

Saturday, 11th of August 2007

Dear diary,

This is one of the saddest days of my life.

I feel hopeless, violated. My veins are blocked by a dark fluid that stops any energy from reaching my limbs. They hang as dead as my heart.

I stayed at home all morning – couldn't even leave the bed. I feel disappointed, and lost. The proverbial rug has been pulled from under my feet with no mercy or care. The whys and whats are purely academic at this stage. Eventually, I will want to know. Not to mend nor to fix but to rationalize and thus push it into a safe corner. It is not the time to ask questions but to prepare them, have them ready.

I am at home and alone. I have so many friends and such a supporting family. A few clicks on my mobile phone and they'd be queuing at my door with hugs, kisses, kind words. Yet, there is no one I can call; the shame is just too overbearing. They wouldn't understand, as I don't understand now. They would be full of hateful and vengeful words. Words which I myself have already formulated and picked. They would help, but they can't help. The only recourse I have left is to write. And as I write it trickles down the pen into the paper and, soaking it with despair, empties my poisoned heart.

Saturday, 11th of August 2007

Dear diary,

It's me again. Still at home, still trying to make sense of what's going on.

My thoughts and emotions are out of control. If I stop to organize or place them in order, I don't make any progress at all. I am trying to be strong, be positive, keep the sadness away.

I've kept myself busy by doing the dishes, playing with Danny, doing a bit of gardening (joke) and making some tea. It's not working. In these moments I feel so small, I want to disappear into a crack in the wood floor and sink ever smaller, ever lower, into the core of the world there to burn into particles too small to know pain. Opening my eyes after this reverie, I am still my normal size. Still too big to dodge the horrible feelings of helplessness and loneliness.

Today, this calamity, is different than anything before, but still I will fight it. I must fight it. Not just for me, but for those around me that (still) love me. I will do as I've done in the past and dig out my

diaries from the cellar. They tell tales of happy times and of sad times. All these have been overcome, and so what happened shall be overcome too.

I started writing diaries when I was very young. Thirteen, maybe? Younger I guess as I can't remember not ever owning one. I anticipated Christmas not just because of pudding and being around my family but also because of getting next year's diary. I could always tell by the shape of the present. I remember that if I got two diaries in a row that had the same colour or texture I would be very mad. So mad my mother would exchange them on Boxing day, or else! What a feisty little girl I was.

As for the writing itself, I had very innocent intentions – just wanted to catalogue what I was going through in my life so one day I would be able to look back... and perhaps laugh. The diaries were my friends with long memories. Every time I questioned whether I was deviating from my goals and views, I could always refer back to them. Reading through their pages nowadays, I get a pristine picture of Saskia at 13, Saskia at 14, Saskia at 15 and so on. Or should I say Saskia and her First Period, Saskia and her First Boyfriend, Saskia and her First Time Running Away from Home?

Afterwards, and far less self-conscious, I became interested in writing for its own sake. The life of a novelist. Oh, what great role models one can find. Their novels are records of their lives laid bare and exposed. The courage they must have had to talk about their feelings, friends and lovers in such a way. And I was to be one of them. It all had started with the diaries of course. Now it was just a question of putting these diaries out there. Edit them first of course, but put them out there and the world would become one with Saskia. People I had never met before would empathise with my problems and understand what makes me the way I am. It was a lovely plan.

I had a naive arrogance that something about me was interesting to other people. What, I never knew. But definitely something special, something unique. Aren't we all unique in some way?

Today I discovered there is nothing unique about me. Nothing to make me better or worse than any other woman in the world. At least nothing to make me more desirable than a filthy whore in the world's armpit.

So I am sad. Incredibly sad. Unbelievably sad. And in this sadness, this all-encompassing sadness, I found my uniqueness.

Surely no one in the world is as sad as me right now.