My Secret Diary

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music by Emily Chiu

words by Lauren Taslitz

Bouncy but sharp, \( \frac{3}{4} \) 140

You're my super secret diary.

My extra special diary. No heart shaped lock or shiny pink co-

©
My Secret Diary

RACHEL

- ver. You would be shocked to accidental-ly dis-co-ver the

Pno.

RACHEL

loop-y pur-ple wri-ting. In the complete-ly un-in-vi-ting a la re-cherche

Pno.

RACHEL

du temps per-du a la re-cher-CHE? du temps-perv-du a la re-cherche

Pno.

NAO

My ability to speak French is... non-existent.

RACHEL

du TEMPS per du????

Pno.

You're my most in-ge-
My Secret Diary

RACHEL

Pno.

- nious di-a-ry. My most en-ti-cing di-a-ry. Proust's words e-raised,

Pno.

gone like they were va- por. Care-ful-ly re-placed, now it's filled with emp-ty

Pno.

pa-per. I'm an-xious to get go-ing. For my i-de-as to start flow-

Pno.

separated

RACHEL

Pno.

- ing a la re cherche du temps per du.
She tries to write but can't.

Why can't I write?

I'm a very chatty girl. Come, words, come! — Come, words, come!

May-be I've been nothing happens
dumb. I hope Proust's ghost isn't pissed his words have gone missing.

No worries, Proust's ghost. These are my last days on earth.
It's kind of paramount, that I make this diary count.

She again tries and fails to write, and still.

You shouldn't be my diary.

You're too good to be my diary.

My life is shit.

My life is too crap. Why can't people admit...
that no one's really happy? Except my Grandma Miko.

You would like my Grandma Miko.

A la recherche du temps perdu. What should I write?

There isn't time to waste. Could it be? Now I see! The problem here is
My sad life is much too small to re-call-ing._

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No worries, Proust's leggiero

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ghost. I will write down Grand-ma's life. I'll give it my best try,

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Then I'll be good to die.

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Nao picks up her pen.

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(still talking to the diary)

Please let me write! I promise to try my hardest not to write anything silly. I will write about grandma's life. Okay? I promise.
How should I begin? Well, I guess someone will be reading this, so...

"Hello!" I can write! (writing) Dear Reader:

You found my secret diary. A kind of sacred diary. An anti-blog, that's meant for one person. A private dialogue that you and I will be immersed in. We'll...
forge a deep connection, under the engineered protection, of a la recherche du temps perdu.

I have so many questions about you.

Special reader, I wonder, do you wonder 'bout me?

too?