

Female Child Monologue

Dear Diary,

Life here on the moon is, well, it's not what I expected. Though I figured I would miss my friends, I was secretly looking forward to moving to a new place—somewhere where I could start over—somewhere where no one knew me, where my nicknames could disappear and where I could just be myself. Maybe if no one knew me, they wouldn't notice all my quirks. They might not notice right away that my hair never seems to stay curled the way I like it or that my left nostril flares when I laugh. They might not notice that I don't have designer clothing or even have my ears pierced.

I had my way. They didn't notice my quirks. The only problem was they weren't noticing my good qualities either. They don't notice me at all.

It's all right, though. I am really learning a lot. Since I don't have anyone to talk to, I'm studying the moon and the space station. Last week I went on a search for garbage disposal sites. I found that they are burning a lot of the paper waste. Food waste they composting for the huge vegetable farm in section C. Fascinating, isn't it? Oh well . . . friends are just overrated. Who needs them anyway?