

Diaries of Arial House Harra

By HarraArial

Submitted: March 28, 2008

Updated: March 29, 2008

The mind of the girl in the attic is dank and dark at most hours. Not for the easily saddened.

((A/N- If you have any ideas for the story, characters, plots, or just want to leave in your two cent's worth, please, feel free to comment.))

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/HarraArial/51911/Diaries-of-Arial-House-Harra>

Chapter 1 - 6/1/08	2
Chapter 2 - 6/2/08	3

1 - 6/1/08

Dear Diary,

Mother Starla is certainly a nice lady, Celestial's mother, she decided to give both of us girls diaries today, it is not something one would generally do out of random kindness, but that is Mother Starla.

Chocolate melts upon my dry tongue as I write this entry. Understandably my left hand is bound to scream in pain before I am finished writing, it is almost certain. My hand struggles to hold and grasp upon a pen securely as it is. I will not bore you with such details about me, I dare not wish to, quite honestly.

However, the day's events draw further and further from my mind and I should like to grasp upon them before they leave me forever into the dark depths of a weak memory. Celestial joined me today, we are plotting our wedding once again. Before you fright yourself over it, weddings are something the dear girl and I have done since we were small. Little Celestial has been the only peer-age friend I've really ever had, closest only seconded by Canis. You will come to know him better in time, however, so onward I shall go. Celestial and I have had 'weddings' since we were little, celebrations mostly held a couple of times in a year, over school's breaks, whenever we have more than a week to ourselves. What we do is have a 'ceremony' where our loved ones attend, normally our families. The "Honeymoon" is really little more than a week long sleepover where we do everything from videogames to crafts to swimming to music. We will do however we seem fit. It is really a feast of a child's imagination we dare not outgrow. Celestial has always played the groom, and I always the bride, why is beyond me, but where I looked in wonder to white dresses, she favored the lovely suits that pointed her shoulders and made her look so important. Celestial can pull off pointed shoulders, she looks beautiful with them, I, however, look like a cruel bodyguard.

I am in the process of sewing Celestial's suit and I am nearly finished. I have learned a bit from each time, she does not like so much black, she found it so depressing the last time. The girl said nothing to me, but I knew, this time, I am giving her what she pleased, yes, the main suit is black, however she has a lovely purple neck ruff, and a flower pin and the lining is her favorite shade. I hope Celestial finds joy in this outfit. She is making my dress and I find fright. The girl is an amazing seamstress, taught me to sew, but some of her creations astound me far too much, they surpass my skill and I dare not wish to look trumped, it is not a matter of competition, but my fragile ego.

However, tomorrow brings a new day and I shall await it gleefully, for now, my hand has begun to protest and I know now it is time to say my goodbyes.

Good night,
Harra

2 - 6/2/08

Dear Diary,

I believe I am starting to like writing in you, a little book, that no one is allowed to read, however, I fret over the security, I think I'll get a lock for you, as I wouldn't want another to catch your words.

Celestial decided to come over once again, the girl, although I most certainly enjoy her prescience, sometimes her unending cheeriness can wear me thin, especially when I am ill as I was today. I should not even wish to think how I got it, but the dryness of the air in my attic could be some sort of cause. For you see, I am prone to throat problems often, but it could be worse. I was also weak today, dear Doctor Canis, my saint, had to bring me food today, it almost killed to swallow it. He also gave me a curious sort of remedy, honey and lemon juice in warm water to drink. I love him for it as well, because I feel so much better from it.

However, sickness did not stop me from entertaining my dear friend. Poor Celestial, sometimes I wonder if she has friends of her own, the girl certainly could find them, she has a happy charm few others carry, but she only spends time with me. Then again, I only spend time with her.

I lay in bed writing, bed is where I belong at a time like this, I think the beautiful drink Canis gave me is starting to work, and in my dreariness and tiredness, I feel I ought to sleep now.

Harra