

My Secret: The Short Diary of Rosabella Smith

January 23, 1985 (less than 1 year earlier)

I'm trapped. Trapped in my room and away from my fairytale world I wish I had. Where I could be normal and loved. Well that's not my life. I can't leave. I can't leave because the person I wish to protect is currently outside my house asking for me. I watch now as he leaves walking with a slight slump in his shoulders. I shed a tear knowing there can never be an us. I'm scared. I'm alone. I'm confused. Please Help Me.

December 1, 1985 (14 days till my birthday)

December is now here and up and down the streets snow piles up until it reaches your knees. I can't leave or I'll freeze, like seriously freeze. Turn to stone like one of those fancy sculptures you see in museums. I just received this book as an early birthday present from my mother who thinks I have so much ahead of me I could write about. That couldn't be farther from the truth. My birthday is in 14 days not counting today, it may sound exciting but it's just like any other day to me. Oh! How rude am I, I totally forgot to introduce myself. Hi, I'm Rosabella Smith but most people just call me Rose or Bella. I prefer Rose because Bella means beautiful and I am not so... please don't all me that. I am 16 years old with brown hair and green eyes, I'm not very tall only 5,5 while people who live in my town around my age are 5,7 and taller. I'm very slim... I guess, and I have a very small nose and chin. Also please don't tell where I got these from especially my mom, but I have a scar on my hip and a small little scratch on my bottom lip. Now you may think I'm being very dramatic about the cold and I know most of you are saying "Why don't you just put on warmer clothes." Well I could but you see here. While I am scared and could die from the cold. I am also trying to avoid someone. His name is Grayson Bailey, my best friend, my lover, my everything.

December 4, 1985 (11 days till my birthday)

I give up! I have no idea what to write about other than the fact that my mom called me down just now asking if I could bundle myself up and go do the grocery shopping. I didn't like the idea, but I did run out of my favorite genre book: Historical fiction books in my library so I didn't see why not.

Well as always when I left, children playing dreidel and teen boys playing football(soccer) were staring at me as if I was a ghost and they could see right through me. One teenage boy even whistled which sent goosebumps down my arms.

I made it into town catching a few more people staring when I finally noticed him. Keep in mind I live in London and this place is packed with people. I decided to take a look at the library first.

When I made it to the Owen's Library I began looking for my Historical fiction.

I searched up and down for some book that appealed to me. I finally found a book called: The War That Saved My Life. I smiled. Probably the first real smile I've had on my face in a long time, all for a book. I propped myself on my tippy toes and began reaching with my delicate fingers for the spine of the book. I hopped and with one swift motion my fingers caught the spine causing me to fall backward into a person right behind me.

"I'm so sorry." I squirmed the book into my chest trying to hide my embarrassment. The person chuckled.

"You know... if you really wanted that book so bad you could have just asked someone to reach it for you." Of course... Mr Know It All aka Grayson.

I avoided eye contact hoping to just shuffle by him but he held me back.

"Did I do something Rose?" I met his eyes, pleading for him to just let me pass.

"Yes." The only way he was gonna leave me alone was to set him straight.

"What did I do?"

"You're just so annoying and controlling so just leave me alone!"

He looked hurt and I took that opportunity to brush past him and out of the library.

The tears settled into my eyes as I walked the opposite direction from the Market, away from my house and especially away from Grayson. I turned a corner into an alleyway and felt a cold metal object hit me square in the forehead. I blacked out.

December 15, 1985 (My Birthday)

I'm awake. Scanning my surroundings I can't recall where I am, but it's very dusty.

"Well look who's awake!" A voice booms over me. "Now time to take what's rightfully mine!" She hissed.

Eliza The Evil Witch.

I wasn't even able to get one word in when I felt a cold sensation fill me.

"Forgot to tell you... but this might hurt a lot." She giggled.

"Leave her alone!" A voice boomed yet again but this time I knew who it was immediately.

Eliza let out a gurgling scream as she melted to the floor. When she was completely gone I was finally able to catch my breath.

I looked up at Grayson he was sweating and taking giant exaggerated breaths while holding a hot and boiling metal pipe.

I embraced him not caring what he thought of me anymore.

"Rose...the reason I cornered you in the library was to tell you... I knew." He knew. He always knew. That made me cry.

"I love you Rose so much!"

While still crying I muttered, "I love you too."

I knew from that moment I would never leave his side.

I am his and he is mine, we're in this together.