Alix’s Diary

**Moving In**

**Unknown, 1991**

Mr. C is A naibor. He lives Next Door to Me and Daddy. I Went to say Hi. Rally nice. I Am happy when Daddy is happy. Daddy likes Mr. C.

**Presents**

**December 1994**

X-mas was so much fun! Daddy said I should sleep on Christmas Eve or else Santa wouldn’t come, but I cheated and woke Daddy up at four in the morning. I couldn’t wait! Daddy was all sleepy, but he smiled and brought his camera so he could take pictures of what Santa brought us. Daddy only got three presents and they were all clothes. I got clothes too, but I also got a new doll, a watch, movies, a Digby poster, and a camera like Daddy! Mr. C even got me a bike! I’m going to ride it right now!

**Ice Cream**

**March 1995**

Mrs. Robinson gave me five bucks and told me I could pick out a treat from the ice cream truck. I told her I was just looking, but she kept giving me back the money and said I should get in line with the other kids.

The ice cream man didn’t have Hyper Stripe, my dad’s favorite (and mine too!) Mrs. Robinson came up to me again when most of the kids were gone, said I could have whatever I wanted. I asked her to pick for me. She got me a Sour Cherry Cup and told me I could keep the change.

It was really good! It tasted like Hawaiian Punch and turned my lips dark red. If Dad asked, I’ll say that I got an Otter Pop from the Robinsons.

**Forgive**

**June 1995**

Dad said he was sorry. He wringed his pockets, told me that a bath would ruin Digby. It’s his way of saying Digby was special. He didn’t mean to call me a stupid brat. He gave me a hug, rocked me in his arms, and told me we were doing something wonderful tomorrow.

I was afraid he would hurt me. Even after he kissed me and said he was sorry.

**Dolls**

**July 1995**

Today was Tuesday so of course I had a party with Molly and Jasmine.

Dad came in asking us if we were having a god time. I just gave him a smile and said ‘yeah’. I didn’t dare tell him the truth: that I didn’t like playing with either one of them. They just stared at me, blankly smiling, never blinking, like they had some private joke they didn’t wanna tell me about. Like they’re dead.

Sometimes I pretend to be them. Like if I’m really still, and didn’t move, they’ll think that I’m one of them. Maybe I’ll even catch them in the act, doing something. Talking, moving, anything.

But I guess I’m no good at playing dead.

**Andrea**

**February 1996**

Dad said I should call Mom for what she was. Only he was allowed to call her Bitch. He looked at me the way Mr. Ferguson did when he found I’ve been drawing instead of writing. “Call her Andrea,” Dad said, but I don’t like that, like we’re friends. So I called her SHE or HER, said it with my face all creased. Dad doesn’t have many pictures of HER, but the ones he showed me, SHE had smiles that made HER look like plastic, like SHE wasn’t even real. Nurses and doctors and dentists had that same smile. SHE might just sound like them too, voices sweet like sugar as they say it wouldn’t hurt, but it does, always.

**Piano**

**March 1996**

I got a piano today. Dad had me use it the minute he finished setting it up. There were sheet notes that he was able to read. Like he was holding a map and giving me directions to our destination, only Dad had his foot over the pedal too. His hands were warm and rough on my fingers as he pressed down on the notes. “There, Sweetie, you’re doing great!” he said as he went through another line. But I don’t feel like I did.

**Digby**

**1997**

Every night, I see teeth by my window.

Dad said it was just shadows made by Digby’s mane, but even if that was true, I didn’t like the way Digby made them look. I had blinds on my windows, but the shadows came in anyway, made by the streetlights or the moon. Sometimes the light went over Digby’s marble eyes and made them glow. He had a smile that was always bared no matter how many times I tried to close it shut with rubber bands or put tape that didn’t stick to his fur. Sometimes, I heard him walking, heavy feet across the floor. Dad said it was just the house coming alive, so I told him that then the house can just eat Digby. He didn’t take that very well.

**Fall**

**1997**

I really am stupid. I wanted to show Dad that I could climb to the very top of the tree, and even though he kept telling me I would never make it, that I would fall and break my arm or neck, I did it anyway. I don’t care what Mr. C said, that he wanted to call an ambulance. I deserve being yelled at. I deserve going to my room with nothing to eat and my stereo being taken away.

**Cameras**

**1997**

Someone broke into our house and that’s why Dad was putting up the cameras.

I must’ve been out cold because I don’t remember a robber, and it made my hands sweat. What if I was asleep and didn’t wake up, not even when my things were taken away, or if Dad was killed?

That’s why Dad had the cameras in the house, even in my room, so when my eyes were closed, there’s always a pair watching me.

**Digby #2**

**1997**

Even the house doesn’t like Digby.

I shoved him in the closet and found him watching me on my dresser the next morning.

I put him in a box and shoved him deep under my bed, only to see him back on my dresser.

I threw him in the trash and came home from school to him on my bed, grinning.

Tonight I’m sleeping with the lights on.