

A NORMAL DAY IN MY LIFE



Dear diary,

Yesterday was more normal than usual, I'm still very impressed on how well it went. I woke up earlier than expected, which (you know) makes me act like the Grinch during the whole day. Not caring at all, I ran to the beach like every Saturday; after that, while I was doing some stretching, a dove defecated on my hair and face. Anyway, I tried to keep a smile on my face remembering I had a date later. I arrived home, had a shower and started my morning routine with creams and other stuff, when suddenly I realized the face mask I had put wasn't actually a face mask, it was hair-removing cream, and even though I took it off really quickly, I had to say goodbye to my eyebrows. Happily, I managed to fix it by painting them with some makeup. Finally, I dressed up (without problems) and not knowing what to do I decided to watch a series. Once in the living room, I couldn't find the remote control, so I started to look for it around the house. In the kitchen, I found my homework and a pair of thongs inside the microwave (I still don't know how they end up there), but not the remote control; in the bathroom, I found a pair of shoes I thought were lost, but not what I was looking for. I got tired, stopped my search and decided to eat something healthy, a milkshake made of fruits. But do you know what happened? I forgot to cover the beater and the kitchen ended up dirtier than my clothes after playing with pigs. While cleaning, I saw the clock and realised I was late for the date so, I left it half dirty and put on a dress. My expectations were high with this guy because he seemed to be perfect: tall, handsome, smart, kind... But when he arrived with a really long car, similar to a funeral car, I knew something was going to happen. Obviously I had to be right, he was a funeral director and needed to make a quick stop at his "office" but he didn't want to be late to pick me up so decided to do it with a corpse in the back of the car. On top of this, I had to help him carry the coffin. It was the deadliest experience of my life (sorry for the joke). Fortunately, the rest of the date went good and when I went back home I was so afraid something else could happen I decided to go to sleep immediately. I even forgot to write in you, my dear diary!

Bye for now,

from your favourite awkward girl

ARTEMISA