

04/10/2011

10:51am (-ish)

Dear Diary,

My name is Maggie. You're going to have to excuse my grammar and my tardiness – I have never kept a diary before, and, you see, this is only a mental diary. Do you think that's cheating? Well, whether it is or not I think we better get acquainted. I am eleven, I live in Birmingham (that's in England, if you were wondering) and you already know my name.

Oh noo, I have to go someone is coming in my room!

18:23 pm (-ish)

Dear Diary,

Sorry we got interrupted before, the lady came in to do my physio – so annoying, but you have my full attention. Now, where was I (*remembers previous entry*), aha! What I wanted to mention, the most important thing I think, is that I am in a coma (*pause for dramatic effect*) I know what you're thinking, but it's not that bad. Ok, the first few months were rough, but I'm fine now.

15/10/2011

09:31 am (-ish)

Dear Diary,

I have officially decided to only record the most important things, after all a human brain can only hold so much information before it explodes. That's true, it sounds ridiculous but it's true, I know so because my sister Rebecca told me. She is a lot older and wiser than me.

23/11/2011

12:45 pm (-ish)

Dear Diary,

It has been a tedious calendar month, has it been a complete month since we last spoke? I cannot really tell. Last week, mom has started playing the dictionary to me. I believe it to be termed an audiobook. The lady said that it is good to kindle my brain with external stimuli whilst I am in this state of un- unconsciousness. But I have not noticed any differences in my diction, have you?

16/03/2012

14:03 pm (-ish)

Dear Diary,

I've been thinking, and decided I should give you a name. I am going to be pouring my heart out to you for maybe the rest of my life, so the least I can do is acknowledge your personhood. Any Ideas?

25/03/2012

08:11 am (-ish)

Dear Mandie,

Hm, no.

19/06/2012

21:30 pm (-ish)

Dear Emily,

Yeah, I don't think so.

06/07/2012

15:06 pm (-ish)

Dear Byron,

NO!

17/08/2012

10:42 am (-ish)

Dear Ella,

Ding-ding-ding, we have a winner!

22/11/2012

19:53 pm (-ish)

Dear Ella,

Happy Anniversary! I believe it has been a full year since I started our friendship – once again, you'll have excuse my tardiness, I stopped being able to tell what day it is over a year ago. Wait, a moment, is this also your birthday? Yes? Well then Happy Birthday!

31/03/2013

01:23 am (-ish)

Dear Ella,

I put on a brave face over the start of the school year and Christmas, but Easter has been my favourite holiday since my very first egg hunt. I just *can't* imagine my so-called friends and family continuing that tradition without m-

Ella, I can't do it!

Why, won't you respond? I just want a friend to keep the darkness at bay.

02/07/2014

13:41 pm (-ish)

Dear Ella,

I'm sorry I snapped at you. I've had a lot of time to think in this darkness and I came to the conclusion that this diary was supposed to be a record of all the good things that happened to me before the accident. But to be fair, all of those things seem so insignificant, so impossible now. I

cannot even stop my mother leaving the country with *my* family on holiday. Am I a burden? Forget it, you won't answer anyway.

18/09/2014

19:05 pm (-ish)

Dear Ella,

They're back. It is way into the school year now though – my mom must have let Rebecca miss the first three weeks of her final year. She's changed. I hear it in her voice, it's not passionate or energetic anymore. I don't hear her soul buzzing about in there. To be frank, I didn't hear it before either, but then again, I wasn't listening then. Now all I do is listen, and it's driving me insane.

23/11/2014

16:56 pm (-ish)

Dear Ella,

I'm scared. The lady burst out shocked when doing my physio today. I heard her talking to my parents. They think I'm dying. A doctor came over (I don't get visited often because my condition hasn't changed much before) but I guess it has now. My optimistic self would have believed that I'm getting better, but I highly doubt so. I know that have been debating on giving up on me, this might push them over the edge. They think I'm gone.

24/04/2015

20:38 pm (-ish)

Dear Ella,

I'm still here! That means my parents didn't pull the plug.

What a grim thing for a fourteen-year-old to be celebrating. I jus-

"Maggie?"

"Oh, right, you can't hear me. There's something I need to get of my chest before your surgery"

SURGERY!?! I can't even bear needles.

To be fair, that's all I heard before my eyes filled with tears, my heart with anger and my head with uncertainties (*not literally of course, after all I can't move*).

He cheated. He cheated on my mom, over and over again. And what's more he came here to burden me with the fruits of his infidelity (*listening to the dictionary really broadened my vocabulary*). I can sense him repeating *she can't hear it she can't hear it*. But I can.

24/04/2015

Dear Ella,

I'm scared – again. The lady just came in to administer the anastatic, but I can't feel the needle going in, is that bad? I just wish I knew what... what was go...ing on...

01/01/2017

6:12 am (-ish)

Dear Ella,

Happy New Year, I guess. I know I haven't thought in a while, I know, I know. I only just regained consciousness (not really though) so I wasn't able to talk to you before. Are you mad at me?

6:30 am (-ish)

Dear Ella,

It's all coming back to me. I remember what my dad said, how Rebecca stole my mother away to Asia for two months, I remember all of it. And I hate it.

25/01/2017

9:02 am (-ish)

Dear Ella,

My mom just confessed something to me. I knew that she felt guilty for my predicament – she *was* driving the car in which I was injured, but I did not dare think that she would have endangered my life like that. Turns out that her guilt ran deeper than the misgivings of a caring mother, she was drunk, drunk-as-a-skunk, when the car flipped over.

I can't believe this, Ella. My mom was the only person I had left and she caused this to happen to me. I can't believe this; how could I ever trust her again?

07/02/2021

12:46 pm (-ish)

Dear Ella,

The lady and doctor believe they can try to wake me up now. My parents are ecstatic (juxtaposing with their usual monotonous and dejected tones). Rebecca didn't seem so. I used to think she was the older sister of my dreams, but not anymore.

What do I think? Well, I know they'll hope I don't remember or never heard their secrets in the first place – but I do, I remember everything. And I realised - listening to the lady talk – I don't want to go back.