

Henrietta Coen Disappearance – Evidence Item #13

Excerpts from Henrietta Coen's Personal Online Blog

Posted Feb. 9 – HeNRieTTA COeN DOeSN'T LIKe YOU ANYMORE!

MOMZILLA, DAD, PARMA, PRISS, MARY, BAND BOY AND NeIGHBORHOOD BOY, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'M PRETTY SELFISH FOR DISAPPEARING BUT I HATE THIS PLACE. SORRY BOUT THAT. I HATE THE WAY I WAS RAISED—YOU COULD HAVE GIVEN Me SO MUCH MORE, MOM & DAD—I MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOMETHING IF ONLY YOU HAD SUPPORTED Me MORE WITH STUFF I WANTED. I NEEDED A CAR, AND YOU NEVER GOT Me ONE. I HAD TO TAKE THE BUSS ALL THE TIME, WHICH WAS UNSAFE. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASIER TO GET TO MY TWO JOBS WITH A CAR, AND YOU'RE A DOCTOR DAD, YOU COULD HAVE EASILY AFFORDED IT.

PARMA, IM SORRY, BUT U WERE NOT A GREAT FRIEND TO Me. I WISH YOU'D RESPECTED Me MORE. WHEN We HUNG OUT, We JUST GOT INTO TROUBLE. We WERE HANGING AROUND BAD PEOPLE DOING BAD THINGS ALL THE TIME. YOU MADE Me Be DISHONEST TO MY PARENTS AND OTHER FRIENDS, AND YOU WERE ALWAYS MEAN OR GETTING IN THE WAY WITH NeIGHBORHOOD BOY—He WOULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT BOYFRIEND, I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LISTENED TO U ABOUT THAT. I AM SORRY NOW I WAS SO MEAN TO HIM.

PRISS & MARY—UR BOTH SUCH GOOD SISTERS. PRISS, YOU ALWAYS HELPED Me WHEN I WAS LITTLE, AND I APPRECIATE THAT. MARY—YOU'RE A GOOD MOM. I WISH We GOT TO SPEND MORE TIME TOGETHER AS SISTERS, BUT I KNOW THAT BEING MARRIED MUST Be BUSY! I HOPE SOMEDAY SOON THAT I AM MARRIED TOO—YOU GUYS SEEM SO HAPPY ALL THE TIME, AND IM NOT.

BAND BOY, IM SORRY TO SAY We CAN'T GO OUT ANYMORE. YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT I'M GONNA DUMP UR BUTT. I'M IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE ELSE. ALSO—YOUR MUSIC IS TERRIBLE. I JUST PRETEND TO LIKE IT BUT WOW, WHAT A RACKET. I DON'T THINK UR BAND IS GOING TO DO WELL AT ALL! IT SUX.

I Feel TERRIBLE NOW THAT I'M GONE. I MADE A HUGE MISTAKE AND WILL Be HOME SOON?

Posted Feb. 8 – Today is THE Day

Today, we're headed out to B.C. to go shopping for P's wedding. Very exciting! She's excited to marry her fella, and I'm looking forward to doing the photography for it—it will be a great opportunity to do something I love, for someone I love dearly. Being able to add to my professional portfolio won't hurt either. The only drag about the whole trip, of course, is Momzilla. Always gotta deal with the 'Zilla... However, having all the wedding stuff on the horizon seems to take the heat off me, which is nice. I will sure enjoy that, LOL!

I'm still kind of wondering about Band-Boy's invitation. I think I've done the respectable adult thing by saying no, but I'm second guessing it now. We've only been seeing each other for two and a half months—it'd be kind of crazy to just up and leave right away—I'm not ready for that yet. Also, Momzilla's head would probably explode. Still though—what a wild adventure! The band leaves tomorrow—they're loading up that derelict VW van they have, and hittin' the road like a band of happy wanderers.... Must be nice to be a rock star! I wish I could live my life like that, but I still have loose ends to tie up. Maybe. Possibly. Gosh, why is it taking the school so long to get back to me? The suspense is driving me nuts...

Posted Feb. 7 – It's Not Easy to be in Love

Hung out with Band Boy today. He's still in heaven because of the record deal they got last week in Montreal. I just think it seems impossibly far away. We sat on the bridge by the river and talked last night. It's been bothering him to leave me behind, and of course it's bothering me to see him go. It feels like we just found each other, and that it's far too soon to be saying good bye to one another. One thing is clear though—he cares about me a lot, and I care about him. What we have together seems incredibly real. I know that makes me sound like a silly romantic—but we never run out of things to talk about, and we never get tired of each other's company. Band Boy kept asking me, over and over again yesterday, if I'd go to Montreal with them. For a second, I'll admit it, I was totally there. I was on the road, bags packed, camera in my hands, and just taking off—leaving it all behind to rot, instead of sticking to my plan. I think Dad and Parma would be the only ones who would miss me, honestly. Oh, and of course, Neighbor Boy. Great.

*The flipside of this, is that no one actually *knows* I'm seeing someone, except Parma. I haven't told Dad about Band boy, and definitely not Momzilla. They'd flip out. "No daughter of mine is dating a musician," they'd say. As cool as Dad is...I know he'd be horribly disappointed. Mom would probably disown me though, lol. I know I have to figure out how to tell them about Band Boy though, because as of our talk yesterday—this is very real. He told me he loved me. I love him too. It felt like the most natural thing in the world to hear each other say that. He's not upset that I'm not going with him yet, because he knows I have to figure some things out. Meanwhile, G. has his relationship status on Facebook fraudulently listed as "it's complicated." Whatever!*

Posted Feb. 6 – My Dreams in Mail Form

Today was a total blur. Lately, work has been crazy. It seems like the kids have been a little crazier at the T-World, and the big "kids" at the pub have been a little on the crazy side too. There have been lots of field trips for the real kids at T-World though this month—but they're adorable. Yesterday, a grade 1 student got his arm "stuck" in the big fiberglass nose of the "how my body works" science display. He was freaking out, so I had a little talk with him to calm him down and try to get his hand unstuck. After a few minutes of gentle tugging, it kind of dawned on me to ask him a highly important question:

Me: "Are you holding on to something with your hand, inside the nostril?"

Kid: (crying) "Uh-huh. There's a big plastic hair in there."

Me: "Can you...uh, let go of it?"

Kid: (still crying) "Uh-huh...(pause) Oh."

Priceless! It took all the composure I had to not bust out laughing at the poor little guy. Speaking of kids, I still haven't gotten anything in the mail about my application. I asked Dad to keep an eye out for it at the house, but nothing yet. It's been almost three weeks! Hurry up mail! I haven't told anyone what the application is for, except Parma, who is sworn to secrecy. Dad still thinks I should "totally get into Nursing!" Little does he know, but I faint at the sight of blood. Not a good life decision!

Posted Feb. 5 – Yikes!

I am usually a happy person! Today though, Neighbor Boy has found new and exciting ways to get on my nerves. He is starting to say some pretty wild things in order to get me to "be" with him. It's gone from us being friends, to him being completely inappropriate! I'm so weirded out. He keeps acting like he's got some kind of control over me, and he doesn't. I don't think... He used to be a good friend, but I'm starting to think not all friends we make in life are friends we're gonna keep forever. I'm gonna have to talk to Dad, because I feel like I can't handle this anymore. Neighbor Boy keeps showing up

at my house, “unexpectedly” dropping by to visit. I want to be nice, but it’s getting tough—It gives me a bad feeling to see him now, like I think he might do something weird. But I’m nineteen—I should be able to handle this, right? He’s harmless, right? I’ve known him my whole life, and he’s just been normal. But sometimes it feels like he’s completely turned off his brain and his ears. I don’t feel like I can trust him at all.

Posted Feb. 4 – I am Still Saying No

Neighbor Boy brought me flowers and tickets to the Edmonton Art gallery the other day. I thought I handled it well when I suggested we drag Parma along, but he got rather ticked off about that suggestion and left. I saw him throw the flowers and the tickets into the street in front of my window before storming off to his truck. I am worrying about this now and getting tired of him not listening, and pretending that we are “something”, when I’m not interested at all. When we talked, he got all mad, too, saying I “made” him spend all that money because he “cares” about me. Huh? What do I have to say to get him to stop? My sister thinks he’s not giving up because I’m “leading him on”, but I’m not! I don’t think we can stay friends now, after this stuff, never mind what happened last week.

Posted Feb. 2 – Actual Vacation? What?

It’s important, before I start this, to realize that I’m broke, but by choice. Even though I didn’t necessarily know what I wanted after high school, I knew that whatever I eventually decided on was gonna cost money. I also didn’t ever want to ask my parents for money. This means that I’ve always had a job (even during high school). This has given me a little freedom, helps me pay rent and bills, and has also built up savings for my future.

Enter today: I go over to Mom and Dad’s for dinner. I had a lunch shift at the pub, so it was no problem—I just jumped on the bus and headed over afterwards. Mom was in a particularly good mood and didn’t seem as insulting as usual. She was even a bit bubbly.

It turns out Dad let her set up a trip to Vancouver to go dress shopping with my sister. My sister is getting married (Mom mentions it about 25 times each visit). Dad probably let her arrange the trip so he could just have some peace and quiet, poor guy! However, Mom is too afraid to go anywhere by herself, so Dad has to go, too. While Mom went on and on about the places they were planning to go and the money they were going to spend (ha ha), Dad was making some awful faces. Momzilla caught him though, and asked him in that insulted tone of voice what he “wanted out of the trip that would be so much better.” And just like that, he said, “I’d like to spend time with my family. Hey kiddo, you should come with us!”

Okay—as stubborn as I am about making my own way and saving my money, I haven’t been on an actual vacation for ages. It’s been a rich thing I can’t afford; no matter how much I want one. So I told him flat out that I couldn’t afford it, but he winked and said, “We’ll count it as your birthday present!” This is my dad’s annoying tactic for when I refuse money from them—to gift it. Begrudgingly, I accepted. But I don’t feel bad about it now, because my sister will need reprieve from Momzilla, as will my Dad, from both of them, and maybe, I’ll finally have an opportunity to share all the things I’ve been too afraid to tell them. I’ve been feeling bad for keeping my Dad in the dark especially, but I’m feeling braver about going after what I want, for once. Band Boy, my future...it’s all starting to come together. They’ll finally see what I need in order to have happiness.

Posted Jan. 30 – Weird Incident

Gotta make this short, because I'm on my phone, but Band Boy just texted me and said "my friend" came by the band's practice space and hung out with them. I thought he meant Parma (she goes to their practices sometimes), but he said it was "that guy at your apartment the other day". Anyways, I guess they were talking and hanging out, being all friendly, and Neighbor Boy kept mentioning me, saying that he and I were in love, to everyone there, especially Band Boy. How embarrassing is that?? Band Boy didn't say anything to him—he didn't want to start something or blow the secret. I guess Parma was also there, and at one point she took him outside and tried to convince G. to leave, and to stop talking about me behind my back. Band boy said he heard her say, "She doesn't love you—she's never going to." He started yelling, "You're wrong!" Band boy said G. left after that, but man...what the heck?

Posted Jan. 28 – Nerves and Secrets

Had a little disaster today. I've been keeping Band Boy a secret from everyone except Parma, but today, worlds almost collided. Band Boy came over for dinner at my apartment, and we were in the middle of eating when my apartment buzzer rang.

I may have shoved Band Boy into a broom closet and started freaking out. It was Neighbor Boy, asking to come in. What a nightmare! When I said no, he started getting suspicious, asking all sorts of questions. Of course, I lied my face off, but he started asking me if I was alone and safe, or if I'd had any intruders. He had this annoying knowing tone to his voice, and was acting all insulted. He said he'd seen a "rough looking dude" enter my apartment complex earlier, so he was "concerned". Neighbor Boy then described what the "dude" looked like, so I'd "be careful." Turns out he was describing Band Boy, who had been there for about 45 minutes already!

Basically, Grant was sitting outside pretending to be on a stake-out or something. Huh? I know he worries about me being by myself in this neighborhood, but I've never had a problem. I've caught him out there in his truck a few times, but he's always about to come in and visit me—he's never outright admitted to just sitting there spying on me, unlike today. It's a little strange, but I know he means well—he's big on safety, he says, because of all the police training. I just hope he doesn't suspect anything about Band Boy. I doubt it though—he thinks I'm totally in love with HIM.

Despite this, I'm still in a great mood. Band Boy broke some big news to me—the band was offered a recording deal in Montreal! They leave on March 9—Unbelievable. They've been dreaming about this for so long-- Honestly, I'm still in shock. Is this really happening? I got a note on my Twitter today about potential bursaries and scholarships for InterDec, but still haven't heard from them. It's promising, but I'm worrying. I find it funny though that our futures might collide in the same "foreign" city in the future. Better brush up on my French, eh?

Posted Jan. 27 – Oh BTW Honey, My Family is Nuts

Band Boy and I have been spending lots of time together in between our work schedules and his shows. It's pretty official that we are now a "thing". However, because he's totally committed, we had to have this terrible talk about keeping our relationship a secret. I am incredibly worried about how my parents will take the news, especially my Mom. I told him I'm just waiting for the right time to tell them, but he didn't like that at all, and we ended up having a pretty heated discussion about it (family is very important to him, and so is honesty).

I finally got him to understand that it's not that I don't want to tell them, I just need the right time to

do it. I'm a nervous wreck about it all. As much as my Mom and I squabble, I do care about her deep down. It would be awful if she cut me off from the family or something worse. My dad acts like he's the "boss", but Mom runs the show, truthfully. I could totally see her not letting Dad or my sisters' stay in contact with me, easily, and it's terrifying. Plus—even though I'm not "together" like my sisters, I know that they (especially Dad) have high expectations of me. I really like Band Boy, but I'm also scared of the consequences of letting my parents down somehow. It's confusing.

Posted Jan. 15 – A Future Surprise

Anyone who knows me and my family easily sees I'm kind of the black sheep. My sisters have all their lives perfectly sorted out, but me—I am the "monster" child that drives my mom crazy on a consistent basis. Really, I drive her nuts because she can't control me, and it worries her to death. Because she can't control me, we fight. A LOT.

Since graduation, she's been after me endlessly about my "future plans." My dad has too, but to a lesser extent. He took a year off before starting med school, because he knew it would be a long haul. The thing is, they both act like I'm tossing my life away, when really, I was afraid of making a bad decision. Funny, right? Not wanting to make a bad decision, and being treated like I'm irrational as a result? I wanted to do something I would love every day, but I didn't know what it was yet.

But dear blog—here's a secret. I've figured it out. I want to be a professional photographer and photography instructor for children. Parma and I have been sneaking around getting my application and portfolio figured out for InterDec College. Today I mailed it, and already, the suspense is killing me. This is a big deal. It's a huge relief, but significant too because my parents are going to lose their minds. This is not what they have in mind for me at all. They don't view photography as anything past a "hobby," even though I've been selling and competing with my work since I was fifteen. But...I think they could get used to the idea of being proud of me. We'll see.

What's funny is what my Mom does have in mind for me. My oldest sister didn't finish her diploma because she met her husband in school, dropped out, got married and become a housewife. Page is finishing school, but again, she's not going to work because she just wants to be a housewife. My mom is somehow thrilled about this, but I don't get it, personally. My sisters are happy, so I'm happy for them, but I'm looking forward to a life of photography, travelling maybe, teaching kids, and having adventures and new experiences. I'm excited already! I probably won't ever be rich, but it will be so much fun!

Here's another issue—The school is across the country. They teach professional photography instruction specifically. If I am accepted, I would start in a spring session for April. Since I've been saving since high school and saving all this money with my two jobs, I'll have enough to totally do it on my own. I can quit my jobs, and just move out there and get going. My parents are going to flip out at the thought, but I'm going to tell them eventually. I'd rather wait until I hear back on the application though. So... fingers crossed! It's a good thing no one reads my blog, ha-ha!