

Diary Entry- The Candy Caper #1

February 17th

I just realized that there is no other way to do this. If it's real, if it's out there, it won't be easily accessed, right? I mean, it's stupid for me to just parade into a store and ask them if they, oh I don't know, happen to have any "special" items? Waltz into a Bed Bath and Beyond and ask where the "Beyond" section is?

No, it has to come to me. It's that simple. It's not like I can't do it. I've been shoplifting since I was a kid, and I've gotten better and better at it. It doesn't make me a bad person, does it? I'm not using my gift for anything but for myself. Because maybe, just maybe, it can be the one thing to make it all go away.... Once I find it, then I won't even have to worry about it anymore. I won't have to come home with lawn chairs someone left on the curb and not know what to do with them, or teen magazines I slid under my jacket at the grocery checkout line. I wouldn't even know what to say if someone saw me. I never think that far ahead until it's too late.

Maybe what I'm really doing is using my gift to gain another gift. A better one. One that will get rid of things about myself I don't like.

So no, I'm not hurting anyone. I'm not. And I'm not going to stop until I have something that can make me.... Better.