

# The Secret Diaries of a Frigid Mole

by

Jenny Lewis

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## One Year Diary

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If this diary should tend to roam, smack its arse and send it home to Bernadette Jane Evans' joint, Greensborough. And if you read it, my stupid, pog sister Anne, I will smack your ARSE AND SMASH YOUR GOONY FACE IN!!!!

Wednesday April 24<sup>th</sup>

Today is my 14<sup>th</sup> birthday and I am writing this in bed with real tears and snot spewing out of me like buggery. But they are not tears and snot of sadness – oh, no – I cry for how happy I am. Everyone was so nice to me today and they acted like they really liked me. I got so many presents and lots of attention from everyone. I think I shall start from the beginning. Michael (my best non-good-group friend) woke me up early (that bastard) and gave me you, my Diary, as a birthday present. I think it's just a normal shop diary, but his mum (who I love) wrote a bunch of stuff on the cover in gold writing. I love it and I was that wrapped I didn't even tell Michael it was a stupid time of year to give a diary. He stayed for breakfast and Mum kept saying that the birthday girl could have anything she wanted, but all I wanted was what I already had – a beautiful, caring family (except Dad) and lots of friends (except Cheryl, Melissa, Rhonda and Maria) who suck up to me. Anne (my up-herself older sister), was even nice to me and Bob (my younger brother who I hate) was good enough to ignore me. Cheryl, my fugly mole best friend, came to pick me up and me, her and Michael walked to school together. Then the best part of the day got started. In English, Mr Cavanagh made everyone sing Happy Birthday to me and I was embarrassed, and Darrell (this guy I've had many affairs with in my short life and I'm still wrapped in him, in an un-wrapped in way) punched me fourteen times in the arm, plus one for good luck. It was grouse that he was touching me, even though it hurt like hell. Cheryl forgot to get me a present, so she took the crappiest Sherbet poster off her wall and gave it to me. Mole. We had fish and chips for tea (cos that's my favourite dish) and Dad came home and felt bad for forgetting my birthday, and he told Mum off for not reminding him. He reckons she did it on purpose just to make him look bad, which she probably did. The good thing is that they didn't fight cos it would ruin my birthday. Grouse. They gave me the American Graffiti album, Anne gave me a top and Bob gave me Mockingbird, by Johnny O'Keefe and a card. Oh, and before you go thinking he's a nice boy, this is what he wrote. "Dear Big Fat and Ugly. You are adopted. I hope you have a stupid birthday. Love your hansum little Bobby-Wobby." See? He's the biggest little bastard out, not that Mum and Dad ever see it. They treat him like King Ping. So that brings us back to now, my darling Diary. I promise to fill these pages with words about how happy I am and how much I love my friends and family.

Saturday April 27<sup>th</sup>

Before I say anything else, I would just like to say that I hate Mum. She reckons I carry things too far and she picks on me so much that fair dinkum I feel like running away. I hate Cheryl (sometimes). She likes Darrell too, I can tell. She always wants to sit next to him and talk to him and loves ringing him up on the phone and all they do is talk about me. I know she is trying to turn him off me and onto her, but he would never love a stupid, ugly FRIGID MOLE!!!! like Cheryl. I found out that Melissa loves Darrell too, which I don't care about because she is going with Paul so I am safe with her. But I heard that Paul is getting sick of Melissa, because she keeps saying how she looks like Jeannie off I Dream of Jeannie, when she doesn't. If he drops her, she'll be free and Darrell might have her which would be an unnatural disaster. Mole! Nana

and Auntie Ruth came over with my birthday presents. Dad and Bob picked them up on the way back from seeing South Melbourne play. Auntie Ruth gives grouse presents, but Nana's are stupid and don't cost a thing. Mum says that too. Before I leave you, my dearest Diary, I have to say sorry for not writing all the time. I have a reason though, and it's that I couldn't be bothered. I promise to write every day from now on.

Friday September 13<sup>th</sup>

Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> and all this day brought me was good luck. You see, I am going with Scott, and I really like him, but I also like Darrell and the best thing is that I found out today (from big-mouth wog Maria) that he likes me too. I don't want to drop Scott cos it would embarrass him, but it's hard going with someone who doesn't go to our school. To tell the truth, I don't really want to go with Darrell cos it will ruin our friendship after we drop. That's the last thing in the world I would like to happen. I stare at Darrell playing cricket. I have never been so much in love with anyone in my life, and I even think of him more than Daryl Braithwaite, who I think about all the time in a sexy way, especially when he's singing Cassandra or Sweet Valentine. I'd go for miles just to see Darrell's face, but it's the same with Scott. I love them both that much. What should I do?

Saturday September 14<sup>th</sup> (UNINTERESTING!!!!)

Nothing happened today. It was that boring I nearly died. You can't half tell that my bloody Mum and Dad love Bob more than me. Bob does this thing where he comes home from the footy and goes "Where's my cock!? Has anyone seen my cock!?" He means Charlie (our basset hound), and Charlie runs in and goes mental over Bob, and Bob goes "There's my cock! What a lovely long cock". Mum and Dad laugh like it's the funniest thing in the world, even though Bob knows bloody well what he's saying. But when it comes to me, oh, yes, it's a different story. All I said was that Bob looked like a cock-sucker with his South Melbourne knitted hat on, and Mum bloody told me off, when it's exactly the same thing. Dad wasn't amused either. EVERYBODY HATES A MIDDLE CHILD! Mum saw The Exorcist with Auntie Beth tonight and me and Anne went and hung around with Uncle Ron and Gayle, Kaye and Julie (my cousins) because Bob and Dad were watching the footy replay at our joint, which shit me. Gayle and me did a quiz in Cleo and it proved that I've got a good personality, which I already knew.

Sunday September 15<sup>th</sup>

Mum took Charlie to the vet to get a cyst cut off his ear. She's that worried, but she would never be that worried about me if I had to stay at the vet overnight. This morning Mum made me wash the car and I was in a real bad mood about it, so I did a bad job. Ha! Sucked in. Then of course Bob was allowed to watch some shithouse football show, which shitted me because I wanted to

watch this really grouse show about something I can't think up now. Being isolated in my room knocked me out of the bad mood. I thought more about Scott and Darrell. Who to love? Cheryl rang and said she'd tell Scott to drop me, but I don't want her to just in case I still love him. Tomorrow is school so I can see what will happen about Darrell and maybe we'll have a fight. I don't know. Until then...

### A POEM TO MY UNFAVOURING MOTHER

I know I'm dramatic  
I know I'm loud  
I know I like to stand out from the crowd  
But mum, here's some advice and try not to leak it  
If your attention you'd just give  
I WOULDN'T NEED TO SEEK IT!

Monday September 16<sup>th</sup> (PERIOD STARTED)

I stayed home today, Diary, as the Sports were on, but bloody Mum wouldn't write me a note saying I was sick because she doesn't like lying and she doesn't agree that a period is a good enough excuse to get out of stuff. I said I'd just wag anyway then she'd get a bad name for having a wagging daughter so she wrote the note. Then I think she was really sad and I felt awful, cos Mum said she doesn't have the energy to fight with me on top of all her other problems. She only said that to make me feel bad, so I didn't. Sucked in. Darrell didn't come over after the Sports but Cheryl did and I asked her what everyone was saying about me at the Sports. She put a secretive look on her face and said that if I'm that interested I shouldn't wag. God I HATE HER!!!! I always tell her what everyone says about her, even when it's bad which is all the time. I loaned her my American Graffiti record so that she could learn to rock'n'roll, and I'll bet that bitch doesn't give it back. I hate her so much, and believe me I'll show it tomorrow. Boy won't she pack her nana pants.

Tuesday September 17<sup>th</sup>

### ATTENTION

DO NOT READ THIS NEXT BIT OR ELSE!!!!

I MEAN IT, ANNE!!!!

Because I cannot trust some people to keep their sneaky noses and fat stumpy fingers out of my private business, I shall write in codes that they (SHE!!) will never in a million years figure out. I will use these codes for the rest of this diary and probably for the rest of my life. It should not have to COME TO THIS!!!! I should not have to write in code in my own bloody diary you bloody elom!!!! Here are the codes.

ELOM = Mole. If it's in capitals, I really mean it. If it's not in capitals, I still mean it, but in a nice way.

HARVEY = Darrell. So if I ever say "Harvey" I mean Darrell, who is the boy I am secretly in love with. If I meet some other guy in the future named Harvey I will call him Real-Harvey.

TALK MATURELY = Kiss or pash on.

LOVE = Hate.

HATE = Love.

POG = cross between a pig and a dog.

FUGLY = fucken ugly.

SITH = Shit.

Now for today's entry. Remember, it's in code.

Big news! Paul dropped Melissa in the morning, then Dino asked her to go with him at lunchtime and she said "yes". She's a ~~MOL~~ ELOM the way she jumps from one boy to another, but I'm glad because it means she's still taken, so that might keep her sucky mitts off ~~Da~~ Harvey for a while. For me the day was a disaster. I grabbed Harvey's arm in Resources. In my own way I was trying to make him know that I ~~loved~~ hated him, but I got the feeling that he wasn't wrapped because he pulled his arm away and said "piss off, elom" (but he said the non-code word). He kept calling me stupid and yelling at me all day. For the rest of the day I kept telling everyone that I ~~hat~~ loved ~~Darrell~~ Harvey. Of course, Cheryl couldn't wait to tell Harvey that I loved (see codes, she was actually telling him the opposite) him and she told me that he was wrapped about that – she's a fugly ELOM!!!! I guess I had better ~~hate~~ ~~love~~ hate Scott. He is my boyfriend, after all, and I think I am more wrapped in him than Darrell Harvey. Me, ~~mole~~ elom Cheryl and Michael were walking home and I asked Michael if Darrell said anything about me. Michael reckons that ~~Darrell~~, Harvey and Scott are both dickheads. I think he's jealous because he's not in their good group. I got Cheryl to ring up Scott from my house and find out what he said about me. She goes to him "Bernie's really mad at you". "Why?" was the answer. "You never ring her up or go and see her. You'd never know that you were going together." So now Scott's going to try and get us back together. ~~SHIT!~~ SITH! I hope he doesn't come over. I can never act natural in front of him and after we ~~pa~~ talk maturely, his spit leaves a funny taste in my mouth. I'm praying that after the sports tomorrow ~~Da~~ Harvey will come over. He's always in my dreams. I think that I want to marry ~~Darrell~~ Harvey. I can't imagine what it would be like growing up without loving ~~Darrell~~ Harvey.

Wednesday September 18<sup>th</sup>

ATTENTION

I am not using codes anymore. From now on, whatever is written is meant the way it is. Sometimes I may still say ELOM because I like it, but love means love and hate means hate. POG and FUGLY are real words anyway. Oh, and if I ever say "Harvey" it does not mean Darrell. It means there's a new real guy around called Harvey, who probably wants me, and I am talking about him. I am not really talking about Darrell. That is very important.

Start today's news NOW!

~~Sith~~! Shit! Something terrible has happened. Dino dropped Melissa cos he likes this raving beauty called Karen and now all of our boys (Dino, Bevan, Paul and even Darrell!) are sitting with her mole group. They all like Skyhooks so we call them Skyhooks Moles. Oh, God, why do things have to change? Why can't Melissa hang onto her man! It was grouse the end of last week. Everyone was happy and friendly and peaceful and now it's all fallen apart. I want this business stopped pretty soon. I watched a sad movie with my cousin Kaye called Madam X. It was that bloody sad, we bawled in the end. We soaked a whole tea-towel between us with our snot and tears and we kept screaming at Madam X to tell the lawyer guy he was her son, then he'd save her from being executed (or something). It was a tragic story, nearly as tragic as the story with our boys. We had better get them back or else. Please, Diary, grant me this favour and stop this pogginess from happening in my short but popular life!!!

Thursday September 19<sup>th</sup>

Our boys are sitting back with us again now, so that disaster is over. I don't think they can act natural around the Skyhooks moles and I don't think they can get away with treating them like shit like they do to us, so that's good. I had first period with Darrell today and he asked me if I had raised my two dollars yet for Luna Park (the school is organising a group to Luna Park on some Saturday later in the year, but we've got to pay the two dollars to go now, even though it's ages away). I said me, Melissa, Cheryl and Rhonda can't go if we get into the Netball finals, which is true. He looked upset, I mean, really upset, but he said he'd still go even if all us good girls couldn't go. So, me and Melissa have decided to try and not get into the finals so we can go to Luna Park. Then when I was passing Darrell in the corridor I put a worried look on my face and pretended not to see him. I don't know why. I guess it's all part of being in love. I asked him later if he had seen Scott or if he will be seeing him. That was a sort of hint to let him know that I was going to make Scott drop me, even though I'm not. I can't remember Darrell's answer cos I was too busy looking at him. I don't like Scott. I'm convinced of it now. But I don't want to hurt him. I shall never go with anyone even though I will love them.

#### A TRUE STORY ABOUT A MAN I DARE NOT HAVE

In class when you are teaching us Science or English and that, don't you see... I can't learn this. When you're near me I tingle. My heart flutters as if I was giving it to you. It makes me suffer to know that you're so close but not tasting my kiss. But the boys take care of that, don't they, Mr Cavanagh. They tell you every lesson how I feel and I am so embarrassed and I can tell so are

you. If only we could stop these foolish games and have each other for our own. There is another, I know this. What should I expect? You're 23 or something and I am only 14 and she is beautiful, I can guess, as am I. You must have the very best and my love for you I'll give if only you see it my way and decide that the two of us together is what I want from keeping myself from living with a broken heart. I am giving my heart to you, and it shall break in two if my ears listen to what I so dread to hear. Don't say it. Say you love me, love me, as I love you.

Saturday September 21<sup>st</sup>

I played Netball this morning and we lost 21 to 9. Grouse. Melissa thinks she's the best goaler but none of her goals went in and she said it was because I told her to miss so that we could go to Luna Park. That's bullshit, even though I did tell her that. She went off at me for playing well and throwing good passes at her because it made her look bad for missing and me look good. I can't help it if I can't play bad even if I'm trying to. Going to Luna Park this time means more to me than having fun. It means that I'm maturing enough to be able to go out with some friends when I know that Mum can trust me. I mean to say, we will be carrying on with boys and mucking around and smoking, but in a mature way. Cheryl thinks that she's going in the Tunnel of Love with Darrell. Ha! More like the "Tunnel of Spew" with that ugly mole. She wants me to sleep at her joint in the caravan tomorrow night and I should tell her that if she wants to be wrapped in the boy I'm wrapped in then she just has to realise she can't also have faithful friends like me sleeping over. But it's a great excuse to get away from my fighting mum and dad. Plus I love it.

Sunday September 22<sup>nd</sup>

I'm sleeping over at Cheryl's joint in the caravan, and being here has made me realise (what I already knew) what a good friend Cheryl is. We watched this grouse movie called Wait Until Dark, and we both bought the same nighties, and we rang Darrell four and a half times and every time he was talking to me, I knew, I just knew, that he wished it was Cheryl and not me. He talked much better to her than he did to me, and I was that happy for her. I now realise that me and Darrell can only be friends til the end of time and that I shall not stand in the way of the true love that Cheryl and Darrell have, or will have. After the phone, me and Cheryl talked for yonks about boys and our periods and that, and we made up a quiz to find out who the best looking girl in our good group is. Naturally Cheryl came first and I was second, then Melissa, Rhonda then Maria. I can't tell you how much I like Cheryl, Diary, she is my best friend and I know she'll never talk behind my back, like I don't about her.

Monday September 23<sup>rd</sup>

Is Cheryl ever a suck. Sorry I had to write all that bullshit last night, Diary, but Cheryl and me made up this thing where we let each other read our diaries when we sleep at each other's joints (just the one page, not the whole thing, thank God). Can you believe she thinks she's better looking than me? Jesus, she comes after Maria – I mean, way after – doesn't she know what a pog she is? Melissa comes first, then me, then Rhonda, then Maria and then Cheryl comes after. Way after. And all that stuff about Darrell wanting to talk to her and not me was bullshit. They couldn't talk natural with each other, but she reckons that she acts more natural with Darrell than I do. BULLSHIT!!! There's no way in the world he'd be wrapped in a fugly, pog mole like her, and it shits me that she thinks she's got even a half chance with him. You should of heard her planning how to get him in the Tunnel of Love. It made me sick!!! If she thinks I'm going to sit with Scott and let her have Darrell, she is as stupid as she is ugly!!!! I HATE HER!!!! Apart from all those dramas, it was a grouse night.

PS. Cheryl's mum and dad sleep in a double bed. Yuck!

Tuesday September 24<sup>th</sup>

After sport today, Darrell went home as half of the teachers were on strike. I wish that he would of stayed, even though it's much more relaxing without him around. We had grouse fun in I.S. (stands for Integrated Studies or something, but we call it E.S. for Easy Shit cos it's always the slack-arseyist period). No work was done at all. We just talked and laughed and acted like we really liked each other. Melissa rang up Darrell tonight and told him that I liked him (stupid bitch). Darrell said that he'd go with me if I dropped Scott. Grouse!!! What should I do? I mean, Scott's never done anything bad to me. I just never see him. I don't want to go with Darrell so I suppose hanging onto Scott is the only solution. Cheryl and me had three and a half fights today. One was about Darrell cos she reckons I'm wrapped in him behind her back, which I can't help. The other one was about Pauline and Fiona, these grouse non-moley girls, who want to join our good group. Cheryl doesn't want them to. Oh, yeah, as if it's up to her. Then she was whispering to Maria at lunchtime just to make me spew, which I didn't. The half one was when I asked Cheryl to bring my American Grafitti record to school tomorrow. She'd better bring that record or I'll kick her out of the good group and let Pauline and Fiona in. I nearly told her that too. I bet she just wants to make me forget about it so that she can keep it. Mum and Dad were yelling at each other again tonight. She got some work to do at home to get some more money and Dad thinks she's making out like he's a no-hoper and can't support his family. He reckons he's King Ping. So Mum waits til he goes to bed to start. I HATE IT!!! She's upstairs right now banging on that bloody typewriter and it drives me mental. And by the way Anne, my stupid sister, I know you're reading this so just butt out of my private life. I've known you're a big nose sticky fingered bitch ever since you stole my David Cassidy picture when I was but a 12 year old crazed fan and now I can't even keep a diary! ELOM!

Wednesday September 25<sup>th</sup>

Darrell is wrapped in me, I know it for sure, because he told everyone to tell me he was. But I still don't want to go with him. I don't know why really; it's probably because then I'll have nothing to not have. Or maybe it's because I'm such a loyal friend to Cheryl. I talked to him a bit today. If I can only imagine that we're not wrapped in each other, it would be much easier for me to talk to him. Everybody's telling me to break up with Scott, but I won't until I find a good reason. Plus, I know I can sound like I love myself to you, Diary, but how can I try to get Darrell when Scott is still wrapped in me, which I know he is. I hate my mum and dad who fight when other people are here. It's embarrassing and I didn't know where to look when Michael was over, so he goes "come on, let's go down the creek". So we went down the creek and we sat on a log and didn't say much. I was worried about what was happening at home. Then Dad didn't let me watch Number 96 (he never does cos it's non-suitable) so I had to go to bed and him and Mum got started again, I think it's about money. I HATE IT! Darrell, please love me as I do you.

Thursday September 26<sup>th</sup>

There was no school today cos of Show Day so I had nothing to do except go to Cheryl's house. You should see how much she loves herself, that bitch. Cheryl is going to have a party so she can get on with Darrell. She is a stinky selfish bitch to love him when she knows I do. Why can't she be after Scott? She knows I don't like him, even though he's my boyfriend and it would take care of all my problems if she would con onto him and make him be unfaithful to me. Then we could break up and he'd be the one feeling guilty and not me. Then I could get on with Darrell. But, oh, no, she has to go for the boy I really like. I HATE HER!!! She is the most selfish person in the world and she only ever thinks of herself.

PS. Nana died.

Friday September 27<sup>th</sup>

Every secret about me and Darrell was revealed today. Maria had Science with Darrell this morning and she told me everything that Darrell said about him being in love with me. Then at lunchtime Darrell went and sat up on the seat while I was sitting on the step. Rhonda called out to me "Darrell's here". I ignored her. Darrell and me both try to act natural but gee it's hard. I can't imagine what it would be like actually going with Darrell now we are older and more mature. I don't want to. If only I hadn't opened my big mouth to everyone about me being wrapped in him. I will never stop loving Darrell. I told Maria today that I wanted to marry Darrell, which I do. We'll be schooling together until Form 6! Please, talk to me, Darrell. I love you so very much, but I won't go with you.

Saturday September 28<sup>th</sup>

It was Nana's funeral today and fair dinkum it shitted me the way Auntie Deb and Auntie Ruth (Dad's sisters) and them were bawling, and you couldn't half tell it was just to get attention. Even Dad acted like a grieving person. What shits me is they didn't even try to hide they were bullshitting cos later on at Auntie Ruth's house they were all laughing like they didn't even feel bad at all, so I don't know who they thought they were fooling. FOOLERS!!! The good thing was that Mum was rubbing Dad's back in the church. Seeing her being nice to him made me think that wouldn't it be great if someone died every day so my mum and dad always had something on their minds other than fighting and upsetting me. But then I'd have to go to a funeral every day and put up with my phoney relatives. Them pretending to be sad over Nana upset me, not that I let anyone know. I'm the strong one out of us kids. (Bob is the sensitive one and Anne is the pretty one), so I have to keep that going. Plus I didn't want to be like them drama-queens, so ha-ha, I am the only one who acted natural.

Sunday September 29<sup>th</sup>

I HATE MY WHOLE FAMILY! This morning my bloody idiot, ugly, stupid, stiff-haired brother was making his seal noise right outside my bedroom door. So I got stuck into belting him and Mum tells ME off. She reckons that no-one should have to sneak around the house after 11.00 am. Dad didn't even care that I probably broke my arm on Bob's head. He just called me Big Chief Crazy Horse, which he calls me all the time and I HATE IT!! He always sticks up for Bob and he doesn't even try to hide that he loves his precious son more than me. He takes Bob and Bob's best mate, Grubby, to every South Melbourne game EVERY BLOODY SATURDAY and he does nothing with me. Not that I'd want to. Dad even named Bob after that player Little Bobby Skilton and he makes out that Bob is just as tremendous as him AND HE'S NOT!!!! Anne was a bitch to me and I'll bet both my bloody parents wish they never had me. I bet Dad named me after someone he HATES! I stayed in my room all day. Grandma took up my summer uniform with her bloody Parkinson's hands, and it's not only a shit job, but it's still too long. I knew Mum would move the bloody pins down. So I'm going to take it up now without Mum knowing. If she wants to fight with Dad all the time and make me feel bad, then HA-HA! she just has to deal with me wearing a short uniform. I will tell her that too. Let's see her try and get out of that one!!

Later: I hope Grandma doesn't die before the guilt of picking on her Parkinson's hands wears off. It should be about 2 and a bit days. Not that I'm saying she should die after 2 and a bit days, just not before. Make it a week just in case.

Later: She did a good job on my uniform, so I don't think I'll take it up.

Monday September 30<sup>th</sup>

In English today Bevan and Cheryl wrote that I loved Darrell on the blackboard. Darrell and me saw it and I turned to him and shook my head like I was better than them, which I am. Everyone thinks they know the answer to my love life. They can get nicked. Me and Darrell were doing a play for English where we were husband and wife and I had to say all of this mushy stuff about how I loved him and I asked him to kiss me. If we were acting it out for real instead of reading it, I wouldn't have known what to do. Cheryl was giving me evil looks all the way through it, and she went up to Michael after and told him about the play and goes "I don't think there was much acting involved" or some crap like that. Everyone was saying that me and Darrell were wrapped in each other all day, but Bevan reckons that Darrell isn't, because he was having a good old talk to him at recess, and Darrell said he wouldn't piss in my ear if my brain was on fire. I don't know if I was sad or relieved. I was something anyway. None of the girls want Pauline and Fiona in the good group because they reckon they'll turn the boys off us (they are pretty ugly, especially Pauline). I told my good group girls that they had to let them in or I would leave, and they all shit themselves. It doesn't hurt to have some nice girls in with us and we can teach them all about being popular, like us. Or like me anyway.

Tuesday October 1<sup>st</sup>

Big bloody news today, Diary. First, Pauline and Fiona are in the good group and it's the best thing. For them. The worst thing ever is this. Mr Reece got sprung screwing some Form 4 dag-mole and he's been kicked out of the school and he might not even be allowed to teach again. The chick was really crying and everything and her parents were there and they were carrying on spastically too. A scuffle even broke out! IT'S SHOCKING!! JUST AWFUL!! Now Mr Cavanagh will never go for me, not now he knows he'll get kicked out of teaching and I can't see him wanting to chuck it in... not for a while anyway. Oh, well, I will just have to admire him from afar and make do with loving Daryl, Darrell and Scott and whoever else comes along, like that Harvey guy, whoever he turns out to be.

Wednesday October 2<sup>nd</sup>

Nothing happened at school today cos our boys went off to some other school to play footy or cricket or something. Paul got Karen so he is hanging around with her Skyhooks moley group all the time now. Our boys had better not follow him or else!!!

Later: Guess what????!!!! Cheryl just rang, and I cannot tell you how much I HATE THAT BITCH!!!! She said that she rang Darrell and he said he would be on with her at the party if there was no-one else, and that he wouldn't be on with me because I'm going with Scott. Shit! Why does Scott have to ruin everything? She also told me that she has invited Michael and some other dags. Bitch! She knows I can't act like a mole in front of Michael. Now that I think about it, do I really want to go to her party? If I have to act sweet all night, what's the point? So I shall not go. Ha! Let's see how good her party is without me.

Sunday October 6<sup>th</sup>

Last night was Cheryl's party and was it ever GROUSE!!!! This is who went: Me, Melissa, Scott, Darrell, Dino, Michael, Bevan, Maria, Rhonda, Pauline and Fiona, fugly (Cheryl), of course, and some other dag friends of Michael's (Feather and them). In the beginning it was boring because everyone just sat there not doing anything. I sat next to Scott and he had his arm around me, but I kept looking over at Darrell and then kept looking away when he looked back at me. The good thing was that when I looked away, he kept looking at me with a sexy look on his face. Cheryl's mum and dad finally left us in peace and that's when the grouseness started. Bevan took me off privately and said that Darrell wanted to be on with me. I said "what about Scott?" He said that Scott didn't care because he wanted to sample Melissa anyway. I was that relieved. Then we played spin the bottle. First the bottle went on Michael and Maria and I thought he'd just give her a peck, but they kissed for 1 minute and 27 seconds and he even looked like he knew what he was doing – his mouth was open and everything. It was a surprise and left me feeling strange... like I didn't know him. Then the bottle landed on Darrell and Cheryl and he gave her a real short one. She said the rule is that you have to kiss longer than the people who kissed before, but he laughed and told her to "fuck off". Everyone laughed. Then the bottle landed on me and Darrell. I wanted to do long ones, especially cos Gary Glitter's sexy song Rock 'n Roll was on, but I couldn't because of Michael being there. Melissa and Scott did real long ones too, which shit me a bit when he's supposed to be my boyfriend. I am out of love with Scott anyway. I don't know what made me wrapped in him in the first place. I bet I wasn't at all. Bevan and Rhonda didn't play because they are going together in a loyal way so they just did long ones galore all night. I am convinced that Darrell is the one for me for sure. Me and Darrell went off on our own and pashed privately, and I love him. Please, Diary, make Scott drop me and make Darrell ask me. Soon!

Later: God, why does my life have to be so full of dramas? So much has happened around here today I don't know where to start. First, Michael came over to talk about the party and I was shitty with him for kissing Maria with passion. Now I'll bet he thinks he's Mr Experience. I can tell you this, Diary, because you know I'm not being unfaithful to Darrell or Scott, but I wish that much the bottle hand landed on me and Michael so I could of sampled him first. I hate it that Maria's had him and I haven't, even though he's with the brains-group. Now she'll probably think she's Mrs King-Ping! She's a POG WOG! Michael went home pretty soon, which shit me too, but I guess I can understand it because I did tell him to fuck off home. Then Melissa came over. She told me that she's wrapped in Scott and that he gave her two tongueys last night. I was that shitty and I asked her if she answered him. She said "no". Then when she went home I rang Scott and asked him if Melissa answered his tongueys and he said "yes". What a fucken mole that slut Melissa is! I told Scott that if he wanted to go around giving other girls tongueys, then he might as well drop me. He said he didn't want to drop me because I was still the best kisser

out of everyone, which I know I am. So we are still going together. Now I think about it, do I really want Scott now that Melissa has turned him into a sex-starved maniac?

Later: Cheryl came over and we were watching this grouse movie called Gidget Goes to Hawaii, then she had to ruin my enjoyment of the movie by bursting into non-bullshit tears. We had to go to my room for privacy from Anne, right when it was the best bit in the movie. She told me she loves Darrell that much and I had to feel sorry for her, so I told her I wouldn't be after him anymore so that she could have him. Not that he'd want her. Cheryl and me made a deal to tell each other everything. Then she asked me if Darrell gave me tongueys. I had to say "no", cos he didn't, but I only wish I was lying. I love Darrell and I'm so ashamed of it. My God, what am I going to do? How can I take Darrell away from my best friend? She has nothing else to live for! Please, Diary, make her go off him so I can re-live the splendour of his lips touching mine. Until then, I will have to live life with a broken heart.

Monday October 7<sup>th</sup> (SPECIAL DAY!!)

Diary, have I got news for you today. I hitched up my uniform and it is so short it looks grouse. I wore bright orange undies, and you can see the colour through my dress and Darrell kept saying something about that all the time, but in a good way, and I knew then that he was really in love with me. I had Woodwork last period. I was looking out the window, and I saw Scott walking across the oval (he cuts through our school on the way home from the tech school). Melissa told me it was a good time to do it, so I told Bevan to go and tell Scott to ring me tonight so he could drop me. Scott said "tell her to save the phone call and that I've dropped her now". Great! Then after school Darrell got Bevan to tell me that he was wrapped in me and would I go with him if he asked me. I said "yes" so then Darrell came over and asked me. I guess I was mad for saying "yes", but I had to because I am so wrapped in him. Of course, Cheryl cracked the shits that much, and she didn't talk to me all the way home. Cheryl's a bitch. Why should I suffer because she's ugly? It's her fault she was born that way, not mine! Darrell rang me up tonight and he told me that he's been wrapped in me ever since he dropped me last year. He said that I was the best kisser and we spoke mainly about the party and how we were wrapped the bottle landed on us. He asked if I was getting randy and I asked what that means. I love how funny I am. Then I rang up Scott, and I asked him if he's still wrapped in me. He said "no", but I think that was just because he knows I'm going with Darrell now. I spoke on the phone all night. This is the order of the people: Melissa, Darrell, Darrell, Scott, Scott (but I just hung up on him as soon as he answered), Melissa, Darrell. I'm so glad that I'm going with Darrell. All that stuff I said about not wanting to go with Darrell was true at the time but not anymore. I'm wrapped to the back eyeballs in Darrell and I'm never going to make him drop me. Tomorrow I have lots of classes with Darrell and I can't wait.

Wednesday October 9<sup>th</sup>

How grouse is my life? First I go with Darrell and then he treats me as if he really loves me. I just can't describe how happy I am. In German, he ignored me the whole time, but in a good way, and I could really tell that he loves me. At lunchtime he was leaning against me and I had my arm around his stomach. His arms were crossed and on top of my arm. In I.S. he sat real close to me while we were reading the paper together. I linked my arm with his when we walked out of the room too. He hurt his ankle and his finger and I kissed it better. His lips are all cracked and he blames me for it. But he's only mucking around. At lunchtime, we carried on romantically – he sat next to me on the step and he put his arm around me and I put mine around him too. Then me, Rhonda and Melissa wagged and went over Cheryl's joint. Darrell, Scott and Bevan came over at about 3.00. At first me and Darrell just had our arms around each other, and we were watching Melissa and Scott, and Bevan and Rhonda kissing. Then Darrell and me got started. We just kissed at first, but after a while our kisses meant much more. When we weren't kissing we were resting our heads against one another and Darrell kept kissing me on the cheek. I found it hard to stop kissing. He gave me a tongue kiss. I wanted to answer him, but I've never done one before and I thought he would think I was a mole. He put his fingers under the elastic of my pants and had his hand nearly at my bra strap. I'm that wrapped in Darrell it's non-believable, but I know that he would never return such a strong love for me. Cheryl was really shitty because she was the only one with no-one to kiss. I felt sorry for her, so I gave up pashing and we mucked around outside, playing cricket with Bob. Diary, please let things be good between me and Darrell and make sure he doesn't try to poke me.

Saturday October 12<sup>th</sup>

Oh, Diary, it's horrible. I will start from the beginning. We had Netball in the morning. We beat Airport West, which shit me because now we might get into the finals and that's it for Luna Park. Dino was going to ask Melissa up at the shops, but he jibbed it, so he asked her down the milkbar and she said "yes", even though she wants Scott to ask her. I played Sherbet records in my room and prayed that Darrell wouldn't come over after tea because Dad and Mum were at each other. They were really yelling, then I heard a slap. I thought Dad hit Mum so I ran into the kitchen and he had her by the shoulders and I told him not to hit my mother! He said she hit him, but I ran off to my room (I wasn't crying) and then the fight got even worse. They were going mental. Next thing, Michael's mum came over. I think she must've heard the fighting and I couldn't hear what she was saying but she definitely said something about upsetting the children. Dad went off for a drive and I could hear Mum bawling and Michael's mum stuck around to look after her I think. Anne and Bob were crying and they were worried Dad would be killed in a car crash. I'm not crying. I am the strong one.

Later: Dad still hasn't come home. I hope he hasn't been killed or brain-damaged in a car crash.

Later: I have decided that I am going to marry a French man because Aussies are a pack of boozers.

Later: I hope Michael's mum doesn't tell Michael about the big fight.

Later: Dad just got home so he hasn't been killed. I can hear heaps of banging around upstairs but I don't think it's fighting. It's scary.

Sunday October 13<sup>th</sup>

You know all the banging around last night? It was Dad moving his bed into the spare room. Mum spent all day cleaning all the shit out for him. Melissa and Cheryl came over. We played records upstairs and made up dances to Dizzy Miss Lizzy and Can the Can. Melissa is the best dancer out of us three, followed by me then Cheryl. We went to the park later and played on the swings. Melissa might be having a party (grouse), so she can get on with Scott again. And now Cheryl reckons she wants to be with Scott. I hope Scott does go for Cheryl and not Melissa. I don't want him to be with anyone who he might love more than me. I love parties especially when I'll be with Darrell. I'm still as wrapped in him as before. I went to the movies tonight to see For Pete's Sake with Michael and Michael's mum then we went back to their joint. I showed Michael my locket. I've cut out Darrell's face from a photo and put it in it. Then later on I looked in the locket, and Michael had drawn an ugly face and put it over Darrell's face. I laughed and then I felt unfaithful. I wish my family were more like Michael's. He's an only child and his father's dead.

Monday October 14<sup>th</sup>

Guess what? Scott has moved to our school now. You should have seen all the girls all over him. He acted like he was King Ping. It was good knowing I'm the only girl who's been his girlfriend. Melissa is still wrapped in Scott even though she's going with Dino. She asked me to tell him, so I did, and he told me that he's wrapped in her too. Shit! I tried to turn him off her and onto Cheryl, but he didn't like that idea very much. It was fun today in I.S. at lunchtime. Cheryl and the rest of the girls in her English did a play and they had to have false boobs which were balloons filled with water. I think she was showing off in front of Scott. Darrell and me kept linking arms and he leaned on me. Then Darrell got in a shit at lunchtime because Michael wrote me a letter. He ripped it up before I got a chance to read it, which I didn't mind because it would have been filled with brainy shit anyway. Darrell couldn't stop staring at me all day. I think he wanted to kiss me, but he jibbed out. I love Darrell so much. He's not even that handsome.

Tuesday October 15<sup>th</sup>

I didn't have German today worst luck, but I did have fun at lunchtime. Every time a girl swore her boyfriend had to kiss her on the cheek, and every time the boy swore the girl had to kiss him. I kissed Darrell on the cheek 3 times and when I swore he kissed me on the lips. Cheryl felt left out and kept making up new rules that some swear words were not swear words, like "box" and

“norks”. Dino heard that Melissa was wrapped in Scott so he dropped her and then Scott asked her, so now she’s going with Scott. It won’t last. I hope he still thinks I’m a better kisser than her. I got my hair cut after school. Stupid George – it’s really short. He kept going and going. I hope Darrell doesn’t say anything about it tomorrow. He dropped Rhonda once when she got her hair cut. I hope he doesn’t drop me. I’m so nervous. Michael came over and said that it looked grouse, and Melissa said that it sounded like Michael is in love with me. He probably is, but he will never be good enough for me. I don’t mean that in a real way. I mean it in a group way. Tomorrow I am going to link arms with Darrell like I did on the 9<sup>th</sup> and the 14<sup>th</sup>.

Wednesday October 16<sup>th</sup>

Darrell hates my haircut and he wouldn’t link arms with me. He kept calling me a leso – not that I blame him because me and Melissa were kissing (only on the cheek, stupid). All through German, Darrell walked around the room in a bad mood and kept calling me “Shugly” (for “short hair cut and ugly”) and creepo. So I told him I was going to drop him, or I told Bevan to tell him I was going to. Everything got straightened out though during last period when Darrell was in a grouse mood and kept laughing. I wish he had these moods every day. I was nearly crying too cos I thought that he was going to drop me and I was dead serious too. The way he acted was really rotten. Then tonight, Darrell rang me up and he said it’s better talking to me on the phone because then he can’t see my haircut. He was only joking though. He was trying to ask me if I wanted a poke and I kept stirring him by saying that I didn’t hear what he said. He couldn’t stop laughing, but after a while I got through to him that I knew what he was saying. He reckons that I’m going to let him poke me on the camp, but I won’t and I half told him that too. We talked for about one hour, but then he realised that Michael was here and he got in the shits. He said, “I’ll bet you let Mr Maturity poke you every night.” He makes me sick but I do love it when he gets jealous. But he should know I love him and only him. He really shits me sometimes, but I do love him just the same as before. It’s quiet at home. Dad is building an extension for Man Who Walks Funny on top of his other job, so he’s not here much. It’s scary when I hear him coming down the path, cos I don’t know if it’s going to start. Oh, well, at least my outside of home life gives me something to live for.

Thursday October 17<sup>th</sup>

I didn’t say much to Darrell at school today and it wasn’t because he was in a bad mood, which he was. I just hardly saw him at all. But after school was depressing. I asked Darrell if he is trying to force Scott out of dropping Melissa. Darrell said he wouldn’t talk to Scott until I agreed to a poke. I told him that he was never getting a poke out of me and if that’s all he wanted then he’d better just drop me. He said he’d think about it. I know he was only trying to be tough in front of Bevan and Dino, but I was still sad. I felt like I hardly knew Darrell. Oh, God, why does poking have to be involved? Doesn’t he know that, once he pokes me, he’ll go off me because I

will be a moley-mole and not a frigid mole? Darrell walked home my way tonight and I think he could tell something was wrong because I snobbed him the whole way home and only talked to Michael. Then he started talking to Michael really good, which shitted me when he's supposed to be jealous of him. I guess that means he doesn't love me anymore. He gave me a kiss goodbye and I think he wanted a longey, but I stopped before he did.

Friday October 18<sup>th</sup>

Was today ever grouse. Darrell didn't say anything about poking, so maybe, Diary, things are getting back to normal. Dino dropped Maria today (did I tell you they were going together? Oh, well, too late now) because he loves some girl from Basketball. It's getting around that Maria let Dino poke her, so now maybe Darrell will drop me for Maria. I thought I would care, but it was a relief to be thinking that. I went over Pauline's joint after school with Fiona and Michael came over for a while too. We talked about a whole bunch of stuff apart from boys. I'm different around them, or maybe I'm different around the good group moles. Who is the real me? That is the question. I even told them about Mum and Dad brawling all the time and they were surprised in a caring way. Then Michael and me walked home and we pretended we were running from the cops. It was grouse. I feel a bit sad. I don't know why. Probably something to do with Darrell. Me and Cheryl are sleeping at Melissa's joint tonight so that will either knock the sadness out of me or make it worse.

Saturday October 19<sup>th</sup>

Mum and Dad went for a drive together today and it was scary because I think they went off to fight in peace without Michael's mum hearing. I could tell. They are selfish to leave me here to worry about what is going on. Talk about a grouse night last night. Me and Cheryl went over to sleep at Melissa's joint and Darrell and Scott came over too. Melissa and Scott were lying on the bed and Darrell and me were kissing on the floor, next to the bed and Cheryl was watching us with a shitty look on her face. Then Melissa's dad came home and yelled at the boys to go home. So they did. But they came back through Melissa's bedroom window at 2.04 in the morning. The four of us were in the single bed. Darrell was on top of me and Scott was on top of Melissa. We gave each other tongue kisses. Oh boy. I really let him go to town, but I got control of myself. I couldn't stop kissing but I wish he wouldn't kiss me so much. Too much sickens me and the spit starts to stink. They snuck out again at 3.00 am, because Cheryl was left out and started saying she wanted to get some sleep. I guess I would hate for that to happen to me, not that it ever would. I'm convinced that I'm more wrapped in Darrell than in anyone else in the world. Scott gave Melissa a grouse love bite but it shows really a lot, and her dad's going to spew at her.

PS. We lost Netball, so now it looks even better for Luna Park. Grouse.

Sunday October 20<sup>th</sup>

Scott and Darrell rang up to see if they could come over my joint. I was going to say 'no' in case Mum and Dad got started, but Dad was working again at Man Who Walks Funny's joint, so it was safe for them to come. I invited Melissa too. Scott didn't try to kiss Melissa at all and Darrell told me that Scott might be dropping Melissa. Darrell and me were kissing (standing up) in my bedroom. He tried putting his hand down my jeans but I took it away. Darrell asked me if I wanted a poke at the camp. He said if he talks Scott out of dropping Melissa would I then. He kept asking me, and asking me, but I wouldn't answer. I just kept kissing him at the door and gave him a tonguey and he stopped and said that means "yes". I said "no" and he called me a cock-tease, and I was pleased about that. Now I feel sad for some reason. Why does poking always have to get in the way? It will ruin everything. Another thing Darrell kept saying was that Scott was still wrapped in me. Cheryl reckons he is too. I don't know what to believe cos Scott does ring me sometimes, and he did give me a grouse kiss during spin the bottle at school. But I'd never be wrapped in Scott again. Who would be with Darrell to love? As long as he doesn't try to poke me, everything will be grouse. I have got the worst cold in the world. It feels like I am blind.

Monday October 21<sup>st</sup>

I started my period today and I am in severe pain while writing this. It's a lot overdue and I was worried it would start at school. It was the worst day in the year for me. Darrell and me had one hell of a fight. It all started in I.S. because I sat next to Michael and not him. He reckons that I was sitting too close to Michael and I was whispering to him in a sexy way. He called me a cock-teaser again, which I probably am, but it's better than being a poked person! All day him and me ignored each other and he stared at me with a hating look on his face. He kept saying that he hated me and Bevan told me that Darrell was thinking of dropping me. I know though that he won't and that this all happened because he's jealous. I'd hate him to cock-tease girls the way I cock-tease Michael and Scott and Mr Cavanagh and them. I do know that he does still love me. He didn't want this fight as much as I didn't. I rang him up tonight but he was having his tea, but he rang me later and we talked about today's fight and we both said sorry cos I got it through to him that it wasn't my fault alone. We spoke for two hours and five minutes and it was grouse because he didn't ask for a poke again. I don't know what school's going to be like tomorrow. Oh, God, please make it work out between Darrell and me but only if it can be like it was before poking got involved. PLEASE!

Tuesday October 22<sup>nd</sup>

School was grouse cos there was this Basketball Marathon on. It went all day and late into the night. Darrell didn't go, even though he knew I was going. I think he wanted me to get the shits about that, but I didn't. I had a grouse time without him. Scott was there and he dropped Melissa,

so she spent the whole day bawling. I felt sorry for her, but she does shit me the way she cries all the time. No wonder Scott got sick of her, she's such a sooky-person. The rest of us all mucked around and had a grouse time together. Even me and Cheryl acted like we really liked each other. We were lying down and Scott was cold so he snuggled up to my legs and my box moved, which wasn't really my fault. Now I think I'm wrapped in Scott as well as Darrell.

Wednesday October 23<sup>rd</sup>

Well, things got really bad today and it's all Cheryl's fault. Darrell found out about Scott and my legs, Cheryl told him, so he ignored me all day. It was good to have a day off. We went swimming with the school today and after it Cheryl, Melissa, Maria, Bevan, Scott, Dino and Michael came over here. Darrell couldn't come for some secret reason. Scott asked Melissa to go with him again, and she said yes, that suck. So they were pashing on in my bedroom all day while the rest of us played records. I bet she let him poke her! Scott is a cock-tease to snuggle my legs one night then ask Melissa the next day. Darrell came over when they all went home and he was really jealous that everyone had been here and he accused me of getting on with all of them, even the girls, and he called me a frigid, lesbian, hot-box mole. I really love it when he gets jealous. He asked me if I let Scott get stuck into me at the Marathon and I said "no". He believed me, which gave me the shits. Then he asked me if I was wrapped in Scott and Michael. I said I wasn't and he believed that too. What an idiot.

Thursday October 24<sup>th</sup>

Something just dawned on me. I don't think Darrell is wrapped in me. I can always sense when a boy is or isn't wrapped. It is his birthday in about ten days and I haven't a clue what to get him. Michael came over for tea and we did this grouse thing where you tie cotton around each other's wrists and you make a wish everytime you make a knot. I made a secret wish that Darrell never tries to poke me again. Michael probably wished he could get me.

Later: Rhonda just rang to tell me that Bevan dropped her. I couldn't believe it, even though he's been saying he was going to for ages. They had an even better relationship than all of Darrell's and my relationships. She was very upset and said that Bevan will probably turn around and ask Maria. God, everyone seems to be wrapped in her. What's so good about Maria? Rhonda asked what I would think if she went after Dino. I gave her my permission.

Friday October 25<sup>th</sup>

Today was the worst day and the best day of my relationship with Darrell. He was acting shitty all morning and Bevan told me later it was because I did wish cottons with Michael. Grouse! Then in German after lunch, Darrell sat next to me, but he was really shitty and kept elbowing me in the guts. He really hurt me and he laughed when I told him that. But I do think he felt bad.

Then after German, I was walking out, and Darrell comes up and rips the cotton off my wrist and he goes that each wish was for Michael to poke me, and he said the wishes have probably already been granted. I put a disappointed look on my face and walked off. Then he came up to me and I yelled at him and said that each wish was about him (Darrell that is), and if he didn't know that, then our relationship might as well come a gutser. It was grouse the rest of the day because I think he was shitting himself over his immature behaviour. Then after school, he tied a cotton around my wrist and I did the non-poking wish a couple of times, but I mostly wished that he could be different in some ways, but the same in other ways. I pretended to only half forgive him, and he was really shitting himself I reckon. I think I'll keep this half-forgiving thing going for a while. I like it when guys shit themselves over me.

Saturday October 26<sup>th</sup>

My mum and dad are selfish!!! Today I planned to ask just Cheryl and Melissa over to learn some more dances, but there was another big fight with Mum and Dad. Anne, me and Bob were all in our rooms and Anne said to just keep out of it. I did, but I snuck my tape-recorder upstairs, on one side of the door and they were on the other side. When the fight ended, I listened to the tape and most of it was non-understandable because they kept lowering their voices. Thanks for nothing Michael's mum. Anyway, Mrs Man Who Walks Funny gave Dad a cigarette lighter and it was engraved with his name. Mum reckons it was a too-personal gift. Dad reckons to Mum that the lighter was from Mr AND Mrs Man Who Walks Funny and they're just grateful for the work he's doing for so cheap. He reckons Mum is trying to pick fights over nothing and he asked her what could be going on with Man Who Walks Funny there too. Mum sort of shut up after that and it went quiet, but I think she was crying in the bathroom. I hope it's a good day tomorrow with Darrell. We won Netball today too and we're in the finals so we can't go to Luna Park. Not that I care. I even tried to win. We all did.

Monday October 28<sup>th</sup>

Darrell and me are safely and surely back together again. In German I usually tried to get close to Darrell but today he tried to get close to me. He went around the room and got answers for the test and then gave them all to me. He patted me on the back then rested his elbow on my shoulder, and he said he didn't want Michael to break my cotton. I was being bitchy to Melissa today. She makes me sick the way she talks to Scott. Scott reckons that Melissa is wrapped in Dino. He said "You're wrapped to the back eyeballs" and Melissa screamed back "Yeah, in you!" She really shits me the way she says things like that. She wore her hair like Jeannie out of I Dream of Jeannie cos she reckons Scott likes it but he doesn't. Oh and guess, oh guess what? Cheryl is wrapped in Michael. I think she knows she can never get any boys in the good group, so now she has to go after the Mr Maturities. She walked next to him on the way home so I had to walk on the nature strip. I stood in dog shit too, that bitch. Lucky it was white or I would have

been really spewing. The only time she spoke to me was when she asked me to find out if Michael was wrapped in her. When Cheryl pissed off, me and Michael talked and mucked around for ages outside my joint. Then Michael went really strange and said there's something I should know about Darrell. He said that Darrell is spreading it around the boys that I'm going to let him poke me at the camp. I was really pissed off. Who does Michael think he is to say things like that to me, like I'm some mole or something? I told him to mind his own bloody business and I went inside. Now I feel really strange. I don't want Michael hearing that kind of talk about me. Now he'll think he can treat me like the other boys do. He probably will too, just to get in their good books. I HATE MICHAEL!!!!

Tuesday October 29<sup>th</sup>

I was in a bad mood all day. I ignored Michael and he felt really bad about that. Good! Cheryl had the shits with me because I didn't find out if Michael would be wrapped in her, if she was wrapped in him. I told her I couldn't say anything because of my fight with Michael. Then she called ME selfish. What a bitch! As if Michael would be wrapped in her anyway and as if I would ever let her anywhere near him. Then I had a fight with Rhonda because we called each other moles. She called me a mole for conning onto Scott, but she said it was only because I called her a mole first, which I did, but she is a mole. I hate her because she cons onto Darrell and she bought him a bag of lollies when he walked home their way the other night. Everyone cons onto my bloody boyfriend, and I even found out that Melissa might be wrapped in him. She said to Cheryl that she thought Darrell was a good kisser, which he is too. Jesus! Why is it so hard to hang onto your own bloody boyfriend around here?! Even Darrell shitted me today. He kept writing "I love Michael" on my books and on my desk. I got mad at him and kept staring at him. When he looked back, I gave him dirty looks. At the end of the period, he got really close and rested his elbow on my shoulder. What a suck. He hasn't even asked me for a poke lately, so he's probably going off me. Good. Maria rang tonight and I told her that I was thinking of not loving Darrell anymore, and she was just wrapped about that, wasn't she? She asked me if I was going to break the rules (about girls not dropping boys) and drop him. I gave a non-answer to the up-herself mole. Then Melissa rang up and she was bawling, and she asked if it was true that I loved Scott. I asked her if she loved Darrell. She said that she won't if I don't love Scott. We promised that we will only love our own boyfriends. Suck.

Wednesday October 30<sup>th</sup>

Today was an absolute disaster. Darrell thought I was going to drop him because Maria told him what I said on the phone last night. Then he reckons he was going to drop me today. That's what he told Maria but Dino said to me that Darrell won't drop me if I stop asking Dino if he's going to drop me. Darrell is so stupid and looks at things so immaturely. Rhonda was the main topic of conversation today. She was supposed to have been poked by Bevan. That's getting around

pretty fast. I haven't written yet about my smoking. Mum found out and she made me promise that I wouldn't smoke again. Pretty soon the promise wore off and I started again, she's sprung me a few times since then and I've always given her the same promise. I won't be able to stop though and why should I, when she won't stop fighting with Dad. I had a smoke in the bath tonight too and she didn't even cotton on. I think it's over with me and Darrell.

Friday November 1<sup>st</sup>

Melissa and Darrell are so chummy-chummy it shits me. In Woodwork, all they do is talk to each other the whole time. She really hangs around him like you wouldn't believe. Rhonda is the only decent one out of our group, apart from Pauline and Fiona of course. She admitted today that she did get poked by Bevan. It made me wonder whether or not to get poked myself. But I shall not. I know I'm too frigid. Julie and Dianne (these real moley-moles who only hang around with each other at school, and they muck around with all the tech school boys) have been poked. I reckon Cheryl has too, not that I know for sure, but I reckon she has... not that she'd ever admit it. I want this business between Melissa and Darrell and Cheryl and Michael stopped pretty soon.

Saturday November 2<sup>nd</sup>

Me and Michael made up this morning so that was good. I can't stay mad at him for long. He said that in future he wouldn't tell me what people are saying about me behind my back, so that's a relief. We didn't have Netball so me, Michael, Michael's mum and my family went to the Whittlesea Show (except Dad – he was working at Man Who Walks Funny's joint, not that he would of come anyway). I saw Cheryl and Rhonda there and it really hurt my feelings they planned an outing behind my back. Not that I let on to the sluts, which is what they are. Rhonda had glitter all over her face. Gee she's a mole and Cheryl is turning out just like her. They acted like Mrs King Pings and I would have been in a bad mood all day about them leaving me out, except I knew that's what they wanted. My mum and Michael's mum were talking about how me and Michael hit it off on the first day of Kinder and we've been best friends ever since.

Michael's mum even got watery eyes when she talked about it. Michael's dad had just died and she was scared how Michael would cope at kinder. But I took him under my wing and she said she knew he'd be okay with a friend like me. It even meant the world to her that she had one less thing to worry about. How bloody flattering, not that I told her it suited me to have him as my friend anyway. I'm still far better off than him. Anne called us childhood sweethearts. I think it was thrilling for Michael to hear that. Michael picked me up and carried me over his shoulder to the pony rides. Him being so strong turned me on a bit. I also saw Dale McGowan there. I met him first at Elaine Haywood's party in Grade 6 and I was on with him. He was the first boy I kissed and I still have fond memories of that afternoon we shared in passion.

Later: Scott just rang! He reckons that Dino had a party today and that Melissa was there and that he bets Darrell was on with her. I don't think it's true because no-one would ever not invite me

to a party. If I find out that Darrell was on with Melissa, I'll drop him and smash Melissa's face in, the HOT-BOX MOLE!!!

Monday November 4<sup>th</sup>

Melissa didn't even go to Dino's yesterday, so I guess I'm safe. I went shopping with Mum to buy stuff for the camp and fair dinkum I hardly got anything. She does not understand how much a young teenage girl needs. I got a Miller shirt, a black t-shirt, desert boots and long striped socks. I also need black canvas pants, a nightie, undies, make-up and toe thongs for the camp but Mum wouldn't buy them for me. Now I'll be the only one without toe thongs for the camp and she just doesn't care. She's not even grateful that I stick up for her all the time with Dad, so from now on I shall not. Ha. Sucked in. Apart from that it was a good day. I rang Scott after shopping and he told me he might be dropping Melissa before the camp. I asked him why and he just goes that there's someone else he wants to be with. I'll bet it's me. I reckon Scott is trying to break me and Darrell up. He said to me today that Darrell was only going with me because he is going to get something out of me on the camp, but he's not going to and I'm going to tell him that if I get the chance. I'm going to tell him that if that's the only reason he's going with me, he'd better drop me. It made me think I might just drop Darrell for Scott, you know. At least Scott won't try to poke me. He has no experience and he won't get any with me, I can tell you that.

#### A POEM-Y THING ABOUT DARRELL

Bernadette Evans sleeps in this bed and beside it is a locked orange box which contains her diary. The main contents of this book are about her beloved boyfriend, Darrell. She loves him with all her heart, but she realises that his love could never reach the heart-throbbing, burning sensational strengths as hers for he. Or is she just imagining that? Could it be that they were placed together when God handed out the same popular hearts to one of each sex? That is all, for now, but is it for always? We shall but see.

Tuesday November 5<sup>th</sup>

It was Cup Day today so we had the day off. Dad was working at Man Who Walks Funny's joint so Melissa, Cheryl, Scott and Darrell came over. It was about 10.30 this morning and I was still in my nightie and they sprung me singing Devil Gate Drive. Lucky I'm such a good singer or it would have been really embarrassing. They stayed here for about half an hour then we went over Scott's house. Darrell and me kissed only once all that time, but we sat real close and we had our heads together. I guess that was pretty good. I had my arms around him all the time and he hardly did it to me at all. BUT we all came back here, except Scott, and me and Darrell were in here on my bed. We tried breaking Bevan and Rhonda's record of kissing for 58 minutes. Me and Darrell kissed for an hour exactly, so now I have the record. He put his hand down the back of my jeans and I let him. I was waiting for him to go a bit further and I would have stopped him.

I hate Cheryl. She told Melissa that Darrell kept staring at her and smiling. She reckons she's the beauty queen! I really love Darrell and I'm glad we're sort of not fighting.

Later: Darrell rang me up from a phone box tonight and he sounded really funny and wouldn't talk to me so I hung up on him. He didn't ring back and I was real pissed off about that too.

Later: Scott came around and told me that Darrell's sister had run away and Darrell was really upset about it all. Now I feel bad for hanging up on Darrell and I'm worried about where he is.

Later: If he's gone over to Cheryl's joint, I'll be furious. Oh, yes, she'll just love that, won't she? That slaggy bitch.

Wednesday November 6<sup>th</sup>

As soon as I saw Cheryl this morning, I knew something was going on about Darrell because she had a really up-herself look on her face. I didn't say anything, so on the way to school, she put on a put-on guilty face and said that Darrell rang her from a phone box last night and they talked for 53 minutes. I put on a non-caring look, and said that he rang me too, and it was before he rang her. Then we didn't talk all the rest of the way to school. Darrell was weird today, like he couldn't act natural, so I think he's worried I know that he rang Cheryl for 53 minutes. I didn't say anything about his sister because I didn't want him to be an embarrassed person. Later, Scott told me that Darrell's sister went home and the family sorted a few things out. I was pleased about that. I don't like it that Darrell's got other problems apart from me. Is that very selfish of me, Diary?

Thursday November 7<sup>th</sup>

In the morning, Dino had to kiss Cheryl cos of this game they made up in I.S. He gave her a real good one too. But he isn't wrapped in her, and I think he's less wrapped now he's kissed her. Then I waggged the rest of the day and sunbaked for about two hours. I was already peeling from last time and I got burnt on top of that. My stomach is bright red. Grouse. Scott rang me when he got home from school and told me that he might be dropping Melissa. He told me that I have to tell Melissa that she has to go up to him at school tomorrow and say "Scott, are you going to drop me or not", and then he's going to drop her or not. He'll make his final decision tonight and tomorrow morning. I rang up Melissa and I told her that Scott might be dropping her and what she had to say and she began to cry. I felt sorry for her then and wished that I didn't tell her. Darrell rang up tonight at about 9.00 pm and we spoke til 10.30 – that's an hour and a half, which is more than he spoke to Cheryl. I think he's worried that Scott will be free soon. He kept saying that I was wrapped in Scott and Michael when the only person I'm wrapped in is him. Then Darrell found out that Michael was here, and he got the shits about that too. He reckons that I'm a two-faced up myself person and I use Michael to make him jealous. I told him that I wasn't a user and that I only spend time with Michael when there's no-one better around. Bob

and I had a real fight – he really SHITS ME! He goes crying to Mum when I don't even hurt him, but, oh, yes, I'm the one who gets told off. He's the biggest little whinger out. I really hate him and I hate Anne who thinks she's something superior.

Sunday November 10<sup>th</sup>

I am sorry for not writing over the past couple of days my darling Diary, but I have been too busy to even give you a thought. We won the Netball final yesterday by one goal and it was exciting and the big gossip is that the whole Form had a shithouse time at Luna Park without us good girls there. Michael came over while I was still in bed and he tried to drag me out of bed by my feet. God, he shits me when it comes to that. Michael was asking me a lot of questions about Maria, and I think he might be wrapped in her. I was worried they might have got up to something in the Tunnel of Love, but she didn't go. Her mum and dad never let her do anything, so it's good she's off the streets. I told him that if he wanted to go with her, he'd have to join our boys' good group because she would never leave our group for him. Michael said he'd never muck around with Darrell and that all the time, because they're boring. Ha! He's that jealous because his group are brainy goons. I just can't stand to think of Michael kissing Maria again. It will not happen, believe me! I was looking at Michael today and I realised that he's actually quite handsome, even though he does look a bit like Himey out of Get Smart. Me and Michael went over his house because I got a feeling Mum and Dad were about to start. It was grouse. Michael's mum and me danced to her Urethra Franklin and Easybeats records and Friday on My Mind is a grouse song, but not as grouse as Sherbet and Suzi Quatro songs.

Monday November 11<sup>th</sup>

It was really sad today. Melissa went up to Scott and said what I told her she had to say "Scott, are you going to drop me or not?" and then Scott dropped her. Melissa started crying and asked what was wrong with her and Scott didn't want to answer at first, but then he said that she was a suck. It is true in a way – Melissa does suck up to boys and she says stupid things. Whenever Scott, or anyone else, does something, she has to make the biggest deal about it and she tries really hard to make people like her. It's smothery. Why can't she just act natural like me or a normal person? She spent the whole rest of the day bawling and she really meant it too. I was really nice to her and now she's trying to get me to drop Darrell, so I can have no-one like her. She wants to be my only friend. She said that too. Now what am I going to do? I am too popular to only have one friend. Why should I ruin my life just because she's a suck? I wish I wasn't so nice.

Tuesday November 12<sup>th</sup>

I HATE BLOODY MOLE CHERYL!!!! Today I was hit with sudden startling news involving her and Darrell. Melissa told me that Darrell and Cheryl always ring up each other and Darrell said he'd go with Melissa or Cheryl if he wasn't going with me. How bloody dare that mole!!!! Then, and you won't believe this, Diary, Cheryl said to Melissa that her and Darrell are having a sort of phone affair. BITCH, SLUT, POG, FUGLY, HOT-BOX MOLE!!!! He's my bloody boyfriend! I decided right then and there not to be friends with her anymore and I shall never spend any time with her again. So, when I went to the dentist with her after school, I didn't say two words to her. Fugly came back to my joint after the dentist and I think she knows that something is wrong because we just sat there watching TV, even though nothing was on. I rang Scott to try and talk him into asking Melissa again and he said it wouldn't be fair on her when he was wrapped in someone else. I know it's me. Then Darrell rang me and I hated hearing his unfaithful voice. I go "Oh, you're ringing me for a change". He asked what the fuck I was on about, but I couldn't say anything because Melissa will get into trouble from Cheryl for telling me about the phone affair. Not that I care because I've got the shits with Melissa anyway – she only just told me about the phone affair so I can be single and a non-friend to Cheryl. Leso! Darrell reckons that I'm still wrapped in Scott because I ring him all the time and it shits me the way he's always accusing me of things I don't do. I know I do ring Scott all the time but it's only because I'm such a good friend to Melissa. Darrell shits me when he keeps saying that I'm wrapped in everyone else when I'm not. Only Daryl Braithwaite and sometimes Scott and less than sometimes Michael.

Wednesday November 13<sup>th</sup>

Today was a natural disaster. I had German with Darrell first period and all he did was talk to Cheryl. I really hate her. She cons onto Darrell that much. Then Melissa told me that Cheryl told Darrell that if he was single, she'd let him poke her at the camp. MOLE!!!! I spent all day trying to find out if Darrell was going to drop me, but no-one told me anything. Then Cheryl rang me up tonight. She was all excited and said that she rang Darrell and he said he was going to drop me before the camp and that he was wrapped to the back eyeballs last week, but he's not so sure now. He reckons that we could really make a go of it if I stopped asking everyone if he was going to drop me. Cheryl said that she rang him up and they spoke for fifteen minutes. But Melissa rang me up later and told me that Darrell was the one who rang Cheryl, and they spoke for 1½ hours and Cheryl's known he was going to drop me for three days. She's no friend to me. Melissa is though. Melissa will tell me everything and I love her for it. Nothing Melissa could do now would make me hate her, but I do hate Cheryl. Why didn't she tell me? I am writing this with tears streaming down my face. Not because of Darrell, but Cheryl. Now I know just how much of a friend Cheryl is. That chunky mole is turning Darrell into a sex-starved maniac, who soon will be hated by not only the girls in our group but perhaps some of the boys as well. Please God, help me. Oh, God, I've said this many times before and I'll say it again, but if I ever need help it is now. Please, I beg with all my heart, make Cheryl leave the country or just leave

Darrell alone. What is she doing to me? WHAT?! If you were a brain surgeon, I'd ask you to knock Cheryl right out of his foolish mind and turn him back to the boy who I used to know and love. All I can do is leave it up to time.

Later: Now that I think about it, am I really wrapped in Darrell? Maybe I just get thrilled when I see his flowing hair in the wind or feel his lovely body touching mine. Or speaking to him on rare, but beautiful occasions. I want to drop Darrell that much but then he'll be free for Cheryl to get. I'd rather get poked than let her have him! MOLE!!! BASTARD!!!!

Thursday November 14<sup>th</sup>

Oh, hell! I hate Cheryl. It's back to normal again. Melissa told me that Darrell rang up Cheryl last night and they spoke for about one hour. She's ringing him back tomorrow night. That's the only thing which breaks up Darrell and me and that's him and Cheryl ringing up each other. I HATE THAT BITCH. I really do and I want to tell her off for ringing up Darrell but Melissa will only get into trouble for telling me.

Friday November 15<sup>th</sup>

Whinger Cheryl and me went up Melissa's joint after school. As soon as Cheryl got here, she goes "what are we going up there for? I'm not going to stay for long. I've got homework to do". She's a bit bad on Melissa at the moment I reckon, cos she's taking me away from her. Melissa let on about me sleeping at her place tomorrow night and us going into town together, but I made it sound like Cheryl was welcome (but she bloody isn't). I reckon Cheryl must be in the shits. I don't even feel sorry for her or guilty that I've left her out a bit. I CAN'T TAKE ANYMORE OF CHERYL.

Saturday November 16<sup>th</sup>

Oh, shit, Diary, all of my plans have come a gutser. I am not sleeping at Melissa's joint and we did not go to the movies today. I am in bloody Sorrento with Michael and his mum in their bloody holiday house. It's a flying visit and it was a last minute decision. Dad isn't here, cos he's got to finish Man Who Walks Funny's extension, but Mum, Anne, Bob and Charlie are, and I'll bet bloody mole Cheryl is just ringing Darrell all the time. GOON!!! Oh, yes, and won't Darrell not be missing me. Not with pog, slut, bitch Cheryl making him as comfortable as possible. We went fishing on a small boat at Dromana beach and we caught ten fish and Michael and his mum cooked them for tea. Oh, shit, I am missing Darrell but I know that he's ringing Cheryl! Oh, God, please watch over Darrell and oh, please give him sense enough to realise that him ringing that bitch is only breaking him and me up. And please make him not ring her or even see her or think of her in anyway, unless it's bad... very bad. Please make him see that she is ugly and make him remember that she is the worst kisser and that when she gets older she will look just

like her vomity mother with that hair on her face. I love Darrell that much but he mustn't love me if he spends so much time on Cheryl. I wouldn't be surprised if he gets her something for Christmas. Bitch! We went to the Sorrento Cinema tonight and we saw Juggernaut. It was grouse. It was a fun night, when I'm not thinking of Darrell and Cheryl. When I think of how Darrell is mucking around with Cheryl, I don't love him, but when I'm not thinking, I do love him.

Sunday November 17<sup>th</sup>

Mum had to go to the doctor about her infected mouth, and me and the others played Mini Golf. Oh, God, if I find out that Darrell and Cheryl have been mucking around together, I will drop him on the spot and nothing will stop me, not even his little sucking trick. Anyway, I think I am wrapped in Scott again so when I get home I'm going to muck around with him as much as possible. We are driving home in a couple of hours and when I return I shall not ring Darrell or Cheryl. Ha! Let them worry that I have grown above them!

Later: Cheryl rang as soon as I got home and asked if she could come over. Scott came over too, and I knew I was in love with him the minute I set eyes on his beautiful face and lovely body. Cheryl reckons she is having a party, so we went over Maria's to tell her about it. She's allowed to go and I wish she wasn't because I reckon Darrell is wrapped in her, that bitch and bastard. Not that I'd care.

Later: Michael came over with excitement cos his mum's sister's husband's brother's friend got two tickets to the Status Quo concert. She dropped us in there and was it ever grouse. Now I love Status Quo and I reckon Rick Parfitt saw me in the crowd and smiled.

Later: Cheryl will spew about me seeing Status Quo. Ha!

Monday November 18<sup>th</sup>

So much has happened it's non-believable. Now I know why Cheryl was so thrilled to see me yesterday. Everyone absolutely hates her. They've decided she's a stuck up bitch, which I've known for ages. The boys and girls in our sort of group hate her. She's brought it on herself though. If she cared a little more about others instead of herself, she'd be better off today. All day, you could tell Cheryl was sort of crawling to me. Suck! If she thinks she can suck back to me after all the rotten things she's done, she can go pull her rank, smelly tits! No longer am I the type of person who can forgive and forget. Cheryl is now my enemy and I will hate her until the end of time.

Tuesday November 19<sup>th</sup>

This morning I was going to leave for school before Cheryl got here, but something stopped me. I wish it hadn't because God, Cheryl shits me. I just can't stand her. She says about how she might be going to the school picnic even though our good group aren't going. Yeah, sure she'd go by herself. I just cannot stand to be around her. She says the most dicky things. Someone wrote "Bernie Evans has a hairy box and big norks" on the typewriter roll and today I found out – from Melissa – that it was Cheryl. I got stuck right into her for that. She denied it, of course, and she walked off with her head bowed. She's sort of quiet now and doesn't join in on the conversation like she used to, but she still disagrees with everything, just to be different. Darrell kept calling Cheryl a mole all day and I felt strangely sorry for her so I sat with her during I.S. and then the bitch goes and ignores me. Jesus, then I felt like the pogy one. What a bloody mole.

Wednesday November 20<sup>th</sup>

I am frightened. Tonight was the biggest fight of all. I put my tape recorder on again. Remember when Dad had to stay and build at Man Who Walks Funny's house when we went to Sorrento with Michael and Michael's mum? Mum found out that Man Who Walks Funny wasn't home that weekend, just his wife was, and no work was done at all. I think Mum thinks that Dad is screwing Mrs Man Who Walks Funny, but Dad said he would never betray his family like that and he couldn't believe what Mum was accusing him of. He went on about how he's doing his best to provide for his family by taking on extra work but Mum's never happy and she doesn't appreciate him at all and I think he might be right about that. He also said something about her turning his kids against him. Then I think Mum was going to see Mrs Man Who Walks Funny cos Dad wouldn't let her out the door. I could hear the door opening and slamming shut from my room and it was scary, so I went upstairs and just sat in the lounge room and watched tv so they had to stop fighting. It worked too. Dad pissed off in his car and Mum went to her room to bawl and she wouldn't let me in. Then I lit up a smoke and sat there in Dad's chair watching Number 96, and listening to their fight on the tape and I didn't even care if someone sprung me smoking. Not that anyone did.

Thursday November 21<sup>st</sup>

After school today, suck Cheryl rang me and asked me to come over to her joint. I made an excuse and said "No, I'm going up Melissa's house with Maria". I said that to get her upset, but really it's because I have the worst dia-rear in the world. Last night at 4.00 in the morning, I woke up having to go to the toilet desperately. It's been the same all today. My bum is really sore from all the toilet paper. And the worse thing is I was talking to Mum and her friend Mrs Johnston, and I thought I was going to let-off, but I shitted my pants. Thank God it was only her and not someone important like a boy or Michael.

Friday November 22<sup>nd</sup>

I've just got back from Auntie Beth's house and something is on my mind a lot. Remember ages ago how I went to Auntie Beth's and did that magazine quiz with Gayle? Before we did that, me and Gayle were mucking around out the back and there was this tree with heaps of unopened leaves on it. I was fiddling with one of the leaves, sort of helping it open up. I didn't rip it or anything, I just unglued the ends and unwound it all with my tongue. Anyway, now that leaf is really spastic, and all the other leaves took ages to open out, but they're perfect. Now I feel bad. Why did I have to stop that leaf from unwinding itself and being normal like the rest of the leaves? I just tried to make its life easier, but now it's deformed. I know I am stupid to be carrying on about a leaf, but I feel really sad about it all.

Saturday November 23<sup>rd</sup>

What a crazy day. Cheryl rang me up this morning and asked me if I'd go over for lunch and she said she'll ask Melissa too. Well, I went over and she didn't ask Melissa. Cheryl told me that Melissa has been telling her everything I said about her and I couldn't believe it and I said that I wouldn't have said anything about her if there was nothing to say. Then Melissa rang up and Cheryl said I wasn't there, and she didn't ask her over. Then Melissa rang up my house as soon as she finished talking to Cheryl and Anne told her that I've been at Cheryl's since 12.00. Melissa rang me up tonight and asked me why I lied to her. I said that I went to athletics in the morning then went to Cheryl's and I wasn't there when Melissa rang. She believed me and read me her diary about how much she loves me and what a loyal friend she is to me and she just gave me the shits because it's bullshit, but I didn't tell her what Cheryl told me because Cheryl would get into trouble. Mum reckons that Melissa is a bit of a trouble maker, and is always on the phone telling me who said what. It's true. And now I know she's on the phone to other people telling them who said what, when the who is me!

Sunday November 24<sup>th</sup>

It was pretty boring today. Cheryl rang me up this morning and asked if I would go over. I couldn't cos I had to go out and see Grandma, but I would have said "no" anyway because of two important things. Cos she shits me after all that shit with Melissa, plus she told me that she rang up Darrell this morning. God she SHITS ME the way she does that. When I got back, Cheryl rang and told me that Melissa went over her place. Oh, I thought they were supposed to hate each other! Now they'll probably gang up on me. Lesos! Cheryl said that Melissa admitted that she's still wrapped in Scott. Melissa makes me sick the way she thinks she's irresistible to the boys. Tomorrow's another day and I'll see what it brings.

Later: Mum and Dad just had the worst blue. He came home really late and Mum tipped his roast dinner on his head. He had gravy dripping down his face and he looked like he was just holding

in his anger. I think he was embarrassed he looked like that in front of Bob. He just got up and went to the bathroom and he left a trail of gravy drips behind. I was scared of what would happen next, but nothing started.

Monday November 25<sup>th</sup>

Well, it's over between me and Darrell. What happened was this. Darrell came to my house after school, and he watched TV with Bob for a while, and then the sadness started. We went to my bedroom and he tried to poke me. First of all, he just leaned on me and kissed me and then he rested his hand on my box, but on the outside of my pants. He called me a mole, so I got in the shits with him and then we made up. We went onto the bed and he undid his fly and his bathers were showing. He got on top of me and started jiggling up and down. I don't know Darrell anymore. I was sad and disappointed in him. I let him put his hand down my boobs. I reckon he tried poking me ten times even though I said I didn't want to. I don't think I'm in love with Darrell, even though I think I am. I've had quite enough of him.

Later: Melissa rang and told me that it's already getting around that I let Darrell poke me at my house today. I am so sad about it all and I feel shaky that everyone thinks I've been poked. I could understand it if it was true, but how could Darrell make up moley bullshit like that about me? I told Melissa that I am going to drop Darrell on Monday and was she ever pleased about that. I know Cheryl will get him and I don't care. She can have him and his stupid poking fingers and his jiggling. Melissa said that I will get the bugger treatment for dropping him because girls don't drop boys. I am nervous about it but I don't want to wait for Darrell to drop me. I feel scared going with him now. For the first time ever, I think I am starting to get un-wrapped in Darrell. I think I might even hate him.

#### A LETTER TO DARRELL THAT I SHALL NEVER SEND

Dear Darrell,

Thanks for the months of happiness you gave me. Thanks for ringing just when I was hoping you would. Thanks for making up in your most peculiar way. But thanks most of all for making me realise that your love for me was not true love before it was too late. Using is not the right word, but you were doing something to me and it wasn't loving. I won't deny that you did love me once, but that was moons ago when our love was only young. I didn't think it was possible for me to not love you, but my mind can change as quickly as all those things in life that change very quickly. I will soon find another lover. I'm sorry, but he will give me more love and joyous occasions than you.

Tuesday November 26<sup>th</sup>

Wait for it, Diary. Dick-face Cheryl didn't come to school today, which was grouse because Michael and me had a good old talk on the way to school. I told him all my problems about

Darrell and that I wanted to drop him but I couldn't because of the rules about girls not dropping boys. Michael reckons it's a stupid rule that some boy probably made up, and that if I wanted to drop Darrell, I should just drop him. I got the shits with him for not understanding how it is for a girl to be on the wrong side of the good boys group, and Michael said that if they gave me any trouble, he'd look after me. I didn't say that I'd get stirred worse for hanging around with Michael than for dropping Darrell. Anyway, I ignored Darrell all day and after German I walked up to him and said "I've dropped you". You should of seen the look on his face. He couldn't believe it, even though he acted tough and said he was going to drop me today anyway. I told him off for making up lies about him poking me, and I said if he wants someone to poke, he might as well go with Melissa or Cheryl. Darrell said he didn't tell anyone I let him poke me, so maybe Melissa was lying about him spreading it around. Great! Now I've dropped Darrell for nothing. So I'll get Scott and then Melissa will have no-one. That'll teach her.

Later: Michael came over for tea and he pretended that TAB was champagne and he made this speech about me coming to my senses and dropping the weasel (that's Darrell). Then we linked arms and took a sip like lovers. We all had grouse fun. Even my family were happy (Dad wasn't home), and we mucked around all night, and me and Mum did the foxtrot together to Whispering and we're getting really good at it too. I was laughing hilariously. I thought I would be miserable without Darrell, but I actually feel quite happy in a non-happy kind of way. I feel a bit bad for Darrell. I mean to say, he's the only boy who's ever been dropped by a girl, so the boys will give him the bugger treatment for sure. I wish I'd let him drop me, then I wouldn't have to feel guilty.

Wednesday November 27<sup>th</sup>

Darrell isn't getting the bugger treatment; I am. The boys kept calling me 'boy-dropper' all day and they reckon I think I'm Miss Superiority. Then I was buggerizing around with Michael, Pauline and Fiona in German, and they all started calling me 'Dag Fucker'. Michael just put on this spastic act. It was that funny, even the good boys laughed. You know what, Diary, it actually feels good to be the first girl to drop a boy. It's better than being the first girl to get poked. I feel different somehow, like things that used to worry me, don't worry me anymore. I must be going through the change of life. I found out today that Darrell is wrapped in Melissa. He wants her at the camp, and Melissa was very wrapped about that, wasn't she? I thought I would care, but I didn't – it was relieving. Everyone thinks that I want Scott and they reckon we make a grouse pair, but I don't even want him. I can't be bothered at the moment. I'm not like Melissa – I can't jump from one boy to the other. Maybe I'm a leso. Melissa rang me up tonight and admitted that she's in love with Darrell and she said that Cheryl is going to fight her for him. If Cheryl gets him, I should ring him all the time and have a phone affair like she did to me, except then I'd have to talk to Darrell. Would it be worth it?

Thursday November 28<sup>th</sup>

After school, Michael's mum came over to do her washing because her machine is busted. We had a good old talk about me dropping Darrell and she was proud of me too and she reckons I'm too good for that little punk. Ha! Then I went over Cheryl's with Melissa and Cheryl got her hair cut. It looks okay but does it ever show her ugly face more. I read Cheryl's diary today without her knowing. It said that she felt a bitch to me for being wrapped in Darrell but I could go suck my tits, and it said that me and Melissa have been giving her the shits lately. She told Darrell on the phone last night that she was going to let him poke her at the camp but now that he's wrapped in Melissa her feelings towards him have changed. Darrell is going to ask Melissa and I honestly don't care. When I first went with Darrell I thought that I would love him forever, but not anymore. I guess finding out he was a sex-maniac took care of that. I am happier now than I ever was when I was going with him. Is that wrong of me, Diary? I went over Michael's joint and we mucked around for ages on his piano. We made up songs and Michael said I've got a good voice, which we both knew already. He was playing the piano really well and him being so good turned me on a bit. Maybe I'm turning into a dag-lover! Ha! I think I will be boyfriend-less for a while. But that might be hard when everyone wants me.

Friday November 29<sup>th</sup>

Darrell has got the shits because I am acting natural in front of him. He said he should have poked me when he had the chance, just to teach me a lesson. What a punk! Maria had to go out with her wog family to some wog do, so she came in casual dress and she had this low top on (mole). Darrell accused me of looking at her boobs. Bullshit! He said the only reason I never let him poke me was because I'm a lesbo. He said that in front of everyone, so I'm wrapped that now everyone knows for sure I'm an un-poked person, even though now everyone is calling me a lesbo. I'd rather be a lesbo than have some weasel's finger up my box. Yuck! Darrell put his arm around Maria just to get me jealous but I didn't care. He only did it because I had Michael in a head-lock at the lockers. Darrell's an attention seeker. He stirred me all day and he got everyone to call me and Michael 'Mr and Mrs Maturity'. I was supposed to be upset about it, but I wasn't. Me and Michael pretended to be husband and wife for the rest of the day and it was that much fun. It made me think what it would be like to be married to Michael and it put me in a good mood. I love the way I'm acting these days – really natural. Cheryl was very chummy to me and she confessed a lot of things about her and Melissa talking on the phone without telling me. She said Melissa gives her the shits because she's always trying to get Cheryl to be an unfaithful friend to me. I said that Cheryl didn't need much help in that department, and she cracked the shits and goes "you should talk". She acted like Miss Superiority. She's not even grateful I was nice to her when everyone else hated her to buggery. Never again!

Saturday November 30<sup>th</sup>

Melissa and Cheryl came over and fair dinkum they gave me the shits. All they do is go on about boys and who they're going to get on with at the camp, which is Monday. Cheryl is wrapped in Scott. I think she knows she can't get Darrell now that Melissa wants him. Boy, if I was Melissa I'd really be in a shit with Cheryl. What happened was Cheryl made us ring up Scott and tell him Cheryl was wrapped in him. Scott, after a while, admitted that he was wrapped in someone at my house. He got Cheryl on the phone and he asked if she was wrapped in him. She said "yes", then he asked Melissa. She didn't know what to say because Cheryl said that she would hate her if she said "yes". Melissa said "yes" anyway. I didn't say anything. I know it's out of Melissa or me. I know that Scott's not wrapped in Cheryl. Cheryl said to Melissa "You've done this to me with Darrell and now Scott. You can have anyone you want." It was surprising that she was honest about it. I felt a bit sorry for her, because even she knows she's got no sex-appeal. We go on the camp on Monday and I'm supposed to be sharing a room with Melissa and Cheryl was the one left out. Now they're saying that they might share a room and make me share with Pauline or Fiona. I just said I didn't care and now they're calling me 'Miss Confidence'. They reckon I've been acting all up myself since I dropped Darrell. I'm not up myself, I just know I'm better than them.

Sunday December 1<sup>st</sup>

I went out with Michael, Fiona and Pauline and did daggy shit, which I enjoyed. Maybe it's because I'm an up-myself-confident-boy-dropper! Ha! We went to the War Memorial and Gough Whitlam and Bob Hawke and they were there talking about some shit.

Monday December 2<sup>nd</sup> (THE CAMP!)

Oh, Diary, how can I begin to tell you what has happened in my life? We're on camp in Tasmania and it's very late and I am here in my bunk feeling strange and different. I don't feel like me anymore. Or maybe this new person is me, the way I should have always been. Or the way I've been all along, but didn't know it. Can you help me understand, Diary? I'll start from the beginning. Me, Cheryl, Melissa, Maria, Rhonda, Pauline, Fiona, Dino, Bevan, Michael, Feather, Darrell and Scott all came up to our room (me, Cheryl and Melissa are sharing) to play spin the bottle. Darrell came up to me and goes "you owe me a poke", he was joking and I think he regretted all the bad stuff that's gone on between us. I laughed, and Michael poked him between the eyes and goes "there's your poke". It was that funny. Everyone was in a great mood. At first, the bottle never landed on me at all. I thought I'd be yearning for someone to pash because of all the others doing it, but it was nice to have a night off. The good thing was that the bottle never landed on Michael either. Darrell and Melissa were doing longeys and Scott and Maria did two longeys and one short one. Cheryl and Feather did medumeys and Feather's dick was sticking out a mile. God, how could he get so passioned-up over that fugly mole? Bevan and Rhonda kissed for two hours so I think they're back together. Now for the best part. The bottle

finally landed on me and Michael. We were smiling at each other and my heart was going spastic. Then he kissed me. It wasn't a longey or a shorty, it was a just righty. It was beautiful. I went all churny over him. My mick was throbbing and when we took our heads away from each other, we looked at each other like we couldn't believe it. He went back to his spot. I thought everyone would notice how randy I was, but they were all watching Bevan and Rhonda kissing because her bottom lip was turned inside out. Then we had interval and Michael came and took my hand and said we should go for a walk. When we got out into the hallway, Michael and me hugged and rubbed our hands over each other's bodies. Feeling his strong arms around me and his chest pushing into mine made me even randier. We kissed again and my box was doing cartwheels. I was scared of how he was making me feel. I'm only 14. He gave me a tonguey and I gave him one back. I didn't even have to think about it, my tongue just acted natural. I opened my eyes and watched his face pushing into my face – he looked so passionate and beautiful up close like that. He looked like he loved being with me. Do you think he did, Diary? Was it me? Or would he have been like that with anybody? Mr Cavanagh sprung us pashing in the corridor and he said that everyone had to go to their own rooms, so that was it for the night. Now here I am, rubbing my tongue across my teeth so I can taste Michael. Am I sad or happy? Can you tell me? Will it still be the same between me and Michael now? Will things be better or worse? Is this the end for us, or is it just the start? Was he just using me to get some experience, or was I using him? Or was nobody using nobody? Oh, Diary, I wish you could talk.

Tuesday December 3<sup>rd</sup>

Michael came into our room really early to wake me up and he jumped on me and hugged me. I was worried that I stunk so I told him to piss off into the common room while I had a shower. He did. When me and Melissa went downstairs, I couldn't be myself with Michael, or hardly even talk to him. I pretended that nothing had happened last night. I don't know how to act around him anymore, especially since he's sampled the moley side of me. I think he was expecting me to sit next to him on the bus today, but I just couldn't. What would we talk about? We can't muck around like before, because it isn't before anymore. It's now so what do we do now? Now I feel awful. The look on his face was that confused and it's stuck in my head. I think I've hurt him. But I couldn't act like we are together because I don't know if we are. God, why do things have to change? Why did I let myself be carried away with passion? Even though it was grouse, I don't think it's going to be worth it. Oh, God, I've lost my Michael!!!! How could I pog around with something so precious to me? Michael's friendship has always been the best thing in my life and now I've tossed it into the winds of history!!

Wednesday December 4<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl and Melissa took me for a walk around some shitty part of Tasmania, and tried to talk me out of loving Michael. They reckon he'll take me away from the good group if I go with him,

and that I'm not sweet enough for a nice boy. I told the two moles to mind their own businesses. They don't understand that I am maturing. Then we saw Michael in the distance, so we ran away and hid. It was boring so we ended up going back to the camp and I had to see Michael. It was nice to be near him, but I still didn't talk to him. I sat next to him and let my arm touch his arm, but I made it look like it was an accident. Oh, God, he's beautiful. MICHAEL AND DARYL BRAITHWAITE ARE SPUNKY.

Thursday December 5<sup>th</sup>

We came home from the camp today and me and Michael still aren't back to being proper friends. I try so hard to act natural around him, but gee it's hard. And he doesn't know how to act around me either and I think it's because he regrets our evening of passion. I think Michael has decided that he'd rather be friends than lovers, but because he's that nice he doesn't know how to tell me. And he probably doesn't want me to think he was using me, even though he probably was. I am worried that he didn't enjoy our kissing. Maybe he thought I'd be better than I was because everyone is always saying what a good kisser I am. God, why didn't I kiss Darrell or Scott at spin the bottle? I could have had any of those boys, and then everything would be still okay with me and Michael. Why can't I get over this? Maybe because he's not the same old Michael now I've kissed him. Maybe now we've shared passion, things will always be different. Bloody passion fucks up everything. I AM NEVER KISSING ANYONE I LIKE EVER AGAIN!!!!

Friday December 6<sup>th</sup>

Oh, Jesus, oh guess the bloody hell what! Cheryl reckons she's in love with Michael and she always has been. Bullshit! There's no way she could get him. He deserves better than her or me, but especially her. We went to the Suzi Quatro concert tonight (me, mole-face, Bevan, Rhonda and Dino) and it was grouse. I went really wild near the end and my head was so heavy, I had to hold it up with my hands. I thought a lot about Michael and how I've lost the friend I've known the longest. I've never been through anything worse in my life than this.

Saturday December 7<sup>th</sup>

Did I tell you I've got a job at the milkbar? Well, I have, and it's turned out to be the worst thing and the best thing. Worst, because I'm not at home to stop the fighting if it starts, and best because Michael comes down all the time to keep me company. Cheryl comes down too and she always tries to drag him outside to talk only to her and not me. He's too nice to tell her that he'd rather stay with me. It's pathetic to see her making such a fool of herself. I am so much in love with Michael I can't think straight. What's happening to me? Whenever Michael comes into the shop, I go all chummy and shy. I think it looks like I'm snobbing him, but I'm not. I just don't

know what to say. It's even a relief when Cheryl and him go around the side. Cheryl said to me tonight, "it would be grouse if you and Michael would go together, but you wouldn't go with him, would you?" I said "no" but I reckon I would (not that I will have a chance in a million though). All I can do is pray to God that Michael at least still likes me. He'll never love me. I'm not sweet enough for him. I'll never get him no matter how hard I try. Sob, sigh, sorrow.

Monday December 9<sup>th</sup>

These past couple of days have been grouse. Yesterday Michael came to the cricket with me and Cheryl to watch Bob play. Michael and me sat next to each other. If I wrote this yesterday, I could have written a whole page and a half on how I enjoyed his company. I was able to be myself and I felt very mature. When Michael got up to get a pie, Cheryl changed her seat so that he would have to sit next to her and not me. He did, but he still kept talking to me across her. Tonight I had to work at the shop and Cheryl and me were in the back room, looking through the two-way mirror thing. Michael came in and Sharon (the owner's fat kid) told Michael that I was on my way. Michael stood near the bottles outside the shop and just kept watching up the street. Cheryl said that he was probably looking for her. Can you believe it? I know I love him but does he love me? That is the question. Michael is over our house so much now and Anne bet me twenty cents that he'd ask me. I am longing to see what's on the next page!!!!!!

Tuesday December 10<sup>th</sup>

Shit! Here I sit in front of the fan crying my bloody eyes out. Why aren't I beautiful!? Why doesn't Michael love me? I guess I'd better tell the whole story. Today I had yard duty with Cheryl and she told me she asked Michael if he'd go with me. Michael said "no" because I'm a tart. And he said that he only wants to pash with me. I didn't expect him to love me, but I didn't want him to take me as something cheap. How could he say that? Anyone but Michael. Anne has reduced her bet to five cents, so even she knows I've got no hope now. All day at school was torture. Everyone shits me up the pole except Pauline and Fiona. All the boys are immature and I hate them. And seeing Michael all the time and knowing what he thinks of me is the saddest thing in the world. It is also a relief.

Later: At least it's easier this way and I don't have to worry about it not working out because it already hasn't. And I don't have to worry if I'm sweet enough for him, because I'm already not. It's easier with Michael not loving me.

Wednesday December 11<sup>th</sup>

I snobbed Michael on the way to school and in roll-call and on the way home. He went up to Cheryl and asked if I had the shits with him and she said something, probably against me. On the way home, I didn't talk to him and he had the nerve to ask me why I wasn't saying much. I said

that I had good reason and that he wouldn't be saying much if someone was calling them a tart all over the place. He said, "who said I called you a tart?" I just said that I heard, then Cheryl comes in and says "he didn't call you a tart, Bernie". Then Michael asked Cheryl if she told me he told her I was a tart. She just said I got it wrong. See, GREAT BLOODY FRIEND. She knows very well what he said and she wouldn't stick up for me. I really can't take her. When Michael went home, she told me off for getting her in a spot like that. All she bloody thinks of is herself. And she told me what I should have said and what I shouldn't have said. Fair dinkum, Michael is supposed to be coming to the cricket with us next week. All I'm going to say is that if Michael goes, I'm not going, so it will be interesting to see who Cheryl picks to go with and if by chance she does pick Michael, ha ha, I'll make it clear to her that she can just go and find herself another bloody cricket partner. I don't know how to behave loving Michael, so it's good I hate him. I know how to do hate.

Later: Michael just came over in the shits with me. He said that he didn't call me a tart. He was in the shits with me for believing Cheryl, especially when I know what a fucken two-faced person she is. I couldn't believe he said "fucken". He said that if he heard I said something horrible about him, he wouldn't believe it for a second. I didn't tell him that I've been saying horrible things about him all day. I tried to keep the fight going, but he didn't give me a bloody reason to. We wrestled for a while and Mum asked Michael to stay for tea. He stayed for ages and we drew ugly pictures of each other. It was like old times and also nothing like old times. Please help me find a reason to hate Michael again!

Thursday December 12<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl and me walked to school together again. I waited for her so we could have it out about what Michael said about not calling me a tart. She (the stupid bloody madgie bitch) put her nose in the air and goes, "well, you believe what you like" and she acted so shitty about me asking. I know she expected me to crawl back, but I did not. She stormed on ahead of me, then my darling Michael ran up behind me and put his arm around my neck and he could of strangled me. I tried to pick a fight with him over that, but he wouldn't be in it, that bastard. Michael asked about Cheryl, who was still storming off at that stage, and I told him about our fight. He goes that I shouldn't be too hard on Cheryl, because she might be scared she's losing me. I was a bit pissed off that he was sticking up for that bitch, but I was nice to her at school, which she didn't deserve.

Later!!!! Tonight Michael came up my place. We were alone in my bedroom for a little while and he didn't do anything except lay on my bed looking at my Sherbet posters. I told Michael to get a haircut like Daryl (Braithwaite that is). I was going to write that I wasn't wrapped in him anymore but something held me back. I can't write that. It's pretty humiliating to be wrapped in someone who isn't wrapped back. I was flat out today trying to convince everybody that I'm not in love with Michael. I wish so hard I never told them I was in the first place. I reckon they know as well as I do that I love him. I'm not allowed to be wrapped in him because he doesn't love me.

Not even a little bit. I'd be wasting my time and my tears if I was still wrapped, but I can't change how I feel about him. Some things he does turn me right off him, but most things he does turn me on. I am convinced now that Michael only likes me as a friend, nothing more, nothing less, and that's probably best because then I can't disappoint him. Fiona said I should stop worrying about it and just see what happens. Even she knows I'm making a fool of myself to be in love with him. Oh, shit, why am I wrapped in him? Why?! Gee is my love life ever dull at the moment.

Friday December 13<sup>th</sup>

Guess what's going around now? Darrell is supposed to be in love with me again. God, it made me want to spew. I would never be wrapped in him again, not with Michael to love. Scott is having a party tomorrow night and Cheryl reckons she could be on with Michael. I just looked at her, I mean really looked at her, and she goes "why should you have him?" And she said that I think I own him because he lives across the road from me. Can't she see how stupid she looks to think she can get Michael? God, it's embarrassing and I should chuck her out of the good group, but then she will be on her own. I still love Michael, but I think loving him means losing him so I'll try not to. I worked at the shop tonight and Mrs Man Who Walks Funny came in. She was very friendly, wasn't she and she goes on about what a clever dad I've got. I wanted to smash her wrinkly face in for even just talking about him to me. She bought an ice-cream (like a child) and a packet of Peter Stuyvesant cigarettes, which is what Dad smokes. I told her that too and the bitch just looked at me like I gave her cheek which I did. She left, and I didn't even say goodbye. She is so ugly and wrinkly and she shows the crack between her tits and that's wrinkly too. There is no way Dad would go for her, but I reckon what's happening is she's conning onto him (Man Who Walks Funny is even uglier than her and he's not manly like my dad – Cheryl's mum reckons he's a poofster!). I reckon Dad is just putting up with her flirting cos he's got to finish the job to support his children, and he's too nice to make her feel embarrassed.

Sunday December 15<sup>th</sup>

The party last night was grouse. First Scott got a kiss out of Cheryl, and Melissa cracked the shits. Cheryl and me were sitting down at the barbie and Darrell and Scott came down. Darrell sat on Cheryl's knee. Then Michael came down and took me up to the lounge room to dance. We were doing some waltzing and having his arms around me brought back beautiful, longingful, memories of the camp. I think I even felt his dick on my hip for a second. I didn't know they got that hard. I love touching him. I love his smell. I love the way my insides tumble around when he makes me randy. I love that I can nearly be myself when I'm around him. I wish he was my type because being in his arms is a very nice place to be. He didn't do anything though. If I can just pretend that the kissing didn't happen, then me and Michael will be saved. We walked to Safeway and Dad drove us all home. Cheryl stayed the night and we talked about the party and

we reminisced about how Michael came down and took me upstairs. She goes “if only Darrell hadn’t been sitting on my knee”. She implied that if her knee was free, Michael would have taken her up there. Then she said “Michael will probably think that I’m wrapped in Darrell so he might not like me anymore”. He never even liked her in the first place! I just made out like she wasn’t spastic, but Jesus it’s hard.

Monday December 16<sup>th</sup>

Oh yes! Oh no! I kissed Michael again! And was it ever just as beautiful as before. You have no idea just what a good kisser he is and how much he turns me on. What happened was this. After school, me, Cheryl, Michael and Feather were in this cubby I’ve made under the house. Cheryl and Feather left and me and Michael were to follow. We kept saying to each other “you go first” because I didn’t want to stick my bum in his face. While we were pushing each other out, we stopped and sort of looked at each other and kissed. Of course, bloody Cheryl came in to see what was taking us so long, so we stopped. He doesn’t try to grab my mick or tits or anything. He probably doesn’t know what to do. But I love him! Does this mean he loves me too???

Tuesday December 17<sup>th</sup>

It was orientation day for the Grade 6 kids to come and visit our school. Me, Rhonda and Cheryl showed the new Form 1’s around and we gave them lots of advice on how to get along at high school. Rhonda had her platform shoes on, which I bloody hate, and walked around with her bitchy nose in the air. Brute Force was on in the gym and Cheryl didn’t want to go in. She had the fifty cents to get in but she wanted to spend that on something else. I think she expected me to follow her, but I didn’t. She’s trying to be King Ping and make me the follower. She’s always making out like what she’s got is better than what I’ve got and she tries to make out like I should be grateful to have her as my friend. I should tell her to go suck her tits and, as soon as she gets popular again, I shall. Tonight me and Anne went to the movies with my Mum and Michael’s mum and saw Papillon. It was okay, but I’ve seen better. I want to see The Man with The Golden Gun.

Wednesday December 18<sup>th</sup>

Tonight, Diary, oh, tonight. Oh what joy, what greatness!!!! I think. Tonight, me and Michael had to babysit for this lady up the road and guess who came too? Cheryl. I try to remember not to tell her what I’m doing, but I always do. Me and Michael had to go outside to bring the washing in. I thought something grouse was going to happen then, but it didn’t. But when we came inside, we went into the kitchen and he came up and put his arm around me and I put mine around him and he asked me to go with him. But bloody, oh, bloody hell, Cheryl walked in so I didn’t get a chance to say anything. So now I don’t know if I’m going with him or not. Oh, shit, oh, shit, I

love him. We might be going to Luna Park next week, and Michael said about how he wants to go in the Tunnel of Love with me. When we finished babysitting, everyone down the shop was asking if Michael asked me. I said, “no”, even though he did, and they asked if we kissed and I said “yes” even though we didn’t. God, I love him. I hope he asks me again.

Thursday December 19<sup>th</sup>

Michael and his mum had to go to a funeral in the country so I didn’t see him all day. It was boring. I rang Cheryl and she said “you can’t just ring me when you’ve got nothing better to do”. I go “fine” and I hung up on her ear. There is something on my mind which is like a bad dream. Tonight, Bob came out in the nude as usual to get dry in front of the heater. Anne, that bloody idiot, said “Bob, you’d better not come out anymore, you’re getting big. You’re growing pubic hairs”. He questioned what she meant, and she said “you’ve got hairs on your dick!” I know he was embarrassed. If only bloody Anne let Bob find out for himself. God, Mum reckons she’s so mature, but I reckon I am more mature than her. Did I tell you that things at home are good? Dad has finished Man Who Walks Funny’s extension, so he’s home a lot more and he’s not fighting with Mum at all. We’re sort of like a normal, happy family. It’s so good it’s like someone died. I think Mum realises now that Mrs Man Who Walks Funny was just conning onto him. Maybe next year will be better than this year.

Friday December 20<sup>th</sup>

Could my life get any better? It was the last day of school today and we all went to Luna Park (Cheryl, Michael, Pauline, Fiona, Maria, Melissa, Rhonda, Bevan, Scott, Dino and Darrell). Cheryl had the shits the whole time, and didn’t want to go on any of the rides that everyone else wanted to go on. She wants everyone to follow her, like she’s the big leader, but no-one followed her at all. We get there and the first thing Michael wants to do is go in the Tunnel of Love. Michael and me got in together. I was so turned on just to have our arms touching. As soon as we got going, Michael gave me a long kiss. My head was spinning it was that beautiful. I thought I’d fall out of the boat or spew up. He goes “what do you reckon” and I go “about what?” He goes “about us”. I go “what about us”. We just pissed ourselves laughing because of all the hilarious things I was saying. In the end I said “yes”. So, can you believe it? Me and Michael are going together! For the rest of the day we held hands. I am truly and completely in love with that boy and Cheryl cracked the shits. I am sitting here in bed and I can’t wait to see Michael again. I feel very different as a person now – very mature. I will probably drop my friends, especially the boys, as they will not understand that I am a new person. They will fight like buggery to get me back, but I could never be happy having their kind of fun anymore. Not now that I’ve got my darling Michael. I love him so much and I will never drop him.

Saturday December 21<sup>st</sup>

Oh, Jesus! Michael has just left and I can hardly hold this pen while I'm writing. I LOVE HIM!!!! What does that boy do to me?! My mick is still throbbing from him getting me all randy. I don't know what to do! I am going out of my mind! MICHAEL IS THE BEST KISSER!!!! I feel like running after him and telling him to come back and kiss me until I get sick of it because I just can't stand this mick-munchiness going on inside me. God, I am a sexy person. When Michael was on top of me kissing, he started pressing up against me. I started pressing back. I couldn't stop myself. He had to stop because we were getting carried away with sexual-ness. We looked at each other and kind of went "whew", like "what are we going to do about this?" God, what am I going to do? I do not want to get poked by Michael. He will think I am a mole. Plus I'm too young. I will be safe until I'm 16, but what will happen after that? Will he poke me, then drop me? Is he doing this to test if I am a mole? Oh, Diary, can you answer these questions?

Sunday December 22<sup>nd</sup>

Every second of the day I think about Michael. I am always looking for him and trying to be where I know he is going to be. When we see each other we smile and at least one part of our body is touching. We both wish that we could be kissing and it's hard to control ourselves. OH, GOD, I AM SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH MICHAEL!!!! We kissed for ages in my cubby. He holds me very tight and he moves his arms all over my body and he presses against my lips really hard like he can't help himself. I do the same. It's that passionate. God, I am too young for this. For the rest of the day my pants were wet and I was worried I stunk. Fiona had a good old sniff and she said she couldn't smell anything. Michael's mum is over the moon that we're going together, and she calls me her daughter-in-law. How exciting. Mrs Johnston came over tonight and we all had a good old talk, and she said to my mum that the world would be a better place if there were more people like me in it. Cheryl said Mrs Johnston doesn't know me very well. Bitch!

Monday December 23<sup>rd</sup>

Michael and me lay down in the bushes at the creek and kissed for ages and we talked about us getting so turned on. It was great to hear I was turning him on as much as he was turning me on. I said that I didn't want to go any further and he agreed. Then I gave him this grouse tongue kiss and I touched his dick (through his pants, idiot), and I reckon his dick nearly burst through his fly. I am home now, lying on my bed, thinking about Michael and how much I love him. I can't get enough of that boy. But any more would be dangerously fatal. I want to go with Michael forever. Please, Diary, don't let anything happen to stop how grouse we are right now.

Wednesday December 25<sup>th</sup>

I have just had the best Christmas of my life or anyone else's life. Michael came over and gave me the Slipstream LP for Christmas. I have been waiting so long to get it and I can't stop playing it. I gave him a really nice watch that cost me ten bucks. He thought it was grouse. Then we pashed for ages in my room, because we both had to go to different family do's for the day. I think I am abnormal. Even when I just feel his breathing on my neck, I get randy and heaps of runny gunk goes into my knickers. It happens all the time now, and I think there is something wrong with me. Even if I wanted to, I could never let Michael poke me. How embarrassing with all that wet stuff. He'd go right off me. Fiona reckons it's normal to have micky juice when you're such a horn-burger like me, but she doesn't know how often it happens lately or how much I'm talking about. Christmas was grouse. This is what I got. Quatro, a pair of wash-out baggies, a summer suit, a bag and four tops. I got a bunch of other stuff off the relatives. We went to Auntie Beth's for lunch and Auntie Deb's for tea. It was a grouse, grouse day and we all got along that well. Mum and Dad even sat next to each other when we opened our presents and they smiled at each other like we were cute. I have cried tears of sadness on these pages, but now I cry for how happy I am. Oh, something awful happened. Last night, we stayed up really late and these words scrolled across the bottom of the tv, telling Army men (I think) to report in somewhere. Mum and Dad said there must be some kind of emergency, like a war, but it was a really bad cyclone in Darwin. Dad knocked back work in Darwin a little while ago. Imagine if he had taken the job. He might have got blown away.

Saturday December 28<sup>th</sup>

Oh, Diary, I am frightened. Please can you do something? Today me and Michael went into the city to see the windows and we saw my dad in there, walking along Bourke Street with Mrs Man Who Walks Funny. She had her arm linked with his. Michael saw them too and he tried to take me off another way, but Dad saw me seeing him and it was too late. Dad took her arm off his arm. We just looked at each other for ages without saying anything and it was hard not to cry. He said that Mum didn't need to know about this. I just asked him for five bucks in a cold way, and he gave it to me and that's all there was in his wallet. Ha! I hope I left him broke. Me and Michael were both pretty quiet on the train. I went inside on my own. Then I told Mum.

Tuesday December 31<sup>st</sup>

Diary, can you forgive me for my neglect of you? You've always been there for me and just because I'm in love I don't give you a second thought. What a bitch I am. I shall bring you up to date. Michael and his mum left for Darwin today. They're going to help the Cyclone Tracey survivors and they'll be away the whole school holidays. God, bugger the Darwinians, how will I survive without him? It's going to be really hard and I know, I just know, we'll be faithful to each other. I will save all my randiness for when he gets back. I can't tell you how much I love

him and how much I love who I am being his girlfriend. Mum and Dad haven't fought for days, so I think he had a reasonable explanation about being with Mrs Man Who Walks Funny. Maybe they just bumped into each other and she linked her arm with his and he didn't want to embarrass her by taking it away. Now it's New Year's Eve and I'm praying that next year turns out happily like this one. I was accepted into the group and (not meaning to love myself) I think most people, and boys, like me. I've got a beautiful boyfriend who is so nice to me, two loyal friends (Pauline and Fiona) and lots of disloyal ones (everyone else). I hope it's a good new year for me and everyone I love and you'll be the only one who I can tell everything to. You'll be hearing from me tomorrow, but in a different book, but you'll still be there. My best friend. I love you, Diary, and I love Michael.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!!!!

## One Year Diary

1975

Wednesday January 1<sup>st</sup>

Mum took me, Bob and Anne out to the movies today. There was a strange feeling the whole time, like Mum couldn't act natural, and when we got home I found out why. When we walked in the front door, Dad was in the lounge room with his packed suitcases and we all had to sit down. He told us that him and Mum have decided that he should move out. He said that he doesn't want to leave us, but it's mostly Mum's decision. Mum was crying and went off at him for saying that she's the bad guy and he said he didn't mean it like that. He said he knows it's his fault, but that Mum gave up on them a long time ago. I didn't get it and I didn't want to. Dad kissed me and Anne and Bob goodbye and they were bawling, really bawling. He took ages on Anne and Bob, but when he hugged me it didn't last long. I wasn't bawling. I acted like I didn't care, which I don't really. He just looked at me with a strange look on his face and walked out. I think he blames me for dobbing about him and Mrs Man Who Walks Funny and also for taking his last five bucks. We all went off to our bedrooms on our own and just stayed there the rest of the day. I don't mind that Dad hates me because we couldn't act natural together and it will be better now without all the brawling. I won't have to get embarrassed when friends come over anymore. I feel sorry for Bob because it's his father, and I know it's mine too, but Bob, cos he's a boy, needs a dad more than me and now he's just got girls in the house except for Charlie. The other thing is that Dad left Anne and Bob notes on their beds, but he didn't leave me a note, not that I told them that. I think it's Dad's way of dropping me. I'm not upset. I'm the strong one.

Friday January 17<sup>th</sup>

Went to the Drive-in with Mum, Anne and Bob to see Number 96. Some actress was all nude. Mum felt like a bad influence. She told us Mrs Man Who Walks Funny has moved in with Dad in the city somewhere. She left her children with Man Who Walks Funny. I don't think Mum blames me. I heard her tell Mrs Johnston she was a fool to believe Dad's innocent act.

Wednesday January 22<sup>nd</sup>

I ate seven frozen jublees today. I kept getting frees. Listened to Slipstream all day in my room. Bob shitted me up the pole.

Thursday January 23<sup>rd</sup>

Nothing.

Friday January 24<sup>th</sup>

I haven't written cos there's nothing to talk about. Mum has to go to work and I have to look after Bob cos it's the holidays. Anne has got a part-time job at the shoe shop. My friends don't come over because it's boring here with nothing to do. We saw Alvin Rides Again at the movies tonight with Dad. He wanted to walk out because it was sexy, but Bob told him Mum took us to see Number 96 so we stayed.

Monday January 27<sup>th</sup>

I'm sorry to drop you, Diary, but I it feels different this year to last year. I just can't get close to you like my other book. I miss it. I hope that doesn't hurt your feelings. Plus I haven't got anything to tell you.

Tuesday January 28<sup>th</sup>

I am shitting myself about starting school soon. I haven't seen any of my friends and no-one rings anymore. I'll be on my own. When I do talk to Cheryl, her voice with me is really mean. I think her and Melissa are chummy-chummy.

Wednesday January 29<sup>th</sup>

I am having terrible nightmares lately. Last night, I dreamt that I saw a bat in our house and there were two of me. The other one of me was sitting in our rocking chair. I went up and put my arm around my other self and that's when I realised I was dead. I was stiff and cold and ugly and my eyes were like black glass. Writing about it is really hard and it's left me feeling uneasy all day.

Thursday January 30<sup>th</sup>

I rang Cheryl and asked if I could come to the pool with her and Melissa tomorrow. She couldn't say no but she had the shits, I could tell. I don't want to go but I don't want to start school on my own either. I hope I get back to my old self when I get back to my old life.

Friday January 31<sup>st</sup>

I am finding it hard to get along with my friends like what I did last year. I can't be myself and I don't know why. I am not the best girl anymore; Cheryl is. Today I went up the pool with Melissa and Cheryl and they had the shits with me because they reckon I've got up myself over the holidays and that when they ask me out I always say "no". I told Cheryl I have to mind Bob, cos Mum is the breadwinner but she said I was just making up reasons. She said that I think I'm too good for them now I'm going with Michael and she says she won't put up with my attitude for long. All the way to the pool, I couldn't think of anything to talk about and I couldn't be myself. I went shy and I don't know why. Melissa and Cheryl, I think, were sticking their fingers up behind my back. I felt like crying and I wanted to turn around and come home but I was scared of what they'd say. When we got to the pool, Darrell and them were there with this new guy Knackers, who is starting at our school. The boys were all acting real tough in front of him, cos he comes from a real tough family, like skin-heads. He didn't wear bathers like everyone else – he sat in the hot sun with his black jeans and a black t-shirt on and, oh, I don't know, he reminded me of the bat in my dream and I was that scared of him, like if I looked at him the wrong way he'd punch me in the face and no-one would care. But he didn't even talk to me. No-one talked to me at all. Cheryl just loved that, didn't she? Her and Melissa were really conning onto Knackers, like he was King Ping or something. Then Darrell got up and jumped in the pool and he didn't come back and sit with us – him and Knackers went and sat with Julie and Dianne (these other moley-mole girls from our school). Good. Cheryl and Melissa blamed me for sending them packing cos I had the shits. I didn't! I just couldn't remember how I'm supposed to act around Darrell or anybody. It was a horrible, horrible day, and it's all because I've gone strange. I wish Michael was here.

Later: No I don't. I'm glad he isn't.

Later: I wish he was, but only if I'm like myself again. I don't want him to see this sucky person.

Later: I'm sorry if I made you feel the way my friends are making me feel, Diary.

Saturday February 1<sup>st</sup>

We went out with Dad and saw Earthquake. It was really scary cos the sound made the cinema shake. Then we went to McLures restaurant and had fried chicken. It was depressing and there were these long breaks when no-one knew what to say. Bob was the one who kept thinking of stuff to say, which must have been hard when he's the sensitive one. His voice was shaky like Grandma's Parkinson's voice. Dad drank a million beers while we were waiting for the slow waitress to bring our chicken. I don't think I was welcome. I think Dad wishes he didn't have to take me out, but he can't exactly get out of it, can he? How bad would that make him look? I try not to look at him, and when I do I make sure it's a non-caring look. Well, if he wants to be a non note-leaving person, what does he expect? He looks back with some look on his face that I don't get. Anne and Bob go off at me for sulking and punishing Dad and they gang up on me. I don't care. They're sucks to treat him nicely. I really don't care about Dad not caring about me. I think fathers are kind of unnecessary. Michael hasn't got one and look how good he turned out.

PS. I hope you're not hurt that I ripped the leather cover off my old diary and stuck it on you the other day. It's just that I missed the smell and the feel of the other one.

Sunday February 2<sup>nd</sup>

It's the first day back at school in two days time, and I'm not afraid to tell you, Diary, that I am shitting myself. I went to the pool today with everyone and it should have been like old times, but I was like a stranger again. Everyone has got close over the holidays and I'm left out. Cheryl hangs around with Melissa and Maria all the time. It's a struggle for me to get along with anybody and act natural. I try to come up with stuff to say, but it always comes out, I don't know, dicky. Cheryl rolls her eyes at Melissa and Maria about me, I can tell, and I feel embarrassed. The boys all treat me different to how they treat Cheryl and Maria. I know they prefer them to me now. So the only hope I've got of getting back as the best girl is if Maria and Cheryl leave the school or die, which would be unbelievable for that to happen to both of them. Michael is back from ravaged Darwin tomorrow. I am half looking forward to it, and half shitting myself. I'm not the same person I was when he left, so he might go off me. Maybe seeing him again will snap me out of my weird mood. Snap out of it, stupid!!!!

Monday February 3<sup>rd</sup>

What is wrong with me??? Michael came over my joint as soon as he got back and when I opened the door, I didn't know where to look. I went all peculiar, like I didn't know how to be around him anymore. He pretended that everything was normal and was talking heaps to Mum and that about Darwin and I didn't say anything. I think I hurt his feelings. I DON'T GET IT!!! WHERE HAS GOOD OLD LOVABLE BERNIE GONE???? PLEASE, DIARY, I WANT HER BACK!!!! I walked home with Michael cos he asked me to, and he tried to talk about Dad

leaving and stuff and it shitted me up the pole. I gave non-answers. I was scared I would start bawling. Not because of Dad, but just because I'm strange. Maybe I've just gone off Michael. I hope it's just my period, but I think that's ages away. School tomorrow. I am filled with a dreaded feeling that everything will be terrible and that I'll be the odd one out. I'll have no-one to muck around with except Michael, and he's not nearly good enough.

Tuesday February 4<sup>th</sup>

First day back at school and I am disappointed in myself. Cheryl came to pick me up, as usual, and for some reason I went all nervous. I couldn't think of anything to talk about, so we walked to school the whole way not saying anything. We left before Michael got here. I don't want him to see how sucky I am around Cheryl now. It was a relief to be in class because then I didn't have to talk to anyone. What's wrong with me? I sat with our group - me, Cheryl, Melissa, Maria and Rhonda - at lunchtime, but they were all whispering and wouldn't tell me what they were talking about. Later on I found out from Melissa they were saying I can't expect to still be in the good group now I'm going with a non-good group boy. Plus, Cheryl reckons I've got the shits all the time and it gives her the shits. I guess I was pleased they think that's the problem. Having the shits is tougher than being Miss Non-Personality so maybe I should keep that going. Pauline and Fiona have been kicked out of the good group and they don't care. They say that anyway. They mucked around with Michael and the other brains and they want me to muck around with them too. What a come-down. Please, Diary, MAKE ME NORMAL AGAIN!!!!

Wednesday February 5<sup>th</sup>

Me and Cheryl left for school before Michael again. Cheryl didn't talk to me the whole way. It's like I'm not good enough for her anymore. God, what's happened? It used to be that she wasn't good enough for ME!!!! I was shitting myself just before lunchtime. The boys have changed now Knackers is in their group and Knackers was stirring me all through English, calling me a suck and the boys all joined in too, especially Darrell. I tried to ignore them, but then it just made me seem like more of a suck. They were chucking things at me and Miss Smith doesn't do anything cos she's scared of them too, I reckon. Knackers gives me these hateful looks, like he can see my suckiness, and I'm scared all the time of what he might do. I was shitting myself about sitting with the good group at lunchtime, but I knew Cheryl would bloody dag the shit out of me if I sat with Michael, Pauline, Fiona and the brain gang so I pretended I was vomiting and I stayed in the dunny all lunchtime. I made sure Cheryl could see when I ran to the toilet with my hand over my mouth, but she just put some stupid up-herself look on her face. Bitch. She didn't even care. The boys had rolled up newspapers and they were swatting the girls because they were moths. They'd catch the girls, then whack them with the rolled up newspaper and go "die moth, die"! I could hear the beatings from the dunny and the girls just loved it, didn't they. A part of me wanted to be with them, but a part of me was relieved that I didn't have to worry about how unnatural I was

acting. Not that the boys would want to swat me anyway. At least Fiona and Pauline don't tell me off because I'm not being myself. I wish I knew what was wrong with me so I could fix it. Maybe Michael is the problem. We're just too different. It would all be okay if I'd never got with him on the camp. If only that bottle had landed on me and Darrell or Scott first, things would be the same now. Dags should know their place.

Thursday February 6<sup>th</sup>

Oh, God, oh, Diary, today was the worst day in my life. I walked to school with Cheryl and not Michael again, and I asked her if I could sit with her at lunchtime and in English. She said that she's not agreeing to anything til I wipe the shitty look off my face. I wanted to smash her turd-burglar face in, but I just acted like a fucking suck. I was shaking walking into English because Maria said Cheryl said she could sit with her, but Knackers wasn't there and it was a great relief. The other boys didn't even stir me for sitting on my own (not even Darrell), but I know it'll start again when Knackers is around. And they call me a suck. Jesus. All day, Cheryl ignored me and was getting really buddy-buddy with Maria. Every time I saw Cheryl, Maria was with her. I know that Cheryl would much prefer to muck around with her than me. I am so jealous. My best friend is being taken off me. I just felt that I didn't have a friend in the world, even good old Rhonda was not the same. I don't know what I'd do if Cheryl started hanging around with Maria instead of me. It will happen. GOD PLEASE DON'T LET IT! Everything has changed. It's as if something which usually takes one month has taken only one day. Cheryl has got nearly every class with Maria. It's no wonder they are such good friends. If Cheryl would prefer to swap friends, I won't stand in her way. I shall live my life with a broken heart.

#### A PRAYER.

My dear Jesus and God. Cheryl is my very best friend and I am losing her incredibly fast. Help me in my struggle to get her back before it's too late. Oh, please Lord, in thee I beggeth.

Later: Maybe I'm not sorry about losing Cheryl because she's such a grouse friend, I'm pretty sure it's because there won't be anyone else to muck around with.

Friday February 7<sup>th</sup>

I was shaking getting ready for school this morning. I was praying Knackers would wag school again. He wasn't in English first period so I was relieved, but the worst of worst things is that Cheryl and Maria have been going off in their little twosome all recess and lunchtime. While everybody else was standing around in our group talking (not that I was doing much talking. Fucken idiot!), Cheryl and Maria were about 10 yards away speaking only to each other. At lunchtime we went and sat over in our seat. Cheryl and Maria just stood miles away talking about something really important!!! Then when I looked again, they were sitting on the other side of the footy oval. JUST THE TWO OF THEM!!!! I don't know why I'm jealous. I guess I

love Cheryl in a way. A different love, not a leso-like feeling but a strong feeling inside me that I have for her as a wonderful companion. Whenever I see Michael I get really depressed. I made sure I didn't see him all day. Pauline and Fiona shit me too, the way they walk around, going "bulk, rank, septic tank". It's quite immature. I talked to Darrell a real little bit in Woodwork and a fair bit in English and I was half myself, or not quite half. It made me realise how compatible we are (when Knackers isn't around) compared to me and Michael, who I'm not even a one hundredth of myself with. He comes over every night after school and he tries to come up with topics of conversation, but I just don't join in. He ends up playing cricket in the street with Bob and them.

Tuesday February 11<sup>th</sup>

There's a few things happening at school. Everybody's swapping pictures of Sherbet and other stars for ones they like and oh, Cheryl and me both want the same pictures. No matter which one I say I want, she goes "why should you have it, Bernie? I like it too". I should of given her a belt in the guts! She's a picture hog!!! Something's going on with Rhonda and Darrell and Maria. They're all scheming too. Maria was whispering to Bevan at lunchtime and everyone is after her. What's so grouse about Maria? Gee I hate that MOLE! I guess I'm jealous of her in a way but she is a god-damned stuck up bitch, FAT, POG-WOG, SLUT!!!!

Later: Melissa rang me to tell me what everyone is scheming about. Julie and Dianne are having a party. She said that I can only go if I don't bring any brains, dags or fuglys with me. The best thing is that she said Darrell wants me for the night. I would never be unfaithful to Michael but I must admit it was a relief to know the best boy still wanted me. At least I'll always have being a good kisser going for me, no matter how unpopular I get. The problem is, the party is on the same night that me, Michael, Pauline and Fiona are trying out ballroom dancing, not that I'd tell anyone in the good group that. Would I ever get shit-stirred? How can I get out of ballroom dancing without looking like a bitch? Shit! I should have known Michael would take me away from my real friends. GOD, HELP ME, HELP ME PLEASE.

Friday February 14<sup>th</sup>

I opened the door to leave for school and there's this bunch of flowers on the mat. Michael picked them from his garden and there was a homemade Valentine's card too. He wrote "Roses are red, violets are blue, doesn't matter how hard it gets, I'll still be stuck on you". He drew a funny picture of a guy and a girl and the guy's face was stuck on her face. She was trying to pull away from him and her face stretched so much it was nearly pulling his skin off. I was in a bad mood about it all day.

Saturday February 15<sup>th</sup>

Oh, God, Diary, I feel awful. Michael came over to arrange about ballroom dancing tonight and I told him that I couldn't go because of going to Julie's party. He looked at me and said "we had plans". Then he asked if Darrell was going and I said "yes" and he goes "I thought so". Then he walked off. Mum got stuck into me and told me how much I'd let Michael down and she said I used to have a nice heart now I'm turning into a rotten bloody, selfish teenager. I started bawling and said "you brought me up". Then she whacked me over the ear-hole and I've been in my room bawling ever since. I HATE HER!!!! Trust bloody Michael to make such a big deal about ballroom dancing in front of Mum. I HATE HIM!!! PLEASE HELP ME ACT GOOD AT THE PARTY TONIGHT!!!!!!

Sunday February 16<sup>th</sup>

Well, Diary, even you are going to hate me now. PLEASE DON'T!!!! I went to Julie's party last night and all the good kids were there – Bevan, Rhonda, Maria, Cheryl, Dino, Scott, Darrell, Knackers, Julie and Dianne. Oh, and Melissa. I was shitting myself going in, but Darrell and Knackers didn't shit on me so I relaxed a bit. Everyone was asking me if I was going to get on with Darrell and I said "no" cos of Michael, and then they all started calling me 'Miss Faithful Dag Fucker'. It was upsetting and I just couldn't be myself no matter how hard I tried. Knackers took me outside for a smoke and he gave me a can, and that helped me act a bit more natural. Knackers kept trying to give instructions on how to suck a guy's dick and I tried to pretend that I was listening, but I felt threatened the whole time. Then I went to the toilet and when I came out, Darrell was in the bathroom. At first I thought he was waiting to have a piss, but he didn't go in. He started kissing me. I was scared not to kiss him back. He started pushing his dick against me in a rooting way – it was still inside his pants – and the next thing I know I felt something in my hand. I couldn't figure out what it was at first. Darrell was making all these dying noises right in my ear. Then I felt something sticky in my hand and all over my top. It was smoo! After that, Darrell and me pashed in the living room and he kept trying to get up my dress, but I wouldn't let him and everyone was whispering and laughing about me, I could tell. Knackers told me later than Darrell would go with me again, but only if I stopped being so frigid. I had to let him poke me and I had to put his dick in my mouth. I just said I had to go home, because I was pissed and sick, which I was. I asked Cheryl to walk home with me, but she just goes "why should I spoil my fun for you, Bernie". Great friend. It was scary walking through the dark school, and part of me wished that someone would come along and bash me or at least kill me. The other part wanted Michael to come along and make things be like they were at the end of last year. Thinking of Michael made me feel worse than being smooed on. I am so ashamed of myself. I know I won't have Michael in my life anymore, which is good for him, but so, so bad for me. So, folks, I have touched my first not-through-clothes-dick. I did not want this, believe me, Diary, I did not. I have been smooed on. I DIDN'T WANT TO BE!!!! Please make everyone forget about the smoo!!!!!!

Monday February 17<sup>th</sup>

Well, Cheryl got to Michael. He comes over this morning and goes “is it true?” My heart was thumping that fast and I nodded. He went quiet for ages and so did I. Then he asked what happened, and I told him everything from start to finish with no bullshit at all. I don’t know why. I guess I needed someone to talk to properly, even though it was my boyfriend. He made out like it was Darrell’s fault and not mine. It shitted me the way he kept asking me to explain who did what and who said what. I already felt like a giant mole. I told him to shut up about it and then I dropped him. He said he didn’t want to do that and that before anything else we’re friends. God, what a suck! If he treated me the way I treated him, I wouldn’t want anything to do with me. I said that he was no friend to me. You should of seen the look on his face. I will never forget it. I don’t know if he was mad or upset, but it broke my heart to know I made him look that way. It was like the look Dad gave me at McLures. Michael went home. I wagged school and I haven’t stopped crying all day. My head is thumping. I wish I didn’t say that to Michael. He has always been my best friend in the world, and that made me feel like a special person. But I know what he must think of me deep down, and I can’t look at him, so it’s better this way. How will I get through school and my life without him? I have no-one on my side anymore.

Tuesday February 18<sup>th</sup>

I don’t want to write about today, but I can’t do that to you, Diary; I know you’re worried about me. I hope you are anyway. I just watched Sherbet in Concert on telly and was it ever grouse. Watching Daryl Braithwaite helped me forget about my troubles for a while. The day was shithouse. I walked on my own to school and all the way, I prayed that no-one would go on about Smoo-night. Of course, they did. I realised that in first period English. First, Bevan put clag in my hair, like it was smoo and everyone laughed. Even Darrell. All day the boys stirred me and Knackers was the ringleader. They called me a mole and a premature ejaculator and they didn’t stop all day. They even broke into my locker and wrote ‘smoo-queen’ all over my books. The girls treated me like shit too. God, I reckon Julie and Dianne have been pulling-off the tech school boys for ages, so why don’t they pick on them? Cheryl is so excited about it all. The only people who were nice to me were Pauline and Fiona, of course, but they would be. They haven’t even got the shits with me for not going to ballroom dancing, the sucks. Michael kept away from me all day. I am so sad, Diary. Would my life be better now if I’d gone to ballroom dancing, or would it be worse? If only I had not gone to the toilet at the party, everything would be okay.

Thursday February 20<sup>th</sup>

Yuck, bloody shocking is the way I can describe today. I pray that one day soon I’ll be able to tell you something good that’s happened. But not tonight. I’ll start from the beginning. Cheryl didn’t talk to me all the way to school again. She just acts like Miss Superiority all the way. The FUCKEN MOLE, SLUT, BITCH SHIT-FACE TURD-BURGLAR!!!! God, why does she

bother picking me up? I thought the day was going to be good. Knackers wasn't in English and it was that relieving cos no-one really hung shit on me, well not much really. Rhonda asked me if I'm going with Darrell and I said I didn't know, which everyone found very funny. Knackers showed up after 2<sup>nd</sup> period, so Darrell hung shit on me for the rest of the day. He reminded me that he'd go with me if I gave him a poke and I was too scared to say anything, so for the rest of the day everybody called us Mr and Mrs Smoo. Darrell was pissed off and said he wouldn't want to be married to that thing... meaning me. Rhonda, Melissa, Maria and especially FUCKEN MOLE Cheryl are acting like they're better than me now I'm a smoo sampler. God, I hate those bitches. I must have passed Michael a dozen times in the corridor and we said nothing to each other. I WANT HIM BACK AS MY FRIEND!!!! He is getting too stuck up. Can't he see how unhappy I am? I HATE HIM. What a bastard. What a rotten shitty fucked up life I am leading at the moment. Diary, please stay by me.

Friday February 21<sup>st</sup>

Why is my life going so badly? Why does everyone hate me? It was awful today. We had to go swimming, and Darrell was talking to Maria all the time and he acted as if I was the most hated person in the world. Knackers and Bevan grabbed me and tried to throw me in the pool and that's when they noticed the hairs sticking out from my bather's bottoms. They all pointed and laughed and for the rest of the day they called me Pube Queen. Even the girls thought it was incredibly funny. I just thanked God Darrell wasn't there then. I sat with Rhonda and Bevan after that, but they ignored me and kissed all the time and I didn't know where to look. They did this disgusting thing where Rhonda chews up some sausage roll then spits it into Bevan's mouth. I went "oh, yuck" and Rhonda said "fuck off if you don't like it. We didn't ask you to sit here". Horrible, horrible day.

Monday February 24<sup>th</sup>

I wish I had someone to talk to about my problems. I've got no-one but you, Diary, and I'm sorry for my neglect of you. Today was really shocking again. It started on the way to school. Cheryl came to pick me up, as usual, but this time she walked ahead of me. Like far ahead of me, and I was lagging behind. I felt like crying. She must hate to be even seen with me. Julie and Dianne have sort of joined our group and they all gang up on me and they were calling me a mole all day. I can't fight back. Cheryl hangs around with Darrell and Knackers all the time and looks at me like she's the Queen of Darrell. Darrell doesn't even try to grab my box or tits and he does it to all the other girls. Cheryl snapped my head off in English because I was quiet. God, I am quiet because every time I open my mouth something dicky comes out. Pauline and Fiona were nice to me, and they asked why I'm not myself. I wish I could tell them how much sorrow is inside me, but I don't want them to think lowly of me too. I wish it was last year again. Everyone liked me, and I was the best girl. I can't stand to have people see me like this. Oh,

Diary, please kill Knackers and let tomorrow and the rest be happy for me, with everyone. Please, I beg you. MAKE TOMORROW SUCCESSFUL. PLEASE.

Tuesday February 25<sup>th</sup>

I hate writing, Diary, because I hate reminding myself what a piece of shit I am. I'm not popular anymore and no-one likes me and the more they don't like me, the less natural I can act. Why can't I snap out of it and tell them all to "Get Fucked!!!!!!!" The worst thing is that school is not the worst thing that happened today. Dad took us out tonight to see The Odessa File and we already knew that he wanted to take Bob away because Mum was crying about it on Saturday. When we got home, outside in the car, he asked if there was anything we wanted to talk to him about. It was quiet for ages, but then I screamed at him that he can't take Bob. Dad didn't give a proper answer, but he said he didn't want to upset us more than he already had. I pray to you, Diary, that he meant he wasn't taking Bob. I wish I didn't hit Bob all those times or call him stupid, and I wish I tied his shoelaces that time when he was seven, and he had to go out with untied shoelaces, looking sad. I don't want to lose Bob. Please, Diary, don't let Dad take my baby brother!!!! I do love him. I really do!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Thursday February 27<sup>th</sup>

I know I'm not writing as much as I used to, Diary, but it's pretty humiliating writing about how hated I am all the time. I try so hard to get myself back and to remember how I used to be, but the harder I try the less natural I can act. Darrell grabbed my mick and boobs like he does with the other girls, but he does it in a mean way, so it's hard to be grateful. Today the boys had sticks for guns and they came to capture us, but nobody wanted to capture me, the smoo-queen. Darrell captured Maria and gave her snatch a good old grab and she loved it. MOLE!!!! I'm starting to get worried about the Sherbet concert. It's in a couple of Mondays and me, Cheryl and Melissa are going together. When we bought the tickets we liked each other (sort of) but now everything is split between us. I will ignore it all and enjoy watching my darling Daryl Braithwaite. I love him. You would not believe how much I've plastered my wall with Sherbet posters. A Sherbet song is on now while I'm writing this, Silvery Moon. I can't wait til their concert. It's just the company that will spoil it. HELP ME.

Later: Of all the things that have happened to me this year, including the smoo, this is the worst – Michael's mum came over for a cup of tea, and she told my mum that Sonia Russo is over their joint studying with Michael. I think she said it so I could hear, just to rub it in that he deserves better than me. I think she's probably rapt that we broke up because I'm not good enough. I think they're probably going together, or he's probably asking her right this second. And she'll probably say yes even if he has been with me, like some stain on his history. I've lost Michael forever now. Now he's sampled Sonia Russo, he probably can't believe he ever wasted time on a fucken pog mole like me. I hate myself that much, Diary.

Friday February 28<sup>th</sup>

God, why is everyone picking on me? The more depressed I get, the meaner everyone is. Rhonda is the biggest mole and she's turned against me too. The only time I can half be myself is in Geography with Pauline and Fiona. None of my real friends are in that class, so it's such a relief to muck around with two nice girls. Not that Fiona is nice. She smashed Robyn Bowen's head into the lockers because she called Pauline ugly and stirred her for having a mother who got pregnant to some fifteen year old boy (it's true too, she might even have to go to jail) and that her father has to work three shit jobs to support all Pauline's eight brothers and sisters as well as do the housework and cook and that cos he kicked Pauline's mum out on her ear. It made me realise that some people are worse off than me - I'd hate to be ugly. Michael gave me a half smile today in the corridor. I only wish it was a full one. God, I miss having him in my life. I would give anything to have him back as my dearest friend. After Geography, Cheryl and Rhonda were talking to Darrell and Knackers, and I came over and Knackers goes "You just had to come over too, didn't you? Piss off!" Oh, God. How can it all still be getting worse?

Saturday March 1<sup>st</sup>

Today we went to drop Auntie and Grandma off at Uncle Fred's. While we were there, I got a terrible period pain that lasted longer than forty minutes. I was in severe agony and only wanted to be alone, but Auntie kept knocking on the toilet door. She doesn't realise that sometimes teenage girls like to be left alone. Mum agrees with me about that. Apart from that, it was a great day. Mum guaranteed us that Dad will take Bob over her dead body and I felt better about that, but I think Bob is feeling bad about everything. I tried to be nice to him but he thought I was up to something and he went crying to Mum that I was teasing him, which I wasn't. The whole family had a great time together. I love them all and I thank you so much, Diary, for giving me a nice day.

Sunday March 2<sup>nd</sup>

I have nothing to do on weekends, so I have to stay at home. I was annoyed by Mum continuously chewing while she painted the ceiling. I was trying to watch a movie and I told her off. Mum goes "No wonder you haven't got any friends", and she reckons I'm a bitch and all that stuff and she told me to get out of the house. I went to my room bawling. How can she be so mean to me? She's right. I haven't got any friends, and now my own mother is against me too. I feel that whichever way I look everyone hates me, and I don't know what to do. I wish someone would help me, or like me. I want Michael back, not as my boyfriend, I would never do that to him, but I liked the person he saw in me. I am all alone. I will try to be out every weekend from

now on, but it's a bit hard with no friends. Why is this happening to me? I AM SO UNHAPPY. SO, VERY, VERY SAD. DIARY, HELP ME. PLEASE MAKE ME POPULAR AGAIN.

Monday March 3<sup>rd</sup>

I don't know whether to write about today. It was so depressing. Michael has started to really love himself. He doesn't even walk home with us anymore and it's all because of Sonia. How he's changed. How I long for us to be friends again like we used to be. We've been good friends ever since Kinder and I thought we always would be. In Woodwork, everybody had something planned, and it was probably against me. Darrell took Cheryl into the back room and they were in there for ages. When they came out, they both had stupid looks on their faces. Then I asked Cheryl later what they were talking about and she just looked around then said it was about Maria going to bed at 7 o'clock during the holidays. But Melissa and Rhonda told me that the back room was about who Cheryl was wrapped in. Then I asked Cheryl who it was and she said that Maria is the only one who knows. I went quiet. I was so hurt that she didn't even lie about it. She told me later it was Abbo Long from the tech school, but I couldn't half tell she was making it up. I think she's wrapped in Darrell. Darrell embarrassed me a lot today and made me feel like a real unwanted person. Cheryl rang up tonight and said she might be moving just around the corner from Darrell. God, you'll be working flat out to help me but would you please try to prevent Cheryl from moving next to Darrell? And can you make Knackers leave the school or at least get bashed to death, and can you make all the girls hate Cheryl and like me, just like in 1974. Memories are grouse.

#### A PRAYER

GOD I BEG OF YOU, STAY BY ME AND HELP ME ACT NORMAL IN FRONT OF DARRELL AND I DO SO WANT HIM TO PAY SO MUCH ATTENTION TO ME THAT HE WILL YEARN SO VERY MUCH FOR MY KISS. I WANT TO BE LIKED BY DARRELL MORE THAN HE LIKES MARIA AND CHERYL.

HELP!!

Tuesday March 4<sup>th</sup>

Shocker! After school, Darrell was trying to grab Cheryl on the box and she just loved that, didn't she? Then he tried to force her into paying money for the wheel-a-thon, and she said "Oh, I'll give you a smooch instead". What a con. Gee, she shits me. She's a real bitch to me, but to everyone else, she's a non-bitch. When she's around the boys, she laughs, well, differently. After school, walking home, I asked her if she was wrapped in Darrell. She said it was none of my business in a mean stuck-up voice and then she walked ahead of me. Cheryl and Maria are having all these private conversations about who she's wrapped in. I reckon it's Darrell, that bitch. In English, Darrell kept picking on me and it was hard to say something back. Knackers

wasn't too bad today, thank God, and Maria hates my guts and kept calling me a mole all the time. She's a frigid cock-sucker! It's like everyone hates me and it's making me unable to be myself. I don't know what to do. I hope I break my leg so I don't have to go to school. I am so very, very sad.

Wednesday March 5<sup>th</sup>

I HATE CHERYL!!!! She thinks she's the boss of me. I really hate her. Not just because I'm jealous of her, but because she knows she's so much better than I am. I HATE HER. We walked home and didn't say one word to each other. One day, when I say out loud all the things I think, boy, will she be surprised.

Thursday March 6<sup>th</sup>

I am writing this with tears dripping on the page. Cheryl, me and Michael were walking home and Michael told me what Cheryl and Darrell were up to in Woodwork. They were putting used pads in my Woodwork assignment. It's a box and when I opened it to show the class, this big stink would pour out and this fugly sight of bloody pads. Cheryl tried to get out of it, but Michael pugged on her and said only a terrible friend would do that. He called her a slut and everything. She stormed off ahead of us, I mean, really stormed and then Michael got stuck right into me for hanging around someone who makes me feel so bad about myself. I went off at him and told him not to fucken tell me what to do. He pissed off home. I am packing myself about Monday. Cheryl will dag me for not following her when she stormed off, I just know it. It's time for me to come out of my shell and get Darrell into liking me enough to take me into the back room and sabotage Cheryl's box. I AM SO UNHAPPY.

Friday March 7<sup>th</sup>

The most revolting of days, Diary. It started when Cheryl came to pick me up for school. I was shit-scared of seeing her. She walked ahead of me again, this time because I let Michael get away with giving her the bugger treatment (over the box). At school, Scott found a love letter I'd written about Darrell. Scott said he would show it to Darrell unless I gave him a poke behind the library. I was supposed to meet him there at lunchtime, and I was shitting myself about what he'd do when I didn't arrive. When the bell rang, I tried pissing off, but Knackers, Darrell, Maria and Cheryl came and got me. Cheryl said "haven't you got somewhere to be?" They pulled me down to the library, and Darrell goes "I'll bet your box is turning over". I was that upset that he was in on it too. We got to behind the library and Scott was there, and I was shaking and screaming for them to let me go. I think Scott got a shock when he saw how upset I was cos he jibbed it and just ran off. Darrell ran off laughing and Knackers clipped me over the ear-hole. Maria and Cheryl were laughing and I was that upset. Cheryl goes "it's just a bit of fun, Bernie".

Then I just had to go and call them fucken sluts, which they are, but then they ganged up on me for the rest of the day. In Resources Cheryl gave Darrell a love-bite. I had to sit next to him in English cos he got separated from Knackers, and he kept going for my box and I just had to go and punch him, didn't I? I couldn't stop myself. So then he punched me back, over and over again with so much anger and hate that I had to sit there for the whole period, trying not to cry. I wish Cheryl would let Darrell smoo on her. Then the boys might give her the bugger treatment, then she would have to suck up to me to be my friend. Wouldn't that be grouse, Diary? Then I would be the best girl, and Darrell will want me back again. God, my dearest Diary, I can only dream from afar.

Saturday March 8<sup>th</sup>

Oh, shit, oh, God, Diary, I am so frightened and I wouldn't be if not for my bloody mother. Tonight, we went to my cousin Julie's wedding. Frank (my sister's boyfriend with a car) drove me, Bob and Anne and Mum went with this Jack guy. I didn't care about that. Auntie Deb got him for her, and I thought it was just a favour so she didn't have to go to the wedding on her own with just us kids. I was even being nice to him. The reception was great and me and Bob were drinking booze. Me, Anne, Frank and Bob were driving home and Bob started spewing from all the grog, so Frank drove to Auntie Beth's joint, which is closer, so we could fix him up. Outside Auntie Beth's house, Mum and Jack were parked and we could see their shadows. They were kissing!!! It was a strange feeling. Bob was spewing his guts out and our mother was over there pashing on like a four year old! Anne was laughing about it, and Bob had his head in a bucket so he didn't really know, but I couldn't believe it. She didn't even care about her own 12 year old son vomiting in a bucket from being an alcoholic. Great mother! I'm scared about it all. If only I had kept my mouth shut about seeing Dad with Mrs Man Who Walks Funny.

Monday March 10<sup>th</sup>

I can't stop crying. Me, Cheryl and Melissa went to the Sherbet concert. When we got the train, they both ran to a seat so they could sit together and I had to sit on my own next to this mental old man. Then when we were walking to the concert, those two walked in front of me and only talked to each other. I kept trying to think of things to talk about but everything I said came out daggy. I tried to get in front and walk next to one of them but they'd stop and let the other one catch up. Then I'd keep walking and they'd stop and look at something and I was miles in front on my own. When we got to Festival Hall, they tried to lose me a couple of times and I felt like such a suck when I ran after them. What's happening to me? The concert was grouse. Daryl Braithwaite is the best looker I know. Girls kept running up onto the stage and grabbing the guys in the group and kissing them. I started to bawl when Daryl sang You're My World. When I grow up I will remember that Sherbet are the best group in the world and that Cheryl and Melissa

are fucken, moley, bitchy, fugly, slut-tarts of whom I hate with so much cruelty. I AM NEVER MUCKING AROUND WITH THEM AGAIN!!!!!!!

Tuesday March 11<sup>th</sup>

I just made it through the day. Not knowing what is going to happen next is horrible. Melissa and Cheryl were talking about the concert like they were the only two there. Which they were in a way. They ignored me and Rhonda told me that Cheryl said I need to be careful who I call a slut or I'll regret it. BITCH!!!! The only good thing that happened was that Scott was nice to me. I think he felt bad about the library. He gave me a bite of his roll at lunchtime and, when he let me have a drink of his milkshake, Bevan knocked it out of my hands and it tipped all over Knackers. Knackers yelled at me, I mean really yelled, and I was embarrassed, but I must admit Bevan and Scott were fairly nice to me most of the day. Even Darrell wasn't too bad when Knackers wasn't around. Maria and Cheryl are hanging around each other like bad smells and Cheryl acts like she owns Darrell now. Cheryl told me the only reason she hated me was because I hated her. I replied the same. Pauline and Fiona are the loveliest girls. I can be myself when I'm around them, whatever that means. They act like they really like me, not in a sucky way, but in a real way. If only the good group girls wanted me as much as the nice girls did, my life would be perfect.

Thursday March 13<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl, Julie and Dianne didn't come to school this morning but the three moles were there in the afternoon. The day was depressing. Maria and Cheryl were whispering that much that I had to call them fucken sluts to Pauline, nearly loud enough for them to hear. It turned out that Maria was kissing Darrell and Scott behind the bushes. Maria is a bloody suck. She's a fat, moley, wog! Last period was pretty good and pretty bad. I'm doing this survey for my pop assignment and I asked Darrell if he wanted to do it. He said "yeah" and he was trying to grab my boobs and box. It was grouse that he was paying so much attention to me. Maria, that frigid snob, wrote a song about how much of a mole I am. I really hate her even though I don't show it. Cheryl hates Darrell and Scott. She'll be tearing me away from them now. Cheryl is going out on the weekend with Julie and Dianne and I reckon Cheryl will come back to school virgin-less. Please God, let her get screwed. Then she will be the smoo-queen, premature ejaculator, moley-mole and not me.

Saturday March 15<sup>th</sup>

I have no-one to muck around with at all so I have to sit at home all bloody day with my shitty bloody family. Mum, Bob and Anne – they all shit me. Anne's boyfriend, Frank, comes over all the time and all they do is sit on the couch and do long kisses, right in front of everyone. Mum

hates it. I reckon her and Frank are screwing, but Mum never goes off at her favourite daughter. Oh, no, give it all to Bernadette! Bob was really shitting me today. How can I explain? He's a fucken bastard. I should of let Dad take him!

Sunday March 16<sup>th</sup>

I would be so much happier if I had someone sincere to muck around with. When I take a look at Cheryl's and my friendship, she wouldn't stick up for me if it meant my life, as long as she's got her boys, she'll be happy and bugger all the girls. Then I look at Pauline and Fiona's friendship. They really look after each other and they don't pog each other at all. They came over today and we buggerized at the creek for ages and then we watched TV. Pauline went home and Fiona was still here and she didn't bitch about her. The only half bitchy thing she said about her was that Pauline is too giving and that some people use her up. They are very relaxing. At least I'm popular with them, but they're so nice they'll take anyone. They reckon I am a million miles better looking than that mole-face Cheryl so HA!!! Pull your tits, Cheryl, you fugly bitch!!! She might be more popular but at least I'll always have my sex appeal. I'd give anything to have friends like Pauline and Fiona. Jesus, I pray that Cheryl doesn't find out I've been mucking around with them.

Tuesday March 18<sup>th</sup>

It was so-so today. Knackers was stirring me pretty bad and I got scared every time I saw him. He calls me square-head and he's got everyone else saying it. Cheryl is telling me all this crap about these grown up conversations she's supposed to be having with Michael all the time. She's only trying to make me jealous. Julie told me that her and Dianne got poked on the weekend by some tech boys. Why doesn't everyone stir them? Probably because Julie and Diane are really proud of it so there's no point. I asked if Cheryl got poked and they said she wants to, but no-one wants her. I was that wrapped cos she's unpopular with the boys, but unwrapped cos it means I've still got more moley experience. Shit! If only that blind kid didn't move back to Echuca. After school, Darrell was chucking stones at me. For some reason that bothered me. He can be a good kid sometimes, but most of the time, he's a real bastard. It actually wasn't so-so today, it was so-so bad.

Wednesday March 19<sup>th</sup>

Did I tell you Darrell and Knackers have got this new thing where they drag the girls down the corridor with their legs spread open? They get Maria and Cheryl all the time and they love it. They even bought bright coloured undies for the occasion. Today they got me. Dino and Scott warned me they were after me so I was being careful, but I was walking to Politics and Darrell and Knackers jumped out and grabbed me. They threw me to the ground and it really hurt the top

of my bum. Darrell grabbed one leg and Knackers grabbed the other and they stretched them out so far as they pulled me down the corridor. I was worried I had a stain on my undies and everyone would see it. Everyone was laughing and I felt like a piece of embarrassed shit. I don't know what's wrong with me? Why can't I laugh it off like the other moles? I am an IDIOT!!!! The worst thing is that Michael saw it all. He called Darrell and Knackers fucken dickheads. Then Mr Cavanagh came along and MICHAEL DOBBED ON THEM. Mr Cavanagh yelled at the boys and dragged them into the Principal's office. Now I am shitting myself that I'll be in the worst ever bugger books because they got into trouble over me!

Later: I just saw Michael out the front, and I was embarrassed. He must be disgusted in me. Now he must think I'm an off piece of meat to be dragged down the corridor like a dead cow. He probably feels that yuck for all those times kissing me. Well, that's what he gets for going with a dumb mole and a dirty good group pog in the first place. I can't believe this is how I've turned out. Please, Diary, haven't I had enough?

Saturday March 22<sup>nd</sup>

You won't believe who rang me. Melissa! She said how much she misses my friendship, and we bitched about bitch Cheryl, fat Maria and mole Rhonda for ages. We've arranged to see Sunshine on Monday because it's a day off school (thank God) and we're not going to ask Cheryl. Melissa's a bit of a suck, but I guess I'm glad she rang. She's grouse to talk to on the phone. I hope Cheryl doesn't find out. It's alright for her to muck around with other people but when I want to even ring anybody she chucks a mental. She wants to have everyone like her but for everyone to hate me and Melissa. I hope and pray and dream that this is the start to a better life for me. Please, Diary, let it.

Sunday March 23<sup>rd</sup>

Guess what! Cheryl rang me this morning. God, can you believe that bitch is ringing me again? I think she was bored because Maria isn't allowed to muck around on weekends, and Julie and Dianne go off with their fugly tech school boyfriends and get poked, and Cheryl is the one left out. I told her about me and Melissa going to see Sunshine. She went quiet. I go to her "do you mind if I go?" and she goes "well, I can't stop you, can I?" She made up an excuse to hang up. God, she talks like hell behind my back and has been snobbing me at school for ages. That's one thing I can never forgive her for. Never. I think I hate her as much as she hates me, but I do feel a little guilty.

Monday March 24<sup>th</sup>

Something really exciting happened today. Me and Melissa went into town and we saw HUSH, that grouse group, in the city and HUSH saw us. Oh, shit, I'm wrapped. I saw them crossing the

road and I said "Get rocked" cos that's the name of their song, and the spunkiest one in the group turned around and laughed. Oh, hey, yeah, Melissa and me saw two pooftas holding hands. Melissa and me swapped bracelets, necklaces, rings and shoes today and we also swapped names. Gee, she's a grouse kid. At Sunshine, I cried only once for about 4 and a half minutes – it wasn't nearly as sad as I thought it would be, probably because I wanted to be that whingeing bitch what died. Melissa and me talked about our friendship and how it fell apart and how jealous she is when I get friends with someone else. Leso! We flogged stuff today. I took a photo album, a necklace, a candle and not terribly much else (oh, two rings). I was shitting myself the whole time I was doing it, but Melissa didn't even try to hide what she was doing at all. She must nearly have \$19.00 worth of goods and she would have got more if our train wasn't leaving. It was a good day but I am shitting myself about what Cheryl will do to me. Diary, could it be that my horrible life is over?

Tuesday March 25<sup>th</sup>

Shit, fuck, shit!!!! It's worse than before!! Cheryl and Maria were calling me and Melissa lesos and they were bad on us for going out without telling them. Cheryl goes "at least I tell someone when I go out". Crap! She walked ahead of me on the way home this time too. I wish I could tell her how much I HATE HER!!!! Her and Maria, the moles, were trying to give Darrell a love bite today. Darrell told me that the only reason I never let him poke me was because I wanted Melissa to do it. Now everyone is calling us lesos. Once again I must tell you just how much I hate Cheryl. I CAN'T STAND HER.

Later: Cheryl just rang and goes to me "have you been on the phone to Melissa for 57 minutes?" I go "no" because I wasn't and she goes that I was Mrs Bullshit because she's been ringing my number and Melissa's number for 57 minutes and we were both engaged. Then she puts on this caring voice and goes that she's just worried about me cos everyone is calling me a lesosuck lover and that if I keep it up I'll get the bugger treatment. I go that I've been getting the bugger treatment all year and she goes that I asked for it! What a pog mole slut! She was really nice about it though and I guess I was grateful she gave two hoots. Please, Diary, can't you send me a decent friend or friends?

PS. I wonder who Melissa was on the phone to?

Thursday March 27<sup>th</sup>

Sorry I didn't write last night, but I'm sleeping upstairs in Bob's room while he's sleeping at Dad's joint. I don't like Mum to be up here all on her own. Fiona, Pauline and me had yard duty this morning and it was the most grouse fun I've had at school in ages. Then it got worse when I had to hang around with fucking sucky lesos Melissa again. Melissa came over after school. She bought over Can the Can by Suzi Quatro, Mr Postman by that fabulous group The Carpenters

and Touch me by Gary Glitter. Melissa shits me. When we were sitting on the couch, she sat really close and snuggled up to me. I wanted to smash her face in. She's always telling me things that the girls and guys say about me, and she doesn't realise that I DON'T WANT TO KNOW!!!! But she has so much pleasure in telling me how hated I am and how great it is that it's just the two of us. At school, she acts like she owns me and hangs around me all the time, and it makes me unable to hang around with my other group because they hate her more than me. I don't want to hurt her, but I think I'd rather have no-one than her. God, why can I only get the sucky friends no-one else wants?! I can imagine what school will be like on Monday if Cheryl and them find out about Melissa coming over. I predict the bugger treatment for sure. Today is Mum's birthday, but we did nothing to celebrate it.

Friday March 28<sup>th</sup>

Good Friday is the most boringest day in the world. I'll bet Bob and Dad are getting real buddy-buddy and I'll bet Mrs Man Who Walks Funny is sucking right up to my brother and trying to make him like her. I hope he wants to come home on Monday. I think he feels left out here being the only boy.

Saturday March 29<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl rang this morning to tell me that she was going into town with Rhonda to see that controversial new movie The Towering Inferno. I asked if I could come too, and she said yes, but that Melissa wasn't allowed to come. I went but God, can you blame me? Melissa is a clingy lesbian who only wants me to be friends with her. In town, Cheryl and me bought t-shirts. She thought hers was just grouse and she kept knocking mine. Cheryl walked in front of us all day with her nose in the air, like Miss Superiority. Rhonda kept bitching behind Cheryl's back about how much Cheryl was shitting her. I didn't tell her that she was shitting me more than Cheryl on the day. I put a pair of baggies on lay-by and Cheryl bought a pair. Rhonda said she would make me a skirt. Gee, how grouse, not that I'd ever wear something that mole made me. I'm getting a top to go with my baggies, a pair of treads and a surfie shirt. I very much doubt the surfie shirt though. It was a reasonably good day and I'm hoping it keeps going. I'd better not talk too soon.

Sunday March 30<sup>th</sup>

Bob came home from Dad's and didn't tell me what his joint is like or anything and he got upset when Mum was asking him heaps of stuff about Mrs Man Who Walks Funny. He doesn't know what to say.

Monday March 31<sup>st</sup>

Michael's mum came over with a present for me. It's Summer Love by Sherbet. She said it was an early birthday present cos she couldn't bear to wait til April to give it to me. It was good to know she doesn't hate me. I can't bring myself to play it. Even though it's a happy song, there's something about it that really depresses me.

Tuesday April 1<sup>st</sup>

Melissa came over and asked me if I went into town with Rhonda and Cheryl. I had to reply that I did. She started bawling and she asked me how I could plan things behind her back. I said that Cheryl just rang me on that morning (which is true) and that I didn't even stop to think I was doing the wrong thing (which isn't true). She was upset all the whole time she was here and kept looking at me with a hurt look on her face. I didn't know where to look.

Wednesday April 2<sup>nd</sup>

In English, Darrell said hello to me before I said hello to him, but then him and Knackers stirred me for sitting next to Melissa so I got up and sat next to Pauline, who isn't as unpopular as Melissa at the moment. The best thing is that everyone was going to Knackers' joint after school and even I was invited. When we got there, the boys let me, Cheryl and Maria in, but they pushed Melissa out and tried to shut the door on her, but she pushed on it really hard and got in. They were all making sucking noises to Melissa, making out that she sucks up to me so I pretended I didn't like her. I can't stop feeling guilty about it all, but it's not my fault no-one likes her. If she wants to take me away from my friends, what does she expect? God, she's a lesa suck!

Thursday April 3<sup>rd</sup>

Melissa was away, which shitted me. Even though I hate hanging around with her, it's nice to know she's there just in case I've got no-one else. I suppose that's a really bitchy thing to say. We were all supposed to play netball at lunchtime, but Cheryl, Maria and Rhonda didn't want to play so I was the only one out of our group playing, so it was just me, Pauline, Fiona and some other dags. It was embarrassing. Cheryl gave me the bugger treatment for mucking around with Pauline and Fiona. I'll have to be more careful about that in future. Things aren't so bad at the moment. As long as I don't act stupid, or say the wrong thing, everything is okay. The boys didn't call me smoo-queen all day and Bevan, Scott and Dino hardly shit-stir me at all anymore. It's like they nearly like me, especially when Knackers isn't around. Could it be that is over? Even Darrell didn't act like he hated me today, although he did hit me with his ruler over and over again, but he was smiling while he was doing it. Please, let me hang onto this.

Friday April 4<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl picked me up for school this morning and I wanted to smash her stupid face in cos she's always got this Miss Superiority look on her ugly, man-face!!! But she was being very nice. She invited me to join her group with Julie and Dianne and told me about all the laughs they have with the older tech boys. I never thought Cheryl would ever be the one to come to my rescue. It made me realise what great friends we are and always have been, even though I know she only wants me so she doesn't have to be the odd one out all the time. I hung around with those three moles all day. Four is a good number. I acted almost natural too. Melissa was trying to suck up to me, but I gave her the silent treatment, then she sat with this other group. They all want to be secretaries when they grow up, so we call them "secretaries". No matter how awful Darrell is to me, I know I love him. I let Cheryl borrow my Summer Love record. I'll bet the bitch doesn't give it back.

Monday April 7<sup>th</sup>

Melissa was very odd today. Something happened with her, Darrell and Knackers on the weekend up at the Primary School, and she wouldn't tell me what happened. I bet she thinks she's superior because they were mucking around with her and not me. She kept calling them pooftas – really in a tough voice. Knackers called her a pox-box and said that he wouldn't stick his cock up her because he'd get VD. MOLE! Melissa got a sick pass and went home after that. I felt a bit sorry for her. I felt the whole day that something bad was going to happen. The wind and the grey clouds made everything seem a little scary, like it was a non-day. Maybe it's the change of life.

Thursday April 10<sup>th</sup>

I really think my horrible life is over. It was a half good day today. Darrell and Knackers grotted on me in Social Science. Then in Woodwork, Darrell was chucking wood-shavings at me and Knackers kept calling me Owly and hooted all the time. They were judging who had the biggest box and they picked me. Those bastards!!!! At least there wasn't the usual hate in their voices. Cheryl and Darrell kept going into the back room again. Pauline and Fiona locked them in there and they got sprung by the teacher. I was shitting myself that Darrell would blame me, but Pauline and Fiona didn't even care about saying it was them. Darrell and the boys didn't even get them back. They're probably not worth the trouble. Michael hasn't spoken to me for ages. What a bastard. How I long that Michael will get over Sonia and make me his best friend again. Michael is on my mind all the time. I didn't think we'd ever be enemies. Not being friends with him anymore makes me feel like a half-person. Pauline and Fiona invited me horse riding on Sunday. I said "no" because I can't ride a horse. Plus I knew how shitty Cheryl would get. I don't want to rock the boat just when things are starting to get better. Keep it going, Diary PLEASE!!!

Sunday April 13<sup>th</sup>

Guess what? Melissa is moving to an all girls' school because her mum found out she let Knackers and Darrell poke her at the Primary School (remember that time she wouldn't tell me what happened and they were calling her pox-box, that's what it was about) and Melissa can't face them at school again. She came over while I was trying to watch a repeat of the Academy Awards and she told me all about it, and she made out like it was my fault. She said if I hadn't kicked her out of my life again, she wouldn't have tried to claw her way back by sucking up to Knackers and Darrell. She was sobbing and said she didn't want the boys to poke her but they held her down and forced her. I couldn't believe it. Melissa is moving schools so that puts an end to my biggest problem!!!

Saturday April 19<sup>th</sup>

Dad took Bob and Grubby to the footy today then he took us all to see Airport 1975 then we all went out to tea. I didn't have to worry about making conversation because Dad and Bob and Grubby gas bagged about South Melbourne all night. They didn't get done by as much as usual so they're excited that it might be South Melbourne's year. I could see Bob getting all thrilled about it, so I pray his team do give him something to live for. Anne and Frank (he came too) were whispering to each other, and I just sat there trying not to think about Melissa. Dad doesn't call me 'Big Chief Crazy Horse' anymore. He doesn't call me anything so I don't call him anything.

Sunday April 20<sup>th</sup>

Did nothing. Went and watched Bob play footy. I feel sorry for him that his dad's not there like all the other dads. I saw Mr Cavanagh up the street. I love him.

Thursday April 24<sup>th</sup>

Today was my 15<sup>th</sup> birthday. My family were sort of nicer to me and we had fish and chips for tea. Dad rang and it was hard to think of things to say. I wish we had something liked the footy to talk about, but the only thing we've got in common is that we hate me. None of my friends said Happy Birthday even though they knew it was my birthday cos Fiona and Pauline gave me the single Fox on the Run. Michael came up to me at lunchtime and he gave me a kiss and a hug, but it was more sad than good. I wanted to cry, and I wanted to tell him how unhappy I've been since we stopped being good friends. Diary, why do things have to move on?

Saturday April 26<sup>th</sup>

Melissa came over today to say goodbye cos she starts at the Virgin's school on Monday, and she said she needed my friendship to give her the strength to survive. Jesus. She kept going on about how much she loved me when we were friends and that I broke her heart. Well, the thing is, she has always wanted me to herself. Even before 1974, she always wanted it to be just us two sitting together having lunch and that, but why should I drop all my friends for her? Does she really think she's that special? I reckon she'll keep comin' a gutser until she accepts that teenage girls want to be part of a group, not just a twosome. Anyway, I sort of told her that and she nodded like she knew what I was talking about. She's going to try to fit into a group without getting jealous and that. She reckons it's all because she's an only child, and she's always wanted a sister. I guess I understood that, but I was still a bit cold on her. It's mean of her to keep rubbing it in that she was in a poke-a-thon because of me. I didn't tell her to let them do it and I've had a shit year too, but I don't go around blaming everyone else and I didn't give up and run away like she has. But I do hope she'll get along. She just has to completely change her personality. Bob and Grubby went to the footy with Dad and South Melbourne got done by Hawthorn.

Tuesday April 29<sup>th</sup>

Halleluia! At last things are being straightened out. In English, or just after English, Cheryl told me she was wrapped in Dino. Then I told Bevan that I was wrapped in Dino, even though I'm not, then he came back later and told me that Dino was wrapped in me too! Can you believe it, Diary! It made me feel like it was the old days when everyone wanted me. Later on I went up to Cheryl, and she completely snobbed me. After school at the lockers, Cheryl went up to Dianne (not knowing I was there) and she said something about me. When she found out that I was there, she goes to Dianne "we'll talk later". Then I heard her slamming her locker. I just can't stand her. After school, Pauline told me that Dianne told her Cheryl said I'm only after Dino because she is, and that I spend my life taking boys away from her. Ha! It's not hard!

Friday May 2<sup>nd</sup>

Rhonda is on my side over the Dino affair, cos she doesn't want Cheryl to have him cos she reckons she'll change him. Grouse. So Cheryl has got the shits and has decided to hang around with Julie and Dianne full-time. She reckons they're more mature than us, and they have common interests like going to the footy. And getting poked by the tech boys (she didn't say that). In English, Darrell had the real shits cos he got hit with a stone in the eye, but when we were walking out from class he walked with me and asked me about me loving Dino. He told me that he wouldn't go with me again. I reckon we will even if it's in Form 6. I love him. I talked to Dino a lot today. I am not wrapped in him but I shall force myself to be. It's grouse being at the centre of a love scandal like this. Cheryl can pull her flaps.

Saturday May 3<sup>rd</sup>

Oh, wow, maybe May will be my lucky month! The day wasn't too hot, but the night was unforgettable. Darrell and Scott rang up and asked if they could come over. They did and they were really trying to get up my dress. We walked up to Cheryl's and on the way, they really tried to get me. After a lot of attempts, but no victory, Darrell kissed me. That just made up my mind. Oh, God, I love him. The kiss wasn't too long cos I stopped cos he had his hand up my dress. I love Darrell when he's not around Knackers! Cheryl told me that Darrell and Scott rang her too, and Darrell asked her to go with him, only it was a joke, so they could stir her when she said "yes". She's not positive that he was mucking around though, but she would say that. The really grouse thing is that they rang me before they rang Cheryl. How grouse. Goodbye bad days!!!!

Monday May 5<sup>th</sup>

Could it be that my life is getting better? It was a great day today with many, many developments. Me and Dino have been getting close, and Knackers likes him so that means he doesn't give me the bugged treatment. Rhonda rang me tonight and asked me what I would say if Dino asked me. I gave a non-answer. We arranged for me, Dino, Paul and Rhonda (did I tell you she was going with Paul now, cos all the others want is a poke) to go into town together to see Tommy. No-one else is coming. We had a long hate session about fatso Cheryl, mole Julie, bitch Dianne and wog Maria for ages. I was so grateful that a non-dag rang me! Thank God Dino likes me. It has made a big difference in my life.

Tuesday May 6<sup>th</sup>

Wow! Today I spoke to Darrell quite well. Cheryl was jealous cos I was walking up the corridor talking to Dino and Darrell and she sort of gave me a dirty look. Michael walked home with us again part of the way. He kept telling me that Dino is a user and a bastard, so even he knows I've got not much hope. I hope I am wrapped in Dino because then I won't mind not having Michael anymore and the boys will keep away from me. We'll see what happens in town on Saturday.

Wednesday May 7

Well, well, well, I knew she would crawl back and she has. What happened was Cheryl rang me this morning and asked me to go to the footy with her on Saturday. I go "what about Julie and Dianne?" and she said she didn't want to ring them and ask. So, I guess something has happened with that little threesome, and all I can say is that Cheryl can go pull her tits. I'd call Cheryl a big suck. But I guess I'm glad she rang. But I am going to town with Dino and them to see Tommy on Saturday, and I told her that. She went quiet. Good. No longer will I struggle to be her friend and no longer will I suck up her square arse and no longer will I let her use me in any way. I will

give her the big freeze. I will not let her push me around and do only what she wants to do just because she wants to do it. The old Bernie is back!!!

Saturday May 10<sup>th</sup>

We went to see Tommy and guess, oh, guess what? Pog Cheryl just had to come too didn't she? She kept trying to get next to Dino, but it was embarrassing cos he just doesn't like her. The movie, concert thing was great, but slut-guts spoilt it. But I must admit I was sort of glad she was there, in an un-glad way. It meant I didn't have to be Dino's girl for the day, and when Cheryl sat next to him I made out like I was pissed off but I really let her get there anyway. So she has her uses. It's the school holidays and it's a relief.

Friday May 16<sup>th</sup>

I haven't written much all over the holidays because there was nothing to tell you. It's been that boring, and I had to mind Bob most of the time. I didn't see Michael hardly at all. I just snobbed him every time I saw him, which was a few times. Today we went to see The Taking of Pelham 1, 2, 3 (I think that's what it's called) with Dad and after that he took us to lunch. We went and saw Auntie Ruth in hospital too (she had some operation on her box). I get depressed seeing Dad. He doesn't talk to me half as much as he talks to Anne and Bob. He acts natural with them, but not with me. I make out like I don't care about the note. I let him think I feel the same about him as he feels about me. He gave me ten bucks in a card for my birthday, which is the same as he gives Bob and Anne so at least he's not making it too obvious that I'm a non-favourite child.

Saturday May 24<sup>th</sup>

I went to the footy to see Richmond vs North Melbourne at North Melbourne with spew-breath. God, I hate Cheryl's guts that much I shouldn't go to the footy, but how can I leave her with no-one to go with? She kept going on about how much Dino is wrapped in her because he rang her in the holidays. SHIT, WHAT CAN I DO TO SAY HOW MUCH SHE SHITS ME????????!!!!!! My bitch sister wore my Staggers jeans out tonight without asking. I really spew when she does that. I FEEL LIKE BELTING HER IN THE HEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Monday May 26<sup>th</sup>

Well, first day back at school and Dino asked me to go with him. I said "yes", but was it the right thing to say when I don't like him? I was scared to say "no" cos Knackers would really dag me. Cheryl ignored me for the rest of the day, but it's not my fault she's a non-sex-appealing-person. At lunchtime Dino sat with me and kissed me. It was shocking. I was not myself again but I will come out of my shell as I did with Darrell. Dino kisses just like Scott, wet and slippery. Michael

is still my best kisser, followed by Darrell then Scott. Tonight I couldn't believe it when I opened the door and Knackers was standing there. I never thought he'd come to my joint. He had this older tech school boy, Keg, with him, who's pretty tough looking but not as tough as Knackers. They stayed until after nine o'clock. Knackers asked me to go over his place, but I didn't want to be the only girl. I am really proud of myself because I must admit I acted more than three quarters natural. If I had known having a boyfriend would be the answer to my prayers, then I would have got one yonks ago. Not that anyone would have had me probably! I must make myself love that Dino and then I will feel okay about it all.

Tuesday May 27<sup>th</sup>

Oh shit, oh God, what is wrong with me? I now know that I am not wrapped in Dino. He sat up with us at lunchtime and had his arm around me in front of everybody. There was this blanket and he had his hand under it on my leg. He flicked my pants a few times. It made me feel sick. God, what am I going to do? I don't love him, but I don't want to hurt him. He could tell that something was wrong. I told Cheryl that I am not wrapped in him, so of course she goes and tells everyone. Shit! Fuck Shit!!! That big-mouth fugly-pog-mole!!!! Now I will be in for a hell of a lot of shit-stirring during the next week. The best news is that Knackers might be committing suicide because his father (his real father, not his foster father) got put in the pen for doing an armed robbery so it doesn't look like Knackers will ever be part of his own family again. Oh, God, please let Knackers kill himself and please help me love Dino!!! It makes me better than Cheryl. Oh, Jesus, I can't go back to the way it was before. I just can't. Help me, please.

Wednesday May 28<sup>th</sup>

Today I had plans to drop Dino but I jibbed it. At lunchtime he sat on my knee and I had to have my arm around his waist. He tried to kiss me but I sort of turned away. He knew that I was going to drop him and by the end of the day we were ignoring each other. Knackers came up and asked me if I wasn't wrapped in Dino, and I said I was. I was too scared to say I wasn't. Why can't I love Dino? The only thing that stops the boys from stirring me is having a boyfriend they like, and now I have to go and ruin my big chance to get popular again. Shit!!! Keg walked up from the tech school and hung around with us at lunchtime. He's supposed to be wrapped in me because I think Knackers told him I'm a dick-toucher and a good kisser, but he will never get a chance to sample me, I promise you that. I got my hair cut really short. Yuck! Darrell rang me up tonight and he breathed really heavily into the phone, then he hung up on me and then he rang back so I hung up on him. He wouldn't be doing this if I wasn't popular with the boys again, SO I MUST KEEP GOING WITH DINO, AND I MUST KEEP COCK-TEASING KEG. Not that I would ever be wrapped in Keg – his lips look like two big sponges. YUCK!!! Please, Diary, help me be wrapped in Dino, or at least help me pretend that I am. I can't do it on my own because I hate him so much. Can you blame me? I don't know what Cheryl ever saw in him.

Thursday May 29<sup>th</sup>

The big news of the day is that Cheryl reckons that Keg is hanging around, cos he's wrapped in her. Yeah, sure he'd come to see her fat, fugly face. Stir, stir about my hair.

Friday May 30<sup>th</sup>

Dear Diary, please can you do something? The worst of worse days. For the whole day, the boys stirred me about being a dud-girlfriend, and they've started an 'I hate Bernie Evans' club. Cheryl reckons that everyone is clambering to become a member. I bet she bloody joins. The worst thing is Cheryl told me that Michael is secretary. I'd rather have the whole school join than one of him. I can't live with him hating me enough to be secretary of the 'I hate Bernie Evans' club. Why has he turned against me so badly? I thought we were friends. Not fake friends, but real friends. Oh, Diary, please make him look at our Kinder photos and school photos and all of the photos we've had taken during happier times. Make him remember how close we were and make him care about that. I miss him.

Saturday May 31<sup>st</sup>

Went to the footy again to see Richmond vs Carlton with shit-bangers. I'm starting to enjoy the footy a bit because I think about the match and not how much Cheryl is pogging me. She wouldn't share her umbrella with me. She snapped her head off at me saying that I should remember my own umbrella. I don't even have one. She told me that she was wrapped in Keg, so I told her I was wrapped in him too (even though I'm not). Get this. The bitch said she was going to fight me for him. At least that's a fight I know I can win. Oh and South Melbourne won today for the first time all year, and Bob is so happy Mum didn't even care that they beat her team (Geelong). She said it's worth it just to see the smile on his face. It is too. When Dad dropped him off they sat out in the car for ages talking. I wish me and Dad had good moments like that to share, but I guess I stuffed that up when I dobbed about Mrs Man Who Walks Funny. I lost my father that day.

Sunday June 1<sup>st</sup>

OH BOY! Today, me and Cheryl went to Rosanna to watch Bevan and Scott's team play footy and Keg and Knackers were there too. Dino and me both ignored each other all day. Knackers was stirring me like anything and he made the biggest fool out of me, calling me a cock-teaser and a mole and a frigid premature ejaculator. He acts like Dino's big protector. What happened about him killing him-bloody-self? The best thing is that Keg came over. We went over to Cheryl's house and got her and then we came back here. KEG ASKED ME!!! I said yes even

though I'm still going with Dino. Darrell kept ringing and hanging up on me. I think I still love Darrell.

Monday June 2<sup>nd</sup>

Nothing happened today, oh nothing much! Dino came up to me and said "Have you got something to say to me" and I said "yes" and then he goes, "Okay, you're dropped". Thank God I'm going with Knackers' best mate, or he would have given me the worst bugger treatment for sure. Knackers came over tonight. I thought that he was bringing Keg but he couldn't come up and I was a bit scared to be alone just with him. Knackers asked me if I'd let Keg poke me. I said never. Then he cracked the shits with me and goes, "You let Darrell poke you". I don't know what's going on, but I think Darrell has been saying that I let him poke me. BASTARD!

Tuesday June 3<sup>rd</sup>

Dear Diary, how can I say how I feel? Would you even understand? Tonight Keg and Knackers came over and we went up the shop. Cheryl and Knackers pissed off on us and Keg kissed me. It was so revolting and slimey that I felt sick. He did it twice and his mouth opened and closed and he made sucking noises. His lips seemed so much huger than mine and I thought he was going to suck my face off. I'm not wrapped in him. I want Darrell back – at least he could kiss. Knackers told Cheryl that if I don't stop being so slack, he'll tell Keg to give me the arse. I hate his guts. I hope Keg does drop me. Shit, God, Diary, use all of your strength to help me. I want Darrell so much and Keg kept wanting to get me in the bushes which was all Knackers' idea too. At school today, I was buddies with Darrell, especially in Social Science. I kept telling him that he should have talked to me when he rang me up. And I asked him if he wanted to sit next to me but only joking. He said "shut up, Evans", with a big grin on his face. God, I love him. GOD please help me. How can I begin to write how I feel at this very moment while sorrow fills my heart?

Thursday June 5<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl is wrapped in Knackers, so now she's trying to talk me into loving Keg, so she can get on with him. But I can't make myself love him, I just can't. Cheryl reckons that I should be grateful Keg wants me, because he could have anyone he wants, and she thinks I'm just being difficult to make her life difficult. I'm not! Please make Keg go off me, Diary! This is all I want in life. PLEASE!!!

Friday June 6<sup>th</sup>

Keg came up the shop tonight as he always does. It dawned on me that I might just be wrapped in him. He is good looking and, even though I am a bit scared of his his funny moods, I also feel

a bit safe with him too. I accidentally touched his hand. I think he thought I did it on purpose and he smiled at me. He does have a nice smile. Maybe my fear of being poked is blocking my real feelings for him. It's got to happen sometime, so maybe going with Keg will actually be the best thing for me to do. He didn't kiss me. Too many customers. Thank God.

Saturday June 7<sup>th</sup>

We went to the footy to see Richmond vs Essendon. I spoke to Gareth Andrews and Neville Roberts when the Reserves were on and I sort of spoke to Leechy and Woody (they're Richmond spunky players). We bumped into Bevan and Dino on the train coming home. I think I'm wrapped in Dino again. I'm glad Darrell wasn't there. Cheryl and him had a bet that if Essendon won, she'd give him a screw. Trust mole Cheryl to make that sort of bet. Today was a day that I just didn't know where I stood with Cheryl. She bosses me around and must have the final say. I prefer her making the final decision than me. We were at the very back of the ground and she refused to share her binoculars with me. I was afraid to ask. When will I find my type of friend? I guess I'd most like to muck around with Melissa again. Although she drove me up the pole, I didn't have to ask permission for everything I wanted to do. She did.

Monday June 9<sup>th</sup>

Today in Science, I stirred Darrell about Essendon losing and Tuddy breaking a leg. Darrell showed so much interest in me it was amazing. He always puts his arm around me and sticks his hand and fingers in the appropriate spots. Today, he went behind this bench thing to get something and he squatted down beside me. He put his arm around me and really tried to kiss me. I was touched really. I thought he only did that kind of thing to Cheryl and Maria. Maybe he'll get me to kiss him then tell Keg about it. I'd better watch myself just in case that is it. Maybe that's just my imagination at work. I told Cheryl that I hated Keg, and she was really good about it. She didn't go off at me at all. Cheryl's the only real friend I've ever had. I know that all I've written about her has been shocking, but she's the only one who I really enjoyed mucking around with, and I hate saying things behind her back now. Why can't I like my own boyfriends? Why can't Keg be a better kisser? I don't want to drop him, but I don't want to kiss him again either, or even touch him or look at him or talk to him.

Wednesday June 11<sup>th</sup>

FUCKEN Cheryl. I think she went up and told Knackers that I wasn't wrapped in Keg. I HATE HER. Then after school Knackers really got stuck into me for not loving Keg. He reckons it makes him look bad because he was the one who got me for Keg. He called me a cock-teaser and he said I'd better watch myself. He goes "I told Keg he'd get a poke out of you, so you better!" He thinks he's the big matchmaker. Cheryl goes when Knackers went home, "oh, you should

have said “no” to Keg”. She is sticking up for Knackers. That poof. Guess who came over tonight? Keg. We just sat in the lounge and watched TV. He must think he’s something beautiful staring at me because that’s what he does all the time. I hate Keg! Oh, even writing his name makes me feel sick. He’s so ugly and his hair is short and curly. He’s as big as a gorilla and I HATE KEG!!!! HE IS A CURLY, UGLY, BIG LIPPED BAD KISSER!!!! I wish I could go to the girls’ school with Melissa. I would go there too, except only girls go there. Plus Melissa shits me.

Friday June 13<sup>th</sup>

Keg came over tonight. YUCK!!!! We watched Happy Days here then we went down the shop then up to Cheryl’s house. I had confided in Cheryl about how I didn’t want to be alone with Keg cos I don’t want him to try and poke me or even kiss me. She said okay, but when we got there, she said that we couldn’t go in. I gave her a look and she goes “why should I suffer, Bernie?”. So me and Keg went down the lane, and I let him muck around with my tits a couple of times. It made me want to spew. He tried to poke me but I said that I wasn’t ready. So he cracked the shits and kept trying, then we went to my joint and he really had the shits. All I can think of now is Michael again. I know it wasn’t meant to be, but I’d give anything to go back to the way it was in 1974 when him and me were together. But I’d be a better person and nicer to everyone, even the dags. I would know I’m not better than anyone. I would not be up myself and I would be thankful for anyone who wanted to have me in their lives. I would care if they were sad and I would help them and be kind to them. I am so depressed. I get a better life then I have to go and complain. I am an idiot. SNAP OUT OF IT!!!!!!

Monday June 16<sup>th</sup>

Went to the footy to see Richmond vs St Kilda with shit-norks. Cheryl told me that Keg said to Knackers that if I didn’t watch myself he’d drop me. Good. Cheryl said that if me and Keg break up, it might be the end for her and Knackers (the end of what? Jesus!) because they do everything the same. Keg came over after the footy, and we were downstairs (me, Keg, Knackers and Cheryl) and everything was going okay, talking and that. He told me to piss off for some reason and I did. Then I started to be in a shit with him cos I don’t think he ought to tell me to piss off. I was sitting on the floor and he came and sat next to me. He was trying to make me suck back to him but I am a moody stubborn suck, and I didn’t. When it was time to go, Knackers and Cheryl left, but Keg sat down and watched the footy replay with Bob for a while, and I was just standing there, trying to give the hint for him to go. Then he got up in the shits and went to the door. He expected me to follow him but I didn’t. I just said goodbye and closed the door behind him. Now I am shitting myself about what he’ll do.

Tuesday June 17<sup>th</sup>

A couple of things happened today. Actually, more than a couple. On the way home, Cheryl said that I'm a selfish bitch for not making an effort with Keg, especially now that she wants Knackers. She said that I have to let Keg poke me because she let Knackers poke her, and she reckons that I'm only staying non-poked so I can be better than her. And she said that I'd better make it work with Keg or Knackers will probably sort-of drop her ('sort-of', because they're only 'sort-of' going together). I told her that I don't like the way he treats me and she said that he deserves a medal for putting up with my moods. Bitch. Pauline and Fiona have got these four tickets to some play in the city on Friday night. I said I'd go, forgetting how stroppy Cheryl would get. She wants to come too. I am praying they let her come or Cheryl will have the real shits with me. I predict a bit of a fight with Cheryl and me and she'll sort of start mucking around with Maria, but we'll be friends again soon after. I hope.

Wednesday June 18<sup>th</sup>

Keg came over tonight and that's when it all started happening. We were on the bed and we were dry rooting. His bare dick was pushing on the outside of my knickers. That was okay, I'd rather that to him kissing me with his revolting spongey, slimey, vacuum cleaner mouth. Spew city. But then he tried taking my undies off and I yelled at him to cut it out. He hit me over the head and growled at me not to yell in his ear. Then he told me to stop being so fucken frigid. I couldn't help crying, and he must've realised that he'd gone too far and he started being nicer and kissing me gently on the face and that. He told me to relax. It made me want to spew. He got off the top of me and lay next to me so he could take off my undies, but I got off the bed and said that I didn't want to do this in the house cos Mum could hear. So he took my hand and said "we'll go to the lane". I said I didn't want to and that's when he went mental. He ripped some of my Sherbet posters off the wall, then he stormed off. Now I'm still all shaken up over it, but I'm not sad at all. I'm relieved.

Thursday June 19<sup>th</sup>

Keg rang and told me to meet him at the shop in a really bossy voice and I said that I couldn't go and I hung up. Then of course there was a knock at the door and he came in, looking like he was really pissed off. We went downstairs and I just could hardly look him in the face. He was sulky and everything and tried to make me feel sorry for him. But I didn't. I just said that if he's going to come over and be in a shit, he might as well not come over at all. Then he got in the shittier shits and said that he might as well go then and try to get some sense out of me tomorrow. I said don't bother. He stormed out of the house. Great. Cheryl rang me later and asked what was up with Keg. He was down the shop, kicking the bins and everything. She said that Keg waited halfway down my street for ages for me to chase after him. She said that he said if I don't

apologise to him tomorrow it was over for good. Mum said that I should have hit him over the head with a hammer.

Friday June 20<sup>th</sup>

I hate Cheryl. At lunchtime, this tech school kid was going to ask Cheryl and she was wrapped but she was going to say “No”. She goes to me “At least I don’t go with every kid who asks me”. CHERYL IS A BITCH. It turns out that we aren’t going to the play tonight (with Pauline and Fiona) – we’re going next Monday and Cheryl isn’t coming cos Pauline’s sister wants the other ticket. It didn’t even worry her that Cheryl would crack the shits on her. I’m thinking of not going because I know how shitty Cheryl will get. She will give me the poggiest bugger treatment in the world. I REALLY HATE HER IN ONE WAY and I like her in another.

Saturday June 21<sup>st</sup>

I am a piece of shit. I must be for people to treat me with so much cruelty. I went to the footy with Cheryl today. She ignored me all day and was in a real bad mood, probably about going to the play with Pauline and Fiona. On the way home, we bumped into Dianne and Julie on the train and Cheryl left me alone and went and sat with them. There were no other seats left, so I just sat on my own, looking like a fucken idiot. The four of us were walking home and Mal and Scully (these boys Dianne and Julie hang around with) drove along in their car. When Cheryl saw them coming, she told me to run on ahead so they couldn’t see me. She thinks she’s grouse friends with them (the boys), when she’s only mucked around with them a couple of times. It was dark by then and I walked home on my own. This car came along and these guys asked me if I wanted a lift. I was shitting myself. I said “no thanks”. They speeded off and kept coming back and skidding their wheels right next to me. They did that over and over again. I was so scared. I thought I would get murdered. I got home and Mum told me off for something I didn’t do, then I went into my room, bawling. Later on, Cheryl’s mum rang and told Mum that Cheryl got home very upset because I walked off and made her walk home on her own in the dark. Mum got stuck right into me. She didn’t want to listen to my side of the story at all. She carried on spastically and I was yelling at her and calling her a terrible mother, and she belted me across the head, then she grabbed my head and banged it again and again into the wall. Anne even had to tell her to stop. So now here I am in bed, my ears are ringing and feeling like the biggest hunk of shit that God ever put on this earth. I wish I was dead. I want Michael.

Sunday June 22<sup>nd</sup>

As soon as I woke up, I climbed over the back fence and went to the creek. I didn’t want to see my mother and I’ve got nowhere else to go, have I? I was sitting there for ages thinking about how great it would be if I drowned in the creek. Not that anyone would care. Michael came down

and I told him to fuck off home, but he sat next to me and said he wanted to have this out. He said if I didn't want to be friends anymore, fine, but I owed him an explanation. I couldn't believe it and I said "what about being the secretary of the 'I hate Bernie Evans' club?" He just looked at me and said that if I think he'd ever join a club like that then I'm an idiot. I go 'ME?' and then he got stuck right into me for all the reasons I was going to get stuck into him. He said I started this fight because he stuck up for me over the Woodwork thing, and I turned on him. He was really pissed off at me for not apologising after that fight, but I was pissed of at him for something I can't remember now. Then he goes that I just dropped him after that, and I wouldn't even walk home with him anymore, but I thought he stopped walking home with me. And all the times I thought he was ignoring me in the corridor, he thought I was ignoring him. I don't know whether to believe him or not. It was all going well between us then, and I told him about what happened last night, and all the terrible things that have happened this year to me, mostly from Cheryl. And get this. Michael makes out like it was all my own fault. I couldn't believe the stuck up bastard said that. He goes that Cheryl treats me like shit, but I let her. I told him to go fuck himself, then I stormed off home. He thinks he's Mr Psychiatrist. I am all alone. No-one sees things my way. I am always wrong because I'm hateable. I am going to lie face down in the creek and stick a huge rock on the back of my head so I can't change my mind!

Later: I decided not to kill myself because I wouldn't want to bring that much happiness to people that I HATE. Which is everyone, especially Cheryl, Michael and my mother. Plus, I don't feel that bad anymore anyway.

Monday June 23<sup>rd</sup>

Great, wonderful in every way. I will start from the beginning of the day. Michael came over while I was still in bed. There's no school because it's correction day. Michael goes that I know very well what he was saying yesterday but I just have to get dramatic about everything. See!? No-one takes me seriously! Michael said that he was wrong to make out I brought everything on myself. He goes that Dad pissing off was really hard for me. I go, "Jesus, that was nothing compared to all the other shit". Michael said that one thing has to do with another thing or some bullshit like that. I hate to say it, but Michael thinks he knows everything. I don't even care about Dad, not that I told him that. I was too wrapped he was feeling sorry for me. The best thing is that he's not going with Sonia and he never was. They're just friends. After that, it was all good. We are friends again. At night, me, Pauline, Pauline's sister and Fiona went to see Much Ado About Nothing in Russell street. It was grouse once I got figured out how to understand the characters' stupid way of saying things. I feel so happy now. Please, Diary, help me hang onto how happy I am at this moment in time. And help me be strong enough not to let this moment be blown away by the winds of mole Cheryl. I swear to you right now, my darling, dear Diary, I will never cry on these pages again!!!!

Tuesday June 24<sup>th</sup>

Oh what joy, oh what greatness. I came upstairs and Michael was in the kitchen talking to my mum. Mum goes that I should have told her that Cheryl was the one who made me walk home alone in the dark. I go “so it’s my fault again is it?” Then she started going on about how I didn’t give her the opportunity to be fair or some crap like that. So what if I didn’t give her my side of the story? She never stopped to consider there was one. And even if there wasn’t, I didn’t deserve what she dished out. Arsehole got here to walk to school and you should have seen her face when she saw Michael was here. She couldn’t believe it. Then Mum goes to her “did you tell your mother that you actually made Bernie walk home on her own?” Cheryl put this stupid look on her face and goes “what’s she (meaning me) been telling you, Mrs Evans?” Michael goes that I told him what happened and he told Mum. Cheryl just stood there looking superior and Mum goes “Bernie was terrorized by boys in a car. I’ll have a word to your mother”. Cheryl gave an up-herself look, but I reckon she was shitting herself. She stormed in front of me and Michael on the way to school. Michael and me were talking really grouse together and I laughed loud and made it so she’d think I was laughing about her. At school, Cheryl got stuck into me. She goes that when she told me to piss off so Mal and Scully didn’t see me, she only meant for me to wait up the road. She didn’t mean for me to walk all the way home. So she’s still making out that I pissed off on her. She ignored me the rest of the day. I didn’t care. It was nice to have a break from her. I feel like my old self again. Really comfortable, like after I dropped Darrell last year. I pray to you Diary that it lasts.

Wednesday June 25<sup>th</sup>

Hip-hip-hooray. Keg came to my joint after school, and I ignored him. He just talked to Bob about footy. Bob went into his room, and I could have smashed his face in. Keg and me were alone and he kept trying to put his arm around me and kiss me, but I kept getting up and making out like I had to do something. Then before Keg left, I DROPPED HIM. Grouse. He goes “do you want me to drop you?” and I go, “yes”, so I think that I dropped him more than he dropped me. He just nodded and walked off with his head down. He only did that to make me feel bad, so I don’t. I just pray now that the boys don’t dag me for sort of dropping Keg, but even if they do I might be able to handle it. I feel so good about it all. I’m proud of myself for getting through the horrible times. Please help me hang onto the feeling I’m feeling now.

Thursday June 26<sup>th</sup>

The good day started as soon as Cheryl and Michael picked me up for school. Cheryl was chatting really nice and Michael was being his usual grouse self. It was like old times. Knackers wasn’t at school and nobody knows where he is, but someone said that he might not be coming back. That’s almost as good as him killing himself! In English there was all of this planning about a party Darrell is having on Saturday. At first I didn’t think I was invited, but then Cheryl

and Maria told me that I am the special guest. Can you believe it? They reckon that I'm paired up with Darrell but that Scott wants me too. Darrell reckons that he wants to root me at the party. How am I going to get out of that one? Actually, I think I'd rather be with Scott than Darrell cos Scott would be more sincere and wouldn't try anything. Darrell will probably be jumping from girl to girl all night. POOF!! I shouldn't be too choosy though. I'm wrapped I was invited. Please, help me act good at the party, Diary. Thank you so much for standing by me in the bad times, Diary. I love you so much. Cheers, cheers to Miss Popularity!

Saturday June 28<sup>th</sup>

I had to walk to Darrell's on my own because Cheryl said she was getting ready at Maria's house. I didn't care much. When I got to Darrell's front door, it was really quiet and dark. I was shitting myself that I was the first one to get there. I knocked on the door and I knew something was up when no-one answered. Then I heard laughing. Cheryl, Maria, Darrell and Knackers were hiding at the side of the house. They came out and said the party was a put on. They just wanted to see me get dressed up for nothing, and it's to teach me a lesson for dropping Keg and getting Cheryl into trouble and for acting like Miss Confidence. I was that hurt and embarrassed, but I pretended not to be. I went to walk home, and they all started pelting me with rocks. They were pissing themselves laughing. I tried to laugh too, but it was hard. A rock got me on the back of the head, and I fell over. Cheryl and Maria came to help me up and of course I had to be crying like an idiot, which Cheryl thought was very funny. I asked her how she would feel if she got hit in the head with a rock, and she goes "it was just a stone, Bernie", which I suppose it was. I went to walk off, and she goes "do you want me to walk home with you or not?" I kept walking. Her and Maria caught up to me and Cheryl said I had no right being in the shits with her, because I'm the one who got her into trouble with her mum and dad (because she made me walk home on my own). She called me an up myself dobber. The boys started pelting Maria and Cheryl with rocks too and they ran off laughing, like proper laughing. Why can't I think it's funny too? Why do I have to be Miss Maturity over everything? I called Darrell and Knackers fucken bastards, and I walked home on my own. I was shitting myself for calling them that, and I was right to be shitting myself. When I was at the bottom of my street, the boys came and got me. They both said that I owed them a poke. Knackers started kissing me and it was even worse than Keg, he was even grunting like a desperate, randy animal. I was too scared not to kiss him back. I wanted to spew. Then somehow Darrell was holding me from the front and Knackers was behind me. He was dry rooting me, on the outside of my clothes. Then he put his hand up my skirt and put his hand inside my knickers. I started struggling to get away, but that just made them both get a bit rougher. Then it happened. Knackers poked me. He stuck his finger right up me and I quickly jerked forward into Darrell and his finger slipped out. Knackers thought that was very amusing, and he called me a tunnel-cunt. It was supposed to be Darrell's go next, but they both just ran off. I mustn't've been that good.

## One Year Diary

1976

RAMBLING ALERT!!!! A lot of this won't make sense

Friday April 23<sup>rd</sup>

I have discovered the secret to teenage happiness. Getting pissed. I am really funny when I'm pissed and I know, I just know, that everyone loves it when I'm around to liven things up. Sometimes I can't believe how funny I am, or how much people laugh at all the funny things I say. It's grouse to be so happy. The only thing better than being pissed is being hungover. How can I explain? When I'm hungover I feel very lazy, like I can't be bothered trying to be anyone but myself, and I don't even care about my family hating me so much. I wish I could be hungover all the time. Cheryl is a little scared of me when I'm hungover, I reckon, because I don't try very hard to get along and I don't care what she or anyone else thinks. Sometimes I think the only time I see the real Bernie is when I'm hungover. I don't know. I'm hungover now, so that's why I'm not making any sense. Ha! My new aim is to be hungover all the time, which would be impossible, or to at least act hungover. I'll fill you in on what's been going on later, Diary, because my eyes are closing up on me.

Saturday April 24<sup>th</sup>

My 16<sup>th</sup> birthday wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. Mum was half-nice to me and gave me a beanbag and the Life Album by Sherbet (that was from Bob too) and Anne gave me a top. School was okay. Everyone seemed to know it was my birthday, and they were nice to me. Then in Social Science, Mr Cavanagh got everyone to sing Happy Birthday to me, and Pauline and Fiona brought in a cake they'd made themselves with 16 candles on it. I was embarrassed and... oh, I don't know... I was a bit annoyed with them for making everyone make a fuss. They went to so much trouble with lollies and different coloured icing all over it, and it was nice, really nice, but the whole thing made me feel uncomfortable. I think they could tell. I pissed off quickly and walked home with Julie, Cheryl and Dianne. None of them got me anything of course. When I got home from school, Bob let me watch what I wanted on TV, and Mum came home with fish and chips. The worst and best thing that happened was that Michael and Michael's mum came over after tea with a present. It was an album Michael's mum put together with photos of me and Michael covering all the years we've been friends. She put so much work into it I felt awful. She even wrote funny captions under some of them, and decorated the photos with dried flowers and little drawings around the borders. It must have taken her ages. The first photo is the first day

we met. It's at Kinder and I've got both my arms around him and he's making out like he can't breathe, but it's obvious he's just joking. It's obvious he was happy with me being so overprotective. Michael's mum said it's her favourite photo because that's the moment Michael turned a corner with his grief. She said the day he met me really was the first day of the rest of his life. The last photo in the album was taken when we were going together in 1974. Michael's mum left heaps of blank pages in the back so we could keep filling the album til we're old and grey. Jesus, I don't know what came over me, but I got a lump in my throat like you wouldn't believe and it was a real struggle to fight it off. There's something about seeing Michael's mum that depresses me. I still can't play Summer Love. And I doubt I'll be able to look at the album, especially that first kinder photo and especially with the caption under it "Then, now and always... soul mates."

Sunday June 13<sup>th</sup>

I hope you weren't worried about me after my drama-queen last entry for 1975. Everything turned out okay because Darrell and Knackers never told anyone about me getting poked. I didn't tell anyone either of course. Actually, you're the only one I have told and now I feel really depressed. I think that's why I didn't get another diary. I'll keep writing in my old autograph book (which looks like the same old diary anyway with Michael's leather cover wrapped around it), but don't be offended if I stop. It won't be your fault; some things are just better left off the page.

Monday June 14<sup>th</sup>

I hope you're not mad at me for dropping you, Diary, but when you hear about my great new life, you will forgive me, I just know it. I hang around with Dianne, Julie and Cheryl (yes, can you believe that bitch is still poggging me?), and we've hooked up with a bunch of older boys who drive cars – mostly Mal, Scully and Mental. They pick us up at lunchtime and after school and we go spinning. We muck around after tea down the milkbar, Scabs Alley, the lane or the hamburger shop and that, and it's grouse to have something that takes me away from school and my rotten bloody family, who hate me as much as I hate them. So, I have changed for the better, Diary. I am no longer beneath everyone, so are you proud of me? As far as school goes, well, that's shithouse, but at least the boys (Darrell and Knackers) ignore me. They're scared of the tough boys we hang around with, so they don't give us the bugger treatment at all. Pauline and Fiona are still grouse, and they're hanging around with the old good group (Rhonda and Maria and a couple of new ones). The only thing that's not perfect is that I eat all the time and I'm as fat as a pig. I got home from school yesterday and I cooked two chicko rolls in the oven. Anne's friend, Shelly, couldn't believe it, and she goes to Anne "she just had two chicko rolls" and Anne just shrugged like it was normal. I felt embarrassed. Every morning, I wake up and tell myself that I am ruining my beauty, but I still go and have a twistie roll and a pie for lunch, and then I

eat all night like I can't stop myself. I felt so sick from all the food the other night, I tried to make myself vomit, but I just wet my pants from gagging so much and I think I bruised the back of my tongue where I was sticking my finger. Oh, well, that's me I guess. Anne is just rapt because I can't steal her clothes anymore. Cheryl, I think, is rapt I'm fat because I've got no sex-appeal with the boys and they don't want to get with me, but I quite like being the fat, funny one who no-one wants to poke or screw. Not that the boys hardly con onto Cheryl anyway. At least I've got an excuse.

Friday June 18<sup>th</sup>

Tonight we got rotten drunk at Julie's house with Julie's mum (my mum reckons she's common as muck, which just goes to show how much my mother knows). Dianne, Cheryl, Mal, Scully and Mental were there. It was a grouse night, full of me being Big Chief Crazy Horse. Cheryl swore she wouldn't get on with Mental, but he had his connie cardigan on with nothing underneath, and she couldn't resist. So she kissed him for ages in the back of his panel van. I asked her if they screwed, and she didn't answer, so I'm guessing they did. How revolting. I shit myself when Mal drove me home, because he drives like a maniac (but only when he's pissed). Michael was out the front of his joint when Mal dropped me off and we just waved like strangers, which is what we are now. I hate being fat in front of Michael – he must feel like spewing thinking of all those times he got with me. Yuck!!!! The only thing that's depressing is me seeing Michael seeing me. And going to school. And being home. Everything else is perfect, especially when I'm hungover.

Saturday June 19<sup>th</sup>

Boy oh boy, what a night. Mental's parents went away so we all lobbed up his joint. Everyone was there. I got paralytic. After a while, Julie was crying because Chocco told her Rob was rapt in Dianne and not her. Dianne was spewing on Julie, because Julie told Rob she'd go on the pill for him, because Mental told her that he's only after one thing (a root). Julie bawled all night. Mental is rapt in Cheryl, and Mal told him that Cheryl only liked him as a friend, so Mental went off in a big shit in his car, doing wheelies and everything. Then Cheryl started crying cos Mental was endangering his life over her, but Bludger and Chickie came up and Cheryl and Bludger pashed on a bit. Chickie got on with Dianne. I think Cheryl also kissed Chocco, I'm not sure. Brett showed up too, but I pretended I was passed out pissed, cos he's just got out of the pen and he's so starved of girl action, he'd take even me.

PS. I'm not making much sense – it's my pissed-ed-ness.

Sunday June 20<sup>th</sup>

Shit! Tonight we went down the lane. Brett was mending his car with a spare part from a car they stole, then it was frightening, cos four cops turned up. Brett acted tough and said it was his car and he was just fixing it. The cops asked where he got the parts from and that's when he got into big trouble for stealing a car and stripping it. The cops took him away and Mental reckons he'll be put back in the pen for sure cos of all the other shit he's done. I hate to sound disloyal, but wouldn't it be grouse if Brett was put in the pen? If all the scary, root-loving, poke-mongering boys were put in jail, I would be the happiest fat mole ever! Anyway, Mum and me had a huge fight when I got home. Cheryl's mum rang and told her about the cops busting us. Mum reckons I should concentrate on my school work and she said I'm not allowed to go down the lane anymore. Sure, she can stop me.

Monday June 21<sup>st</sup>

You'll never guess what happened. It was Chocco who doxed to the cops about Brett stealing the car, and he also told them that Mental and Bludger were in on it too. Mental and Bludger were at the cop shop for ages, and Mental and Brett aren't allowed to muck around together anymore. If they're sprung together, the cops will put Brett back in the pen for three months. Shit! What excitement. Anyway, when Mental got back from the cops, we went driving around looking for Chocco, so they could all bash the shit out of him. There was me, Mental, Julie, Goog and Bludger in Mental's car. Dianne, Cheryl, Brett, Mal and Scully in Mal's car. We couldn't find Chocco (thank God), so we ended up in Scabs Alley and everyone was pashing on. I don't know who got with who, but Cheryl was definitely on with Mental. Goog tried to get with me, but we ended up just mucking around, wrestling and that. Why do these boys still want to be with me when I'm so fugly now? I think it's just because there was no-one left.

Tuesday June 22<sup>nd</sup>

Mum's been seeing this arsehole named Jack (another one) for a while now and he's started to hang around here a lot more and he acts like he owns the joint. And he's started to act like he can tell me what to, like it's his business, and Mum lets him get away with it. I don't feel like I belong in my own home. I can't write about it anymore. I hate being part of this family and I know they all hate me being here too. I left my smokes in Mental's car, so I can't even smoke in the privacy of my own room.

Wednesday June 23<sup>rd</sup>

School was shithouse as usual. Mr Cavanagh gave me a good talking to about my schoolwork, and he said if I don't pull my socks up I'll fail Form 4. He was nice about it though. He looked really sad and serious (just to make me feel guilty so I didn't) and he said that he'd never known any student like me before who just threw away their potential, or some shit like that. I just

laughed and said something really funny and he smiled in a half-smiling, non-smiling kind of way. He told me off a bit for wagging all the time and he said I should be careful driving around in fast cars with older boys. I was embarrassed that he knew and I was worried he'd think I was screwing the boys. I went straight to the toilet and I really had a hard time not bawling my eyes out. I was in the toilet for ages, trying not to cry. It was a real struggle pushing it down. My period isn't even due. I felt better after lunch though (Jesus, you should of seen how much I ate!), and then I stopped being so silly. Last period me, Dianne, Julie and Cheryl wagged and we all came over my joint. We got pissed on Blackberry Nip and Coke. We played Daddy Don't You Walk So Fast, because it reminds Julie of when her dad pissed off and we played it over and over again just to upset her. She was bawling her eyes out. Actress. Jesus, it's my fault my father pissed off, and you don't see me crying about it. I'm happier than I've ever been. I showed them my dress that I got for Kaye's (my cousin) 21<sup>st</sup> party and they all want to borrow it. Not that it would fit them. They're skinny bitches. Cheryl and Dianne that is, not Cheryl.

Thursday June 24<sup>th</sup>

Big dramas at home. Mum found all my empty cigarette boxes and she went mental and started bawling, and was going on about how I'm out of control (because I smoke and lairise around), and I don't appreciate her at all. She reckons she's never got a zack and all we ever do is ask for stuff she can't afford. She went off bawling. Then fuck-face Jack came over and Mum must have told him about our fight, cos he came to my room and told me off for upsetting Mum. I told him that she's more my mother than she is his girlfriend, so he can keep out of it. Then he puts on a hateful look and goes "you really are a fat little shit, aren't you?" I just looked away and he pissed off, thank God, and him and Mum went out somewhere and she didn't even say goodbye to me. If he can come into my room and talk to me like that, then this isn't my home anymore. The good thing is that I got to watch the Number 96 two hour special and eat all Auntie Beth's chocolate fudge and coconut ice alone. Now I feel sick. Being home is hard.

Friday June 25<sup>th</sup>

Something happened at school today that has left me feeling, oh, I don't know, not depressed and not angry, but something in between. Did I tell you that Pauline and Fiona are mucking around with the old good group? Well, they are (not that it's the 'good' group anymore, they're sort of medium). Anyway, it looks like Knackers and Darrell are picking on them now. Don't Pauline and Fiona know they're better than that? I mean, they're nice girls, and it's embarrassing seeing them trying to be moles. God, they should know their place and their behaviour makes me feel bad. I don't need this. I can't write anymore, because it makes me remember last year, and I just want to enjoy my great new life. Nothing else to write about, except that Mal and Scully reckon they're trying to buy some grass. It'll be grouse in one way, but I am a bit scared of trying it,

because Cheryl reckons if you pass out (which is on the cards), the boys might screw you while you're unconscious, but she's pretty sure they'll wear a franger. How considerate of them.

Saturday June 26<sup>th</sup>

Mum went out with Auntie Deb and Uncle Rod and shithead. He got here, and it depressed me a bit that she was all happy and normal with him, and not with me – he's a nobody and I'm her own daughter, so why does he get the special treatment and I get the silent treatment? Anyway, I didn't even say hello to him, and Mum gave me that look with her tongue under her bottom lip like she's spastic. Sucked in! She couldn't belt me in front of him. Anne broke up with Frank so she was at Shelly's joint discussing her heartache, and Bob never came home after going to the footy with Dad and Grubby so they might have gone out somewhere. Dad still takes Bob and Grubby to the footy every Saturday, and we all don't go out to dinner and the movies as much anymore. Anne was always somewhere pashing Frank, so she didn't care, and I've never cared, so that's alright. Anyway, I invited the gang over. Cheryl came over first and she kept trying to read my last year's diary, but I wouldn't let her because it's got all bad stuff about her in it. Actually, every day has mostly bad things about her, so I'm thinking of writing a bullshit diary. Jesus, who can be bothered? Sometimes I wonder why I still muck around with her. Then Dianne, Julie, Mental, Mal and Scully came over. They brought some Marsala and some beer and I got pissed really quickly. Pretty soon, Julie and Scully and Dianne and Mal paired off and went into the bedrooms. It was just me, Cheryl and Mental in the living room then, and the funny thing is that he wanted to be paired off with me and not Cheryl. He asked me for a screw! Jesus, I wasn't ready to be poked, and I'm certainly not ready to be screwed. Maybe he wanted to know what it felt like to screw a fatso. I just punched him in the guts and we laughed and mucked around for ages. I'm so grateful that I've got such a good personality to get me out of these situations. Dianne and Scully came out of the bedroom (her and Julie swapped halfway through), so Mental and Cheryl went in. They weren't in there for long. Mental had to go and see his pregnant sister in hospital, but that was probably just an excuse not to have to get on with Cheryl. Everyone else ended up going home pretty early. Even Cheryl rang her dad to come and pick her up when she was supposed to sleep over. I didn't care because I'm just not in the mood. Part of me is rapt with my grouse new life but part of me gets the feeling I'm not quite as happy as I think I am... except when I'm pissed or hungover. I can't get Pauline and Fiona out of my mind.

Sunday June 27<sup>th</sup>

More sadness at home. Mum sat on the end of my bed just bawling her eyes out. She goes that she can't believe how this happy, thoughtful little girl she raised has turned into such a horrible teenager, and she wanted me to promise not to smoke. I just told her to leave me alone, and she didn't at first, but she heard arsehole features arrive, so she pissed off in a real hurry, didn't she. I would have given anything for her to stay. The fact that she lets Jack treat me like a piece of shit

makes me feel like a piece of shit. I guess I should be grateful I've got a great social life that gets me out of the house. God, what would happen to me if I didn't have that? Telling you stuff makes me feel sad, Diary. I'd rather forget about it all, but I don't want you to feel unwanted.

Thursday July 1<sup>st</sup>

Mum didn't get Dad's cheque in the mail, so I had to ring him to ask where it was. He just goes "tell your mother it's on the way". Then he asked to talk to Bob and they talked for ages about the footy. South Melbourne thrashed Collingwood last week so Bob's been happy all week and taking screamers on me. I always pray South Melbourne wins for him. I told Mum what Dad said and she just nodded. She's worried because she can't afford a new pair of footy boots for Bob. I hate having to ring Dad for his maintenance cheques, but I'm the one with nothing to lose so I make out like I don't care. I went for a walk on my own (it was dark too), and I wished that I got gang-banged. What would Mum do? Would she care, or would she wonder why anyone would want to gang bang a rank fat porker like me? I hooked up with Mental and them and we went to Scabs Alley, but I can't be bothered writing about it. Nothing they do really stands out in my mind.

Friday July 2<sup>nd</sup>

I am now a drug addict! Tonight we went to Julie's joint and Mal and Scully bought some grass over. Julie's mum was there too and she didn't even care that we were all drugging on. She had more than anybody. It was the first time I smoked it and I was scared of how I'd act and of getting unconsciously screwed. But it was good. I acted better than natural or hungover, and I didn't pass out – at least, I think I didn't. So I'm writing this feeling stoned, and I have something interesting to share with you, Diary, my best and dearest friend in the world. Here I go with something strange to say - maybe it's brain damage! Ha! I went to the toilet, and I had to take off all my clothes, because I wore my one-piece bathers under my jeans (for screwing protection, you know). Anyway, I was sitting there starkers, and I was looking at my fat gut for ages, like I was in a trance. Then the rolls started to move and peel away from my body, and I realised that my fat was actually another me, wrapping itself around my body, hugging me. I looked harder and I saw a face starting to form in the fat, and this face, my face but chubbier and bald – like a fat me-baby - looked up at me and smiled like it knew what was inside me. At that moment, I knew my fat was looking after me, not just from being poked or screwed but from a lot of things. We smiled at each other for ages, both knowing that we would always keep each other safe. I don't feel alone anymore or bad that I eat so much. Now I know that I don't need a real friend, like Michael used to be, or my father, because I've got my fat and it's got me. How grouse is that?

PS. I don't appreciate my fat more than you, darling Diary.

Tuesday July 6<sup>th</sup>

This morning bitch Cheryl rings up at about 25 to 9 to tell me that she's not coming to school. Even though I hate her ugly guts, I miss her when she's not at school. She's better than nobody, and at least it's someone to sit next to. I was packing myself because there's three assignments that had to be finished and I haven't done any of them. I ended up going to school, but I wagged all the classes I had stuff due in for. The worry about that is with me all the time. I hate getting into trouble and I hate disappointing Mr Cavanagh. Oh, well, it's my fault for being such a fat, lazy pog and for going to Scabs Alley (which I did on the weekend). I know my report is going to be really bad. So, so bad. Mr Cavanagh wanted a meeting with me after school, but of course I didn't turn up. Now I'm packing myself about that too. I wish he'd give up on me.

Wednesday July 7<sup>th</sup>

I sat with Pauline and Fiona in Geography today. God, being around them makes me feel so bloody sad for some reason. Like the whole time I'm with them, I'm fighting the urge to cry. Maybe it's just my period – I don't know. Today, Knackers tripped Pauline over in the corridor and she was sprawled across the floor. It was sad because Pauline pretended it was funny, even though she went bright red. I wish I could have said something to Knackers then, but, I don't know, I don't want to give him an excuse to bring last year up. So I just acted like it didn't happen. What I don't understand is, Pauline and Fiona had such a grouse twosome, so why did they join the medium group, when they didn't have to? They've kind of brought the boy troubles on themselves cos they're better than that. I felt nervous all day. Like something bad was going to happen. Going for a spin with Mental at lunchtime knocked that out of me. We nearly had a prang too. Grouse.

Friday July 9<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl came over tonight. She's sleeping. As we were walking from her house to mine, Dianne, Julie, Rob, Mal and Mental came along in the car. They all went into the shop, and I was waiting outside with Mental and Cheryl. He kept trying to get up her dress, and she made out like she was trying to push him away but really she loved it. She was laughing that girly laugh she reserves for just boys. I hate her that much when she's around anything remotely male. She even acts different around Bob. If you're a girl, watch out, she'll leave you for dead. The guys had some Marsala and Coke, so we all went down to Scabs Alley and got pissed rotten. Everyone was pashing on, except me. I felt left out in one way, and relieved in another way. I smashed the bottle of Marsala (it was empty) on the toilet block wall. It was fun at the time, but now it's bothering me that one of the Little Athletics kids might cut their feet. They use that dunny all the

time cos it's closer than walking to the far side of the oval. Who cares? I'll never know anyway and it'll teach them to use the proper toilet.

Tuesday July 13<sup>th</sup>

Sorry I haven't written but my writing finger is infected from when I picked up that bloody glass on Friday night. It's my own fault for not taking a torch. Today I acted the great big shot and told the girls that they could sleep at my place on Saturday night before the Sherbet concert on Sunday. I thought Mum wouldn't mind, but she did. She didn't like the idea of having three girls over and I don't think she likes Julie and Dianne. I guess I don't know her very well. Oh, but she did say yes in the end, but I had to have a smoke down the shop and Mum smelt it on me so she said no again. I am spewing. I reckon she is not doing the right thing about me smoking. She should say "you can smoke at home but not anywhere else." What difference does it make what age I start smoking? 16 or 18 (although I did start when I was 13) what's the big difference? I only smoke about 10 a week, if that even, maybe only 5 and Dad smokes 2 packs a day. Guess what? Mental came over and tried to talk me into screwing him. Jesus Christ! I get this fugly and the boys still prefer me to Cheryl. How fat do I have to get?

Wednesday July 14<sup>th</sup>

Gee, I feel really odd. And at this moment I'm really mad with Mum and I guess at this moment she's up there in bed thinking what she can do about me – her biggest problem child. I can't half tell she hates me because I smoke, lairise around and don't do my homework. She makes me promise not to smoke and that, and I do promise, but then I always break it. I can remember not too long ago when Mum said to me "You like your promises don't you, Bern?" Cos I always used to keep my promises. Now I never do. Thank God she doesn't know how much I drink, or she'd be making me stop that too, then what would my life be like? The worst thing is, at school today, Knackers spat in Pauline's casserole in Home Eco, and he told her if she didn't eat it he'd poke her at lunchtime. Of course Darrell was laughing. So were Maria and Rhonda and Scott (they were probably scared not to). Pauline ate a few bits and they called her a grot-eater for the rest of the day. I am so full of hate for Darrell and Knackers, but all I can do is pretend they're not there. Fuck, why don't Pauline and Fiona get out of that group? They don't need it! I know what Pauline's going through. It's horrible living each day wondering if those boys will make your life hell. I'd ask them to join my group, except... oh, I don't know... I know my life is grouse and everything for me, but it's not for nice girls. They wouldn't fit in, and I would never want them to.

Friday July 16<sup>th</sup>

Grouse news. Jack cracked the shits cos Mum won't let him sleep over so they had this big blue and he pissed off home instead of taking her out to the movies. You should have heard him screeching off in his car, the dramatic turd. It was the funniest thing, and he reminded me of Keg, you know how he was kicking the bins when I didn't let him into my undies? What a dickhead. Mum told Anne that he was probably at home waiting for her to ring and apologise, but she doesn't intend to, because he needs to respect her wishes about not having men in the bedroom. I think she's a bit worried about his reaction, but I don't get why she wants him at all. He's such a wet-week. Please, Diary, please let this be the end of shithead Jack.

Saturday July 17<sup>th</sup>

We went driving with Mental and that in Mental's new panel van. Cheryl and me sat in the front and the seatbelt in the middle is busted so of course she makes sure she gets the seatbelt that works. How does she do that? It's like she always manages to get the best for herself, whatever the situation. I think she must spend ages scheming and planning, figuring out how to trick other people into missing out. She's an expert. She always gets the best seat, the best bed at sleepovers, the best chop at dinner, the best position at the Drive-in, everything always works out in her favour, and she doesn't give a shit about anyone else. Not that this is new news. She's always been selfish and that's why I've always hated her. But having friends you hate is much easier than having ones you care about, so I just have to put up with the bitch, I guess. Anyway, Mal and Scully were in the back and we were all pretending that the cops were chasing us. Scully and Mal were going, "They're gaining on us" and "Here come the pigs, and I hate pork", so Mental was really speeding to get away, and he almost got up to eighty miles an hour. He even went through a red light and swerved heaps when he took this difficult bend. I was shitting myself a bit but it's fun taking risks. We ended up at the hamburger joint and Scully and Mal picked a fight with two tough-looking boys. I was scared.

PS. Writing that stuff earlier made me realise that I really don't care about my friends. Not like 1974 where I said I hated them but I never wished any harm on them (apart from Cheryl), but this time it's real. If all the arseholes I hung around with dropped dead, I would only care because then I'd have no-one to muck around with. Does that say more about them, or me?

PPS. I'm stoned again by the way. Can't you tell?

PPPS. I would care about Michael and Fiona and Pauline and my family. Shit! I hope God doesn't think I made a wish or something. Jesus! Shit, I shouldn't use the Lord's name in vain at a time like this! Diary, can you please make it clear to God or Jesus or whoever takes care of these things, that when I said I wouldn't care if my friends dropped dead, I only meant my friends. I DID NOT MEAN THE PEOPLE I ACTUALLY CARE ABOUT!!!! So, if anyone is going to get killed, make sure it's not Michael, Pauline, Fiona, Michael's mum, Mr Cavanagh, Bevan, Anne, Bob, Mum, Dad, any of my family, including Aunties, Uncles and cousins. Or Charlie, or the teachers I like, or any of the kids at school that I actually like. It can be Jack. Shit,

now I've started making a list, where do I stop? What if God thinks it's okay to kill the one person I forget about!!! Shit! Fuck! Shit! But then again, why would he grant me a wish anyway? It's not like he owes me a favour, I'm such a problem child. Why don't we just say don't kill anyone?

Sunday July 18<sup>th</sup>

Today was the Sherbet concert. Ol 55 and Ted Mulray Gang were on too, not that I can remember much of it. I had to go and have too much Marsala and Coke on the way, didn't I? So I was bloody pissed rotten the whole time. Not as much as Julie and Dianne and Cheryl, but my head was spinning and I couldn't wait for it to be over. Now I feel so sick and sad that I ruined my enjoyment of the concert. Sherbet reminds me of the good old days when life was easy and fun. I didn't even want the guys to drive us in, but oh, no, they have to be in on everything, like we can't get a train on our own anymore! They can take their car and stick it up their arses! When I got home, Mum wasn't here. She was out with monkey-breath. Oh, yeah, he sucked his little arse off and she took him back. It was just me, Bob and Anne and I felt like no-one wanted me here, like I don't belong in my own home. It's like they hate me and don't want me as their sister.

Saturday July 24<sup>th</sup>

I was walking home from Mental's house and Michael and his mum were weeding their front yard. I shit myself. I hate them seeing me now, but I had to stop and talk. Michael's mum asked me to stay for a roast, because she never sees me anymore, but I made up a bullshit excuse (homework) to get out of it. The only time I feel uncomfortably fat is when I'm around Michael and his mum, so I'm not busting to be with them. Plus, if Michael's mum spends too much time with me, she'll figure out I'm not likable anymore. Knowing that Michael's mum thinks the best of me is something I don't want to give up, even if her opinion is a little out of date – or a lot out of date. As I was crossing the road for home, Michael's mum asked how life was treating me, and I go “grouse”, cos it is, and she gave me a raised-eyebrow kind of look, like she didn't believe me. It made me feel embarrassed, especially in front of Michael. I wonder if they talk about me behind my back? That would kill me. I think I shall stay away from that little twosome in the future.

Monday July 26<sup>th</sup>

I'm not getting any value out of being hungover anymore. I just feel like shit most of the time, and tired, and the day seems to take forever to finish. I wish I could smoke more grass, but the boys hardly ever get the stuff and I don't have the money, or any idea how to get it. We waggged school in the afternoon and came to my joint. We pissed off before Pauline and Fiona could

come with us. I was supposed to go over Julie's tonight but I came home early because only Julie and Mal were there and I felt left out when they were pashing on in front of me. How rude.

Tuesday July 27<sup>th</sup>

I am scared!!! I get home and I go upstairs and Jack and Mum were kissing!!! Seeing my mother like that was such a shock! I went all weird, as usual, and when he said hello, I asked him if he was making himself at home, like in a real tough way. Mum came after me and grabbed me by the arm really tight and told me to be polite. I just yanked my arm away. I feel so unwanted here and it just made me appreciate my grouse new life so much. At least my friends don't treat me unwantedly, unlike my mother who acts like she hates my fat guts. I am here in my room drinking and smoking my brains out now and my slut of a mother doesn't even know or care. I am scared, Diary! How can she let him kiss her?! I think she already likes Jack more than me, so then she'll never have any reason to make an effort with me. I think she'll give up on me. What will I do?! I already feel like I don't belong in my own home, so imagine how much worse it will be if he sticks around. If she's got him, she won't need to try to patch things up with me, especially when he dislikes me so much. She'll choose him over me. I AM SO SCARED! I know I am a problem child, but I wish she loved me anyway.

Later: You know that time me and Anne nearly drowned at the beach and that older boy saved us – that's how this feels. Like the very worst thing that could happen to me is about to happen and I can't stop it. No-one would care if I wasn't here. No-one ever looks happy to see me. I am beneath insignificant.

Wednesday July 28<sup>th</sup>

I felt like shit this morning. I ended up vomiting all night from all the booze and I wet my pants. How rank. We waggged school again this morning and went to Julie's joint and we had some more grass. It was just a bit though and it didn't change me much, worst luck. We had to go back to school because we were making a whole dinner (buffet) for all of the teachers and we held it at 6.00 pm. Mr Cavanagh came and Mr Webster... they all just shitted me. Why the fuck should we serve them? Mr Cavanagh; I don't love him anymore. He's just like the rest of them. They don't give a stuff about any of us and they let the boys treat Pauline and them like shit. When we were walking home, Mal and Scully and this other group of guys came and gave us a lift and we went down to the park for some smokes. I got on with some kid called Brian, I don't know why. He tried to poke me, but I ended up standing on the picnic table and singing Fox On the Run and it really livened up the evening. Cheryl got on with Mental again. I hope she doesn't get him full time. When you're the last girl left, the last guy left tries to get on with you and he's usually the rankest. I don't think all the food in the world is ever going to change that.

Thursday July 29<sup>th</sup>

I don't think I've told you about my depression. Have I? I can never remember anything these days so excuse me if I'm being boring. Most of the time I'm happy, but on rare occasions, usually when the hangover is wearing off, I get really depressed for no reason. I can push the feelings away most of the time, especially when I drink or go spinning with my friends, but it is ever hard sometimes. It's a very scary and heavy feeling, and I remind myself of that doorstep we had that was half filled with sand. Sometimes I think I will let it all in, just to see if it's my friend, like my fat is. But what if it's my enemy? What if I think it will be there for me, but it turns out to hate me, like my parents do? And then what if I can't get rid of it? What if I can't drink or lairise the black misery away then? What will happen to the old Bernie? I'd hate to lose her completely.

Friday July 30<sup>th</sup>

Tonight was so much fun. We went spinning in Mental's car and we were on this dirt paddock, and he was doing doughnuts. I was leaning so hard on the door because Cheryl was in the middle (for once) and pushing on me – if the door opened I'd be a goner! Then we were driving along this country road, with no other cars around, so I said to Mental "Do eighty". And he got up to even higher than eighty miles an hour. We went down to Mental's garage and played pool and we (me and Cheryl) had some Blackberry Nip and Marsala. Mental drove me and Cheryl home and we passed Michael who was coming back from footy training. We gave him a lift and he asked Mental to slow down a bit. We laughed. He doesn't like taking risks.

Saturday July 31<sup>st</sup>

Scary (in a good way) stuff today. Me and Cheryl were driving with Mental and it always bugged me that he took this particular bend on the wrong side of the road. Well, I was right to be bugged because Rob, Mal, Dianne and Julie were coming the other way and we nearly crashed, but Rob turned his wheel just in time and he ended up in Man Who Walks Funny's front yard. They all got out of their cars, but there was no damage or anything. The good thing is I think Mental will be more careful when he takes that bend in the future. He's actually a good driver when he's not pissed or showing off.

Monday August 2<sup>nd</sup>

Last night we went to a party and I got really pissed. I can't remember a lot of things that happened - it's all like a dream – and I don't believe some of the things people told me I did. I was on with one guy, but he kept trying to poke me so I got on with another one (who was spunkier anyway) and he tried to poke me too. So I danced all night so I wouldn't have to get on with anyone. I was being very entertaining. Cheryl was on with Mental again. After the party, we

went spinning in Mental's car and I reckon Mental was pissed too. It was exciting how fast he was going. He even went right through a red light. Mum gave me a talk about getting pregnant, but I didn't even look at her. Who is she to lecture me when she's probably screwing that man-pog. She must think I'm some kind of slut if she thinks I'm screwing the boys. She probably thinks I'm a gigantic mole. God, if she only knew that I don't yearn for sex. Quite the opposite. Unlike her!!!

Tuesday August 3<sup>rd</sup>

Michael walked home from school with me today – Cheryl wasn't there – and he tried to talk me out of hanging around with Mental and that. He reckons that he drives like a maniac and that they're too old for us. I just said that I'll be fine. Bloody as if I'd let him talk me out of my great new life. It's better than hanging around with the shits at school. At least these guys are too mature to stir us all the time and grab our micks and that. I know all the older boys do try it sometimes, but they're pissed while they're doing it. I didn't say all that to Michael. God, I'd sit at home all night and read The Bible if it was up to him. Michael said at least he cares enough about me to try and make me see what I'm doing to myself. I just said "don't", then I walked into my house. Then I realised that Michael is the cause of my deepest depression, so the only thing to do is to lose touch with him completely. Then maybe I'll be able to get going with a proper, happy life. He's just dragging me down. I want to move.

Later: Remember when Cheryl said she was moving next door to Darrell? It must've been bullshit cos she never moved.

Wednesday August 4<sup>th</sup>

I had to stay at school all morning because Mr Reece goes around the streets on his bike catching all the waggers. Dickhead. Why doesn't he stay in the school grounds and catch the boys being arseholes to Pauline? Her and Fiona are still with the medium group and the boys had these planks of wood from Woodwork and they were hitting them with them. Knackers got Pauline over the head. Now she's got this big lump over her eye, but she told Mr Cavanagh that she fell over in the toilet. I felt depressed about it all day. Pauline doesn't deserve that kind of treatment. I didn't see any of my group tonight and it was good to have a night off. The whole family watched Happy Days together and I think they wished I wasn't there.

Friday August 6<sup>th</sup>

By the time I get to bed at night, I find that I can't remember clearly what happened at school that day. All I remember about today is that Mr Arden was really picking on me. He said that I'd be a single mother with lots of babies before I was sixteen. I reminded him I was already sixteen and he told me off for giving him mouth. It bothers me that everyone obviously thinks I'm a real

mole and not a frigid mole. Maybe I should start acting differently, but then who cares what they think anyway? They're arseholes the lot of them. Pauline came over after school, and we played Howzat and the Life album all the way through. It was nice to have some good, clean fun, and Mum just thought it was grouse that I was hanging around with a nice girl, didn't she? I tried to find out how Pauline feels about the boys stirring her and that, and she made out like it was all no wuckers. I also tried to find out why she's not mucking around with Fiona as much – have they had a fight? – but Pauline says they're just as much friends as before. Something about her mood felt really unnatural though. Like she was laughing too much, you know, in a fakey way? It was like me last year and it made it hard for me to be myself around her. Something else that is bothering me is that Pauline is smoking now too. Not as much as me, but if she gets hooked it won't take her long. I taught her how to do the draw-back, and now I feel guilty. I know she would have figured it out anyway, but still... I can't get Pauline out of my brain. If she's going through what I went through last year, she's going to really need a friend. Where's Fiona when you need her?

Monday August 9<sup>th</sup>

I got into so much trouble at school today, Diary. I was called to the principal's office and Mr Cavanagh and all my teachers were there and they gave me a big talking to about my school marks. Mr Cavanagh goes 'this isn't a witch-hunt, Bernie, but we're all very concerned that, if you don't pull your socks up, we'll have to fail you this year'. I was shitting myself on the inside, but I just told them to fail me. Then Mr Cavanagh and Miss Smith reckon that would be such a shame because I have something extraordinary to offer and that I'm much smarter than my grades indicate. They want me to promise to work hard until the end of the year to help undo the damage – they'll even be happy with D's. I said they should just give me D's then if it'll make them happy. Mr Cavanagh didn't even laugh, he just offered to tutor me. I promised I'd do my best, just so I could get out of there. I hate the thought that I've let Mr Cavanagh down, because he's the only one who sees anything good in me. Both him and Michael's mum have always acted like I'm still the 1974 Bernie. That's always meant a lot to me. When I got home it was obvious the teachers had spoken to Mum, because she didn't even look at me or talk to me. Then she came into my room, which shit me because I had to hide my Marsala. She tried to have a talk to me about my attitude and my future and how I don't have to be a no-hoper if I don't want to be. She reminded me that she's always said I could do anything I set my mind to. I told her that I was setting my mind to being a no-hoper. She went mental, and emptied my school bag onto my bed (thank God there were no smokes in there, not that I'd care) and screamed for me to do my homework, and she goes that she's not letting me go out during the week anymore. Well, if she's out with Jack, how's she going to stop me? I told her that too. She just pissed off in a shit. If she wants to go out with that dick-snot Jack, why should I do anything she wants me to do. I just drank Marsala all night just to get back at her (without Coke! I am coming up in the world).

Tuesday August 10<sup>th</sup>

I felt like shit this morning and I still feel like shit now, but I must admit being that hungover does make me not worry so much about late assignments, fights with my mother and being a fat no-hoper. I wasn't allowed to go out tonight and Cheryl really cracked the shits cos now she won't have an excuse not to screw Mental (she uses me being left-out as an excuse all the time). Mum thinks I'm in my room doing my homework, which I'm not. I don't know where to start.

Friday August 27<sup>th</sup>

Trust Cheryl to ruin everything. Tomorrow is her 16<sup>th</sup> birthday, and we're supposed to be going to the Drive-in with Mental, Mal, Scully, Julie and Dianne. I don't want to go, but Cheryl said that Mental told her that, legally, she can't say no to screwing him when she's 16. So she's scared that she'll have to screw him. I told her she doesn't have to screw him and she goes on about how she can't hurt his feelings like that, plus she's scared that he'll get pissed off. The thing is, I can't abandon her on her birthday, but what will I do while all those couples are screwing at the Drive-in? Play on the swings or something? Jesus.

PS. I thought Cheryl had already screwed Mental. I must be wrong. I think she just pulled him off.

Saturday August 28<sup>th</sup>

Mental and Scully arrived at the same time in their vans and you couldn't half tell Mental was pissed as. He kept driving up the street and doing wheelies, and when he got out of the car, he stank and could hardly talk. The worst thing was that Brett was there too and Cheryl said that he said to Mental he was going to get a screw off me. Fat chance. Anyway, Michael was out the front of his joint, and he came over and told Mental he shouldn't be driving. Mental laughed, we all did, because of Michael's daggy non-risk-taking nature. Everyone was piling into the vans and Michael whispered to me that I shouldn't go cos Mental was too pissed to drive safely, and that he was a bad driver at the best of times. I couldn't not go, because of mole Cheryl, so Michael climbed in, the idiot. I was actually relieved he was coming cos that meant I wouldn't have to deal with Brett. How selfish of me. I tried to get Michael to take the good seatbelt side, but he wouldn't. He just said he was fine sitting in the middle. Cheryl climbed in the back, and Mal got in with her. Mental seemed a bit scared of Michael, because he wasn't driving like a maniac at first. But then Scully was in front of us and he zoomed ahead and Mental had to go faster to catch up to him. Anyway, Mental took this bend on the wrong side of the road and we had a head-on with some other car coming in the other direction. I half went through the windscreen, well my face did anyway. Cheryl mole bitch wouldn't come in the ambulance with me, and she only had a cut on her leg, so I had to go to the hospital on my own. Mum got there

as fast as she could, she was still dressed up from her night out with Jack. When she saw my face just hanging off me, she didn't say anything, she just stood there for a while before running to the toilet to have a shit. It took all night to stitch up my face. The light was burning my flesh and the anaesthetic had worn off before they finished stitching and I could feel the thread tugging through my gashes – I didn't tell them because I didn't want another needle. They hurt like hell. Finally they finished, and they gave me some pills to calm my nerves. Mum gave me two in the taxi on the way home and they're great – they make me feel like I'm hungover. They're probably the only reason I can write this now. Mum and me didn't say anything all the way home, but she held my hand so tight it hurt like hell – not that I told her that in case she let go. I got home and Anne and Bob just kept saying 'oh, Bern, oh, Bern' over and over. My face is puffy and I've got stiches everywhere. Bob spewed up. Mum went off at me for not wearing a seatbelt, but Michael didn't have one, so how could I? I'm pretty sure Michael's okay. He wasn't bleeding or anything when he was lying on the road, and the ambulance guys were really taking their time with him. If he was worse than me, they would have taken him first, don't you reckon? It would have been a real rush.

LATER: It's five in the morning now, and there's a knock at the front door. Mum just opened it. It's Michael's mum. I can hear her saying 'my boy, my boy, my boy' over and over again. She's probably just being dramatic. Not that it's like her.

LATER: Michael's mum came into my room to see me and I pretended I was asleep. I couldn't be bothered talking.

LATER: Every time I close my eyes, I see Michael lying on the road. I got on my knees and leaned over him. His eyes were open and he was staring right at me, but it's like he didn't see me. I thought he was bleeding, but I realised it was the blood from my face dripping onto him. Why couldn't I think of anything to say to him? Why did I just stare like some goon? Why did he? The ambulance guy tried to put me in the back of the ambulance, and I was scared to be going on my own, so I asked if Michael could come with me. I can't get the look the ambulance guy gave me out of my head – like he felt sorry for me, and thought I was spastic at the same time. I hope someone thinks to wipe my blood off Michael's face.

LATER: My ears are ringing and my face is throbbing. I can't sleep, but everyone thinks I am. Mrs Johnson is upstairs and I can't tell who all the other voices are. I hear them mention Michael's name a lot, but I can't hear what they're saying. If he was bad, Michael's mum wouldn't have come over our joint would she? She's gone now though. Maybe he's home in bed. I wish someone would laugh so I know he's okay. No-one's laughing. Boring arseholes.

LATER: Mum brought Cheryl down, and she only stayed for about one minute. She didn't say anything the whole time, except make out the scratch on her leg was worse than my face. They didn't say anything about Michael and I didn't ask. If he was bad, they'd tell me, wouldn't they, Diary? I wonder why Michael hasn't come to see me yet. Selfish bastard.

LATER: Funny how Charlie has been on my bed since I got back from the hospital. He won't leave. I feel really close to him and guilty for all those times I ignored him, or whacked him when he shitted me up the wall.

LATER: I had to stop pretending to be asleep, because I had to let Charlie out for a piss. Mum and Anne came in and sat on my bed, and they both just cried again and didn't say anything. Bob just bounced the footy outside. Mum said he can't see me because of his weak stomach.

LATER: I can hear Mum upstairs making me something to eat. She's acting like she really loves me and would have hated to lose me, so this accident might not be such a bad thing. As long as Michael's alright. I'm sure he is. She wouldn't be doing normal stuff like making tomato soup and toast, would she?

LATER: She just sat on the end of my bed watching me eat... I could tell she was waiting for me to ask about Michael, so I didn't give the bitch the satisfaction.

LATER: I heard Mum telling everyone how close the glass came to cutting my throat open and killing me. They probably all reckon that would be fair, because no-one said anything back. Why do you put me through all this, Diary, and not kill me?! You think it's a big joke to keep me alive, but make me fugly (or fugly-er) and guilty? I mean, I didn't think you'd ever be this cruel to me, Diary, not after everything we've shared together. I HATE YOU!!!!

LATER: I want to ask about Michael but I'm scared it'll give everyone an opening to start yelling at me. I find myself praying a lot that I die. Please, Diary, it's what I want more than anything. I can't face Michael's mum. Not after what I've done to her beautiful boy.

LATER: Please, please here comes the black misery. I think something bad has happened to my Michael.

LATER: I have no idea what day it is and I'm scared to ask in case someone says something I DON'T WANT TO HEAR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

LATER: I heard someone talking about Michael. I think it was Mrs Johnston, and she said 'shit' and everything, which is a big deal for her because she never swears.

LATER: Michael's in the hospital. Thank God. I think.

LATER: Mr Cavanagh just rang from the hospital. He's just seen Michael and now he's coming to see me. I'm scared, Diary. I don't know what day it is.

LATER: When Mr Cavanagh saw me, his chin started to go. He said he wasn't prepared for this because Cheryl told him I wasn't that bad. I could tell he didn't hate me for Michael, probably because I look so damaged. Thank God I've got all my stitches to protect me. I didn't ask about Michael and he didn't tell me. I don't know if that's good or bad.

LATER I'm sure he's okay. I'd know if he wasn't.

NEW DAY: Don't know how many days later.

Mum and Mental's mum just had this huge fight upstairs. Mum said she was hinting for me not to say too much about Mental being pissed and driving like a maniac to the police. Then she said that the other driver was more to blame than Mental, so she didn't see the point in giving the police the wrong impression. Mum kicked her out. This accident has been the best thing. I never thought she'd stick up for me like that. Mum had to get out of the house because Dad came over. I couldn't believe his face when he saw me; like he was really upset. But I could be wrong; he didn't like me enough to leave a note, remember, so don't get too excited. Then the cops came to talk to me about the smash. Dad told me I had to answer honestly. So I did. I told them everything, about how Mental was pissed when he got here and that he was driving like a madman to catch up with Scully, and how he was on the wrong side of the road when this other car came along. The cops were surprised. I don't think anyone else dobbed, so you can image the shit I'll be in with the gang. Dad's face went stiff and he said he was going to see Mental's dad. Father's are good for things like that. He didn't say anything about Michael. I didn't ask.

Later: Michael's mum came to tell me about Michael and she was bawling all the way through it. He broke his legs and his hip and his back. His spinal cord is so seriously damaged, he'll probably be a paralytic forever. I didn't look at her or say anything cos I knew she was just waiting for me to open the door so she could get stuck into blaming me. She just left. Talk about a drama-queen. Things are never as bad as people make out.

Friday September 3<sup>rd</sup>

I had to go to the hospital, cos I can feel heaps of glass under the stitches. Stupid trainee doctor. When we finished, Mum suggested we visited Michael. I pretended I was too sore from the doctor's poking at my face. Mum just looks at me and reminds me what Michael was going through was a lot worse. The bitch just had to get that little dig in, didn't she? We went up to his floor, and the smell made me feel sick. I looked at Michael for just a second, but the picture of him is the only thing in my brain. His face is purple and swollen. Just about his whole body is in plaster. There's machines all around. Michael's mum and a bunch of their rels were in his room. I couldn't look at them either. I stayed right near the door, and I made sure someone else was always standing between me and Michael, so he couldn't see me and I couldn't see him. Michael's mum kept trying to get me to move closer and talk to him but I wouldn't. Mum gave me this look like I was rotten. I said I wanted to go and we went. Michael said "see-ya, Bern", and I went "see-ya" back, but I didn't look at him. I was already out the door.

Saturday September 4<sup>th</sup>

Dino, Bevan and Scott came to the hospital to see Michael. It made me see them in a different light. They're good boys and, even though they hung around with Knackers, they're not nearly as

bad. They're probably just sucks like I was last year and doing what they had to do to survive. School is tough. Anyway, I was touched and I could be myself. It's easy to do with all these stitches.

Later: Mum told me that the police said that Michael probably saved my life. The only reason I didn't go through the windscreen, was because he went through first (he weighs less or something), and he blocked my path. At least Michael's still got his attractive-ness, not like me. I have to go through life with scars all over my face. I'll probably never get another boyfriend. When Michael got in Mental's car that night, he probably ruined my one and only chance of ever getting screwed.

Sunday September 5<sup>th</sup>

No-one's saying much, but I think Dad got into a punch up with Mental's dad over the crash. I think Mental and his dad and that are saying my story is bullshit, and that's when Dad punched him. It's weird to know Dad got the guts up to punch Mental's dad over me. Anyway I think the whole gang hate me. Julie, Dianne and Cheryl haven't been around. I'm thinking that Mental and them will bash the shit out of me for dobbing. I would deserve it you know. Mental only ever sped all the time cos I made him. Michael's in hospital because of it.

Monday September 6<sup>th</sup>

I saw Michael's mum driving off this morning - probably going to the hospital again - so I went and put Summer Love and that dumb photo album she gave me for my birthday on her front door step.

Later: Pauline and Fiona came over to see me. It was good to be with people who wouldn't hate me over Michael.

Later: Michael's mum barged over, and she had the photo album with her, and she asked me what the hell I was playing at. I didn't know myself, so couldn't answer her at first, but she was crying, and kept at me and at me, until I had to say something. I told her that Michael only came out that night to protect me, and that I let him take the seatbelt that didn't work. I could feel myself starting to cry and I tried to pull myself together, but Michael's mum put her arms around me so tight and said it wasn't my fault. I bawled. Not normal crying, but screaming and howling, and sobbing so hard and deep and fast I thought I was going to choke. I don't think I was just crying over Michael - although that would be reason enough - I got the feeling a lot of stuff was pouring out of me, stuff that probably should have been cried out a long time ago. Crying that much hurts like hell when you've got a face full of stitches. It was ages before I settled down and Michael's mum cuddled me the whole time - it was nice and I wasn't embarrassed. Michael's mum and me went and saw Michael in the hospital. Seeing him like that is the hardest thing I've ever done, and I didn't try to hide it this time. I got going again. I cried for the whole two hours I

was with him. Even when we were laughing about the poo hole they cut in his plaster, I was crying. I love him. I always felt special that he wanted me to be his friend.

Tuesday September 7<sup>th</sup>

Michael and I talked for ages, and I told him it was my fault about the crash. Not just because he got into the car to protect me, but because I was a panel van mole who made Mental speed. Michael tried to make out like I was bullshitting on, but I know what I know, and so does he. He tried to warn me all those times, and it's not right that he's the one who got so badly banged up. And how could I be so rapt about the accident? I got so much attention from people who I thought hated me, and I loved that, didn't I? And here is Michael, broken. What sort of person am I? Makes me think that all those people who saw me as hateable were right.

Wednesday September 8<sup>th</sup>

Shit! The best thing. I think. Michael's main doctor came into his room with the news that, even though his vertebrae is badly broken, the injury to his spinal cord is not complete, so he may not be in the dire straights they first thought. Michael's mum took my hand and asked the doctor what his chances of walking again were, and the doctor goes "it's really up to Michael". As soon as he put it like that, we all knew that Michael would be alright. On the way home, Summer Love came on the car radio, and Michael's mum and I sang and bawled all the way home.

Later: Now I know the black misery is my friend, do you think it's possible I can get the old Bernie back, Diary?

Thursday September 9<sup>th</sup>

Cheryl, Julie and Dianne came over with the big news that Mental has been charged, and they reckon that no-one blames me for dobbing him into the cops. They were bitching about him like crazy and they were going on about how he could have killed all of us. I told them that we were just as bad for making him feel like a big man for driving like a maniac. The thing is, he's such a suck, if we'd told him to slow down he probably would have. They gave me a look like I was stuck-up and I was relieved when they left, which was soon. God, I hope they don't visit again. It doesn't feel right being around them anymore. We never cared about each other and that's not suiting me so much anymore.

Friday September 10<sup>th</sup>

Spent the whole day in hospital with Michael, and the man who had the head-on with Mental came to see him. He's in a wheelchair but it's only temporary and he's got heaps of stitches too. He told us about his wife, who was in the car too. She's got swelling on the brain (poor bitch),

and he's got his fingers crossed because the doctor's just told him she may come out of it okay. He found out that I was the one who gave the full story to the cops and he was really grateful because now they can get compensation or something. I could hardly look at him. If only he knew the whole story.

Sunday September 12<sup>th</sup>

Dad took me to the hospital to get my stitches taken out. The student doctor who did the procedure left heaps of glass in my face, and his supervisor felt all the bits of glass in my chin. He wasn't happy and he called all these other student doctors to feel it too. Dad told the Doctor off. We held hands walking back to the car. Holding his hand doesn't feel natural. We've never really known how to be around each other, especially since he left.

Later: Michael's mum just rang. He's going to be in hospital for two to three months.

Monday September 20<sup>th</sup>

I'm going to school tomorrow and Michael is worried I'm not up to it. I think he thinks the boys will pick on me cos I look like such a freak, but I've never felt calmer in my life. I know that there's no point putting on an act anymore because my scars are right out there for all to see. All that is left is the real me. It's like being hungover. And now I've had a brush with death, I've got a great excuse not to do things I don't want to do. Why Michael keeps caring about me after all the things I've done, I'll never know.

Later: I just realised I haven't drunk or smoked or stuffed my face since the accident, and I haven't missed any of it. I don't need that other stuff now I've got my scars.

Later: Now all I can think of is having a smoke. Ha! I don't have any anyway.

Tuesday September 21<sup>st</sup>

The first day back was weird. Mum drove me and she went in to talk to Mr Cavanagh first, just to make sure they were expecting me or something. As the day went on, I realised how much smarter than me everyone else is (except, Cheryl, Julie and Dianne). It's just hit me how much I've slacked off this year and now I can see just how much smarter than me everyone else is (except the three moles and Darrell and Knackers). Why couldn't I see that before? I've been panicking all day. I hung around mostly with Pauline and Fiona. Cheryl was waiting for me at the lockers to walk home and she was sighing, like I was taking too long and I go to her, "Don't wait – just go". She couldn't believe it, and she mumbled something to herself as she limped off. What will I do if I fail Form 4?

Wednesday September 22<sup>nd</sup>

Here we go again. Cheryl, Julie and Dianne have really hooked up with Darrell and Knackers again and Cheryl is trying to get them to turn against me, cos she reckons I've got up myself since the accident. Bevan told me. He said she said that I need to learn that I'm not the only one who was badly injured (meaning herself!). At the end of the day I found a note in my locker, saying that I'd better watch myself tomorrow. So, here I sit in my bed, amazed that so much has changed and yet I'm right back where I started from. God, who can be bothered with this shit?

Thursday September 23<sup>rd</sup>

Michael is looking better all the time. His bruising is fading and the swelling has gone down a lot. I catch the bus to the hospital after school everyday and take his school work to him. The grouse nurses have hooked up a device for him to put his books on so he can read and write lying on his back. We both do our homework together. I am dumber than dumb. How could I let myself get so far behind? I wonder if Mr Cavanagh is still prepared to tutor me.

PS. Cheryl's big plan to get me hasn't worked. No-one wants to hang shit on scar-face. I was kind of disappointed when nothing happened. Maybe I want a fight?

Friday September 24<sup>th</sup>

Even though we didn't say anything to each other, it's obvious me and Cheryl aren't walking to school anymore, so I just left without her. It felt so great I wish I'd done it ages ago. I got there early and went to see Mr Cavanagh about my school work and he was rapt that I'm finally showing an interest. He just wishes it didn't have to take a near-death experience to knock some sense into me, and we both laughed. I told him how different I feel and he reckons that the accident has liberated me. He wants me to write an essay about it. God, I love him. Anyway, he said he'd be honoured to tutor me, provided I promise to pass Form 4. He doesn't even want any money. Spunk! School was good. I realise for the first time how grouse the dags are. Funniest bastards and non-moles out.

Later: I can't sleep. You know what it is. But I've come so far and let so much out that it won't hurt to leave one thing still inside.

Saturday September 25<sup>th</sup>

I feel like I'm in the best dream and the worst nightmare all at once. My guilt over Michael is all through me, but I also feel like the hateable Bernie is gone. It's very confusing. Mum and I had a talk, and she asked what I'd think if Jack came over for dinner. I went cold and she said that it really wouldn't hurt for me to make more of an effort with him. I told her that he called me a fat piece of shit. She went like stone. She didn't say anything (as usual), she just went into her room

and made a phone call. I don't think we'll be seeing Jack again. If I knew it would be that easy, I would have told her ages ago.

Monday September 27<sup>th</sup>

Mr Cavanagh drove me to the hospital after school and he held a sort of class with me and Michael. It was good. I sort of kept up, so I'm losing my dumb-ness bit by bit. Feather, Scott, Dino and Bevan visited. Then Pauline and Fiona came in and we went to the cafeteria because Michael's room was too crowded. Pauline was in one of those funny moods where she tries too hard to make out like everything is grouse. I know something is going on. She's going through what I went through last year and I feel sick. I feel really depressed again. It could be Michael, or my scars, or Pauline, or the possibility of failing Form 4 or all of that. Or it could be something new. I just don't know what my insides are trying to tell me

PS. Yes you do know. You've left one thing inside and it'll always bring you down.

Tuesday September 28<sup>th</sup>

Here we go. It was last period and I was walking to Geography and I had to go past the I.S. room. I could hear Knackers and Darrell encouraging Pauline to sit at this particular desk. It was obvious they were up to something. Turns out, they'd dismantled the whole thing and put it back together, but without the nails, so when she sat down, the whole desk crumbled beneath her. She fell sprawling onto the floor and her legs were spread all over the place and, of course, Darrell, Julie, Dianne and Cheryl laughed. Pauline was that embarrassed. Then Knackers went to 'help' her up, and he did this by grabbing her mick. I raced into the room and grabbed his hand and I bent his finger back so hard that I heard it snap. I broke his finger. Knackers was lying on the floor moaning and he looked pathetic. Darrell didn't go to help him. No-one did. They were just stunned. I feel bad about it, but I guess I can't feel too bad because I'm smiling as I'm writing this. Pauline was upset, but she was grateful. I didn't tell her that it suited me anyway.

Later: I might be in big trouble. Mrs Fowler (the acting Principal) just rang and told Mum we've got a meeting with her tomorrow. I think I'm going to be expelled for breaking Knackers' finger. Mum was going mental, and she kept asking what got into me. She said she never thought I'd hurt anyone. She didn't think I had it in me.

Later: Pauline's Dad came over. He heard about our meeting and promised he will do everything in his power to stop me from getting into trouble. Pauline's dad broke down in tears and thanked me for sticking up for his daughter, cos she's had a bad year. He sobbed and sobbed, saying it's all been so hard. I guess he was talking about his family situation in general. Seeing a grown-up man cry like that was sadder than anything I went through last year. I think Mum felt guilty for seeing the worst in me.

Wednesday September 29<sup>th</sup>

What a strange, strange day. Knackers and his foster mum (who was surprisingly nice) had their meeting with Mrs Fowler first. Then Mum and I went into Mrs Fowler's office and Mr Cavanagh was there. I wasn't nervous. Mrs Fowler said that, while she applauds people who stand up for the underdog, she said in this case my reaction to Knackers was disproportionate. I told them the whole poking story from 1975. I didn't even hesitate, it just all came out. Tears were pouring out of Mum's eyes, but she didn't make a sound, Mr Cavanagh said something about everything suddenly making a lot of sense and Mrs Fowler warned me to think very hard before I go accusing people. I was calm and just said that it was true. I wasn't even embarrassed. Then we waited again while Mrs Fowler and Mr Cavanagh talked to Knackers and his foster mum again, and Knackers denied it. He said I asked him and Darrel to poke me but they wouldn't. Then we all waited in different areas, and two cops came and I had to tell the whole story again to them. Then they talked to Knackers and he denied it all again. Then Darrell and his dad came up and they asked Darrell his version of events and Darrell denied it too, of course. We went home. Mum didn't say much as usual, but it wasn't the silent treatment. I think she just never knows what to say. The cops told me that it's my word against the boys' so there's not much they can do. Mum went mental. She goes that I'm a very modest girl and she said that I wouldn't make something like that up if it wasn't true. I was rapt she was on my side. I think the cops believed me and they said I could take it further but there's not much chance without evidence. Then there was a knock at our front door and Darrell and his dad came in. Darrell's voice was trembling and he told me he had no idea what Knackers was going to do that night. Darrell told the cops everything from start to finish even though he was incriminating himself. The cops were rapt and they left really quickly to visit Knackers. Darrell and his dad didn't hang around – I think they were both pretty embarrassed. I thanked Darrell and just nodded without looking up. Something about his face reminded me of me. He sucked up to Knackers just like I sucked up to Cheryl. He treated me like shit, but I let him, and it wasn't much different to how I treated Melissa. I'm glad Darrell's the one who saved me. Not just for my sake, but for his.

Thursday September 30<sup>th</sup>

Knackers' foster mum came to clear out Knackers' locker and word is he's not coming back to school. I don't think the school expelled him. I think his foster mum thought it would be best to take the decision out of their hands. I could almost feel the whole school relaxing. Darrell spent most of the day on his own. Aside from that, it was a real worrying day. It's like all my teachers are talking a different language, and I'm shitting myself that I'll have to repeat Form 4. Mum was really pissed off at me for not telling her about last year. She reckons it was cruel cos it never gave her the chance to be a good mother to me. She reckons that all this time we've been pulling in different directions wouldn't have been necessary if I was just honest with her. At the time, I thought she wouldn't believe me, or she'd at least say I asked for it. I told her that and she was really sad that I saw it that way. Apart from being stupider than stupid, I feel like there's

nothing stopping me now from being the old Bernie again. Not that I can ever be ten out of ten, not after what happened to Michael. And not after the way I treated Melissa. And there's always the 'Dad' thing. Him not leaving me a note like Anne and Bob has always been with me somewhere. I think it hangs around inside with the black misery. 7 out of 10 ain't bad.

Friday November 12<sup>th</sup>

Sorry it's been so long since I've written, but I've been studying like a mentally deranged woman. I still don't know if I'll pass. I guess repeating Form 4 won't be the worst thing, unless Julie, Dianne and Cheryl repeat too. Ha! I haven't spoken to the three moliest moles for ages and I can't believe we ever had anything in common. They're just the same now as they were before the accident; hanging around with the same guys, and drinking and spinning and thinking that's impressive. School's really peaceful since Knackers left and it's like Bevan, Dino and Scott are more like the guys they were in 1974, but more mature. They went off last year, but everyone and everything went a bit wonky under Knackers' regime. They never lost themselves completely, though, not like Darrell, who doesn't seem to belong anywhere anymore. I think he's going to leave at the end of the year and do an apprenticeship. No-one talks about Mental, but I think he's in deep trouble with the cops and I think Michael and I (and everyone involved) will have to go to court. I think Michael's mum is suing Mental, but I don't like to ask. The whole poking incident still isn't over either, but I won't think about that til the exams are over. Better go. Mr Cavanagh will be here to tutor me any minute. He still won't take any money. He wants his payment in Passes.

Later: Mum, Mr Cavanagh and I spent a lot of the time talking. He reckons that my academic and emotional development was stunted for an extended period, but he's still confident that I can just pull through this year, and certainly catch up to the standard of the other students during Form 5 and 6 (as long as I work hard). He also said that there is a lot to be said for learning things the hard way, and he suspects I'll get through life just fine. Mum started crying and gave him a hug. I am so full of love for him. I am so thankful someone like him always thought a lot of someone like me. He and Michael are the most precious things in my life. Plus Michael's mum. And Anne and Bob. And Pauline and Fiona. And especially my mum.

Saturday November 13<sup>th</sup>

Michael came home today and a crowd of people gathered to welcome him. The doctors can't believe how well he's done and everyone clapped (some bawled) when he got out of the car and walked a bit on his own. The big surprise was when Melissa paid a visit. She hates her girls' school and said that she's still looking for that one perfect girlfriend like me. I reminded her I was a shit friend, and we pissed ourselves laughing, but Melissa really does have to stop searching for one friend. It just makes girls want to pull in the opposite direction. Pauline and Fiona were there too and they're grouse as usual and Pauline's like everyone else, just relieved

that Knackers has pissed off. They're my best friends, but it's not like we hang around together all the time at school. The whole 'groups' thing doesn't really exist anymore (except for the three moles). Everyone still has their main friends, but it's no big deal if we all bleed into each other. I guess nearly losing Michael made us realise what a big deal really is, so stuff like whether you're a dog or a mole, a Sherbet or a Skyhooks fan, a brain or dumby, really doesn't matter. We're as much the same as we are different. We're all just a little bit more like Michael.

Tuesday November 16<sup>th</sup>

Michael and I walk to the shop together every night and he wants it to take less time each time we do it. Yesterday it took 31 minutes (it's normally a three minute walk, not that I remind him of that), and tonight it was 29 ½ minutes. His mum has put me in charge of making sure he doesn't overdo it, which scares the shit out of me, if you really want to know. I handed in my essay today – the one Mr Cavanagh asked me to write about the accident - and I'm biting my nails. It's either absolute shit or it's really good. I know it's not somewhere in the middle. Actually, the whole thing was inspired by something Mr Cavanagh said about learning the hard way. Remember that leaf, you know the one from 1974 that I messed around with at Gayle's house? The essay was about that. Thanks to me, it was the first one to open, but it was weak and deformed and it was one of the first leaves to fall. I took away its opportunity to figure things out for itself so, while its birth was easier, it never had the chance to be strong like the other leaves. Even though I've been really unhappy these last couple of years, and even though I didn't understand what my depression was really trying to tell me, that leaf reminds me that I shouldn't regret doing things the hard way and that maybe I won't fall too easily or early. That's not to say I don't feel guilty about Michael. The guilt is part of who I am now, and I don't ever want to lose it because it's exactly what will keep me and everyone I love safe from now on.

Friday November 19<sup>th</sup>

Mr Cavanagh gave me an A+ for the essay and he hinted that I'm going to pass Form 4. He probably wants me. HA!

1982

17th June

Dear Mrs Evans,

It's Norma here, from the Egan family who bought your house last year. We've settled in very well. Your home had a lovely atmosphere which is why we fell in love with it, and we've endeavoured to keep that warmth by making relatively few changes. We built a higher front fence to block out the traffic noise (they do tear along this street, don't they?), we renovated the kitchen and we dismantled the built-in furniture in the downstairs bedrooms and that's pretty much it. We're delighted with the end result and you're more than welcome to pop in anytime for a sticky beak. I mean that sincerely.

Our thoughts are with sweet-natured Bob who must be despairing over South Melbourne's move to Sydney. Here's hoping the team compensates by winning some matches and maybe even making the finals before too long. On a brighter note, we believe Anne and Frank's wedding was like a fairytale and that Anne was a beautiful bride – no surprises there of course and we wish them every happiness. We had a lovely long chat to Michael recently, who was just back from visiting Bernadette in London. He says she's very happy working her way around the world, but he's certain she'll finally settle back in her home town of Melbourne. I'll bet you're relieved! Our Sylvia is as happy as Larry in Bernie's old room and has even managed to keep the pot-plant alive that Bernie so kindly left for her.

The main purpose of me getting in touch is to send you the enclosed bits and pieces for Bernie, which we found had fallen between the two panels of the bed frame when we took it apart. It's mostly old cut outs from magazines (the picture of David Cassidy shows just how far back the collection dates!), but we didn't want to throw it all out just in case. After all, who are we to say what's trash and what's treasure?! Most significantly, there's an unopened note with Bernie's name on it, and something tells me that IS treasure. If you could forward it on to her with our warmest wishes, we'd be ever so grateful.

All the best to you, Mrs Evans, and please send our regards to your family. We hope you're healthy and happy and enjoying yourself as much in your new home as we are in ours.

Norma, Ted and Sylvia Egan

Bern,

It's new years' day 1975, and here I am in the kitchen with my pen hovering over my notepad, trying to write you a letter. I've got to get it done because you'll be here soon and then I have to tell you that I'm leaving. I don't know how to do this. I can't be completely honest, but it's not fair to give you half truths either. All I can do is beg you to forgive the unforgivable, and ask that you love your old man, even though he's far from perfect, because he loves his Big Chief Crazy Horse from the bottom of his heart. I'm proud of the person you've become, so very, very proud.

Whatever happens, know that my love for you and your brother and sister will never change. My children are my greatest achievements, and you deserve better than the hurt I've caused, and Bern, you didn't ask for any of it.

Dad xxx

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#### About the Author

Jenny Lewis has written, script edited or story edited for countless television shows over the past 20 years, including The Comedy Company, Neighbours, Full Frontal, Blue Heelers, Stingers, Home and Away, All Saints, Packed to the Rafters and Winners and Losers. The Secret Diaries of a Frigid Mole is Jenny's first novel, and was sparked by her passion for providing relevant stories and authentic role models for young people.