

Saturday the 7th of May,  
sitting on my bed  
getting ready to do  
some thinking.



Hi girls!

I'm starting this new journal 'cos I've got lots of thinking to do, and when lots of thoughts start buzzing round in my head I have to write them down so I can actually *see* what I'm thinking, if you get what I mean. And then I can think about it.

All my thinking is to do with Tilda, who is my fab **BFF** (**BFF** means Best Friend Forever, **BTW**). (**BTW** means By The Way, **BTW**.)

*Firstly* Tilda wants us three (that's me and her and my other **BFF** Julietta Garcia Perez Benediccionario, most usually known as Jules) to go to this meeting on Monday for the new school mag. We got handed these flyers about it in English last week.



*Got something to say?*

Come along to the English room at 12.30  
on Monday 9th May to find out how  
**YOU** can get involved in our  
*Wicked New School Mag!*

**WORD!**

*Oh dear, this is  
Mr. Wright trying to be  
down wid da kidz.  
Cringe!*

*Eeeeeekkkkkk!!!! No one who  
wears faded cords and a  
jacket with leather patches  
on the sleeves should be  
allowed to say that!!!!*

Tilda is really brainy so she's into doing  
lunchtime activities, like, for example, she already  
has piano twice a week. For *my* lunchtime activity  
I like to go in the loos and try out different make-

up and hairstyles with Jules. Mrs. Stepton our  
science teacher calls this *vacuous Activity* and  
always shoos us outside for our *Fresh Air and  
Exercise*, and I have to explain to her that as my  
life's ambition is to be a *Real Actual Fashion  
Designer*, trying out hairstyles and make-up is  
way more important than hanging around in the  
playground trying not to get hit by tennis balls,  
which the boys use as footballs, 'cos they're not  
allowed actual footballs, 'cos they're dangerous,  
but in fact tennis balls are more dangerous due to  
being pingy and unpredictable when you kick  
them. Oh, dear, there were no full stops  
whatsoever in that whole bit. I hope you are  
reading this in your head, or you would have  
passed out from not breathing!

Anyway, we are all three going to the meeting  
because we are **BFF**, so we have to do important  
things together.

Tilda reckons we should spend the weekend  
thinking of what we could do on the mag using

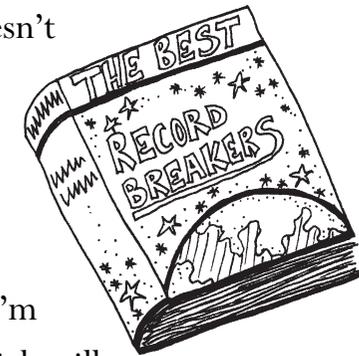
our *Unique Talents*. I want to do something about fashion, *of course*, but what? So I have got thinking to do for that, plus the thinking I have already got to do about Tilda's birthday, which is on the 14th of May, i.e. next Saturday, one week from now.

It is *soooooo* unfair that Tilda's going to be 13 when I'm not going to be it for 103 days, or that she has already got her Q when I'm still waiting for mine. (Q means period, BTW. We made up a secret code word so we can talk about it even when boys are there, and P sounded too obvious. Ingenious, huh?)

Jules has already been 13 for 184 days, but luckily she hasn't got her Q yet, so at least those two are not in a club of matureness without me. Oh, it would be *soooooo* amazing if my Q could just arrive right now, especially 'cos last week me and Jules were acting out telling our mums we'd got it, so now we're, like, *totally prepared*.



But to be honest it doesn't seem very likely to arrive soon because I am a *late developer* (as Mum and the assistants in Marks and Spencer's bra department call it – **CRINGE!!!**). That means I probably won't even get mine till I'm about 23 or something, and I'll be the oldest girl in the world who doesn't have it and my name will be in all the Record Breaker annuals that people get for Christmas and everyone will know I'm the latest starter ever, which will be just *soooooo* embarrassing!



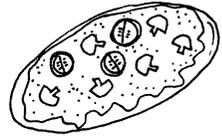
Still, I suppose it isn't Tilda's fault she was born before me (and has started before me), so I am going to be very mature and forget being lime-green with envy and instead get on with planning a fab birthday happening for her.

Here are my ideas so far:



## ☆ What To Do For Tilda's Birthday ☆

- 1) Go shopping
- 2) Go out for pizza
- 3) See something at the cinema
- 4) Get loads of cool stuff from The Body Shop and then have a pampering sesh and makeovers
- 5) Have a sleepover



Hmmm, they all sound really fun, but I can't choose. The thing is that they don't seem **BIG** enough for something as important as your 13th birthday. After all, 13 is the magic doorway between being a *Very-Nearly-Teenager* and being an *Actual Teenager*. Teenager-ness is *the* most exciting time ever in your whole life, which is why adults keep wanting to be teenage *again*, which is why they say stuff like "wicked" and "word" and why my dad still wears leather trousers. I keep trying to tell him that they are in no way cool with



the waistband of his ginormous pants sticking out the top, but he won't listen!

Oh, wow, I have just been struck with a



I could throw Tilda a Surprise Birthday Party!

We can have cool drinks and food and music and games and dancing and everything! Maybe Mum'll even make Tilda a birthday cake if I ask really nicely and do flattery, like saying, "Wow, those trousers look great! You've really lost weight with all the stress of becoming a single parent!"

How totally fab will that be?!

*Answer: Totally, totally, totally fab!*

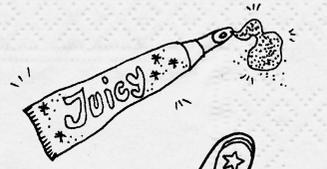
I have also got some ideas of what present to get Tilda, which I wrote on a napkin in the Cool Cats café when I was waiting for Mum to



come back from the ladies' loo, which is called  
*Dolls* in Cool Cats because it's all 50s style.

☆ Ideas of What To Get Tilda ☆

1. Juicy Jelly lipgloss  
(that'll stop her borrowing mine!)
2. Purple glitter nail stars  
(then I can borrow hers!)
3. Pink jewelled mobile cover  
(she hasn't got a mobile, but she'll probably get one soon, because, like, everyone has.)
4. Bacon crisps ('cos her dad is very stricty and she's not allowed them at home.)
5. Pink bangles from New Look (just because!)



Oh, just a sec...