

My Diary

*She wanted to someday touch a butterfly,
run through the fields,
and kiss her wonderful mother.*

This is her story —

October 2: Today my life began. My parents do not know it yet. I am as small as the pollen of a flower, but it is I already. I will be a girl. I will have blonde hair and blue eyes. Nearly everything is settled already—even that I shall love birds.

October 19: I have grown a little, but I am still too small to do anything by myself. My mother does everything for me, although she still does not know that she is carrying me under her heart. But I am a real person just as a crumb of bread is still real bread. My mother exists, and I do, too.

October 23: My mouth is just now beginning to open. Just think—in a year or so I'll be laughing, and later I'll start to talk. My first word will be "mama" for I love her so for all she does for me.

October 25: Today my heart began to beat. It will beat softly for the rest of my life, never stopping. After many years it will tire and stop. Then I shall die. But, oh, the many years of happiness I shall have before then!

November 2: I am growing continually. My arms and legs are taking shape, but I must wait a long time before these tiny legs will raise me to my mother's arms; before I will be able to run to her and hold her close and tell her how much I love her.

November 12: Tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. How small they are. One day I'll stroke my mother's hair and kiss her on her cheek—and then run and play out in the fields and touch a butterfly.

November 20: Only today the doctor told my mother that I'm living here under her heart. Oh, how happy she must be! Are you happy, mother?

November 25: My mother and father are probably thinking about a name for me. And they don't even know that I am a little girl! Oh, how happy they will be when I can be with them in their arms.

December 10: My hair is growing. It is as bright and shiny as the sun. I wonder what kind of hair my mother has.

December 13: My eyes are almost fully developed, although the lids are still shut. When mother brings me into the world it will be full of sunshine and overflowing

with flowers. I have never seen a flower, you know, but more than anything I want to see my mother—my precious mother. How do you look, mother?

December 24: My fingers and toes are fully formed. Even my nails are beginning to develop. I want to help mama all I can later on—for she is doing so much for me now.

December 26: I wonder if my mother hears the delicate beat of my heart? Some children are born with sickly hearts, and then the gentle fingers of the doctor perform miracles to make them healthy. But my heart is healthy. It beats so evenly: tup-tup, tup-tup. You shall have a healthy daughter, mother.

December 28: Today my mother killed me.