

DEAR DIARY: MY PARENTS DON'T UNDERSTAND ME!

Dear Diary,

It's been four years since I started to confide in you. Ever since I entered secondary school, you have been my best confidante during my lowest times. As you already know, my parents were constantly missing in action whenever I needed them. They were absent during all my award ceremonies and major sports competitions. In fact, they are still in office at this hour for their regular extended meetings. By the time they return, I guess I would have already been in bed.

The transition from primary school to secondary school was one of my most stressful periods. The schoolwork was much heavier and the examinations were so tough that I merely managed to scrape through year after year. I also had to fit in and try to get accepted by new acquaintances in my school. The worse thing is, many of them were hostile and I had to deal with bullying on a daily basis. How I wished my parents were there to lend a listening ear and share with me some survival tips whenever I came home from those traumatizing experiences!

There were countless times when I could only suffer in silence as I felt there was no pillar of support for me at home. The routine was simple and predictable—I would return home to microwaveable food waiting on the table and a note on the fridge telling me to turn off the TV before going to sleep. By the time I woke up, the house would be empty again while I prepared to go to school.

I was also pressured by friends to take part in certain activities in school that were considered 'cool' such as smoking, drinking alcohol and even taking drugs. I had my reservations about such practices and refused to join them. But now I think I am crumbling under all that pressure! What should I do? I have heard so much about drugs and their devastating effects but at the same time, my friends were telling me that drugs are actually an effective method to slim down. I will be attending prom night in a few months and I want to do something about my weight. Do you think I should take up their recommendation?

How I wished my parents were around more often to solve some of my problems. I would love to chat with them at home and better yet, I hope they can share my passion of cycling around the neighbourhood. Here's wishing my hopes will come true.



Depressed