

Diary entry from desiree's baby essay sample



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It was me, my beloved wife Desiree and our adorable child. It seemed as if nothing could ever break the strong bond between the three of us. That's when I was wrong. When I wrongly accused Desiree of being of black origin I told her to "just go".

When I saw all Desiree's and the baby's stuff burning I thought it was all over- a new start for all of us. But then when I was clearing up my draws I found a letter that I haven't seen before. Anxiously I read the letter to discover that I made the biggest mistake of my life. The blood in my veins froze, my heart turned stone cold and I couldn't breathe. I was petrified.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I threw out my Desiree and our lovable child, just to find out that it was ME who had the black ethnicity, not Desiree.

When the baby was born my life completely changed, I changed. No longer was I the mean, demanding Armand. I was kind and loving not only to my family, but the slaves didn't feel like slaves anymore. I treated them nicely and with care. I wanted to share my happiness with the whole world. I would never think that such a little thing like a baby could change such a stubborn man like me.

I think that when I said those two mean words, which had the most powerful meaning in my life. "Yes, go". I couldn't bear the thought of living with a person of black origin under the same roof as me. The thought hadn't crossed my mind that I would marry a black woman, yet I am black myself.

The worst thing is that I had to find out through reading, a piece of paper. My father's wife didn't even have the common courtesy to tell me herself. I

felt betrayed and frustrated, but now that I discovered this I realised how much I love Desiree.

Now that Desiree and the child are gone. Life is not worth living anymore. All the things that had some kind of a meaning in my life are gone. What am I to do now? I can't possibly imagine living with another woman. No one can ever replace my Desiree. The love of my life is dead all because of me, and I can do nothing about it.

What really gets me and upsets me is the fact that she is dead because of ME- her husband that is meant to be there for her for the good and for the bad. I always wondered what I would do without her. I always couldn't imagine my life without her. Desiree is gone because my immaturity took control of my actions. Even though I never stopped loving Desiree, I let my frustration and self-consciousness take over.

I can't live with myself anymore. Everyone is wondering why she left and took her life away, while I'm sitting at home living like nothing had happened. I now realize that love is far more important than money. I can afford anything I like, but yet I cannot buy love.

Since the departure of my family, the house feels so empty, lonely and full of anger toward the slaves. Desiree and my baby took all that away from me..... I couldn't be so angry when they were around..... it just wasn't possible.

The events that have taken place in the alt couple of weeks no-one knows about except me, and my beloved Desiree. Now that she is dead all this lyes within your covers and no-one shall ever find out.