

Dear Diary,

July 22, 1984

My name is Laura Palmer, and as of just three short minutes ago, I officially turned twelve years old! It is July 22, 1984, and I have had such a good day! You were the last gift I opened and I could hardly wait to come upstairs and start to tell you all about myself and my family. You shall be the one I confide in the most. I promise to tell you everything that happens, everything I feel, everything I desire. And, every single thing I think. There are some things I can't tell *anyone*. I promise to tell these things to you.

Anyway, when I came down for breakfast this morning, I saw that Mom had hung streamers all through the house, and even Dad put on a party hat and tooted away on a kazoo for a while. I didn't think Donna and I would ever stop laughing!

Oh, Donna is my very best friend in the whole world. Her last name is Hayward, and her father, Dr. Hayward, delivered me twelve years ago today! I can't believe I finally made it. Mom cried at the table because she said before I know it I'll be a grown-up woman. Yeah, sure. It's going to take years for me to even get my period, I just know it. She's crazy if she thinks I'll be grown-up in no time, especially if she keeps giving me stuffed animals for my birthday!

Today was just the way I wanted it to be, with only Donna and Mom and Dad there. And Jupiter, my cat, of course. For breakfast we had apple pancakes, which are my favorite, with lots of maple syrup and sourdough toast.

Donna gave me the blouse I saw in the window at Horne's Department Store, and I know she bought it with her allowances because she was saving all of them for a long time and wouldn't tell me why. It's the most beautiful blouse you've ever seen! It is white and silky and has tiny embroidered roses all over it, but not so many that it looks bad. It's just perfect. On Donna's birthday, I'm going to get her something extra special too.

My cousin Madeline, Maddy for short, is visiting tomorrow for a whole week. She and Donna and I are going to build a fort in the woods and camp out if Mom will let us. I know Dad will. He likes the woods as much as I do. One night I had a dream that Dad moved us to a house deep in the woods and my bedroom had a big tree outside the window with two songbirds nesting there.

I'll be back in a minute, Diary, Dad is calling to me from downstairs. He says he has a surprise! I'll tell you everything when I get back!

Love, Laura

Dear Diary,

July 22, 1984, later

You will never ever believe what just happened! I went downstairs and Dad told Mom and I to get in the car and not to ask any questions until we got to where we were going. Of course, Mom asked questions the whole way. I didn't mind because I thought maybe something would slip out of Dad's mouth, but it didn't. I just kept quiet so that I wouldn't lose my surprise. When we pulled up to The Broken Circle Stables, I knew! Daddy bought me a pony! Diary, he is so beautiful, much more beautiful than I could ever have dreamed. His colors are cinnamon red and deep brown, and his eyes are big and sweet. Mom couldn't believe it when she saw it and she started asking Dad how he managed to do it without anyone knowing. Dad said it would ruin the surprise if she knew, and he's right.

Mom nearly had a heart attack when she saw me underneath the pony's legs to find out if it was a boy or a girl. I barely had to look to find out that it was a boy. *Like I've never seen one of those before.* Mom doesn't know her little girl the way she thinks she does, hmmm?

Back to my pony. I decided his name should be Troy, like the pony in Mrs. Larkin's photo book. Zippy, who works at the stables, said he would make a nameplate for me that says TROY in big letters, and he'll hang it right in front so that everyone will know his name when they see him. Troy is still too young to ride, but in two months I'll be able to get on and just race through the fields! Today I walked him and fed him carrots (Dad brought them with us in the trunk) and a cube of sugar that Zippy gave me. Troy loved all of it. Before I left him, I whispered in his warm, soft ear that I would see him tomorrow and that I would write all about him, here, in my diary. I can't wait to show him to Donna! I almost forgot, Maddy will see him too!

On the way home from the stables Dad said that Troy and I have the same birthday, because when a pony is given as a gift to someone who will love him, they share everything. So happy birthday to Troy too!

I'm glad I don't know where he came from, because this way, it is almost as if Heaven sent him down just for me.

Anyway, Diary, tomorrow is a big day and tonight I will sleep

very well, dreaming of Troy and all of the time we shall spend together. I am the luckiest girl in the world.

Love, Laura

P.S. I hope BOB doesn't come tonight.