

Thursday, June 9, '88.

5:54 PM

Age: 15

Gr. 10

I don't know how to start. I don't know anything. I'm changing, I can feel it. I can feel myself going through a major personality transition -- deep inside, ^{two} forces ~~have~~ ^{have been} struggling and one has finally won. But I feel lost and I wish things hadn't shifted so suddenly.

I guess it isn't really sudden. This whole year has been different. I spend many of my classes wandering the halls with ~~them~~ sometimes without Jan ... as if searching aimlessly for something I know I can't find in these old familiar hallways. But I have to wander them; something in me lures me to them and I let myself ~~just~~ forget everything, and just walk, trying not to let the cold truth sink in too deep... This is your last week within these halls. Forever. I don't think I can cope outside the



security of these walls, yet I know this freedom awaiting me will be the beginning of a new chapter of my life. It's an agony that has changed & mixed up everything inside of me -- torn myself apart. It's something I have to go through alone, but at times I feel close to drawing Jan into the deep ~~as~~ murky waters with me, so we can drown together... but I come to my senses quickly & look away from her inquisitive & concerned eyes, & instead gaze silently out the window to the familiar scene of children playing in the courtyard.

It's so vague right now -- life, love, & the meaning to it ~~mean~~. I'm not accustomed to accepting vague answers. I want a concrete reality to deal with. But in this case, I have no choice. So I guess I'm changing myself to adapt ~~conform~~ ^{to} these hazy images of the future, to make an effort at accepting them.

But how do I know what matters & what doesn't?

