



Sometimes the Best Weapon ~~is the Truth~~  
Is the Truth. A story About Insight.

6 August 2000

Dearest Diary,

Can you believe it?! I

cannot believe it?! They never told  
me I was adopted. How could they  
have thought I wouldn't find out.

Well! I'm sixteen now - I may  
be ugly - but I'm not stupid. And the  
fact that they're all tall, proportionate,  
blonde and beautiful certainly gave it  
away. I'm the complete opposite. Yes

I am ugly. They're the bold and  
beautiful - and I am downright  
ugly. ~~I find~~ In fact I hate one

half of my life because of it. The  
parts when I'm surrounded by <sup>the public</sup> people  
who all think the same of me: Ugly!

Now ~~my~~ the other half of my life  
with my family at home sucks too.



They really should have hid those adoption papers with a lot more ~~thought~~ thought. I told mum I was going to clean out the attic. Hang on a second - she's not my mother! And my bimbo ~~idiot~~ idiot model stranger who sleeps in my room! She probably knew. They probably all thought how cute a little sister I was when they brought me in. Well, they ain't seen nothing yet, I'm gonna do exactly what they did in that movie I saw last week. This is not <sup>an</sup> insurmountable event. I just need to ~~do~~ make my point clear to them. It's my world now that's in my control. Now that I know.

15 August 2000

Not only have I run away -



Gee Mary you are gonna be proud  
of me - I have go into the bank  
and nused up their home bank <sup>records</sup>  
I also keyed their car - but that  
was just for fun. And tomorrow night  
I think I'll order fifty pizzas  
to their house ~~to their house~~  
just for a kick. ~~that~~ I wonder how  
they would survive the entire world  
thinking I'm god of beauty and  
their features just were  
acceptable? They probably wouldn't  
be able to take it - stupid  
people - never had a problem in  
their life. How would they feel  
if he were given up for  
adoption because they drastically  
difficult to be looked at? How  
can a mother do that anyway!?  
That's it - I've got to go and



find another way to make their  
life difficult.

16 August 2000

Dearest Diary,

Well well, I  
wonder what my beautiful  
Bombshell beauty will do now  
that her photographs and  
portfolios have been stolen from  
her agency. She's gonna get  
the shock of her life.

17 August 2000

Hi Diary,

So I ~~was~~ watched her  
go into her agency this morning.  
The day she was going to decide



on the photographs for her calendar. She's got a calendar and I just lost my family. Well, she's ain't got no calendar now. Those glossy photographs are ashed now. She'll probably die of the thought of lost pictures of herself. Lost evidence of how amazingly attractive she can be. Doesn't anybody realize the half of it is make-up. Tubes of ~~the~~ unnatural substance with shine technology slushed onto the features of an average person. Everybody's average - can't they understand that. I can't believe how proud they were of her. You know, sometimes I think, the best weapon is the truth. If they knew how vain and ridiculous



they are they would stop the  
evil attitudes towards people like  
me

20 August 2000

I ~~forgot~~ robbed her car today.  
The binno has no more beautiful,  
obnoxious material items in that  
expensive vehicle of Les. Why  
didn't I get a car like that.  
Well, I forgot, I'm not  
beautiful enough for a car  
like that.  
~~of beauty~~ See, if the prettiness  
of a car can't be complimented  
by my pretty face - why  
bother? The one thing I can't  
stand. I'll probably get a  
discount for all the damage  
I made to the seats and

steering wheel. The mechanic will be so overwhelmed by her deep eyes that he'll give it to her for half price. Doesn't he realise it's eyeliner that's the half of it. (Diot! I think I'll kill him.

25 August 2000

Yes, I will. They do it all the time in Hollywood. And they get their ideas from real people anyway. So it can't be that difficult. And by the way, I was right. He was completely mesmerised by her face. You should have seen it. A real comedy scene from a television series. I'm just



going to have to steal a gun.  
It's one of the weapons that can do  
the job. The thing is, it's not the  
best weapon ~~for the job~~ against  
the evil and vain actions of  
my ex-family. Only the  
truth could do that - but I  
guess it couldn't get through  
their thick skull.

30 August 2000

Dear Diary,

~~I guess watching all~~

<sup>my</sup> skill

I'm in my own little

world. Except now it's a cell.

Yes. I'm in jail. They incarcerated  
me. All I did was what they

deserved. ~~But~~ The law doesn't

see it that way. ~~The~~ All they

see is that I committed fraud,





property damage, breaking and entering, and stealing. Oh yes, and attempted murder. I wonder if my ugly face will be a mitigating factor - I betbumbo's face would be. I guess watching all those crime movies found its way into my imagination. I mean that's where I got the ideas. The film industry should be on trial too. I just can't get over the fact that they will never know the truth of their existence. They just don't realise and the best weapon - truth - cannot combat their unfair actions. Now that I'm gonna be stuck in some cell for an excruciatingly long time. All of this because our stupid society puts so much relevance and



significance or something so trivial and fake. It's going to fade you know... outside beauty always does.