

Tuesday 4 Feb

I wanted to start this brand-new diary with some really exciting news, like I've been invited to become a blindfolded trapeze artist for Zippy's Flying Circus, or I've just won the world record for eating the most chicken nuggets while hopping on one leg, or I've learnt how to speak double Dutch. But no. Instead, I have to start this diary with the Most Depressing News in the History of Diaries.

Ever.



Our teacher, Mr. Bacon, wants us to do — wait for it — a Valentine's Day project.

Can you believe it???

Blargh!

(I've opened my *Exploring Japan* book and stood it on my desk in front of me so Mr. Bacon can't see me writing in my diary.)

What's so special about Valentine's Day? It's just a day when grown-ups go all soppy over each other. It's full of cheesy movies on TV and icky love songs on the radio. *yawn* And there are the cards.



The shops are full of them. They're ALL red and pink and covered in hearts. I tried to find the silliest

one in the supermarket yesterday while Mum was choosing vegetables. The top three were:

1. A picture of a pizza with "Roses are red, violets are blue, this may be cheesy but I love you."



2. "We go together like egg and chips."

3. "I love you more than words can say." (I can't imagine *ever* feeling *anything* I couldn't say with words. Even if it's only made-up words, like when I feel ickerly-wickerly or fizzulated.)

Catie just leaned over to whisper that I'm always fizzulated.

STOP PEEKING AT MY DIARY, CATIE!

OK! ← (Catie wrote that.)

(I've stood Catie's *Exploring Japan* book on the desk between us so she can't see me either. She keeps giggling and pretending to peek over the top.)

Since my best friend, Rachel, moved away to Scotland, Catie has become my second-favourite person in the whole world



(even if she *is* a PEEKER). We don't agree on *everything* though. For example: my favourite TV show is *CopShop* and her favourite TV show is *Celebrity Gymnast*. (I watched *CelebGym* with her last week. An ancient newsreader fell off the balance beam, and a TV chef got stuck on the parallel bars and had to be helped down. He was dangling over the top bar shouting, "Save me! I 'ave been skewered!" in a really French accent. It reminded me of the time me and Mum tried flipping pancakes and mine landed on the clothes-drying rack and hung there like a floppy omelette. I guess *CelebGym* is pretty funny, but it's not as good as *CopShop*.)



Mr. Bacon is writing a list on the whiteboard. He's written ♡♡ "Valentine's Day Project Ideas" ♡♡ at the top and drawn big hearts either side with a pink marker! I hope he doesn't want us to write about *boys*. Boys are annoying. Some of them are OK, but mostly they just want to talk about football and sniff. Boys must have super-weird noses. I only sniff when I have a cold, but *boys* sniff ALL THE TIME.

Ha ha! Jason Matlock is standing on his chair. Again. He did the same thing last week and Mr. Bacon had to tempt him down by promising him he could run round the playground five times. Mum

says that some boys are like puppies — they need lots of food and lots of exercise. She says that school is the worst place for them because if they can't run around, they get restless and start chewing on the furniture. Perhaps Jason's mum should send him in with a squeaky toy.



While Mr. Bacon is talking Jason down, I can write my own list.

Why Boys Are Annoying

1. They push people in the playground.

2. They eat messily.



3. They talk in class (I write in my diary in lessons, but that doesn't distract anyone).

4. They like football.



5. They think burping is funny.

When do boys stop being a pain? I guess when they grow up. Mr. Bacon doesn't push the other teachers in the playground. But Dad still likes football, and he used to eat messily and burp until Mum told him not to. Was that why they got divorced? Did Dad want to be able to burp at mealtimes? He's got a girlfriend now. She's called Faye.

I wonder if she lets him burp when they
go out for meals?

When I know her better, I'll ask her.