Gilles Tibo ★ Josée Bisaillon
(AUTHOR) (ILLUSTRATOR)

MY DIARY

The Totally True Story of ME!



DO NOT look at the drawings!

DO NOT read this book!

DO NOT open!





Copyrighted Material

FIRST WARNING!
If you find this diary, you must close it right away because it is private.

MY DIARY

The Totally True Story of ME!

by Gilles Tibo
illustrations by Josée Bisaillon



Magination Press • Washington, DC
American Psychological Association

THIRD WARNING!!!

If you find this diary, you ABSOLUTELY, positively must close it right away.

I am not kidding!!! It contains private stories and poems written by me about my friends and family.

Are you still reading this?

You have forced me to change my name, my friends' names, my parents' names, and even the name of my red goldfish. Any name you read inside is totally made-up!

If you find this diary by any chance, good luck finding me!

And if someone asks me if this diary or any of the stories or poems are mine, I will say, "No, good luck finding the author."

(Wait, that would allow you to actually find me. Never mind, I will say nothing.)

Signed, ME

First secret:
My name might be Marilou.
Marilou Gonzales Latendresse.

Guess what?

I am filled with secrets from head to toe. I have little secrets, some medium secrets, and some very big secrets!

I hate tying my shoes. **(little)**
I hate math. **(medium)**
I hate Max. **(very big)**
Max is my neighbor across the street.
He always makes faces at me.

There is a lot about me that no one knows. I don't tell anyone my secrets because I'm afraid they will make fun of me. So, I will share these things with you, dear diary, because I trust you 100%.

100%

When I grow up I want to be a writer.
Actually, I am already a writer! I write all sorts of things.
Stories and poems come straight from my heart and sound like music.
I write them down on pieces of paper and put them in this diary.

A few more secrets: I have hidden my secret diary in so many places (under my bed, in my closet, under a rug, in a suitcase, under the cat's litter box) that I no longer know where to hide it . . .

Here's a note just to you, diary:

I'm so glad to have you here beside me.
I can share with you all my joys and
sorrows, my fears and my anger, my
hopes and disappointments.
You keep all my writings
inside—safe and sound.

Dear diary,
If you were a bird,
I would fly away with you.
If you were a dolphin,
I would swim with you.
If you were a slice of pizza,
I would savor you.

Do you love me as much as I love you?
(You do not have to answer!)

My diary starts here.

Sadness

Dear diary,
This morning, I was really sad. I cried because my red goldfish, Emilio died during the night. When I woke up he was floating on his back. I was so terribly sad that I could have filled an aquarium with my tears.

This afternoon, I buried Emilio under a rock at the far end of the garden. To comfort me, my mom and dad told me that I would get some very good news! Perhaps they will give me another red goldfish, or a cat, or maybe even a horse? But a horse wouldn't be able to live with us.

I wonder what the news is????



This is a list of things
that make me sad:

The death of my fish Emilio.
Rain that lasts for three days.
A dog with a sore foot.
My father upset with me.
A sick friend.
When my bike breaks down
(or the chain falls off AGAIN).
Bad news on TV.
A sad song.
Someone who is sad.
A sad cat or anything that is sad.

PS. Really, lots of other things make me sad, but I would need more space to list them all.

Emilia

Sadness Around Me

Sometimes, I wonder if other things around me get sad . . . I think they do: The trees are sad when they shed their leaves. Houses are sad when their roofs leak. Clouds are sad when it rains. But refrigerators are never sad because they're always working and seem to be humming happily! (Get it? Ha! Ha!)

This is a short poem I have
written to my sadness.

My tears are like
raindrops.
Today, they fall
on a small plant.
And this small plant,
seems to be blossoming.

Dear diary,
I hope I will always have you.
I would be too sad without you.

Here's an idea for an invention:
A vacuum should be invented that could suck out all the sadness from my heart.

Life

Dear diary! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
My parents just made my day! My month!! My year!!! My mom is having a baby! He is growing inside my mom RIGHT NOW. He's the size of an apricot, but soon I'm going to be a big sister to the sweetest little brother ever.
This news made me so happy that I jumped for joy!

I jumped rope non-stop all day and now I have a cramp in one foot. But that's ok. I am going to be a BIG SISTER. Yipeeeee!



Lying on my pillow, I write
this to my future brother:

Dear little brother,
Life is more fragile than a butterfly and
stronger than a thousand elephants.
But don't ever be afraid, I'll protect you!



I love life and
all its craziness!

Here brother,
I write a short poem
about life for you:

Living is running in a field,
it's watching the stars,
it's diving into the sea
while listening to your
own heartbeat.

To live is to dream, laugh,
cry, play, sleep, and eat
while listening to your
own heartbeat.

To live is to stroke a cat, to
help someone, and soon, to hold
your hand, my little brother, as
I listen to your heart beat . . .

Here brother, is what Life
might write back if Life
could write . . . : (But for real,
I'm the one who is writing it.)

Hello, I am Life
and I am everywhere
in birds
so they can fly very high.
In the flowers
so they can perfume the earth.
In the hearts of children
so they can run in the fields
and feel the soft breezes
of the wind.

Here brother, together I write
this little poem with Life just for you:
(But for real, this time, it's Life who is writing this.)

This morning, I am greeting life.
Hello sun, hello rain
Hello my friends!

This afternoon, I say hello to life.
Hello birds, hello kitties,
Hello sweetheart!

Tonight, I say hello to life.
Hello dad, hello mom,
hello to my cozy bed!

And then life said good night.
Good night to my dreams
and my nightmares too.

Diary, do you love life as much as I do? (It just answered: "Yes!")

Children's/Emotions Ages 8-13

MY DIARY

The Totally True Story of ME!

My name "might be" Marilou.
Marilou Gonzales Latendresse.

Guess what? I am filled with
secrets from head to toe.
I have little secrets,
some medium secrets,
and some very big secrets!

I hate tying my shoes. **(little)**
I hate math. **(medium)**
I hate Max. **(very big)**
Max is my neighbor
across the street.
He always makes faces at me.



Here, I write several question marks because I still have many questions about life.

There is a lot about me that no one knows. I don't tell anyone my secrets because I'm afraid they will make fun of me. So, I will share these things with you dear diary because I trust you 100%.

When I grow up
I want to be a writer.

Actually, I am already a writer! I write all sorts of things. Stories and poems come straight from my heart and sound like music. I write them down on pieces of paper and put them in this diary.

Magination Press
www.maginationpress.com