

Dear Diary,

Guess what! I finally got back at Kelsey for all the horrible things she has done! Of course, I played with time, so it's not like she remembers it, but boy it felt good! I don't remember one thing she has ever said to me that was remotely nice... and today she just pushed me over the edge.

It was lunch and all I could see out of the corner of my eyes was her and her little posse mimicking me. So, I walked over ignoring the calls from my friends... I picked up her can of soda and poured it over her "perfect" brown ringlets. You should have seen her face! It was like I told her that I killed her dog! Her face had turned into a tomato and rage boiled beneath her skin. I ended up on the floor from laughing so hard. My little victory didn't last long though, as a millisecond later the booming voice of Mr Williams stamped through my thoughts.

"Jamie! What in the devils' name have you done?"

That was my cue, I held up my hand and time fell over me like a zip on a jacket, and before I knew it, I was back with my friends and none of it had ever happened. Life is so much better when you don't have to worry about the repercussions (learnt that word in Mr Williams English class today) of your actions. I can pretty much do anything my heart desires, then bada-bing bada-boom, it never even happened.

We also had our weekly maths test today. I seriously don't understand algebra, there are letters than there are numbers, they each have their own home... letters are NOT welcome in maths! Ms Delago obviously has other opinions. Luckily, Mary-Ann was here today, if it weren't for her straight A's, I would be failing! The only thing is, her desk is on the other side of the room, and me? I don't have the greatest memory. So, it took many turns of getting up, walking across the room, staring at her paper, remembering an answer, getting caught, rewinding time, answering the question, then repeating the cycle! Sure, it's tedious but it's either that or getting yelled at for getting an F.

Life is great with this power, and don't get me wrong I'm grateful to be blessed with such an extraordinary talent, it's just that every time I put up my hand to rewind, it gets harder. Mother always said to be careful with this power, and I do not think I ever listened. Daggers stab through my head every time I try to use it now, my stomach feels like gravity is overcoming it and my legs become jelly.

I only wish there was someone I could talk to, to vent to, to laugh with... someone who would just understand me. I miss mother, so much. A whole in my chest digs deeper every time I think about her, her laugh, how she used to engulf me into her arms, how I used to feel safe around her. I just know she would help me now; then again sometimes I wonder if she even did believe that I could truly manipulate time, or if she was just amusing my four-year-old imagination. But I'm twelve now, not four... perhaps that's why it's getting harder to control.

Sometimes I find myself listening to the same lesson three times in a row, without meaning to... Of course, if I had a choice, I wouldn't even listen to it once. I can barely even focus on simple things anymore, reading my favourite book has even become a chore. It's like there's this crushing weight that I can't completely describe constantly looming over my shoulder; a

dark monster waiting for me at the end of the pier. Maybe it's because I didn't listen to mother when I should have, I abused this power, doing petty things like cheating on tests and getting back at Kelsey (even if she did deserve it). My whole life has been a cycle of bittersweet events.

Even now, as I'm writing this, I can feel my heart being pulled down to the earth. Nothing I do helps, and I don't know what will. Perhaps all I can do is nothing at all. Oh gosh, it's hurting even more now, how do I stop this? I cannnn't evvven wrriteee, oh ppplease, pleeea

-