

I probably should've known better – it was Friday the 13th after all.

Here comes the weekend.

Lonely.

Depressed.

Blingless.



Saturday 14th May

- 08:11** I decided to make my OWN plan.
- 10:45** No plan came to mind.
- 14:08** Still nothing.



ONE

I look very hard at the computer.
One of my photos fill the
screen. It is of a plastic bag
stuck in a tree, blown by the wind
and now trapped. The white
plastic billows like a sail.



How it started

Chatboy: It's OK! It's OK! This is private!
They can't see us - or what we
say! Calm down, *Lonelygirl*.

Lonelygirl: I don't get it! Who were all those