, 1997

Dear Diary,

There's a For Sale sign in the front yard. Change is too much for me. I'm leaving high school and going away to college and getting uprooted and sent off on my own and I'm not going to have my home, my own room, to come back to. Moving here was the hardest thing I ever had to do and I went through too much bullshit to get my life in order and now that I have over the last

few years, I have to completely start over but I can't because I've changed and I am too smart to regress. I wake up every morning with a lump in my throat and a knot in my stomach. It feels unbearable. And then I have to answer to my Mom who thinks I must be on serious drugs, drinking heavily - God knows what else - and that I'm hoarding some deep, dark secret from her and the world, when really, I am too damn crazy sensitive. And when I get this sad, it gets mistaken for anger. I hate being sensitive. I hate caring. I hate having to explain most of all. I act depressed and angry when I'm actually sad because nothing makes sense. Mom thinks I'm jumbled in the head and I can't explain my myriad of emotions and thoughts to her. I cannot name one other thing besides moving that causes such deep pain for me. Everything else is good. I'm graduating, Emma and I are rooming together next year, and I have Tucker.

Moving puts a damper on things. I know that as long as I look at the big picture and keep my head up and take care of myself it will work out but this is going to be hard to get used to. I will never ever ever move my kids around or take them out of the house they are born in. It is too painful. I know it's pathetic and I need to move on but everywhere I look, I see something, hear something, smell something - that reminds me of the last four years. And 1775 Thornhill Lane and grade school are a dream, a time warp, and light years away from me. These last four years have been great. I can't let them become a deluded dream, like my old house and school have. I am angry because I am clingy and I can't get over things like this even though everybody else seems to. God can help me. He has to.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, May 7, 1997

Dear Diary,

After crying, I read the last entry I wrote in here to Mom and we had a great talk. I went to the father/daughter dance on Friday and it was fun. Dad is a great dancer. After that, I went to Joe's to kick it but I wasn't in the mood to party. I had a good talk with Nina, though.

Tucker took me out to dinner last night. We went to Ciao Bella and then to his house. Dan came over and we drove around. I found my prom dress at Bebe. It's beautiful. I went tanning and made Waylon a candle.

I'm busy with plans for prom, my self project for school (I'm trying to perfect "[The Circle Game](#)" by Joni Mitchell on guitar), the one-act play, school, Tucker, and friends.

I went to Allegro to study for my AP English final and it was one of those nights where every song I heard sounded good and I felt light. Everything would be perfect if I weren't moving but I am. The last time I moved, I looked to cigs, alcohol, drugs, and guys. I feel like I've become superficial and don't know what I'm like anymore. I can't communicate and I've been using the words "really," "totally," and "exactly." It's hokey and not me. I rarely get caught up in material things, how I look, all that but when I do, I get far away from what matters. I wonder if I'm a genuinely good person.

Mom and Dad are great. We're going to California for John's graduation on the 14th. I've been flaking on Elizabeth and she has brought it to my attention. She and Martin broke up last week and I got off the phone with her to talk to Tucker. She said, "Let's rethink our priorities here, Meghan," and she's right but I don't know what my priorities are anymore. Emma and I are weird lately. But we always come back around. I should get rest for my test tomorrow.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, May 6, 1997

Dear Diary,

I should get to sleep but I can't until I write. Tonight was the first time I realized that I am graduating. I've thought about it before but never as a reality. Emma and I talked about it. High school is over in 17 days. What am I going to do without my peoples?

Aidan came over after school and we talked. He told me he and Jeremy talked about me and think it's dope that I lay it all out on the table and say exactly what's on my mind all the time. It's cool but it gets me into trouble sometimes.

I had guitar and went to Tucker's tonight. My heart is going to break no matter how this turns out. This is the craziest time to be in a relationship. Time is moving too fast. I don't want to move. I told Tucker that he's the only comforting thing to me. I hope that wasn't bad.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, May 13, 1997

Dear Diary,

The house sold. We're moving back to Briarwood, six blocks from Emma. High school is over in 12 school days. I had my one-act play tonight. I loved it. If we're chosen, we'll go up again tomorrow night. I leave for California on Thursday.

Prom was dope. Austin Bergman and I went to Isabella's for dinner with our group, went to the dance at Shilshoe Bay Beach Club, and drove up to a condo at Alpentel.

Tucker dogged me on Saturday but that's how it goes. I saw him last night and distance and weirdness are the words. I get sad, get happy, get sad, get happy, and it's rough. I isolate myself from someone when things don't feel mutual.

I feel terrible about moving and no one understands that. Elizabeth came home for Mother's Day. It's been incredibly gorgeous for the last week - 70s and 80 and I love it. I feel the longing and void of spring moving into summer. I smoke too much. I'm always consuming something or someone or I'm always being consumed by thoughts and feelings. I don't know myself. That's why I write.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, May 18, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm in LA. I'm coming out for one last nog before we're all packed and we go to church. It's been fun here. We made it to the finals for one-acts, performed again on Wednesday night, and won best actress and best director. It was fun and I liked the whole cast. I didn't get to see Tucker before I left but I went to his metro track meet on Wednesday afternoon. We took off for Cali at 1. John picked us up and we went to a bar to watch the Sonics game and have a light dinner. We ordered drinks and went swimming at the hotel.

On Friday, we went to Martha's at Hermosa Beach and had brunch and went to Santa Monica, which I love. We went out to dinner at the Cheesecake Factory and Elizabeth and I had a drink without getting carded. We went to the baccalaureate mass for John at LMU. He was supposed to take us to parties but all his friends went to bars so Elizabeth and I turned in early. We went to his graduation yesterday morning. Elizabeth, Mom and I went to Santa Monica for more shopping. We went to Venice Beach where people sell dope stuff for cheap.

We had dinner at Lawry's. All the young folks sat at a different table and we all got tossed. We ordered gin and tonics, vodka and cranberries, whisky sours, beers, two kinds of red wine,

two kinds of white, and then Bailey's and coffee after dinner. Elizabeth and I went swimming at the hotel and turned in. We bonded with our parents last night.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, May 21, 1997

Dear Diary,

Tucker and I broke up last night. It was too much to start a relationship amidst all these endings. I cried my eyes out when I left; about moving pretty much. I drove to Claire's after I left Tucker's to get my guitar. She poured me a cup of coffee and we had a nog and talked. She and Trent have become best friends and they kissed on prom. Nina came over and we talked and they listened to me play and sing "The Circle Game" to help prepare me for Friday when I have to play it in front of the class for my self project.

Mom was pissed because I got home late. She thinks I do what I please and that she can't trust me. She and Dad are going to Kearns Lake on Friday with the Blackburns. This is the first year I'm not going but so much is going on back here with Folk Life and parties. We're going to Cedar on Sunday for Nate's slide show.

Brian is coming to Seattle in July. We're moving the week after this. I'm sad about that. I keep forgetting I'm going to college. What the hell? I'm too young for college.

I went running today. I need more discipline. Time goes fast and there is nothing to hold on to. Everyone is doing their thing and going separate ways and it scares me.

Emma was at Forrest's while I was at Tucker's and after I left, he called and told Forrest we broke up. He told Forrest that I still want him. He must not know me and he's not the person I thought he was.

Things have to change in my life and I have a feeling they're going to change faster than I'd like.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, May 22, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm at Allegro, my second home lately. I get too sad and think too much in my room or anywhere in my house. I have my self project tomorrow. I am nervous to sing and play.

Emma came over before my guitar lesson last night and we talked about Tucker. I told her what he said on Tuesday and we decided he doesn't know who I am, he wished people saw him in a certain way, and that as hard as he tries to be different, he's not. I see new sides to him now that I don't like.

We graduate a week from Monday and we move a week from today. That causes me confusion and pain. I can't sleep. I smoke too much and I'm uncomfortable mentally, emotionally, and physically. I told Nina I feel nervous all the time. I have built a wall against God and I can't break it. I don't know what I need or what is best for me. I can't get it together but I'm alright. Mom and Dad are leaving for Kearns tomorrow and I'm staying at Emma's. She and I did coffee today and I'm lucky to have her.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, May 28, 1997

Dear Diary,

This is the last time I will ever sit in my room before I have to pack it all up. We're moving tomorrow and school's out on Friday. I feel like shit. I'm uncomfortable. I can barely move but I don't want to sit around. School's pointless. I feel gross and apathetic. Something is wrong with me. I smoke too much.

Marty Cofax got back from NOLS on Sunday and I want to talk to him. I'm miserable and lonely right now. And lost. I need to get the move over with.

Emma, Tucker, and Forrest might come over tonight. I have a guitar lesson and a couple last assignments. I wanted to go out tonight. I don't want to talk to anyone but I wish there was someone I felt like talking to.

I went to Allegro last night and saw Dana, Aidan, and Drew. I am in a serious funk. We moved into this house two days before I started at St. Mary's and we're moving out a day before it ends. This will all be a memory by Friday afternoon.

Peace, Meghan

Monday, June 9, 1997

Dear Diary,

Emma came over the night I last wrote and we packed up my room. The movers came on Thursday. I am oddly okay with moving. Robert came over to help out on Thursday and I went to Margo's for a bbq. We got out of school on Friday and Wayne took us to Magnuson on his boat. I went out to dinner with Emma, Chelsea, and Rita.

On Saturday, Emma and I went to Forrest's with Tucker. Sunday was ridiculously fun. We had baccalaureate mass and Margo, Nina, and I went to Claire's. Her family had a party and we kicked it. Margo leaves for Yellowstone tomorrow. I'm going to miss her but I'm going to visit. I got her a rain stick for her going away gift.

Graduation was on Monday. We had dinner here before. Kim, Emma, and Tucker came over. After the ceremony, we had our senior party. We went on a cruise and to some ghetto place called Funtasia and had breakfast. I was exhausted. I slept for eight hours and woke up sick. Last Wednesday, I went to Forrest's and Tucker and Waylon were there. Tucker and I went on a walk.

On Friday, Margo and I went all over the place: Trent's, Drew Stoddard's, Wayne's. We spent the night at Wayne's. Aidan and I slept on the boat but when he started kissing me, I stopped him and told him we should just lay and sleep. I am learning to make better decisions.

Saturday was St. Vincent's graduation. I went to Tucker's before it. I love his family. They are cute. I am a loser. I saw his brother when I was waiting for the bus today. I was sitting on the sidewalk like some homeless girl and he said, "Hi," and I shafted him because I didn't realize who he was.

Yesterday, I went to Emma's for her graduation party. We went to Forrest's that night and Tucker came over. He left for Mexico this morning. I like how we are around each other lately. We'll see what happens but it's mutual. I'm job-hunting and it sucks. I can't wait for summer to start and for my friends to get back from Mexico.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, June 12, 1997

Dear Diary,

I am at Discovery Park. There are things I think about and they recur in my mind at different times but I haven't written about them because they're too abstract and emotional. But being

here, maybe I can give it a try. I get a feeling when I think about certain times in my high school experience. I trip on all the connections between places and people. I get this feeling and I think about Emma, Doug, Shane, people from St. Vincent (Colin, Brent, Tucker, etc.) and it reminds me of the time in my life when I was angry and ignorant (freshman year, the following summer) and I don't understand the part of me that lived that way. But at the same time, some of my experiences were good and fun. I think about living on Nob Hill, Denny's, Discovery Park, people that were around those places. It's like the people who looked down on us for meeting those guys and living so fucked up participated in those very experiences.

I remember going out with Colin, Brian, Crystal, Chelsea, Emma, and Damien. We went to Denny's, Discovery Park, and did silly things, drank and smoked cigs. Then it became people like Doug and Shane that we did those things with and it led to depression and destruction, for me anyway.

It scares me to be getting older. There are experiences and images that I have in my mind and heart that I haven't written about or come to terms with. I wonder why, after all my freak outs, I became okay with moving back to Briarwood. I think about Nob Hill and I am sad about moving because I lived in that house for four formative years. Margo made a good point the other night: it was hard to move to Queen Anne in the first place because I was leaving the house of my childhood, that I had been born into.

I'm not depressed but I'm emotional and I think about old times and people. I think about all those times and images every day of my life. I need to learn to put my energy into what I want to do and learn to express myself and all the things that roam and rage through me in a way that I can show and give to others. I want to write and write and write about my life and what I see, feel, and experience. I only write a fraction of what goes on in me, but there's more I want to uncover and come clean with.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, June 15, 1997

Dear Diary,

I am back at Discovery. This is going to be my new place for the summer. I feel peaceful here. There are memories here and I am coming back to different parts of myself.

Brian called and woke me up this morning. He's coming to visit from Alabama on July 13th. Tucker gets home from Mexico today. I want to throw my arms around him and stay that way. I feel a connection with him. I saw Shane last night at QFC. He's an asshole to me now and that makes me sad.

Kristi and I chilled last night. Seattle U. has helped her grow up. A few nights ago I went to the dorms there and chilled with her and her friends.

Summer is boring so far but June is always like this. I'm going to Nebraska on Thursday to visit Dad's side of the family.

Emma and Forrest are fighting and he keeps calling me. I got coffee with Oliver and Tilda a few nights ago. On Saturday, Elizabeth and I had beers with Hannah. I hope I see Tucker tonight.

"[Girl from the North Country](#)" by Bob Dylan gives me the chills. Someday I'll write all about Bob Dylan. He reminds me of youth and age, good times, love, pain, being smart, and loving life. That song reminds me of a lot, especially summer '94. Summer '95 was my favorite but I'll write about that later on. I write fragmentally and I write my experiences in poems and single words but this summer I'm going to try to recapture things in my life and write about them in here.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, June 18, 1997

Dear Diary,

My heart is aching. I'm going to Nebraska tomorrow and there always seems to be drama before I go somewhere. Tucker came home late on Monday but I was at Shana's. Yesterday I went to his house. I took him to Eddie Bauer and we went to Forrest's. Forrest wasn't there so we hung out in his room and Tucker told me he had something to talk to me about.

I was hoping he'd say something like, "I miss you. I wish we hadn't broken up." Instead I got, "Layla Wasilly and I got together on prom." I wasn't shocked but the more I think about it, the sicker I feel. He made me think that when things went downhill with us, it was me. He said he felt bad every time he looked in my eyes and he couldn't understand why he cheated on someone for the first time ever and that someone was the girl he cared for more than any other girl ever. I'm sick about it and I don't know why my heart is breaking. He told me because he had a long talk with Pam in Mexico and she said he should tell me. Is that the only reason he told me?

He says he misses me and digs me and I believe him but I don't know what to do. I think about him all the time and dream about him. I was down to talk to him and be around him and then he had to spring this Layla Wasilly thing on me. I chilled with him, Forrest, and Waylon and Emma came back over, thank God. Tucker and I didn't talk because people were faded and playing loud music and playing damn Mario Kart.

I want to see him before I go to Nebraska but Elizabeth says I shouldn't. Emma says I should. I have to talk to her. I'm lost about this.

Love, Meghan

P.S. It's shitty that Tucker pulled an ego trip on me the night we broke up. He was distant from me night we went on a walk at Forrest's. Why do these things happen?

Sunday, June 22, 1997

Dear Diary,

I am in sunny Nebraska. It's been 90 degrees and higher since we arrived here and I like it. We got in on Thursday and met up with Cousin Bob. We met his wife Helen and his daughters Courtney and Julie. We've been hanging out with them and laughing.

On Thursday we went swimming and out to dinner in downtown Lincoln. On Friday, we went to the Haymarket Heydays, a festival they have every year. Courtney took us around downtown. That night, Elizabeth and I got into a street dance where a band was playing. Elizabeth got a bracelet saying she was 21 so we got beers and danced. It was fun but we didn't meet anybody.

Yesterday I went to a bbq in the country at Dad's cousin Libby's house and we met more random relatives. Helen took us out to dinner and swimming at her dad's house. We went out to the barn to see Helen's horse.

Last night, we watched SNL. When Courtney got home, the four of us girls and Bob talked and laughed and ate in the kitchen. We sat in the sun all day and I'm tan now. Mom left for Spokane with her friends after we went out to breakfast this morning and won't be home until Thursday so Elizabeth is having people over on Wednesday.

It's good to see Papa and his sister Rebecca together again. There is rich history here. Courtney and Julie live in a great old house that their great-grandmother grew up in. That's rad. I called Emma but she wasn't home and now she's at Disneyland.

I have felt sick to my stomach about Tucker the last couple days but screw him. He's called twice. The freak forgot I was going to Nebraska. He'll miss me more and be gladder when I get home on Tuesday.

I always have mixed feelings before I go to other places but end up becoming comfortable and then I have to go home. I'm having fun here. There are rabbits everywhere. I'm sitting on the lawn and a bunny is staring at me right now.

With Tucker, I don't know. I am going to write out the words to "[Letting the Telephone Ring](#)" by Ani DiFranco because they sum up our relationship.

Love, Meghan

P.S. This summer is going too fast.

Tuesday, July 1, 1997

Dear Diary,

I must capture these fleeting thoughts on the page before they escape me. My mind is all over the place. I am at Discovery again and I took winding trails to get here, North Bluff. I've seen Tilda. I went to Paradiso to see Dorian and his friend Pete play. They are amazingly good. Pete is good-looking but above that, he has a dope voice and can play guitar quite well. He asked Dorian about me. He has a girlfriend. Tilda and I did coffee a couple nights ago and she told me about him and she wants us all to chill soon.

I went out on Claire's boat last night. I had a good talk with Niles about the need for hard work and it was the first real conversation I've ever had with him. Emma and I have been chillin like always. She's going to Hawaii until the 9th.

I went to Tucker's a few days ago and we watched "[Swingers](#)." We didn't have any real conversations and while he was driving me home I said, "I wrote you a letter." He said, "Interesting." I said, "Why?" He said, "Why not?" and turned up the music. He must really care about me. What a jerk. He's in Utah but he gets home today. Poor Forrest - I talked his ear off about all this today. Forrest said he knows Tucker cares but he doesn't know how to deal with anything. If he doesn't deal with something, anything, quick, I'm out the door.

I've been having migraines. Elizabeth and I went out to dinner at Beppo's last night and she said my headaches could indicate meningitis. Thanks, Liz. I'll get a second opinion.

I want to live in California. I want to move down there, get a place on the beach, meet good people, and learn to surf. I want to move to New York for a spell. I have images of old New York with Frank Sinatra and jazz playing and I just finished [The Catcher in the Rye](#) and it stirred up more images.

I want to do so much and I don't do anything. I don't know what stops me and it's a waste. I've been idle lately. All I do is read, smoke, and maybe hang out with a couple people. I'm sick of it.

I miss my old house. Where I live now is inconvenient. You find rhythms and rituals in your life and all of mine have been upheaved and thrown out. I want to become disciplined and in fit condition to do what I want to do.

Love, Meghan

P.S. Tucker needs to grow up and be a fucking man. If he doesn't get the balls and the smarts to talk and listen with me soon, he'll lose the best thing he's ever had.

Thursday, July 3, 1997

Dear Diary,

I went to Forrest's on Tuesday and we talked all night. We talked about Tucker. Pam came up a few times. I can't win with Tucker any way I go. I stopped by his house yesterday but he was at work.

Emma called drunk as a skunk from Hawaii and I miss her. I feel miserable. I drove around all day yesterday and cried at three different times. I talked to Forrest before I went to Claire's last night and he said, "Meghan, I really don't think you need to worry about all this Tucker shit." He's right.

Summer used to be my favorite season but it ends up making me sad and giving me an empty feeling. I need to go on a road trip. I'm working at the pier making coffee tonight. Emmy Lou Harris is playing. Maybe that will liven me up. I need to meet new people and get my mind off of all the crap I think about because there's nothing else to think about.

Nina and I went out on Claire's boat last night and had a great night talking and listening to cuts. "[Battle of Who Could Care Less](#)" by Ben Folds Five is Emma and Forrest's theme song.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, July 6, 1997

Dear Diary,

I drove to Allegro in my loneliness. I cannot write in the new house. Tucker called yesterday but I couldn't talk so I called him back this afternoon and he wants to hang out tomorrow. Elizabeth yelled at me while we were on our way to Hidden Beach. She went off about how things need to change with me.

On the 4th, Claire and I walked to her boat. Her dad gave us beers and we rode out in the rowboat on Lake Union to watch the fireworks. We went to Cody's and I spent the night at Tiffany's with Brandy. I worked at the John Lee Hooker Blues Band at the pier and the coffee crowd was insane. Kristi came over and we went out. Mom and I went to see "[Ulee's Gold](#)" today and it was good but sad. I want to act.

Elizabeth and I walked down to the pier tonight and when I got home, I made the mistake of calling Forrest. Tucker was there. After that phone call, while driving here, I realized that Emma and I used to be able to chill with Forrest and Tucker as though we were all equals and enjoy each other's company but now the line has been drawn to where it's a hassle if we come around. Jewel sings a song called "[Foolish Games](#)" and it's hokey but it makes me sad and reminds me of myself.

When I listen to people like Ani DiFranco, Fiona Apple, and Joni Mitchell, I am awed by their talent and ability to weave words together in universal and beautiful ways.

I'm getting older and losing what used to make me a good person. I stopped being liberal with writing and I scoff when people call me "creative" or "individualistic."

I'm lonely and irritated with people because I've been hurt by a lot of them. It's trash for me to sit here like I do, wasting my youth on being sad and depressed and choosing not to move beyond.

Please, God, don't let me become a bitter, hard old woman who sits and smokes cigs like they're oxygen. I wish I was soft, kind, compassionate, and accepting as I feel I used to be. But how do I get back there? This happens to me when things end or get fucked up with a guy. I become sad, upset, lonely, and stubborn and want to get out of my rut. Then my family, friends,

music, and bittersweet times get me through and I become strong, joyful, and fun again which just attracts another guy and the cycle starts all over.

I need balance - now and for the rest of my life. I'm good and fun when I'm independent and lousy to be around (even to myself) when I'm in a funk (that I usually hold some silly guy responsible for). I miss Emma.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, July 10, 1997

Dear Diary,

Emma's home. I picked her up from the airport last night.

On Sunday, I went to Robert's after Allegro and he is a dear soul. I hope I always know him. On Tuesday, I went to see Oliver at his new house that he's sharing with Matt and Isaac near U. Village. Oliver had to leave for a show so Matt and I ended up talking about relationships and where they've brought us and it was good to forget ourselves for a small time and shoot the shit. That night, Nina picked me up and we went to Shelby's because her parents are out of town. I had a good talk with Eli Irwin. We were born on the exact same day. I didn't go to sleep until 5am. Tilda called from Eugene wanting me to go to the Oregon Country Fair. She said Pete is digging me but I've barely said two words to him.

I picked Emma up with Elizabeth and we went to Forrest's. When we got in the car to leave, I began crying uncontrollably. Emma and Elizabeth listened to me babble. We went to Denny's and ran into Crystal.

I've been experiencing highs and lows lately. Emma and I couldn't sleep and finally did at 5am. I talked to Tucker today and I must see him but he's busy working and staying drunk to avoid whatever shit he's going through.

Mom and I went to diversion for my MIP from last October and I got off with a warning.

Dave Matthews is tomorrow. I can't wait to hear good, live music with good people and sleep under the stars. Tucker was supposed to call tonight but I'll go down to Claire's boat and catch some shut-eye. I am not alright lately.

Love, Meghan

Wednesday, July 16, 1997

Dear Diary,

Brian left this morning and a piece of my heart went with him. I'm undeniably depressed. It's been like this since we moved and I'm sick of feeling this way. I'll give prayer a whirl and I'm going to stop drinking because that doesn't help.

Dave Matthews was dope. Elizabeth and I rode out with Brandy and Tiffany and camped with them. It was his last show of the tour.

Emma came to the airport with me to get Brian and it was wonderful to see him. We stopped to see Crystal and went to Denny's for coffee. Brian and I came home to lay out his bed and we talked until 4am. The next morning was my birthday and Dad had to go to Colorado. John's in town, though. We all had breakfast and I opened my gifts. I took Brian to the market and Fremont and we went to Gas Works to see Tilda. She was with Pete and Dorian. Emma came out to dinner with us at Cutter's and we went to Papa's. I was crazily sad and I can't figure out why. We went home and tried to find something to do. Brian and I sat in my room while I cleaned it and talked for a long while. I love talking to him. Nina came over and Brian was tired so he went

to sleep. Nina and I went to Vic's garage and I saw Tucker. He's going to Chelan and said I should come for a couple days but we've been playing phone tag and I haven't talked to him.

On Monday, Emma, Elizabeth, and I took Brian to Broadway and downtown. After dinner, I took him to Discovery Park. We went to Shelby's that night and it was so crowded that the cops came. Yesterday, Elizabeth and I took him to Pioneer Square, the waterfront, and the aquarium. We went to Tilda's and made dinner and drank beers. People got shnocked and Pete and Dorian played. Brian loved a song they wrote about "drinking a beer" so they played it for him a couple times. He got tossed and he was cute. I talked to Pete and he's dope. Dorian and Tilda talked to me about him. We didn't get home until 3:30. I hope Brian had fun.

I feel horrible because I'm down lately and Brian saw me at a bad time. All I wanted was to have fun with him. I hope we stay in touch. I was sad when we took him to the airport today. Elizabeth and I ran errands and I got more St. John's Wort. I want to visit Margo and get out of this shitty hole.

Love, Meghan

Thursday, July 26, 1997

Dear Diary,

My depression seems to have disappeared. I thought about Brian after he left and I hope I always know him. I see him in many lights. He likes to kick it and dance and he's fun and laid back but he also has a caring and understanding side. He believes in God. He's in shape. He dresses well. I love every bit of him. He called on Wednesday and that made me smile because usually you meet someone from far away and talk on the phone frequently, you visit them and that seems to make up for months of talking on the phone.

On Saturday, Emma and I drove to Portland for a wedding with her dad and Carla. We got trashed and looked at this cute cook all night who reminded us of Shane. Emma's great aunt Marla is a total party animal and she was getting down to "[Stayin' Alive](#)." Emma's cousin used to be a stripper and she's wacky as hell. I got the biggest kick out of them.

I saw Ani DiFranco on Sunday at the pier and she inspired me. Claire, Mary, Shelby, and I danced our asses off and waited for her after the show in hopes of meeting her but she snuck out. We saw the drummer and bassist, though. I went to Claire's and we drank screwdrivers and talked all night. Trent came over. We watched "[The Chamber](#)" at Emma's.

A bunch of us girls went out on Claire's boat on Wednesday. Nina and I talked for a long time. She cheated on Ryan with Toby in Chelan and felt like shit but they worked it out last night.

Emma and I went to dinner at Duke's with Forrest on Thursday. Tucker came to Forrest's later on but Emma wanted to leave so I didn't talk to him.

John had a bbq here with all of his old friends last night. I drank beers with them and Mom took me to Super Foods to meet Claire, Nina, and Forrest. We went to a party. I got wasted. Forrest had sex with a girl from New Zealand and I swear, everyone has lost their virginity this summer: Margo, Frieda, Shelby. I can't fucking believe it.

Tucker showed up at 11. We talked outside and ended up on a bench below the house. He said, "You don't know how bad I want to kiss you right now," and I said, "Then kiss me." That needs no explaining. I don't know where we stand. He doesn't leave for school until the end of September either. As the girls and I were leaving, he came up and grabbed my hand and led me into the driveway. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "Get rid of me." I said, "I will. We need to talk when we're sober. But I will get rid of you." That was an awful thing to say. I know

what he meant. I wish I had said, "I don't want to get rid of you." I care about him. He cares about me. So why the melodrama?

Love, Meghan

Thursday, July 31, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm at 31 Flavors, waiting for Elizabeth to pick me up so we can go swimming. I met Mason on the Ave and we went to Broadway, got coffee, and sat on a doorstep to talk. It's weird to see him.

On Sunday, Emma and I went out on her family's boat and rode around all day getting tan and swimming. I got back at 4 and went to Magnuson to hear Willis. I gave Brian M. a ride home. Emma, Forrest, and I went to dinner at New American Grill on Broadway.

On Tuesday, Emma and I went to Rita's and played Kings, my favorite drinking game. I saw Mason at a party and he said he might move to San Francisco and that makes me sad because soon all the people I love are going to be starting their lives all over the map. Mason and I kissed but decided to chill on that scene when I gave him my "I have to make smart decisions" speech.

We had a family breakfast this morning and I saw Mason later on. I'm enjoying the music of this phase and season. All my thoughts, feelings, and realizations about friends and guys; swimming at Hidden Beach; long sunny days and random chill sessions at night. I don't mind that we moved because the views from the deck and my bedroom window are gorgeous: the Sound and the Olympics. Elizabeth and I are closer than ever and John's home. He leaves for LA tomorrow. I keep getting random inspiration and it's cool that I can write and read and play guitar or dance or reflect whenever and wherever I want to. I miss Brian. I'm having my last dip right now.

Phish is on Saturday and Sunday. I can't wait to drive out with my girls and camp and drink and dance and meet people. Emma's picking me up on Monday from the Gorge and taking me to Lake Chelan for the first time.

I'm not worried about anything. Time's going fast but I feel okay. I want to be good at something. I hope to catch more sun, bleach my hair, and get in shape from being active, swimming, and dancing.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, August 5, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm at Wapato Point in Lake Chelan. Emma is out on jet skis. I went over to Frieda's on Thursday morning and she, Shelby, Mary, and I waited for Claire and Nina. We drove to Vantage and stopped to get beer and water and made our way to the Gorge for Phish. There was a long line of cars so we cracked beers while we waited awhile and got to our site to set up camp. I walked around and found people who came back to our place to kick it before the show.

We went into a teepee with a Santa Claus on top of it for 4:20 and that teepee became our landmark to find our site for the rest of the weekend. We went into the show and I walked off on my own and danced. I saw a guy sitting on the hill and he looked interesting so I went to talk to him.

When the show was ending, I walked back to camp, stopping along the way to talk to people. When I got to the entrance, I got lost and people tried to help me find my way. I met a guy named Isaiah and walked around with him and his friends and found a bridge with red flags that

marked the spot to our site. I fell in an irrigation ditch three times. I finally found the Santa Claus and made it back. I was happy to see everyone and the tiki lamps lit. Nina and I went on a walk and I crashed.

I woke up early the next morning from the light and heat and people's voices. Frieda and I got organized and drank beers and drove to Vantage to swim in the Columbia River. It was awesome and refreshing. We saw Aaron Campbell and his friends and I saw Anne Undine. We stayed until 2:30. We made dinner and ate shrooms and walked down to the show. I saw a guy playing guitar so I went over to listen and ended up playing and singing for him and his friend.

Claire, Nina, and I stuck together at the show and sat with Joe, Jeremy, Brandon, and Ryan and they made us laugh. We stared at the sky and talked and laughed and walked down toward the stage to dance. I walked back up to find everyone but then "[Julius](#)" came on and I wanted to go back down to dance so Claire, Nina, and Ryan came with me. We walked back after the show.

Tucker and a bunch of other people came to our site. Frieda, Shelby, and Mary had all eaten ecstasy and shrooms so they were quite fucked up and had an incredible show. I had never seen Mary the way she was that night. She was fucked up, talkative, excited, and all over the place.

I had fun talking to Claire, Nina, and Ryan, sitting around drinking beer. At one point, Nina led me over to a mattress and we lay down with Waylon and looked at the sky. I went to sleep and woke up at 8. I packed up and walked down to the road to wait for Emma.

It makes me sad that some people live to follow bands around and their life is one big fucked up, sketchy parking lot. There were a lot of drugged out people there. It could be worth it for the music. Still, most of the fucked up people there aren't there to hear the music, just to sell drugs and swindle and make a living. I could never do that. I love people and music and good times but not a substance-based lifestyle.

Emma picked me up and we got to Chelan at noon. We went tanning and swimming all day. We saw Layla Wasilly. Now I might dislike the slut, but Emma was fuming about it. We saw her again today and now Emma and her are like best friends. Not really but Emma is all chummy with her.

We went out to dinner for Mexican and went on a walk to the Point. We watched "Trainspotting" and went to sleep. Ewan McGregor is the hottest person in the world. He's perfect and I want him.

Today we tanned and swam. We're going to the casino tonight. I have stuff on my mind (like Tucker, but it's not the same old shit) but my hand and mind are tired so I'll get into it later.

Love, Meghan

Monday, August 11, 1997

Dear Diary,

We went to the casino and blew \$20 in half an hour. High rollers. We came back and went to the Point with a few Coronas. Emma and I talked about Forrest and Tucker, relationships, and next year. We went back to watch a movie and go to sleep.

On Wednesday, we lay in the sun and swam all day. We went out on the boat on Thursday and laid out. We watched "[Scream](#)" and walked by these condos because earlier that day, a weirdo handed us fliers that said "Ladies' Night - Singles Only - Beer Supplied - Room 210." We went by to see what freaks came out for that one. On our way, we met two guys and went back to their house for vodka tonics. They wanted to go to a party that Emma wasn't down for so we went back to our place and they told us to meet them again at 2:30.

Stupid we went back there and shit got weird. Emma went off with a guy named Larry which left me with this asshole Len who pinned me down and left hickies the size of golf balls on my neck. We got back at 5:45am and got a few hours of sleep. I felt like shit when I woke up. We drove home and talked and listened to summer '97 cuts.

Mom and Dad were in Astoria so Elizabeth had a keg at our house. Emma, Kim, and Robert came over and all of Elizabeth's friends and a bunch of randoms were there. Brian M., Paul, Dan, and Forrest came over. I talked to Forrest for a long time and he spent the night. The next morning I babysat for the Smiths all night until yesterday at 5 while their parents were at the Gorge for Supertramp.

I went to Oliver's last night, then Emma's. Elizabeth and I have been lying out in the sun and swimming. Terrence is having a party tonight so Nina and I are going. I've got a lot on my mind but I can't get it down. Tucker won't return my calls. Forrest leaves for WSU on Sunday and Emma's a mess.

Love, Meghan

Tuesday, August 12, 1997

Dear Diary,

This August is going to be different from all others in my past which is obvious but it's because I don't start school until the end of September and that will be my August. August is always rough on me but I don't think it will be this year. Everyone's leaving for school this week or next. It's easier for me when people leave me than when I leave people. I think about Tucker ruthlessly but that's lame because we don't talk anymore. Time is a crazy idea.

I'm coming out of my "happy" phase that began two days after Brian left and I don't want to lose it. I'm grumpy and irritable.

Lack of communication and expression are the root of most problems. We assume everyone knows who and how we are and they do to a certain extent. But so much goes unsaid and it's necessary to be heard. I wish I had a more solid head at this point. I want to be smart (in many aspects) and enjoy my life and myself. I was having a good time for a spell. I was learning to like myself and appreciate simple pleasures. Now I'm consumed by stupid, shallow, nowhere, dead-end thoughts like how I look, guys, sex ... Things that don't ordinarily interrupt my otherwise probing (ha ha) mind. I'm getting insight into why guys become stupid loadies who enjoy hooking up with silly, random girls and I don't want to understand that.

Guys are further behind than girls. What I ultimately want is to enjoy people on any level but also form good, honest (and that means no lying, cheating, hiding thoughts) relationships with guys and girls. Brian's a good example. I think the world of him but I can't imagine physically being with him. Who is the guy I want to come together with in all ways? I don't know. Let's lighten up

I went to a pre-screening of "[Copland](#)" with Oliver, Matt, and his girlfriend last night. I met Nina at Dick's and we went to Terrence's and to Brandon Caldwell's. Brandon is dope. I had a good talk with him for the first time in years. I went back to Claire's at 4am and went shopping with Mom and Elizabeth today. Tonight's a mystery. I'm tired of thinking.

Love, Meghan

Saturday, August 30, 1997

Dear Diary,

I haven't written in ages because this part of the summer has not seemed worth remembering. I'm sick right now and I wonder if that's because I haven't written or haven't been taking care of myself or maybe a combo of the two. Things fell apart after Emma and I got home from Chelan.

Forrest left for WSU. Emma and I went to say goodbye and Tucker and Vic were over there. I have never been subjected to such negative assholes in my life. It was unbelievable. Tucker is an alcoholic asshole and seems to be hating life and drowning his troubles. The next day we went to Western for orientation and I cannot wait to get up there. I have 21 days left in Seattle.

I'm at Bumbershoot at a Built to Spill show and this is not the greatest place to write but it'll have to do. The last couple of weeks have been a series of parties and saying goodbye to people. Claire's in Colorado and I miss her more than I thought I would. That sounds bad but I mean I didn't realize how much I love her until she was gone. Frieda left on Friday.

Summer gets too long and sad and starts to suck. This one flew by and now I can't wait to leave. I'm sick of being sick. I was doing well for a month and now I'm always pissed off and irritated.

I saw Joules Graves and Trillian Green today and I'm about to go see Willis. I love Bumbershoot and it sucks that I'm sick. Elizabeth and I came here all day yesterday and drank beer. I've got a lot on my mind but it's hard to get into it in a crowd of thousands with loud-ass music.

Love, Meghan

Sunday, August 31, 1997

Dear Diary,

I'm irritated and confused about myself and people. I don't feel like I have a purpose right now. That's a shitty feeling. People trip me out. I'm tired of being conscious of myself and unaware of shit I should be looking at. I was doing well and I don't know what did that for me or what I was doing that made it that way. I rely too much on people to make me happy or sad or excited or bored.

I'm going to Bumbershoot with Elizabeth and Charles tomorrow and I wish I was healthy. I've been shoving my body full of vitamins and water and I was going to eat six cloves of garlic but Mom said I'd smell for days. Instead I drank apple cider vinegar and gagged and I don't know if it worked. I'm uninspired even when it comes to guitar and reading. I'm bored and irritated and I always seem to be perspiring, probably from being sick. Enough of my sob stories.

Love, Meghan

Thank you for reading. If you enjoyed it, please leave a review at your favorite site.

About the Author

Meghan McDonnell lives in Walla Walla with the man she loves. When she's not writing or reading, she spends time outdoors, solves crossword puzzles, and pretends to garden.

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Other Books by Meghan McDonnell:

[Novice: Volume Two](#)

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[Playlist:](#)

The Way You Make Me Feel - Michael Jackson
Ain't Too Proud to Beg - TLC
Beauty and the Beast - Celine Dion and Peabo Bryson
Jump - Kris Kross
Rush, Rush - Paula Abdul
Daybreak - Barry Manilow
Every Day is Like Sunday - 10,000 Maniacs
Stand by Me - Ben E. King
If I Ever Fall in Love Again - Shai
How You've Grown - 10,000 Maniacs
Crazy for You - Madonna
This Woman's Work - Kate Bush
Have I Told You Lately? - Van Morrison
Sweet Thing - Van Morrison
Dear Jessie - Madonna
Mother - Tori Amos
Winter - Tori Amos
Learning to Fly - Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
Chloe Dancer/Crown of Thorns - Mother Love Bone
Silent All These Years - Tori Amos
If You Want to Sing Out, Sing Out- Cat Stevens
Screen - Brad
Nothingman - Pearl Jam
Not for You - Pearl Jam
The End - The Doors
Fire and Rain - James Taylor
I Shot the Sheriff - Bob Marley
Against the Wind - Bob Seger
After the Gold Rush - Neil Young
It's the End of the World - R.E.M.
Losing My Religion - Tori Amos
Water Runs Dry - Boyz II Men
Joey - Concrete Blonde
Talkin' 'bout a Revolution - Tracy Chapman
Indifference - Pearl Jam
Nutshell - Alice in Chains
Tomorrow, Wendy - Concrete Blonde
Rivendell - Rush
Omaha - Counting Crows

Black - Pearl Jam
Leather and Lace - Stevie Nicks and Don Henley
The Waiting Song - Ani DiFranco
I Don't Eat Animals - Melanie
Touch of Grey - Grateful Dead
Watching You - Melissa Etheridge
I Will Not Forget You - Sarah McLachlan
Tangerine - Led Zeppelin
Three Days - Jane's Addiction
Brief Bus Stop - Ani DiFranco
Get Happy - Judy Garland
Name - Goo Goo Dolls
I Want Your Sex - George Michael
Ticket to Ride - The Beatles
Night Moves - Bob Seger
Untouchable Face - Ani DiFranco
Napoleon - Ani DiFranco
Anchorage - Michelle Shocked
Both Hands - Ani DiFranco
Shelter from the Storm - Bob Dylan
Box of Rain - Grateful Dead
The Two Trees - Loreena McKennitt
Walk like an Egyptian - The Bangles
Pretty Good Year - Tori Amos
Hey, Hey What Can I Do? - Led Zeppelin
Wonderwall - Oasis
Hell Yeah - Ani DiFranco
Jessica - Allman Brothers
Putting the Damage On - Tori Amos
That's the Way - Led Zeppelin
The Promise - Tracy Chapman
The Times They Are a-Changin' - Bob Dylan
For What It's Worth - Buffalo Springfield
It Ain't Me, Babe - Bob Dylan
I Would for You - Jane's Addiction
Two Step - Dave Matthews Band
Lie in Our Graves - Dave Matthews Band
Thin Line - Indigo Girls
Sugar Mountain - Neil Young
Simple Twist of Fate - Bob Dylan
Message in a Bottle - The Police
Breakdown - Tom Petty
Closer to Fine - Indigo Girls
Flowers on the Wall - The Statler Brothers
Never is a Promise - Fiona
The Circle Game - Joni Mitchell

Girl from the North Country - Bob Dylan
Letting the Telephone Ring - Ani DiFranco
Battle of Who Could Care Less - Ben Folds Five
Foolish Games - Jewel
Stayin' Alive - The Beegees
Julius - Phish