

When I woke up, Annabelle was there, asking me if I was alright, what was wrong. She ~~was~~ ~~is~~ is very worried about me, what I have gotten myself into. I keep getting beat up by people. I can't tell her though. Put her in danger? I don't even know how I would explain it to her.

I told her we had been robbed, and so we both started looking around the house to see what had been ~~taken~~. taken. The house was a disaster, to say the least. The only thing missing, though, was the brown journal Contact had given me.