

A book of my feelings (?)

Hurting myself ~~March 18, 1997~~ March 18, 1997

I'm not sure what to say, in here. Anna gave me this book because on Sunday night (Mar 16, 1996) I hurt myself.

I was sitting at the computer writing my composition for English and Fran was whining about wanting to get on the computer. Daniele called me and was talking about the fight she got into with her mother. Again Fran started whining. Dad told me to get off the phone or get off the computer.


Well I had to get off the phone because I definitely had to write my composition which was already two weeks late. Fran was also watching her Xfiles so I didn't (still don't) understand her need to be online. My dad just started going off on me for speaking logically, and finally I couldn't take it anymore. The night before, my dad stopped me twice when I "talked back" to him.

All I did was tell him to ask me to turn down my stereo instead of stomping in my room and doing it. I thought about taking a razor to my wrist then, but I decided that I liked my wrists too much. They were so white and soft.

This wasn't the main reason though. The main reason is that I didn't want Richie to hurt himself over my death. Anyways back to Sunday, I went upstairs and got a razor, I had already just removed a pen in my wrist. It took my mind off the pain and I decided that was what I needed. So I started running the razor over my wrist thinking (hoping) that it would just cut. It was way too dull for that. Finally I made a little scratch,

(cont)

but that was when my dad took it away from me. So I tried using my fingernails, it seemed to work well, but it wasn't getting anywhere near a vein. Fran was asking me what Richie's number was so she could call him. I ran into the bathroom and started taking this metal thing to the center line of my wrist. It worked the best but I just couldn't go any deeper. I think I was scared, I'm not sure if I am glad that I was scared but (or because) it stopped me from going deeper. The phone rang and it was Richie, which was kind of odd that he would call then especially when I told him I needed to work. So I talked to him and it calmed me down. I don't know why I am writing this down, but I suppose that it does help and it is the purpose of this book (I think). I think Anna gave me this book to help me see what I was going through. I decided something after Monday night when I talked to my dad rationally and logically about me getting a car. Anyways what I decided was to never use a bad word again, well at least in front of Dad and his wife. I hope I can keep to this not because it will help me get a car, but just to completely surprise them about how well I do it.

Why am I continually tormented? 
There is no answer that I can
see except that it is my fate, my destiny.
I have a