

Love: A Diary

by DiaryBoy91

Categories: High School / College

This story won't contain anything graphic for a few chapters. I wanted it to be more serious. In a previous story of mine, people told me to hurry up with the shagging: there are lots of really great stories that get me hot under the collar very quickly, this won't be one for you... at least for a while.

If you have any feedback, advice or just want to say 'ello, email me! :) My address is at the bottom of the story. If you dislike PDFs, I can also send you a text version. Because I use special/European language characters, I don't use text for stories as I never worked out the saving the file right!

Finally, spacing's doubled for easy reading! :)

DiaryBoy91 x

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Chapter One, Part One

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I was never really one for flirting. Shy, completely introverted with a mind that goes into complete overdrive over the tiniest thing, sending me, usually, into a panic. I never thought that I would make the one little comment that would bring me, essentially, to Luka.

My name is Alex. I live in Ireland, on the outskirts of a city called Belfast. I guess I'm kind of rural compared to most people my age. At sixteen, I was overly withdrawn from interaction with the public and with the people I went to school with, sometimes even my own family. I had just received the results of my GCSE exams and had passed most, getting close to top grades in Gaelic Language, Gaelic Literature and the English language counterparts. The one I was confident in passing was maths, but I was one point off and my school refused to have it recounted as I was the only student asking for one. I'd get over

it, take night classes and get it out of the way. I don't know if I wanted to do A Levels though, or go to University. School scared me, especially being around so many people.

On August 1st, I left a comment on a guy called Luka's MySpace page. I remember it well.. "You're so cute! xD". It was unimaginative, but he was. He had long, beautiful brown hair, a smile and cheekbones to die for and the world's most beautiful eyes. I guessed he wouldn't reply, and I had taken two glasses of wine for a bit of Dutch courage, but although I denied it inside, I hoped so bad that he would get back to me, just say something, anything to make me feel human. Sighing, I turned off the screen and trolled my way across the room, finally getting into bed and turning off the lamp. In my head I said a prayer, that someday I would be rich. Someday I might just leave this city and go somewhere quiet and warm, somewhere where I could live with a partner and a baby daughter called Grace and a mini sloth and panda. I giggled a lot with these stupid ideas - the pets. The laughing kept me sane. I smiled and slept, in search of a dream that

depicted the mountains of New Zealand and the beaches of San Francisco bay.

August 2nd. I didn't really feel like getting out of bed. I'd had a few drinks to many after waking up during the night. I was in a bad mood. The sun was beautiful though, and I thought that sitting out the back in the morning would be a good idea: weekends usually meant me sitting on Facebook or MySpace with my head buried in the sand and my head unable to think steadily: there was always too much going on up there, too many bad things. I have always been paranoid, about everything really.

I took my laptop out the back, grabbing a coffee on the way out and covering myself up with a huge black coat that I had worn last Halloween, it was so comfortable! Sitting on the doorstep in the back garden I got stuck into my usual routine of talking to people, hoping to make new friends. That was when I logged into MySpace: within minutes of me logging in, Luka had replied. I smiled, knowing that I

could have a bit of a chat with someone who was so amazing: we had completely different music tastes, but I did like what he listened to. The fact that he loved 'Pendulum' told me a lot about him... complicated, in need of letting some steam off. I always listened to something like Autumn Leaves Are Falling by Clannad. There is this amazing line in the song: "When The Stakes Are Higher, Never Play With Fire. Leave it Alone." The stakes were high. I wanted this guy to be my friend, so I had to play it safe and try not to be my usual (innocently) imposing self.

"Cuteeeeeee! xD x."

I was shocked. "Aww hey mister! I'm not cute, but I'm happy with me, it's all good! xD You're gorgeous, I want your eyes!" I wasn't joking. His eyes were soft and beautiful, I couldn't make out whether they were blue or green, just so mysterious, yet his pupils were piercing, as if in him was a longing, a strength and a gentle wrathfulness. We talked for a while... until about 10pm that night. "You know it's 3am in New York? xD" He replied quickly

to my statement.

"Who cares, let's keep talking! (=

My cheeks were hurting from smiling. "Eeeee, okay cuteface xD"

"You can be my rent boy ;D"

At that point, I was in stitches with laughter. He had caught me off guard in a way, but he also made me feel a slight tingle, in more than one area. "What do you pay me? xD" I replied.

"You want nothing for it silly ;P"

I agreed... With that, we said goodnight, me trying to get the last word in, I failed miserably! I left him a message for the morning. I had to meet him in person, and I really had to kiss him.

That's Chapter 1, part one. Sorry it's so short, most of this is true apart from names and stuff, so it's kind of hard to put it into words x

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