

Miss E.

By Brian Herberger

Diary

I promised Miss E. I would never tell anyone her story- and I'm not, really. But she didn't say anything about not writing it down. As far as I'm concerned, a girl's diary is pretty much the most private place someone could ever put something, so writing it here all but guarantees that no one will ever know what really happened to Miss E.

Some diaries stay private because they're locked away in a nightstand or hidden under a mattress, but most of the time they're private because who really has the time to read all the boring stuff that goes on in someone else's life. And as far as boring lives go, mine had to be up there in the top ten, until we moved to California at least. So, there's not much chance of someone prying into my private life.

Although I suppose someone could show an interest after I die.

Seems like people always become more interesting after they're dead and gone, and others end up examining their letters and diaries and just about everything they wrote, trying to find out something about the person that they probably could have found out while they were living by just going up and asking them. But they didn't. Miss E. sure stirred up a lot of attention for herself when she died. Folks probably wouldn't have been half as interested in her if they knew she was alive and well, living on a farm north of San Francisco.

And besides, what I'm writing here isn't really Miss E.'s story. It's mine.