

# Dear Diary, Love Nancy

*January 17th, 1920*

*My Dearest Sister,*

*Oh, how I miss you! Life has been enormously dull with you being in London. Betty, please do write back soon. Tell me how finishing school has been. I require something interesting to occupy myself with! And reading your letters brings me so much joy.*

*Your Favorite, Nancy*

A teardrop fell onto my face as I signed my name. Before Betty went off to finishing school, she had been my confidant. I truly missed someone to laugh with, to cry with, and to gossip with. Nevertheless, I could not dwell on my feelings of sadness.

I pulled out my bag and started collecting the books I was required to return to the library. Other than writing to Betty, reading was my only entertainment. My family had an abundant supply of books, but often, I found peace within the quiet chatter of the library.

Miss Phyllis, the librarian, knew me well. Almost every visit, she would have a new book recommendation for me. As I slid my overdue books down the chute, she looked up at me.

“Why, hello, Miss Nancy!” I always adored Miss Phyllis’s American accent. Most of my friends thought it was flat and boring, but I thought it sounded so beautifully casual. Furthermore, it matched her personality. “How is your afternoon going?”

I mumbled, “It has been satisfactory,” not really meaning it.

Phyllis nodded in understanding, and handed me a book. “You sound like you could use a good thing. This book is *truly* magical.” I took the book and strolled over to the nearest armchair. I had thought it was a novel, but it looked like a personal diary. I had never dared to read someone’s diary, but this one had been published, so I had no qualms.

*Dear Diary,*

*Today was an excellent day! I was entertaining myself at the library, and Grandfather surprised me with a visit. He showed me the types of books he preferred when he was around my age. I have started reading one of his favorites, a biography P.T. Barnum, the creator of a most incredible circus.*

Halfway through the entry, my Grandfather walked through the door into the library. “Oh, hello Grandfather!”

He waved a greeting. Grandfather was mute, so he always carried a pocket notebook to communicate. He held up a page with the words, “*it’s marvelous to see you,*” written on it; I could already tell he was delighted from the sparkle in his eyes.

On another page, he wrote, “*Your father sent me to see you. He said that you’re always at the library, and I should show you some of my favorite books.*”

“Yes, I would enjoy that very much!”

Grandfather showed me around the library, pointing at all of his favorite books.

When I had noted some of the books I found interest in, we rested on a sofa and read one together. It was a biography of P.T. Barnum and his circus, just like the one mentioned in the diary. We read of many unique people, like the woman who had permanently adhered a lei to her neck.

When it had become late, I told Grandfather, "We ought not miss supper at the house."

That night, I lay on my bed pondering the events of the day. They were oddly parallel to those written in the diary.

Throughout the next few days, I continued reading the diary. My parents started to wonder why I was neglecting my responsibilities to spend time at the library, but they didn't want to order me around.

The more I read, the more the stories of the author's life became the stories of my life also. I had gone to the most amazing dances, rescued a kitten, and even won a writing competition! Though I cherished those times, I still enjoyed cuddling up to a good book at the library.

My excitement grew at such a rate that it became impossible to keep to myself. I considered who I could tell of my newly discovered magic. There was only one person that wouldn't judge me for such a mad tale.

*Dearest Betty,*

*Life has improved extraordinarily since I last wrote. Miss Phyllis has given me the most splendid diary from the library. I read a few pages daily, and the events written seem to manifest in my life! You must visit soon, I have to show you this fascination!*

*Best wishes, Nancy*

A few days after I wrote to Nancy, I was at the library reading a book called *The Call of the Wild*. I was becoming bored of the book, as I wasn't quite interested in the story of a dog, so I reached for the diary to disrupt the boredom.

When I opened the journal, it was empty.

"What!" I exclaimed, far too loud for a library setting. People halted their reading to glare at me. "Sorry," I whispered, embarrassed of my reaction.

Miss Phyllis had paused to look at me. "Is everything all right, Nancy?"

"Oh, yes. I apologize for the disruption. My book just caught me off guard." I opened the diary again, and blinked a few times to make sure I was seeing the page correctly.

It seemed to me as if I had lost a dear friend. I was beginning to mourn the loss, when I had an idea.

"Miss Phyllis, do you have a pen?"

"Yes, of course." She handed me one, and I began to write.

*Dear Diary,*

*The most wonderful thing has happened to me! I was entertaining myself at the library, and the cutest boy walked in and said hello to me! Dear heavens, I hope my face wasn't as red as it felt.*

*Love, Nancy*

I waited a few moments.

A boy, who looked around my age, walked into the library. I immediately started blushing. His umber brown hair was combed perfectly back, and his chocolate brown eyes seemed to glow with warmth.

He noticed me staring. "Hello! I'm Ernie, nice to meet you." His flawless American accent sounded just like Hollywood stars I had seen in movies.

"H-h-hello," I stammered, "my name is Nancy." I didn't know what else to say. I grabbed the diary and scribbled down a note.

*I spoke confidently, and the boy immediately believed I was the most beautiful girl he had ever met.*

As I finished jotting it down, the boy smiled. "You look like you need a walk. Care to show me around?"

My heart fluttered. He wanted *me* to show him around! As we walked, I commented about books I liked, and he did too. The diary made it so I could flirt effortlessly.

He showed me an invention of his, called a Rubik's Cube. It was a three dimensional puzzle, very amusing to play with while we were conversing.

After the boy left, I retrieved parchment and pen from Miss Phyllis's desk.

*Dear Betty,*

*I have made a most spectacular discovery! Remember the diary I wrote to you about? It has more magic than I originally thought! I am able to write on the blank pages and make things happen! I wrote an entry about meeting a handsome boy, and he just walked right into the library. His name is Ernie, and I vastly enjoyed talking to him. I never thought that I would ever discover something this magical, but I have.*

*Please visit soon, Nancy*

Her response was this:

*My dear Nancy,*

*I wish I could make things happen in my life the way that you can! It would make everything so much better. Though, I don't think there is anything like that here in London.*

*Your sister, Betty*

I wanted to see her more than anything.

Then I realized, *couldn't I just write in the diary?*

*Dear Diary,*

*I am ecstatic! Betty is coming to visit tomorrow! Moreover, Ernie has come to the library to keep my company again. I am very glad for both.*

*Love, Nancy*

The next day, I waited with impatience for Betty to walk through the library doors. I believed firmly that the diary would work its magic.

When she finally did, I ran into her arms for an embrace.

While Betty and I talked, I realized that she was miserable at finishing school. She talked about the suffocating corsets, the callous educators, and the “proper” etiquette that was required of them.

I lay in bed that night, thinking how I could help her.

Early morning the next day, Betty and I walked to the library together. I showed her the diary.

Then I understood how I could help her.

She had written in one of her letters that she wanted a diary like mine. I was doubtlessly the only one who could make that happen.

*Dear Diary,*

*I have loved my time with you, but my sister's happiness is more important. I am giving you away, but Betty will take good care of you.*

*Love, Nancy*