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*The Diary of A Teen-Aged
Christian*

When it all begun

Dear God,

Today I woke up and felt so down. Imagine being in a glue-walled room and trying to get out, yeah, your guess is right, it's tough especially being in this warm-blooded tux called 'flesh'. "Alright, I'll stop nagging but it doesn't change the fact I feel down. Seriously, this life as a Christian is very tough. Ouch.....ok, apply the Word. 'He who endures to the end shall be saved.' Ok, that was good. I think this is what I need for the day, this verse. Oh, I forgot.... I have school to go to. Yep, another activity required from a human. Ok bye....."

My name is Janessa and this is my life. I guess if I'm telling you about me then I better start from the beginning, where it all begun, when I stepped out of a cozy room called my mother's womb.

18 years ago, exactly 12 midnight, I felt uncomfortable in my mother's womb, so I stepped out. I grew up enjoying every bit of my childhood, from enjoying every kind of making a fool out of everybody because they want me to stop crying. "Yeah I know, very hilarious." But at age 12, scales of excitement fell from my eyes. I began to see things from a different perspective. All was not well. My parents were not much of strong Christians. I guess to them, it was like a tag they just carried about. Things were not so bad until the path became quite rocky. My dad lost his job, and then did things become worse. My mum also surprised us by losing her job. Well, it wasn't her fault, really. My dad turned to smoking and drinking and the days when he became negatively excited, he will beat mum up because she tried to take his pack of cigarette and bottle of rum away from him. This went on for year. Then something worse, much worse, happened. Mum joined dad in his quest to ruin his life by taking in hard drugs and liquor. Oh and it was a very traumatizing experience, coming back home from a very irritating day at school to spending the rest of the day with two wasted parents, talk about jumping from frying pan into fire. Slow. Things got so out of hand. It was quite surprising that my parents actually once called themselves Christians. Once I had a very rough day at school, detention and all. I was very angry because whatever landed me in detention wasn't in any way my fault, but what can I do but suck it up. With anger, I came home and hungry as well, I opened the fridge..... I found no food but something more intriguing.....my dad's bottle of rum. With weather eyes, I stared at the bottle of rum, thinking out loud, I said, "what on God's green earth is in this that makes it totally irresistible?" Out of curiosity, I tasted God! What is this? It burns, shoot! But wait a minute, after a while, it doesn't taste that bad. Uh...oh, the curiosity was now turning into desire. Day after day, I took a sip of my dad's rum. The sip then became a gulp. My dad realized his rum was surprisingly decreasing in quantity. With the way things were before, he would have believed the rum had undergone sublimation if that was possible. But now things were not that smooth, therefore he questioned all of us, from my mum down to my little brother. "Dad's overreacting, he's questioning even Junior." I would say in my head. But every time he gets to me, I simply shake my head and say, "Yuck, dad, that thing is worse than bitter, why would I enjoy it". This went on for days, weeks and month. What I thought I knew was that I was enjoying my life. What I didn't know was I had offered the devil help on a silver platter to ruin my own life. Well, that's not all....there's more.....

The Painfully Sweet Journey

The Bumpy Ride

Dear God,

Recapping on previous events.....my life was at destruction's peak. Hmmm, quite interesting, but not as interesting as how worse things became. Now I had become an alcoholic and believe me, being always drunk is a whole new world altogether. I lost my dad and finances became worse and my mum upgraded the version of tools she used in ruining her life, she began smoking pot, which was quite contagious in terms of me. Now and then mum would throw a tantrum due to the flimsy reason that she's 'high'. This mostly caused an eerie atmosphere in the house because she would scream, sounding perfectly like a car tire screech, which made me think, "That only happens in movies when one is possessed." During times like these, Junior would fall into something I call a trance. Well that was sort of his habit. He rarely spoke. Though mum's mind was many a times on a different planet, she was quite clear-minded when she refused to let us quit school. Junior and I both went two different schools. His was quite closer to home and the kids there were lesser bullies than the ones at mine. So currently I was a drug addict slash alcoholic. And for my family, well, wretched was an understatement for the way we lived, and poor is nowhere near our financial statement. But fortunately I made it through high school and for the graduation ceremony....., not much of me was seen there. As for the university, mum totally agreed with me that we were that low on cash to include university expenses, so rather I got a job at the diner down the street. The pay wasn't that much but it helped in keeping us off the street.

One sunny afternoon, I had switched shift with my co-worker so I had my afternoon off, I was walking down the road to my house when I saw Adonis! His hair was dark and wavy. His skin was perfectly tanned and flawless and his eyes were sleek black. In short, the fellow was perfectly handsome. Carrying a box out of the trunk of a car, he turned and looked at me. Though he was standing a good distance away, his gaze was so deep I felt like an open book with the wind blowing my sheets. He smiled my way and in doing so revealed a set of perfectly shaped snow white teeth. Drawing closer, I figured he was our new neighbor because those boxes he was removing out of the car trunk were going into the house next to ours. Passing by him, I whispered a 'hi' and he replied with a 'hello'. Oh crap! If I'm not exaggerating, his breath smelt like steaming hot chocolate drink. I began to walk faster to my house because my knees were buckling, which was surprising because I couldn't figure out if it was his smile or the fact that he spoke to me that caused my knees to buckle. As I reached my doorstep, I heard the familiar car-screech scream of my mum and at that point it felt like opening that door leads me to a new world where this new world in particular was nothing but U-G-L-Y, but what can I do? So shrugging as best as I could, I went inside.....

The Darkest Encounter

It was exactly one week since Drake (new guy in the neighborhood) moved in and that one week was the most disturbing week of my life. Simply because I was totally into this guy and of course I am not so forward with people much more guys so there was no way I could tell him and even if I could, that will make me look pretty desperate. So after sulking throughout dinner on Sunday evening, I lay on my bed thinking, "Just one week with this guy around and I'm acting all so goofy? How are the rest of the days going to be like? Well I kind of got my answer the next day....."

I was running my busy morning shift, as well as day dreaming (don't ask how I combined the two, I don't even know how.) about Drake and me on a perfect island having a perfect fun. Suddenly I was jolted back into reality by Ann my co-worker. "Quit daydreaming my dear, because your prince charming just waltzed into town." she whispered nodding her head towards where he was seated. I turned and there he was seated so perfectly having an extremely calm expression. Oh geez, he's so cute! My brains exclaimed. I walked towards him (slowly though, because my knees were all wobbly) and I could hear Ann's irritating giggle, of course I was walking like I was auditioning for a beauty pageant which by the way am so bad at. I got to his table and in a strange shriek voice (I don't know where that came from), I asked him what he would like to have. And this is what he said, "why don't you sit for a while and I will tell you exactly what I really want to have." (Was I dreaming or did he just ask me to sit.) Well agreeing to that will make me look desperate. So I painfully declined, "With a boss like mine, sitting on these chairs even when we are closed will land you on the street." I said jokingly. "He wouldn't mind you sitting outside this diner, would he?" he calmly asked. "I guess not", I replied. "When does this never-sit-on-the-chairs boss of yours allow you to go home?" he asked. "Three", I replied. "Good, since we are neighbors, it wouldn't be hard finding you, I will see you at 3:30 then. Oh, and what I would like to have wasn't written on this menu." He said and with that he left. "Oh my God, is that a date?" I asked aloud. "Well you can figure that one out later, for now, you've got tables to wait." Ann said from behind me.

Five minutes to three, and I could have been diagnosed to be having a nervous breakdown. 1. Because I was going on a date (if I should call it that) with the total stranger next door that I had an immense crush on. And 2. How am I going to go out of the house if I get in when mum is in there? To answer that, I consoled myself saying, "I will cross that bridge when I get there." And I did cross that bridge, I just fell into the water a couple of times. I got home and mum was sitting on the couch. Strangely enough, she was watching me keenly or was I hallucinating? Ok I was too nervous for my own good. Mum was actually dozing off. I rushed to my room, had a good scrubbing and dressed up. Oh and when I say dressed up, I mean dressed up. The clock in my room read 3:30, so I flew downstairs, thinking by now mum would have fallen asleep. But that, was the greatest miscalculation I could ever have made. Because mum was sitting on the couch alright, only that she wasn't sleeping, not even dozing, and this time I wasn't hallucinating. She was staring right at me. "Mum, what?" I asked her, trying not to show my nervous state. "And

where are you going all so dressed up”, she answered. “Well, I’ve got some few errands to run.” I lied. “Really, and don’t you think you’re a little bit too dressed up to be running errands?” she asked. “If I don’t do something, mum will not let me go out.” I thought to myself. Mum was still speaking when feigning anger I said, “Nobody stops you when you sink deep into that bottle, or go off when you smoke pot, so your moral standards are quite too low to be used as checks, don’t you think?” And with that I stormed out. Standing outside, waiting for me was Adonis. He looked so perfect standing there. “You look smashing, how come I didn’t notice that before?” he asked smiling. I was too busy gazing at his perfect set of white teeth that I bother answering. “Shall we?” I heard him ask. “Yes, we shall.” I heard myself answer. (Talk about being the best in grammar).

I got back home feeling super excited. Nothing was more exciting than what I was expecting my first date to be. Weeks passed and Drake and I had become inseparable. Mum had stopped her “moral warnings”, she practically stopped after the first day I guess. I was running an afternoon shift because I had switched with Ann earlier. Well, to be honest, switching shifts was now common to me since Drake came into my life. Speaking of Drake, there was more to the guy than I thought I could imagine. I found out that aside from being perfectly handsome, he was perfectly gifted in music. Which reminds me, I am a pretty good singer and my fingers are quite great on the piano (Sorry for not telling you earlier). I also found out that my perfect Drake was a perfect junkie. ☹️! Of course, I confronted him and he convinced me that he would quit. But then something happened. We had dinner that night and after that he said he had to meet a friend so we went through an alley to meet this friend. Oh, we met the friend alright. As they were speaking, I noticed Drake hand something to his friend. I was sure it wasn’t bread. No one would wrap bread like that. Then I remembered Drake had asked me to keep something similar to that in my bag. So I quietly opened it and it was pot. I knew what it was because I did smoke a few when mum started smoking but I wasn’t that much into it. I walked up to Drake and his friend and tried to get their attention so I could tell them my piece of mind. They seemed not to be interested in what I was saying. I managed to get Drake’s attention and he got pissed about it. We were kind of arguing when I heard sirens. Well, none of us paid attention since we were all arguing until we heard “You kids look like you want to spend the night in a holding cell.” It was then that I realized what I was holding, in fact, what I was waving in the air. All I saw was I was being hurled into the back of the police car with Drake and his friend.....

It was so cold and hard and dark. I was in a prison cell. To make me feel better, a holding cell. I convinced myself that it just had to happen. My heart said, “It’s not Drake’s fault, plus an adventure is good, right?” “Not when it lands you in a holding cell” my brains retorted. All I could ask myself was how long?

Well, I got my answer the next morning. Mum bailed me out and she was furious. Very furious. “I used the last penny we have to bail you out, you little twerp!” she yelled. Still yelling she said, “And how am I going to pay up the bills and.....” “Mum!” I screamed. She lost her balance or something. Mum was on the floor holding her chest. She looked too pale. And she appeared not to be breathing.....

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