



*This is what
it must've been like,
that first Thanksgiving...
in the New World...*

Dear Diary, for my twelfth birthday, Mom and Dad gave me a blank journal.

They said I was going to grow up to be an amazing woman, and that I should start writing everything down, because years from now, people will want to know about my childhood and all those events, personal and global, that helped shape me.

It's got a lock and key, so you can write down anything you want, and no one but you will be able to read it.

Happy birthday, sweet-heart--

--your Mom and I, we're very proud of you.

You're such a good girl, Betty.

...

Unlike me, right? Who's nothing but a total embarrassment and disappointment to you--that's what you're implying, isn't it?

One night, that's all I want.

One night without all this--

--Polly, no one's implying anything. We're proud of both you, equally.

Well, that's just bull.

Thanks, Mom. Thanks, Dad. I love it so much--

"--I'm gonna start writing in it tonight!"

I wouldn't worry about locking that, Sis. A) I can pick it. And B) You never do anything remotely interesting--

--so why would anyone want to read about your boring life?

~sigh~

...I wish I knew why Polly hated me so much, Diary.

Dear Diary, an incredible thing happened today...



...the richest and most beautiful girl in junior high, Veronica Lodge, asked me to sit with her at lunch.



Hi. You're pretty.

Let's be friends.

When I told my mom about it, she said:



Tsk. I feel for that girl and her mother.

How come?

God, could you be more clueless? Her dad cheats on her mom--that's how come your new BFF is such a mean, stuck-up, snooty, little princess.

Except Veronica's *not* mean, not *exactly*...



Attending Ethel Muggs's birthday party?

That would be akin to committing social suicide!

She just doesn't realize sometimes...

...how easy it can be to hurt someone's feelings.



You can't go, Betty. Especially not now that we're besties.

Forget the party. Just come over and I'll have Smithers give us mani-pedis.

Actually, Diary, when I *really* think about it, Veronica and Polly are a lot alike...



What does that say about me, I wonder...