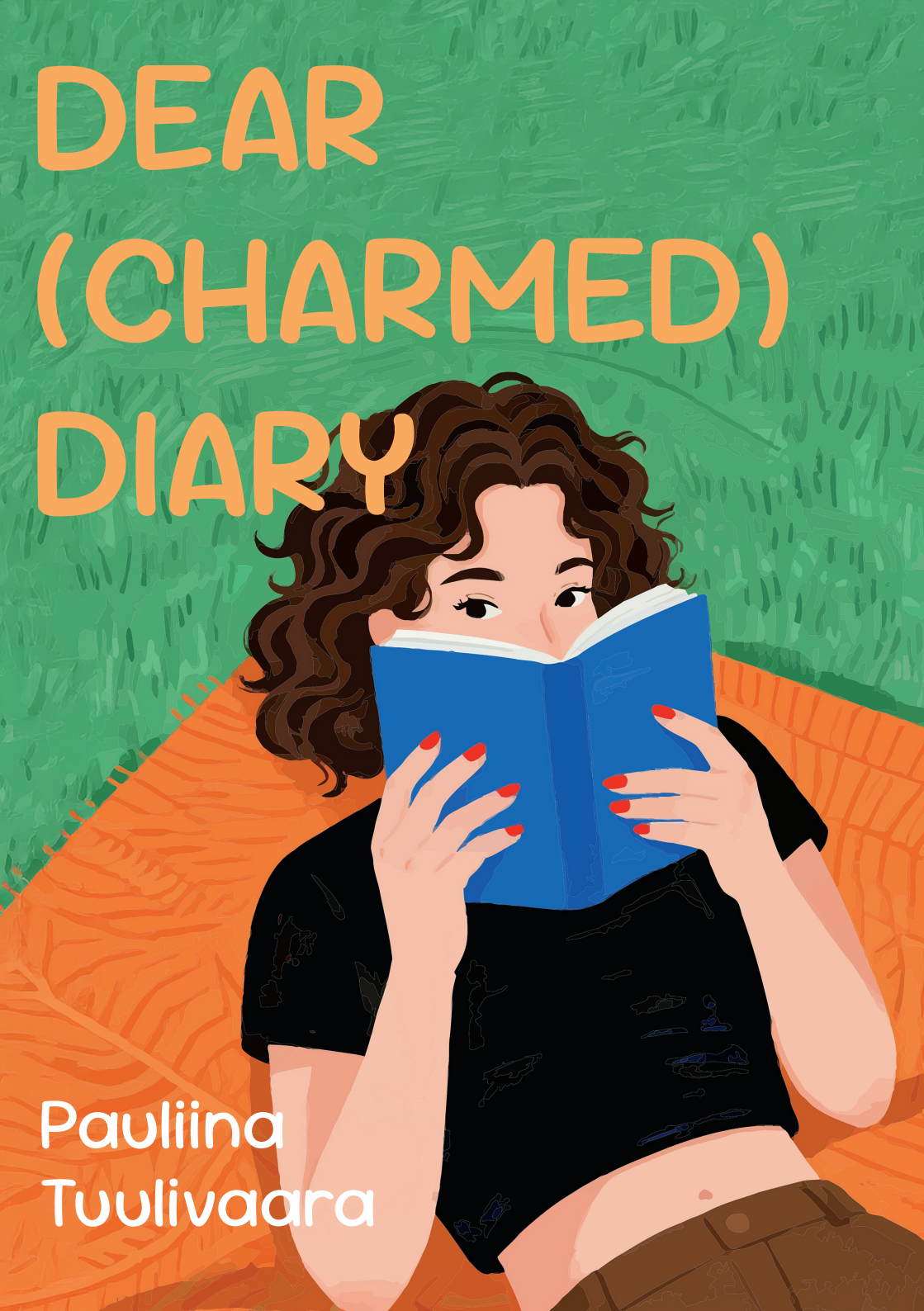
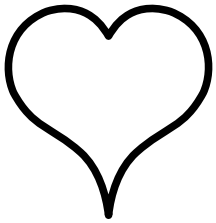
DEAR (CHARMED) DIARY



Pauliina Tuulivaara

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Nimikkeen automaattinen analysointi tietojen, erityisesti mallien, trendien ja korrelaatioiden, saamiseksi tekijänoikeuslain 13b § ("tekstin- ja tiedonlouhinta") mukaisesti on kielletty.

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Kustannustoimitus: Pauliina Tuulivaara
Kannen suunnittelu: Bod Cover Plus

Publisher: BoD · Books on Demand, Mannerheimintie 12 B, 00100 Helsinki, bod@bod.fi
Print: Libri Plureos GmbH, Friedensallee 273, 22763 Hamburg, Germany

ISBN: 978-952-89-0351-2



Only a little lamp lights up my room. I know, I should probably go to sleep already, but the first day of ninth grade (last grade of junior high in Finland, ages 15 to 16) keeps me up and pumped with adrenaline. Also, my mum thought it would be a great idea to gift me a journal.

The notebook, without any lines or squares in it, just blank white pages, stares at me from my desk. My mum is probably demented or something. She knows I can´t even write a school essay, let alone a *diary*.

I feel like the teacher has asked me to write about my summer holiday, preferable a couple of pages, and when I put my pencil on the paper, those best ten weeks of my life just vanish into thin air. PUFF!

I can hear the pages screaming at me: *"Write already!"*
I might be going crazy but I ask out loud: *"What do I write?"*
The pages scream: *"Anything!"*

I take a deep sigh, click some lead out of my pencil and put it down on the first page of the note-book. The lead breaks and I click a little more. I check the date and write it down. Then I write down the two most cliché words that I know:

Dear Diary,

I think that girl might be a little cuckoo.

I laugh and think, *"What the hell, I should try again."* I bite the eraser on top of the pencil. It smells like strawberry, but the taste is something else entirely.

Dear Diary,

It was the first day of ninth grade today. We have a new homeroom teacher. She had, like, washed-out reddish hair. Same colour cardigan. The cardigan had a small stain on the front and a hole in the sleeve. I wondered if teachers don´t get paid enough to get new clothes. She has glasses and her voice is a little nasal. And when she spoke she put her head front like a

turkey ready to cluck.

*I doubt if she has enough authority to keep our class in check. Not that our class has major issues, but some… **big personalities**. That´s a great choice of words. One of these personalities commented something about the appearance of the teacher. **#deepsigh***

Not that the teacher was large at all, normal I guess. Another teacher in our school has legs that go on and on, and then her torso is very short. And a third teacher is like a kitten or a baby owl; she has big eyes and she just seems very cute.

We chose some elective subjects. The school has praised how much there is to choose from. I tried to get arts and crafts first. I was told it´s not possible; there aren´t enough students taking it. Well, what about sewing? No, same issue. What then? I was told PE is a possible one. No thank you. I do not like to sweat. Home economics is a popular one, too. ***Hell no.*** *In seventh grade, no one wanted to eat my food or use my utensils before washing them, because I might have used them or licked them before the class started, or… How about German then? How on earth you think I should start a new language in ninth*

grade? Are you mad?

The last one to choose was woodwork. I took it then. I have a feeling it´s going to be a bad choice. I liked it in elementary school. But this school is different. These students are different.

I put the last period and feel very pleased with what I managed to write. I braid my long hair and keep the braid in my hand for a while. I´m so tempted to cut it off behind the ear. But of course I won´t. Mum would a have heart attack, she´d probably glue it back on. Her precious little princess won´t have boyish hair, puts on a skirt if asked, and never shops in the boys´ section.

I sigh with relief when I put my head on the pillow. School started on Thursday so after tomorrow is the weekend! Wuhuuu!

Mornings are crazy. They always are. Unless it is a plan-free one. I have probably snoozed the alarm half a dozen times. I have thrown the blanket off and slept with my feet on the pillow. No wonder I had some crazy dreams. Mum bangs on the door:
“Rise and shine, honey! Time to wake up!”

“Coming!” I shout and get up too quickly. I end up face-planting onto the floor. The bedsheet wants to drag me back to bed like a living creature.

When Mum yells it´s time to wake up and hurry, I put on clothes - the ones that smell the freshest. I brush my teeth very carefully because I am pretty scared of the dentist and want to do everything in my power to avoid cavities. I also brush my hair, or at least try to; the brush gets stuck in my scalp, and I hope, once again, that I could just chop this hair off. But of course I won´t; it is my shield and my armour. Nobody pays attention to me if I put my hair in front of my face. I´ll hide behind it.
“Morning,” I say to mum when she´s already closing the front door behind her.

I eat a sandwich and drink some yoghurt straight from the bottle. Some of it finds its way onto my face, dripping down my jaw. “*Should I leave already?*” I think out loud and really don´t want to. Eenie, meenie, miney, mo... Should I stay or should I go?
And then I have to get going.

Dear Diary,

*It´s like **she** knows me even though we haven´t even exchanged a good morning. Haven´t said a word to each other. Even by accident. It´s like **she** can read my mind.*

We had group work in English class. I was without a partner, as always. Others got together with their best friends or this week´s boyfriend.
The teacher said I could be a third one in there…
*Well, "there" meant with **her** and **her** friend.*

We talked about our favourite places. Not sure how that has anything to do with English, but anyway.
***She** said the forest. I would have said the same.*
I love exploring in the woods, picking berries and mushrooms. Getting lost.
*Did **she** joke around? **She** has probably heard somewhere that I´m some sort of a tree hugger…*

***She** said: "I like to run in the forest barefoot."*
*I could imagine **her** there. Running around like a fairy in a white dress, eyes watching clouds drift by. **Her** eyes are as green as the moss **she** runs on...*

***Her** friend asked me something, I answered.*

Mum thought it would be a good idea to gift me a blank notebook as a journal, a diary. What ever you want to call it.
She said that I should write memories from 9th grade, the last year of junior high, in it.
I thought I was not going to get anything written down.
I have no one to make memories with.
I´m a loser, an outsider, socially excluded one.
But then she came: a girl from my class.
She filled my thoughts and the diary pages.

I think she has charmed me. Should I call this Dear (charmed) Diary instead?

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