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Dear Diary

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Dear Diary

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The sun is shining brightly through the window as I open my eyes. I touch the melting glass with one finger. The temperature seems to be going down. Maybe I'll be allowed outside today or tomorrow. It's a Tuesday, so I have to get dressed and go to school. I remember when I was really little this time of year we could play outside. It was the cold season and temperatures just touched 100 degrees. Now it's 130 degrees and mom says I have to use the tunnels. It's December 14, 2117--almost Christmas. In school we learn about sine and cosine in mathematics class and then we listen to the president's daily address at lunch. He too, says the temperatures are on the down swing. He also announces the date and time of the monthly dinner at his place. I wonder if mom and dad will be going. I wish they would take me. I'm very interested in what is going on, but they say it's too depressing for an eight-year-old. I have to wait a few more years until I'm older and can understand things better."

Cover Page Footnote

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Dear Diary

by
Jenna Mills

The sun is shining brightly through the window as I open my eyes. I touch the melting glass with one finger. The temperature seems to be going down. Maybe I'll be allowed outside today or tomorrow. It's a Tuesday, so I have to get dressed and go to school. I remember when I was really little this time of year we could play outside. It was the cold season and temperatures just touched 100 degrees. Now it's 130 degrees and mom says I have to use the tunnels. It's December 14, 2117--almost Christmas. In school we learn about sine and cosine in mathematics class and then we listen to the president's daily address at lunch. He too, says the temperatures are on the down swing. He also announces the date and time of the monthly dinner at his place. I wonder if mom and dad will be going. I wish they would take me. I'm very interested in what is going on, but they say it's too depressing for an eight-year-old. I have to wait a few more years until I'm older and can understand things better.

All I hear lately is how the world is shrinking. People tell tales about when the lands spread from one pole to another and the population was over one billion in just one land. To me that seems like a terrible exaggeration. How could even rodents live at the equator where it's over 300 degrees and there isn't a bubble like ours? People also tell of a world where cities weren't built on garbage and the junk piles were contained, underground and out of sight. They say there was a movement in ancient times to re-use the trash and not use certain products, though I don't see why not. Personally I like the mountains of rubbish outside of the bubble. They really are pretty, especially in the heat of summer when some of the trash melts and forms molten colorful rivers; it's great. I wanted to swim in it once, but mom wouldn't let me. She said I had to swim in the manufactured water that's made at the plant where dad works.

I heard a news bulletin yesterday that said next year may be even hotter. Dad just shut off the television and yelled at Mom for spraying some damned spray. She laughed at him. I don't see how Dad can blame Mom for causing the heat; she was just cleaning the house. And he did it again later when she was fixing her hair. But then again I've never understood much of what Dad says anyway. Mom says he's as nutty as my late grandfather. He was a historian, and mom says he passed on the disease. Grandfather used to say that all the trouble, the heat, the bubble, all of it was the fault of humans just like us that should know better but don't.

I asked Mrs. Adams about that today, and she said that many years ago people really did believe you could re-use the trash, the diapers, the bottles, the cans. But the idea died out quickly and then the heat started to rise, so they built the bubble. With all the trash and the heat being so bad, she said, the bubble couldn't fit everyone, so there were wars and fights and the like until only a few people were left anyway. They were allowed to move within the confines of the bubble. Mrs. Adams also said something that scared me; she said that history was repeating itself. The inside of the bubble is heating up and there are plans to make another bubble, but she also said with all the trash there will not be enough room to make it as big as the existing one. She hopes that things will go smoother this time. In fact she said she didn't care if she was picked or not, she'd rather die anyway. I don't understand her completely either. Why would she want to die?

Another year has passed; it's January 1, 2118. The temperature is just about 140 degrees. The new bubble that Mrs. Adams spoke to me about is just about done. The newscasters speak often of its comforts on the evening news, that is in between the details on the many wars. Mrs. Adams committed suicide three weeks ago. But back to the bubble where I hope we will be living; they say it's almost like a refrigerator. The temperature is only 87 degrees. Mom bought me a jacket two days ago. I've never had one before. It came in the prettiest of packages. 1,500 people should be allowed into the new bubble.

It's now March 14, 2118. I was accepted into the new bubble; Mom and Dad were not. They helped me pack my things today, I'm supposed to be there tomorrow, but I'm not sure I want to go. Mom and Dad

say I have to; I just want to die. They say I'm old enough to live without them. They have enrolled me in school and found me people to live with inside the bubble. I don't understand why I have to leave them. I don't see why we can't do something to improve the existing bubble. Why we can't find a use for all the trash? Why we can't stop the heat, the so-called greenhouse effect? Why we can't save our world? What happens now and what happens down the road when once again we outgrow and destroy our new bubble? I understand what Dad was trying to say. What can I do Dad? I want to learn; I want to change.

The Abandoned Orchestra

by
Kerry Ivers

There is a sensitive cord
connecting my heart and mind
And you play upon it
like a revengeful bow.
You pluck and pull
not sensing the aching vibration that you cause.
With all the noise you create within me
I can no longer decipher
what is right and wrong.
My heart and mind are no longer connected.
One doesn't help the other anymore.
My heart used to play the music
and my mind watched over the notes,
But when you came into my life
the composer left the orchestra.