

My dad bought chocolate syrup, only it's green! It's so weird, it's hard to eat because it's green, not brown. I don't know why that makes it so hard to drink, but it does, it's just wrong.

Heather Brunts, 10/03

Everyone is so caught up in their image and going out of their way to buy all these clothes with bands on them and spikes/studs on their wrists. Not to mention caps and special studded belts with skulls and crap on them. I underlined 'crap' because it was not literal but who knows, crap on clothes as belts might be a trend one day. I'm always knockin' on my friend Richie about the stuff he wears. He says that he doesn't care and just buys whatever and he does not care about his image. But that's bull. If you saw him, he'd look like a clone of everyone else sucked into that trend. I tried to give him a chance to admit to it, but he refused to 'come clean.' I asked why he wore that stuff and he responded with a question, "Why not?" The best answer/reason I got out of him was "because." When someone answers with "because..." it's because they do have a reason but they're just afraid to reveal that reason to other people.

-Unidentified student until 2005

It almost seems like I never have anything really interesting to write/talk about, but that is probably because I never get out of the house. But you know what...I like it that way. I just like to "veg out" on the couch and eat. Well, actually I do have something to write about today. It's about my friend, but it's too embarrassing to him and plus it's very inappropriate so oh well on that one, but I just mentioned that to take up space on my paper. That's cool that I could pass this English class just by writing my journal every day. I think, or rather, I know my favorite class is my computer class because so far all we've done is typed and we took a test last Friday which was not too hard at all, but you know when you stop and second guess yourself, well that's what I did and got a 72. It's passing, but I should've gone with my instinct. Then I would've gotten an 80 or above.

-Steven Gamboa, 9/2/03

I'm so tired. Last night I couldn't figure out why I was grouchy and why I had a migraine, but then my mom asked me what I had to eat and then I realized all I had was some bread and pineapple for breakfast. So now I get to catch up on yesterday's and today's food. *I love food.* So today I am going to go home and eat a huge lunch, a big snack, and an enormous dinner.

-Liza Osborne, October 6, 2003

Is it bad that I can't stand the voice of a guy? No matter what that guy says or anything. Is something wrong? Because that is what has happened to me on Saturday. I hated him before that, but now I can't stand him or anything he says. It's not that his voice is scary or annoying, I just don't like him.

I went to the movies to see the movie with the Rock in it. It was a very funny movie, but Chris (the guy) never stopped talking and so I could not enjoy the movie. Then after the movie, he started to talk to me and ask me how I liked the movie and everything and when he started to talk, my head started to hurt very badly. I mean like when he talks to anyone, as long as I could hear his voice, my head hurt. And I just can't stand him any more. Is that bad?

-Susan Burger, October , 2003

That was weird. My English teacher stopped me at the door and asked me to bring her my composition book. I thought, “Oh s****, I’m going down to the office for something I wrote in my journal,” and if it helps I’ll give a small description of what that particular entry was about. It was about how girls dress and well anyway, it wasn’t the most appropriate thing to write. I went and retrieved my journal and I started to get a little nervous and shaky. I hate that feeling when deep down you know you’re gonna get busted. Anyways, I brought it to the teacher and I asked her, trying not to sound fazed or scared, “Did I write something in my journal that was inappropriate?” Right after I asked her that, she replied “Shut up” as if she could see through my pseudo machismo. She then said that my writing was great and that she wanted to use a couple of my entries for class use. I agreed, as long as it wasn’t presented to any of my peers. To tell you the truth, I can’t even fathom how or why my writing is so good...especially to a teacher. I don’t know...I don’t understand it. I’m like the worst or one of the worst students in class, yet my writing is so valued. The teacher could see that I wasn’t taking this seriously and assured me that this stuff was good.