

Monday August 26 2007

My name is Melanie Simpson. I'm 17 years old... I was 17 years old. I'm dead. I died exactly 8 months ago, from a car accident. I've never written in a diary before... I don't even know why I'm writing now. I just feel like I have to write; I have nothing better to do, but that's not why I feel I am compelled to share my story.

I'm not a regular dead person (at least that's the theory I've come up with so far)... On the night of Friday 26 of December, when I died, I didn't go to heaven or to hell like I expected to. That night, my soul was only separated from my body, which remained lifeless. My soul left my body with everything that I had in hand at the moment of the accident; we were driving home, from Aunt Muriel's house... I remember I was in the back seat, my dad was driving very fast and my older brother Ian was sitting up front. I had a red jacket on, and this little diary that my crazy aunt had given to me in my hands... When that huge truck came from out of nowhere and hit us right from the side where I was sitting (from what I think I remember)... this little diary never left my hands... and it still hasn't ever since. I don't know why ... but I have a feeling that this diary is my only way out of this I-don't-know-where-I-belong state I'm in.

Basically it's been a month since I'm wandering on earth, invisible to everyone and everything, caring around a stupid white apple shaped notebook... waiting.

Yes, I'm waiting. I don't know what I'm waiting for, but I know I have to wait.

Tuesday August 27 2007

I would say good morning but distinction between night and day is a little blur for me.. since I haven't slept since the accident. As a matter of fact, I don't feel the need to sleep.. or to eat or drink, or laugh, or cry... I don't feel anything. Pathetic huh? I know...

Today I'm visiting a bar I always wanted to get in, near my home town. The cool thing about being a ghost is that you can go anywhere you want... I like going to bars, listen to wasted men brag about their life... flirt with hookers. I like listening to their conversations... it entertains me for a while. When I get bored, I go to beauty salons and I listen to all kind of women gossip about all the other women.. it's a pretty fun thing to hear.

That's what I do... All day all night, wander from town to town; listening to other people's lives. I can never stay in one place for long... I wonder why. Maybe it's because what I'm really searching for is an answer, a reason, something to explain why I'm still here!

Friday August 30 2007

Its been 3 days since I haven't written... it's just that I have nothing to say. There's nothing interesting about my life (if you can call that a life)...

I used to have a good life. I don't like to think about it.. when I do I always think about going home, visiting my parents and my brother, see how they are, how they've been since the accident. I never went back home; I know it would be too painful to watch, to remember.

My mom is a 40 year-old goddess... she is so beautiful, with her long golden curls, water blue eyes and amazing smile. She was my role model... always so sweet, so kind with everyone. I miss her warm comforting smell, reassuring me that everything will be alright. She was home the day of the accident, that day she didn't want to listen to Aunt Muriel's 45 min speech about her cats and dogs.

Sometimes I imagine the look on her perfect face when she heard about the accident, when she heard that her only daughter would never be home for diner again... it's so painful to think about it... To write about it... Why do I have to write about these things??

Saturday August 31 2007

Today I spent my day looking at a wonderful family having diner in their backyard.. They were having a barbecue. It was a family of 4, just like my family, expect for the fact that they were two much younger girls... they looked so close, so happy. I starred at them for hours; wondering, wishing, imagining.

After observing that family, and talking about it now, I can't stop thinking about my family.

I remember my dad... when it comes to business he would always be so serious; leave early in the morning, come home late, on the weekends sometimes he had to go on business trips.. But, when he was home, he disconnected completely with his work and was the daddy that we all loved so much; funny, cool, passionate about cars and sport. I loved that about him, but sometimes my mom and him would get in a fight about his not being there enough, his obsession with baseball... they often fought about his driving also...

Sunday September 01 2007

Last night I spent the whole night thinking about my family... I want to see them, more than anything... but I don't know what will happen if I do. I can't talk to them, I can't communicate with them and more importantly, they can't know I'm there.

If I go to them and find that they're happy as we used to be.. I'll feel horrible because I'll think that they never loved me, or missed me. If I go there and they are still mourning me... I'll feel bad about myself because I know that I caused them this pain.

No... I won't see them, I'll just go along with my life, and continue waiting for whatever I was waiting for before. It's better that way... I think.

Tuesday December 2 2007

I know it's been a long time... I had decided never to write again, because it was pointless. However , something happen today and for some reason I know I have to share it with this diary.

I was at a fancy restaurant today, listening to three women's conversation. They were talking about alcohol and what its abuse can do to your life when one of them said "The poor Rick Simpson... he must be having a hard time dealing with his wife's addiction". First I shivered to the sound of my father's name; I had only heard it in my head for the past months. Then, I actually realized what the woman had just said; my mom was an alcoholic.

Right now, I'm sitting in the same restaurant, exactly where I was when the woman had said that my mother, my mom was an alcoholic. It's so hard to believe. It's impossible. My mom hated drinking and used to fight with my dad when he would drink. I can't believe this.

As I'm writing I can feel it taking over me... this feeling. The one I have been avoiding for the past 2 months; knowing that I have to visit my family. Now it felt even more real than before... I wanted to know if they were fine or miserable, now, I had to make sure that they were fine. I can't lie with the thought of my mother being ill, or my dad struggling with her. I can't bare that idea.

I think that my decision is taken. I will go to them. I'll just walk by our old house (I wonder if they still live there), look through the window, see that my mom and dad and Ian are just as perfect as I left them, and leave.

That should be easy... I think.

Wednesday December 3 2007

Hey diary... I went to my old house today.

It was only 6 in the morning when I was already walking down Liberia avenue and turning on 27 street... it was like I had been walking down that street yesterday... I knew everything about it. The smell, the trees, the beautiful square houses... it was so nostalgic.

When I arrived in front of our house... that they were still living there because I could see my dad's little boat in the garage... he would never go anywhere without it. There were no cars in front of the house so I knew that my mom and dad weren't home. I got in the house and travelled slowly, room to room, remembering, admiring... it was exactly as I had left it; the colors, the paintings, the wooded floor and white painted sealing, the portraits... everything was the same. I went up to my old room; which was left untouched and super clean, as if someone was cleaning it day and night. My brother's room was also very clean (which was very odd), but there were no signs of him living there (no clothes in the wardrobe or the drawers, no toothbrush in the bathroom). I thought that my parent's room was exactly the same... right until the moment I saw the mini bar near the balcony. The living room also seemed the same, until I saw a pile of sheets and a pillow fold up on a chair in the corner; someone had been sleeping on the couch.

I felt so bad... I wanted everything to be the same, and it was, at the surface. But inside, some little details showed me that the gossip I had heard were true. Inside of me... I not only knew something was wrong, I knew nothing was right.

So I decided to wait for them... for someone to come home, to see for myself. It is now almost midnight, and no one has come.

Thursday December 4 2007

This morning, I was half "sleeping" (that's what I call it when I'm drowned in my thoughts) when I heard a noise in the garage. I was already used to not hiding when I was in people's house (at first I always ran away) but this time, I couldn't help myself not to hide behind the front door and wait.

About 2 minutes later, I heard voices coming from the front yard, then in front of the door. I recognized my father's angry voice, he was talking furiously. I looked up the window and I saw that he was caring someone, like a farmer would carry a bag of wheat. I couldn't tell who it was. Behind them was my brother, half running to keep up with my dad. When they arrived on the front patio, my brother step in front to open the door, and led the way for my father and... my mother. She was apparently very drunk (I could tell from the alcohol sent that surrounded the room as they walked in... she was passed out.

Her hair was longer, and somehow blonder I think. She was wearing a blue jumpsuit with some socks; a horrible match. Still, she was as beautiful as I remembered. I couldn't stop staring at her... at them! I felt the overwhelming feeling to jump at their necks and kiss them everywhere... my dad was still so handsome... my brother had grown; his face was harder... darker.

My dad dropped my mother on the couch; I heard her head hit, he exchanged a few words with my brother before Ian left the house again. I kept observing my dad all afternoon... His face was so numb, his eyes unfocused. I looked at him very closely... I wanted to feel him, feel his warm touch.

At some point, I was very close to him, he was sitting on the kitchen counter, and his eyes looked past me... It was a very weird feeling, this had only happen to me a few times before. It made me feel so alive, as if he saw me...

When he looked my way... I think I saw him flinch for a sec. As moved as I was, it was probably my imagination.

Friday December 5 2007

Leaving the house wasn't as easy as I had predicted. I didn't even try actually... I just couldn't consider getting away from them.

Ian never came back... which confirmed why his room was empty. My mom is still sleeping (she only woke up at 8 to eat a piece of bread and to demand that when she wakes up her bottle of whisky is waiting for her). She looked exhausted.

My dad went out this morning and came back around 3... still acting like a zombie.

That's it for today... no change in the house. The only change is in me.

Sunday December 7 2007

Since I've been writing in this diary, everything I have had a feeling about has become true. I think that it was always there in my head.. . I just needed to see it written in front of me to realize it. The same thing is happening again.

Being in this house where I have so much memories, watching how each of my parents are suffering made me realize why I've been here all along, why I always knew inside of me that I had to see my parents... I have to bring my family back together.

It sounds crazy, since people die all the time and their souls don't stay wandering one earth, but I know that I'm right. My mother cannot forgive herself or my dad for what happen the day of the accident... they can't let go of what happen and accept that it was an accident... I have to help them realize that!

As I'm writing I am becoming surer of myself... it has to be that... that is the unfinished business I have here... They will set me free!

I haven't figured out how I will manage to get the back together, cure my mother and help her let go of me... but I know my goal, I know my reason to be. I have a reason to be!

Right now, it's all that matters.

Monday December 8 2007

I have been thinking about ways to get my family together... I have no idea how that would be possible. I cannot interact with anything... if only they knew I was there...

Anyways... today I tried some things to see if they would work... I tried jumping on him... I went right through the floor, it was funny. I tried waking up my mother up last night... that was even funnier.

However, I have noticed something that I think might help me... My mom woke up today at 2, and surprisingly, she took a shower, washed her hair and put on some nice clothes. She looked so much better. She went downstairs and prepared diner. I was amazed b her beauty and her love. While she was cooking, she started singing an old song that she used to sing to me as a child when I couldn't sleep.

As she sang, I sang along with her... I was singing very loud when she suddenly stopped. She looked around for a long moment... her eyes weary. She looked confused, but at the same time, she looked... happy. She started smiling and tears of joy were running down her cheeks.

This moment had been ours... and I knew that she knew that it was ours. If I could, I'm sure I would have cried also.

Tuesday December 9 2007

I was righttttt!!!! This morning my mom went to my dad and told him about what happened yesterday... she said that she was singing and that she suddenly felt me so close and so alive for a moment... she felt as if I was singing with her, as if her little girl was coming back to her. That's the good news.

The bad news is that my father didn't believe her; they started arguing about my mom always inventing stories about me. My dad told her that he didn't want to hear what she had to say, that it was time to let go of me for once and for all. The other bad news is that my mother drank twice as much as she usually did that day; it saddens me so much to see her like this.

It was very weird for me to hear my name in their conversation... I felt more real than ever, but then again, I was reminded harshly how dead I was.

I wanted them to stop fighting, and to convince my dad that my mother wasn't hallucinating. I know what I have to do... have to create the same situation for my dad... that's my next goal.

Wednesday December 10 2007

My dad is not an easy person to persuade. I tried everything with him; singing dancing sports cars you name it... And no results... maybe he doesn't feel me. Maybe the connection I had with my mother was stronger... I don't know. I'm not sure of anything at this point. All I can do is hope that I'm on the right path.

After trying everything with my dad.. I spend the rest of the day with my mother... she was still drinking, but she seemed better. I liked being around her, she comforted me and for some reason, I knew I comforted her too... I know she worries about me. That's why I have to let her know that I'm alright, that it's alright to move on her life.

Today I decided I would go and get my brother. I heard my dad talking to him a few times and he said something about an apartment next to Sally's restaurant. I will go there and see how I can work things out to get him to go back to our house.

Friday December 12 2007

Ian's place was very hard to find... I had to walk around the whole neighborhood over and over again before finding a tiny apartment right behind the restaurant my father had mentioned.

I should have guessed it on the look; the apartment looked as dark as my brother had looked on our encounter the other day. It was a 2 room, grey painted apartment and it looked like it had never been cleaned. I found him in front of a 40 year old TV, sleeping on a couch (I don't know how to describe it but I'd bet it was older than the TV). I watched him for a moment... like my mother; his face was so peaceful when he was asleep.

I wandered in the house a little... searching for ways I could get him to notice me. I tried putting on his clothes, dancing, singing... nothing worked. Then, something came to my mind as I looked at what looked like a kitchen table; One day when I was 16, I was chilling with some friends of mine when we decided that we would try to smoke... I had almost finished my first cigarette when Ian walked in the room. Never in my entire life had I seen him so angry at me, he yelled at my friends to leave and then made me promise that I would never do that again... He made me swear. So... as I watched the cigarettes on the table, I decided to act as if I intended to smoke. Then everything happened very fast.

I was leaning towards the cigarettes I wouldn't even be able to take and the next thing I knew... Ian had woken up and was screaming my name:"Mel don't!" he said. Then he eyes were scanning the room, glancing everywhere... looking for me. He was panting and looked very confused. He paused a moment, then he grabbed his bag and headed home.

Saturday December 13 2007

Sorry I didn't write last night... I was too busy thinking... trying to sort everything through.

So when Ian got to the house, he ran to my dad and told him all about what had just happen... he said that he felt me, he felt that I was so real... he felt as if I was in the room with him, about to light up a cigarette... he felt my intention. He was speaking breathlessly. My dad listened to him, looking very confused as well. My mother, who was listening behind the door, joined in their conversation "I told you so!" ... she told my brother about what she had felt and they both concluded that something was up and that they had to know what. Still... my dad was not convinced. Moreover, he was starting to get sick of this situation... he said that my mother and brother were both becoming slaves of their mental illnesses due to the accident... that they were going crazy.

So I realized then that I had to make that same connection with my father... but how?

I spend the whole night... thinking... trying to find anything that my singing and my wanting to smoke had in common... I think, I think... I can't find any answer. Nothing works for my dad.

Something has to work... It's the only way for him and my mother to admit their mistakes to each other... and forgive each other.

Something has to work.

Monday 14 december 07

I am feeling very depressed today... I feel useless. I was getting really optimistic about all of this... but now I am convinced that it will never work. What was I thinking? Hoping I would get my family together... I will never find a way to get to my dad.

He doesn't believe my mother and brother. Moreover... they are starting to doubt what happen. Yesterday I overheard a conversation between them "Maybe he is right... maybe it is just in our head" my brother told my mother.

Maybe they're right. Maybe it's all in my head.

Anyways... I'm out. Ill write when (if) something comes up.

Thursday 17 december 07

I already feel Christmas in the air; in the neighborhood, everyone is setting up there Christmas decorations and trees... everyone except the Simpsons.

Yesterday, I got out of the house. I needed to see other things, to refresh my mind. I was walking downtown.. seeing all sorts of families shopping together.

Just as I was about to start feeling depressed about the state of my family... my attention was caught by a boy and his father in front of an ice scream booth. They were very happy and talking very loud. What a memorable day for them I thought. And then it hit me; the reason I had been able to make a connection with my mother and brother.

When I sang with my mom, I woke up a very old memory; one of a day when I was at least 5 where my mom and I spent the whole day together, preparing diner, cleaning up the house ect... I remember it was the most happiest day I had ever spent with my mom. That day, we shared a feeling that overpowered any other. That's why when I sang with her... she felt me.

The day my brother caught me smoking... it was the first time I had ever seen him so angry with me. Moreover, it was the first time I realized how much he cared about me. That day, our feelings were stronger than ever. That's why I was able to connect with him.

Now I had to find a similar day, a similar feeling with my dad. As I'm writing, I can feel it taking over me; That day... it was the day of the accident.

Friday 18 december 07

I know it inside me... as if I always knew it would come up to that.

As I'm writing I can see the day of the accident flashing before my eyes. That day, my dad and I were the happiest on earth. While we were at Aunt Muriel's house, we were trying not to laugh so hard because of this diary my aunt had given me. But still... the most important emotion we shared was on the moment of the accident.

We were in the car, laughing so hard, listening to some old Beatles songs. My dad was over the speed limit but it was alright. Everything was alright. Right before that truck came out of nowhere and hit us like a crashing plane hits the ocean. The moment right before the truck hit us, my dad was looking at me through the rear view mirror... as my expression changed, so did his. Between those seconds, I read something in his eyes; fear. This feeling overwhelmed me at that moment, it was the most powerful thing we had ever shared.

Saturday 19 December 07

It's not even 3 in the morning yet. But I can't stop thinking about the discovery I have made. It was his fear, his fear of losing me... it would be through that fear that I'd have to make my connection.

How?

For my mom and my brother, it was simple. But this? How would I make my dad feel as if he were about to lose me, if I'm already gone! He has already lost me... why would he be afraid to lose me again?

Here we go again... another unsolved mystery about how I'm supposed to get my family back together.

I've come too far to give up now. I will not lose hope. Now, I will think.

Sunday 20 December 07

Make my dad be scared of losing me... Mission impossible.

Monday 21 December 07

... I feel like I'm pouring water in a rose that never will grow.

Tuesday 22 december 07

It's been two days... I'm hopeless.

What was I thinking?? I would never be able to get my family together.

I can't think anymore.

This is too much. I want out.

Wednesday 23 december 07

I am preparing myself to say farewell to my mom dad and brother. I love watching them everyday. My mom has gotten so much better, even if sometimes she breaks down. She smiles much more often.

My brother comes to the house more than he used to... he takes care of my mom.

At least I know I made that difference... they're better. But they're not like I wanted them to be, especially my dad who's getting more distant every day.

But there's nothing I can do... not without making the same connection with my dad.

So I've decided I wouldn't waste my time here anymore. It hurts me to leave, but it hurts even more to stay here and feel useless!

Thursday 24 december 07

It's Christmas Eve in the world. It's Christmas Eve in the states. It's Christmas Eve in Chicago. It's Christmas Eve everywhere except at the Simpson's. The house is more depressing than ever.

I have planned to leave in 2 days... the day of the accident. I figured I might as well add a little twist to this whole soap-opera. A year ago a part of me left this family. Now the other part is leaving.

That's the way it had to be... there's nothing else I can do.

Friday 25 december 07

Today was better. You know that feeling that you get, when you are about to leave someplace you loved but somehow hated... I had that feeling.

Everyone was a little happier. There was some movement in the house. My dad was preparing the car and boxes with Ian and my mom was preparing diner to take out. It seemed they were going camping or something. They didn't talk much so I couldn't know what exactly was going on. What they were doing, they seemed to be very used to it... like a routine.

I was sad enough, so I didn't ask myself too much questions, I just watched them. I watched the people I love, the people I would never see again.

Friday December 25 07

It's about 3 in the afternoon; we are all in the car. My dad is driving and my brother is sitting up front. I could have sworn it was a déjà vu if it hadn't been for m mother sitting behind my brother in the car.

Friday 25 December 07

We drove about 2 hours today. I didn't event pay attention to where we were going. All I could think about while we were in the car was that day. It all seemed so alive, so real. As if it was that exact moment making its way back to me.

I was forced to keep on looking at my mom, so I could realize that we weren't exactly one year ago, and that I wasn't about to die. My mom's face was very calm, but she was hurt. I could tell from the way she twisted her lips, and frowned a little. She was remembering too. She was imagining that moment... that moment where she wasn't there. That moment I know she wishes she could go back to.

We arrived some place; it was already dark so I couldn't tell exactly where we were. My dad parked the car and pulled out the camping tent and equipment. Everyone was very silent, although I could feel that there was no tension... everything was light.

For some reason, I could tell it had something to do with me.

Saturday 26 December 07

Today is the day I died. I'm dead. Today is the day I'll die... again.

It's very early in the morning and everyone is sleeping. I laid next to my dad last night. I listened to his heart beat the whole night... it was like a melody to me. I loved him so much. I will miss him forever.

I don't have the courage to leave them, to stop looking at them yet. Ill lay here for a while.

Saturday 26 December 07

When I got out of the tent this morning, it didn't take me more than 2 seconds to realize exactly where we were. We had camped on a big field and nearby I could hear the cars passing by and see the high way on the other side of the field. We were exactly where the accident had happened. I know that place very well because I wandered here about two weeks after the accident.

Suddenly it all made sense... the reason why we were here. Maybe it was a tradition in the family, to camp here on this day... but it has only been a year today. Maybe they come here every three months, or every month.

As I am realizing this, I feel my heart racing. I am still loved and missed. I can feel the invisible tears running down my cheeks.

What I feel right now is very confusing. I feel sad and pitiful for my family, but at the same time... I'm happy. This means that there is still some unity between the three of them. The family is hurt but there is still hope. Every once in a while, the memory of me brings them together in peace and harmony.

It's still early and everyone is sleeping. I'm sitting outside writing.

I am still sad, but this place gives me something I didn't have before now. Hope.

Saturday 26 december 07

Too much has happened tonight. I don't even know where to begin and where to end. I need to calm myself down, I'll write when I can think straight.

Saturday 26 december 07

If I were my brother, I'd say now would be the time to take a smoke. A lot has happen today.

Let's start at the beginning.

I stayed in front of the tent all morning. My parents woke up and everyone was doing their own thing; my dad went fishing in the nearby river, my mom was reading a book and my brother was wandering around. I observed them closely. They ate dinner my mom had prepared. And it was about 5 in the afternoon when everything was packed and we were ready to go.

I was ready to go. I wouldn't get in the car with them. This would be our farewell.

As they were packing the car, they were chatting; I heard my mom laugh... I hadn't heard her laugh in ages. As I took that last look at them, I realized that they were better. I thought to myself, maybe this was it. Maybe that's what I was waiting for. All this time I've been trying to pull them back together when they were always united. At that precise moment, I knew it was my time to leave them, forever.

As I was realizing this change in me, someone yelled my name. I looked up, my dad had yelled my name and he was looking right thru me. I froze. He was breathless. Everybody froze. Everyone was looking at my dad. My mom said "Rick? What is the matter?" his eyes were weary, looking for something; looking for me. He explained that he didn't know exactly what had happen, that he just felt me so alive, he felt as though I was standing right there. He started crying, said he felt exactly like he did the moment of the accident. I was looking at them, helplessly trying to tell them that I'm here, that I'm ok.

I need to let them know that it's ok to move on. It's ok to forget. Most importantly it's ok to forgive.

Sunday 27 december 07

After what happen last afternoon, my family decided to spend another night camping. They talked all night about what they felt when each of them sensed me. I just listened to them try to reason out what happen. My brother made a good suggestion; he said at one point "What if Mel is the one trying to communicate with us, my ghost or something. Maybe she's trying to warn us about something or send us a message. Maybe we should try communicating with her."

As they talked, they were very close to one another, telling stories, memories...

As I watched them, I drowned in my own thoughts...

Sunday 27 december 07

So my dad felt me as I was about to leave for good. He felt he was about to lose me.

How will I leave then? But... wait a minute. Why am I still here?

I did what I had to do! I got them back together

Why haven't I faded yet? Why am I not in heaven?? I did my part.

It's not fair.

Monday 28 december 07

Sorry about yesterday night. I was in a very bad mood. I thought about this situation all night.

I thought about the accident, about my family, about what had happened, what I have discovered. I also thought about this diary.

All this time I was convinced that it was by writing all of this down that I would find my way out.

I have written every day, solved what I wanted to solve, but still I am still here; with this diary.

Tuesday 29 december 07

Writing in this diary everyday helped me think, straighten my thoughts and also reason everything out. Yes, this diary has been very helpful. But now that I am at a point where I've realized that everything is possible, there are a few possibilities I am willing to admit.

What if...? What if? What if everything I have written has a purpose.

Oh my god. My hands are shaking as I am thinking this and writing it down... what if this diary is what's keeping me here?

Tuesday 29 december 07

There is only one last thing for me to try... My last hope; this diary.

My parents and brother are trying everything they can to understand what has happen. They try everything to communicate back to me. I watched them, hopeless. I know

what they are doing is pointless. Not only is it pointless, but its creating fights between them to. They argue and disagree about the meanings of this situation.

The more I think about it, the more I realize that this diary is the only thing that could explain to them this whole non sense, and maybe... maybe ... hopefully, set me free!

Wednesday 30 december 07

I'm trying since yesterday to put down this danm thingggg but I cantt!!!!!!

Someone, please... suggestions! Now!

Thursday 31 december 07

It's New Year's Eve and it's a party in Chicago; lights, music and fiesta!

I wish... sometimes I spend so much time wanting to leave this place that I forget to appreciate it. I spend the whole day, walking around in the city, drowned in my own thoughts.

When I was alive, I went out, with my friends. But I never had a lot of fun. I didn't mention this before, but I wasn't a very fun person. My friends would always ask what is wrong with me, because I always wanted to go home.

At home, I was happy, sometimes, but I was also very quiet. I never quite understood the meaning of life, the reason why we're all here. Even when I died, I still thought the same way.

I never took the time to appreciate.... I never appreciated this life.

After this day I spent... I'm feeling weird. After seeing so many smiles, so many people and finally, after seeing so much love... I am kind of sad to have left after all.

I took all of this for granted and after 1 year of being dead, I am only realizing this now!

Friday 1 January 07

It's a new year and I'm taking a new resolution... whether I stay here or I leave. I will change the way I see this life. The accident should have thought me something. I guess it has, a little late, but it has.

I will never forget this past month I spend with my parents, trying to find what I was looking for, it has thought me so much.

I'm sitting in front of my house, watching this road.

I remember when I came here about a month ago... all this time. I was so sure about the reason I was here, about helping out my parents. Maybe if I did it all wrong, maybe if I hadn't been so selfish all this time, and I wasn't only thinking about getting my parents back together for their own good.. Maybe then it would of worked out.

I was so obsessed with my desire that I forgot to open my eyes! I forgot to appreciate.

All my life I took all of this for granted and now it's all getting back to me.

I've learned that you can't change people, you can only accept them the way they are, and help them get better.

I don't know what my next move is. I don't know where this world will take me. What I do know is that I will try trying to solve every unexplained fact or mystery that comes in front of me...

I didn't come back to life, nor did I die for good, but now I know that I have found the courage to change the things I can change but also to accept the things I can't.

I feel different today, maybe it's the New Year... or maybe it's me.

Maybe that's what my aunt was talking about the day of the accident when she told me "One day you will grow and understand the true meaning of this life... May this diary help you".

This diary did help me. Now I'm letting it go.

My name is Melanie Simpson... I'm not alive, nor am I dead. Call me the wanderer.

After years of the Simpson's family searching for some explanation about their daughter, this diary was found in 2023 in a library in France by Marc Davis Simpson, son of Ian Simpson.