

Friday
October 15th

The week has gone by in a fast blur of work. I'm living in reality now – no time for ridiculous fantasies that only end in disappointment. I learned about repairing and repainting the hand made furniture that comes into the store – it's often damaged in shipping. I really enjoy that more than dealing with the customers who think they can act all demanding and rude. Michael's parents like that part and are amazingly patient and cheerful with even their most obnoxious and moronic customers. Michael likes the repair part, too, and showed me a lot of stuff. He's been really cool except for once when he asked me how I felt about Sean dating me and Elena at the same time. I said ("snapped," really) that I wasn't dating Sean – we were only friends. He said he was sorry – it just looked like we were dating but he shouldn't go by appearances. I said, "right." He said he was glad because he didn't like the way Sean talked about girls in the gym locker room. I said I didn't want to talk about Sean, so he finally shut up about it. I really don't want to think about Sean anymore than I'm forced to, by seeing him and Elena having their big love affair all over campus. It's really disgusting and I heard they were told to cool it by the vice-principal – "overt displays of physical affection" are banned at school.

I would like to hang with Jade, but she's really strung-out with her boyfriend – sneaking out on school nights. She never has time to talk anymore. I wish I could tell her what I know – that love is a total waste of time, humiliates you and ruins your life. Take my mom – please – well, at least she's giving me space.

Another bad thing – We have one more meeting of the stupid poetry group tomorrow. We're supposed to wrap it all up and turn it in. I stayed up late writing new poems to replace the ones that were influenced by Sean, which I burned in the barbecue pit. So, I'm done. I wanted to get out of going but I didn't want Sean to think I'm afraid to see him. I'm just so embarrassed about how I drooled over him.

We're reading feminist writers (as you know, Miss S., if you're reading this, which I doubt). The boys really raised a stink, more than about the journals, but they got no choice. I thought it would be my mom's kind of success, self-awareness stuff but so far we're spared. We're reading the early modern feminists, which are kind of interesting. I was amazed, reading Sylvia Plath. She was so smart yet she let her husband and kids bum her out so much, she put her head in the oven and died. She should have just left them all. She's like a warning, though – I hardly even knew Sean and look how he messed up my head. Look at how my Dad messed up me and my mom's head. I think Gloria Steinem's onto something. She was pretty but she didn't let men ruin her life. The trick is to let them do things for you, if you want, but don't love them. They're not worthy of it. Look at Michael. I never loved him and he does so much for me. If I loved him, it would ruin everything. I'm glad I'm not into sex, which would really

make everything complicated. I hope it never happens. I still like to look good, though. I don't want to look like a G.I. hag, like some girls. But, I'm not going to obsess like I was doing, about what to wear to please Sean. And, I'm not going to starve myself into a "bean," like Elena does, so Sean will want me. It's pathetic, when you think about it, really sick. Those girls on the MTV videos look like starving street hootches. At least they get paid a lot. Why do so many of my friends want to look like them? So we can get used by guys like Sean and worse?

Well, I'm happy without all that and I'm going to sleep. I'm going to dream about money and cars and power – not boys.