



**MY
GHOST
DIARIES**

G I O V A N N I N A M O N T

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***LET
THE STORY BEGIN...***

(First Book in the My Ghost Diaries series)

1st October

So yeah, my name is Giovanni, Giovanni Namont in full. Funnily enough, I grew up in Germany, and both of my parents are German for sure. Yet, they decided on an Italian name for their precious little boy with a halo above his head.

You see, apparently, my mother was into a famous poet named Giovanni something. Needless to say, my father showed that weak character of his and displayed no intention to contradict her crazy choice. So I ended up being called Gigi by my German friends and even some family members. (This shortened version is, in my humble opinion, a lot better than Giovanni.)

Not like I hate the name, but I would definitely prefer to be called Alexander, Daniel or Frank like most of my mates at school.

Well, here I am telling you the story of my life, or at least, a small part of it...

As I said, I grew up in Germany, so my English isn't that perfect as one of my teachers liked to point out regularly (during each and every lesson!). When I was a shy young boy, I craved to be encouraged to pursue my passions and not to be shamed for the lack of my foreign language skills.

(Of course, I'm explaining this to you only to excuse any grammar mistakes or flaws you will notice here. As I'm not perfect and never will be. For that, I apologise sincerely right at the beginning. So please, don't be too harsh when judging me.)

Anyway, around the age of three, I began to perceive people that nobody else could see. As you can guess from the title of my diaries, they were all erased from this world. Some of them recently and some of them ages ago. Actually, only their human bodies were gone. The souls were still there trying to commune with me.

Once, when I was a bit older, I prepared to introduce Ella, one of my transparent friends, to my grandma. I dressed up nicely, desiring to make the right impression as I liked her a lot. And beyond doubt, she also fancied me because she wore the most beautiful flowery dress I had ever seen before. She had some make-up on, but not too much, and bright red nail polish, complementing her raspberry lips ready to be kissed, just as I liked it.

Unfortunately, once I presented her to my grandma, I learnt I couldn't go around showing off my special gift to anyone. The ungodly and unwanted gift that's been secretly handed over from one generation to another in my family. If I'd lived in a more hostile century, I would've burnt at the stake for something that was given to me at birth entirely without my consent.

(Of course, you cannot seek permission from newborns, but then again, why is it not presented to them later in their lives?)

Anyway, grandma stressed that nobody (or just a tiny percentage of people) would understand me. They would turn against me, call me mad or deranged. And that, I'm definitely not!

Yet, she showed some sympathy and spoke of her own struggles too. Emphasising that not many people would believe her throughout her whole life. She was verbally abused, laughed and cursed at. So she guessed my experience would be no different.

Naturally, I was told to shut up about those transparent beings that were desperately keen to visit and talk to me. But the worst thing was I had to learn to live with the gift that could turn my life upside-down anytime.

Sooner or later, an upheaval will come. It's like a hidden bomb. Making soft noises mumbled by the family's strict rules of confidentiality gradually established during our dark history.

Tick-tock, tick-tock...

2nd October

Those who watch programs like *Most haunted* already know that gifted people sometimes have a spirit guide who tells them a thing or two from the other side, from the realm of death. Of course, I have one too and call him Ted because it irritates him, rather a lot. Apparently, nobody used this goofy short form of his name when he was still alive during the Georgian Era in Great Britain. (As you can guess, his real name is Edward.)

He isn't a bad guy, but I try not to listen to him too much as he can be really annoying. I'm pretty sure if the British ever needed to look for a living example of 'verbal diarrhoea', they could easily pick him. So, I had two choices: either I'd learn to block him out or go crazy. I have no idea if he knows about my wise choice, but the poor guy hasn't complained about my utter disregard towards his chit-chats yet.

(Therefore, I should consider myself to be a lucky man. At least, for now.)

But the day he finds out, my ears will be battered by a long string of words clear as mud, and my eardrums will burst into tiny pieces. That's how happy he will be, I guess.

Honestly, Ted's alright (about half of the times). Sometimes he brings me messages from my grandma, who's dead now. A couple of days before her death, she said she'd come back only to tell me goodbye.

At that time, I was pretty much fed up with my unique abilities and had no desire to use or develop them. And grandma guessed right; it would've irritated me if she'd appeared every week or so. (You see, she loved to give me her precious bits of advice every day during her living life.) So I left the decision to her, and she decided as she did.

I certainly didn't care at that moment. Yet, from time to time, I feel I could do with a good piece of advice. But sadly, there is nobody to provide it. (Oh well, there's no point in rattling on about what could've been; not much can be done now. It's all done and dusted; I must move on.)

By the way, the person who really gets on my nerves is my late grandfather. When he was still alive, he beat me up with a willow stick regularly. He laughed and watched me while I was crying in pain. Believe it or not, he continues to slash me when I'm not guarded.

Naturally, I told Ted to pass him a message that I wished him to go to hell, but Ted refused. Not because the evil man doesn't deserve to go there, Ted knows he definitely belongs to the realm of pain and suffering. But apparently, if I hadn't misbehaved when I was a child, my grandfather wouldn't have to keep punishing me even after his death.

I have only one comment on this. It would be just if grandfather and Ted look at their bleak lives before judging mine. Grandfather (and sometimes the other one too) is a nasty piece of work. One of them has been a tyrant and wife-beater since I remembered him, and the other was a drug addict and murderer during his living life.

Unfortunately for me, they are both stuck in this world. The first one is held here because of the desire to avenge the gruesome death of his. And the second one is being punished for his sins. So who are they to judge me? Screw them both!

Oh, this feels good! It's great to let off some steam, let go of all the negative emotions from time to time and start afresh. These diaries may help me re-evaluate, forgive and redeem. Although the forgiveness part may be slightly problematic, I feel I can grow as a person while having the pleasure of writing my memoirs.

5th October

Sorry, I had to take a few days off from writing. It seems I got fed up with it already. Funny, isn't it?

'Some people just cannot stick to one job for a long time, Giovanni,' my lovely father (I'm being sarcastic now) advised me when I was a wild young man.

But I keep trying just in case I'll be a famous writer one day...

Anyway, my grandma sent me a message. She's worried sick I'll die as a lonely bachelor. She even instructed Ted to keep his eyes on a suitable young lady and persist in encouraging me when the time is right.

After a while, I became so annoyed with his false attempts to find me the love of my life that I told him to get lost. As might be expected, the next day, Ted came crawling and apologised for being a fool which made me feel a bit sorry for being rather harsh with him.

So, I believed we could have a pleasant evening together watching *Corpse Bride*, a movie I like a lot. I really hoped the slightly morbid theme would make him feel at home since he was stuck with me in the world of living for an uncertain time (all depending on how long I keep on living).

Funnily enough, he found the movie all offensive, saying that filmmakers shouldn't joke about things they don't understand. According to him, they have no clue about what's going on behind the heavy curtains dividing our world with the other, much darker one. (Although this isn't necessarily a bad thing, I dare to say.)

He kept whining and whining for ages. I was sure that unless I had done something then and there, he would've driven me crazy.

So, I tried again to make Ted feel better and told him a story about Emily. She was a stunningly tall girl with long ginger hair, catlike green eyes, ample bosom and a gorgeous backside. I definitely fancied her. The only trouble was that Emily expired a few months before I met her. Strangely, she wasn't aware of it and was quite keen on me as I was on her. But because this happened during my good old days (I have bad and good phases), I decided to find a gentle way to make her aware she didn't belong to my world anymore. I pretty much knew I had to tell her, and as a result, lose her. But what other choice did I have?

I told her. And she cried and cried afterwards. Lying in my bed right next to me, she was soaking up my bedsheets with the salty liquid. While I was pondering over ways to help her get over the distress, she was gently pressing her transparent body against mine. I could feel her pain, yet I was too afraid to move and comfort her.

Needless to say, she was gone when I woke up in the morning with a splitting headache after such a restless night.

When I revealed my previously untold story to Ted, I learned something crucial (in a sort of mocking way): you can copulate with a ghost. And it's one of the best things humans can experience together with transparent beings.

Naturally, I got pretty upset after. Feeling all sorry for myself, I sent my annoyingly laughing friend to hell for the second time in the course of a few days.

6th October

Keep thinking about the 'never happened sex' with Emily. How sad is that? Maybe, I will end up like a confirmed bachelor, as my late grandma predicted a long time ago. Yet, I still have some time to make the final decision on that subject.

On good days I don't mind. You see, it's not that bad to be alone because I don't genuinely feel like a lonely man. I have friends on both sides of the world. Well, perhaps those from the world of the dead make up a larger circle of my friends, but they are the pleasant company to have around. (Yet I wouldn't mind having a couple of friends with benefits.)

On bad days though, I have no desire to continue my existence. I feel like the darkness surrounds me with no living soul to talk to or hold hands with. There's only unoccupied space by my side on the battered old sofa, which could've been filled with a loving wife and kids, or at least a girlfriend, ages ago.

But who would want to be with a freak like me? Who would want to live in a house packed with ghosts? Who would want to watch Astrid performing her last hours in my garden over and over again? (I tell you about her later as it is a

sad story, and I need to focus on something more positive at the moment.)

Anyway, Ted came to bother me early today, saying that a new neighbour was moving in. And perhaps she needed some help because those cardboard boxes did look extremely heavy (according to him). Although I find it rather annoying when somebody tries to push me into things like having a girlfriend (or even getting married), I decided to take a peek at her. You know, just in case she was good-looking and available for some casual dates.

And oh, my gosh! The woman is stunning with gorgeous large almond eyes, long dusky curls and moist red lips ready to be kissed. And I cannot even describe that celestial body of her, perfectly matching such a beautiful face. She is undoubtedly enchanting to look at, pretty as a picture I would like to hang on my bedroom wall someday. (And I hope it will be sooner rather than later.)

As you can imagine, I couldn't wait to introduce myself. And, as a true gentleman, I chose to come to help her with all those boxes, hoping for an invitation to 'thank-you' dinner or something else, perhaps.

'Sod off, you, mortal creature! I have no need for your brawn,' she told me to my utter surprise.

First of all, the choice of words was rather odd (a mortal creature?). Secondly, the woman wounded my muscles as well as my pride.

Having said that, it hurt only a tiny bit as she explained herself quite clearly when she saw my offended face.

'My apology for being so cruel, but I prefer others not to touch my possessions,' she explained in a less irritating voice. 'They are quite... priceless.'

I presumed she felt a little bit sorry for me as she continued talking about her living like a hermitess without

any communication or interference from her neighbours. She made it clear that I had no chance.

'Ha, ha, ha,' the idiot was laughing with his inaudible chuckle at my discomfort and embarrassment.

Without another word, I looked down at my recently polished shoes feeling like an injured animal and left her property at once. I needed to think and come out with a new plan on how to seduce that gorgeous but, at the same time, quite a harsh woman.

'No way, I'll give up so easily,' I muttered to myself, closing the front door behind me.

My next move was to buy a telescope and observe her each step of the day. So I can learn about her as much as possible before another try. (Yes, I know, sometimes I am a creepy guy.)

Of course, if you have so much money as I do, it's not a problem to find one on the internet and have it delivered the same day. And so, by nine in the evening, I had my spy instrument with night vision ready.

Ready to explore and perhaps exploit the woman who had enough strength to carry all those heavy boxes to her house by herself. Strikingly, she did all of that in her red high heels and with a radiant smile on her face.

What an incredible lady the woman is!

7th October

I still feel sorry for myself about the Emily business...

I know, I know. I must stop being so selfish and ungrateful for the life I have. Why do human beings keep thinking about the past, and what could've been? We should be looking towards the future and not back. Count our blessings and move forward to find a way to the brighter times ahead. As I am trying to do right now.

By the way, my stunning new neighbour keeps to herself as she implied so firmly yesterday. The heavy curtains are drawn most of the day and night, and the massive wooden doors are shut tightly. Although I could see some dim light wandering from one room to another today, there is no other sign of existence in the house. And she doesn't seem to leave her dwellings during the day at all.

(Perhaps she has a good supply of food in there. Besides, you can manage everything over the internet these days anyway. So why bother to get out of the house?)

But she goes out at night time. I saw her last night when she was strolling naked around the garden with the full moon caressing her delicate skin. She looked so beautiful, so carefree and serene, with her eyes closed. Feeling sleeping flowers with her hands and soft grass with her bare feet.

'My gorgeous beauties, rest well,' I almost could hear her speaking to them while she was touching their colourful petals.

I must admit right then and there, I was unquestionably falling for her charm, falling madly in love with the strange woman. All of a sudden, Emily didn't matter anymore. From then on, she was part of the past that could be forgotten without a blink of an eye.

I had no idea if she saw me spying on her. But before she entered the house, she looked up towards my window with the hidden telescope, and for the time that seemed like ages, she was staring straight at the place where I was standing.

I started to feel very uncomfortable. For sure, the neighbour knew I was there behind my flowery curtains. Observing her every move and gesture. Spying on her like a creep.

Then she smiled warmly before turning her gaze back to the patio door of her house, making me even more nervous as I couldn't see her reflection in the glass. As if she didn't have any. (Was she a vampire? I haven't met one so far.)

Yet within a second, I forgot all about the reflection. I could see only that radiant smile. My brain was spinning; perhaps my neighbour changed her mind about me. Possibly she felt something when we met yesterday. When she looked into my eyes with sudden confusion and insecurity before ordering me to clear off. I'm sure we had our moment then because I certainly felt butterflies in my stomach.
