the lost diary of Sami Star

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the lost diary of Sami Star

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Chapter 1
Hello? Am I invisible?

"Leave me *alone*!"

"Victoria! Listen to your mother!"

Uh-oh. My stupid family are at it *again*.

That's my dad I can hear, shouting at my big sister. Dad only calls her Victoria when he's angry. The rest of the time he calls her Vix, like everyone else does.

Every single day, my big sister and my parents argue about something.

Mum nags Vix about all the dirty mugs stashed in her room. Vix snaps at Mum for making a fuss over nothing. Dad narks about Vix playing her music too loud. Vix growls about Mum and Dad treating her like a kid.

What is it today? I think to myself.

"No – I won't. I'm *sick* of this, Mum!" Vix shouts.

"Don't talk to your mother like that, Victoria! Come back and say sorry this minute or—"

Slam!!!

Vix has stormed out of the living room and whacked the door shut.

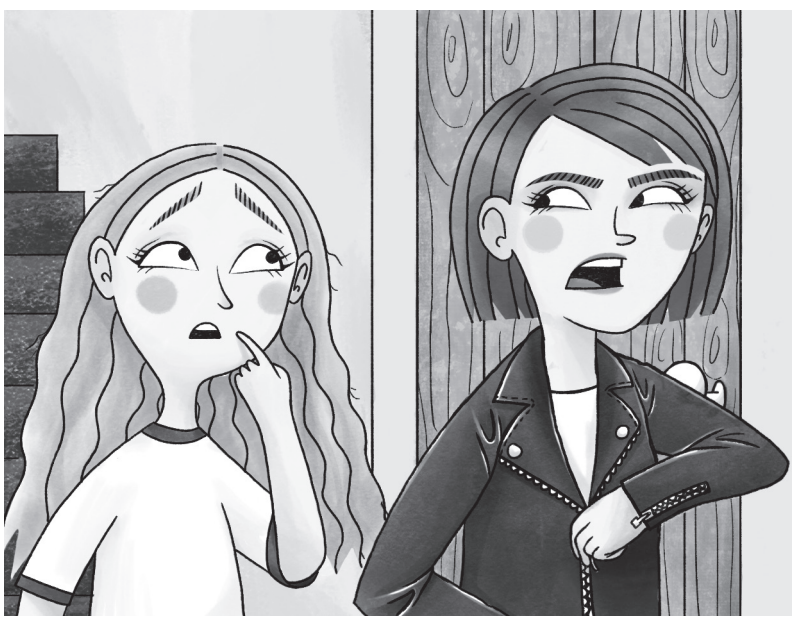
I stand frozen half-way up the stairs. The thing is, I don't want to get in the middle of this war zone – I've tried before, but nobody takes any notice. Sometimes I feel like saying

“Hello? I’m Hannah. Can you see me? Or am I invisible?”

But now Vix spots me.

“They won’t let it go, Hannah!” she says as she grabs her jacket from the coat rack. “How many times have I said I don’t want to go to university?”

“Lots,” I murmur.



She's said it non-stop over the last months. And now that A levels are coming up, Mum and Dad are going on at Vix even more.

"And what did Mum just do?" says Vix as she throws on her coat. "She showed me a newspaper article saying it's not too late to apply!"

At least they're arguing about the actual problem. I'm fed up with all the smaller fights about silly stuff like messy mugs. The real problem is that Mum and Dad think that:

* Vix is a total brainiac, and

* she's gone totally mad.

"I mean, don't they understand that *not everyone wants to go to university*?" shouts Vix.

She's not shouting because I'm deaf. She's shouting so Mum and Dad can hear loud and clear through the living-room door.

Slam!!!

I'm sure Mum and Dad heard that too – it's the front door this time, and Vix is gone.

There's a stunned silence, then I hear Mum and Dad ask each other what they're going to do about Vix. They're always saying the same thing in the same frantic way. They've asked each other this a million times before, and I'm fed up with it.

Fed up that Vix and Mum and Dad never listen to each other. Fed up that no one listens to *me*.

Do any of them know that I got the lead part in the school play? Or that my favourite teacher, Ms Barr, is leaving to have a baby? Do any of them know I'm finding Maths really hard at the moment? Or that I've had this on-and-off pain in my tummy for ages, which I'm pretty sure is down to stress? My good stuff, my bad stuff – none of it is important.

In the last few weeks, it's like the colour has drained out of our happy home. Life in the house feels black and white – and it feels like there's a blinding spotlight pointing straight at Vix. No one even sees me. I'm in the shadows.

Well, I need them to see me too.

I shrug on my jacket, grab my bag and slip out of the door with only a soft click of the lock.

I don't think my parents will even spot that I've gone …