



8-21-93

Dear Diary,

Okay, I'm gonna be honest with you. I love and hate Danielle so much. Does that make sense? I would kill anyone that fucks with my sister, but sometimes, I also kinda want to kill her myself. I can't be the only girl that feels that way. On one hand, that slut has worn every piece of clothing I've ever owned, and she's stolen half of them. You'd think me being so much taller would stop her, but no. Not even a little.



But on the other hand, I am kinda scared for her. I'm still excited that she'll be here Monday. She might embarrass me, but I can live with that. I just know what kind of messed up stuff the girls might do to her. I still have nightmares about my first year here. Everyone already knows that she's my sister and I'm worried that they're going to get extra nasty with her because of it. Whatever they decide to do to her, I can't stop them.



Like, as I'm writing this, I have a freshie with her face in the toilet that I'm currently taking a shit in. This was Kelly's idea as a punishment. The girl invited her tiny friend to the PBA pool party Friday night. Can you imagine? One of those roaches sharing the same hot tub as us? It's bad enough that she confessed to being best friends with that thing for years and years, which is completely unacceptable and against PBA law. But bringing her to the house? We had to show her the error of her ways.



Oh! And speaking of which, Friday night, I swallowed my first tiny of the semester. It was that freshie's best friend. Both of them were crying so hard. Probably the most emotional I've ever seen anyone get over one of those things. It was kinda sad, but a little funny, not gonna lie.



I'd never really thought much about it before, but being eaten might be one of the worst ways to go, right? Like, I dunno, I always thought when they get swallowed they just kinda died. Out of sight, out of mind kinda thing. But this poor bitch screamed all the way down my throat. I could feel it. And my stomach fluttered for a long time after that. That had to be her fighting for her life, right?



Anyway, I burped with my mouth closed while she was still in there and you know how burps can taste kind of sour? Well, this one burned A LOT and I just kept thinking, "Oh my God. She just smelled that and it's like a small taste of where she's about to go." So I just kept thinking about her melting in my stomach acids and how much it was gonna hurt for her. And it must have been really slow because I felt those flutters all night. Until I went to bed! So for hours and hours she was getting digested alive. How messed up is that?



So yeah, the freshie had to watch me shit out her best friend. I didn't eat much yesterday, so I thought the roach would stick out more, but it looks like my body seriously had it's way with her. Completely ruined the poor girl. It's kinda crazy to think about. Her entire life led up to becoming my morning bowel movement. Not even a memorable one. Kinda small. Only a little smelly. But still, what an honor for her, right?

That's just wrong on so many levels. Am I evil?



Maybe. But I'm still kinda disappointed. When I swallow them whole, they usually look really disgusting when they come back out. But not this time. I thought I seen a bone or something, but it could have been a peanut. Or maybe she hasn't come out yet? I guess I'll have to make the freshie watch me shit again. Not the worst thing in the world. Better to smell my shit than to get turned into it. Might make her watch every shit I take for the rest of the semester. Haven't decided yet. I'll ask Dani when she gets here. XOXOXOXOX