3 October

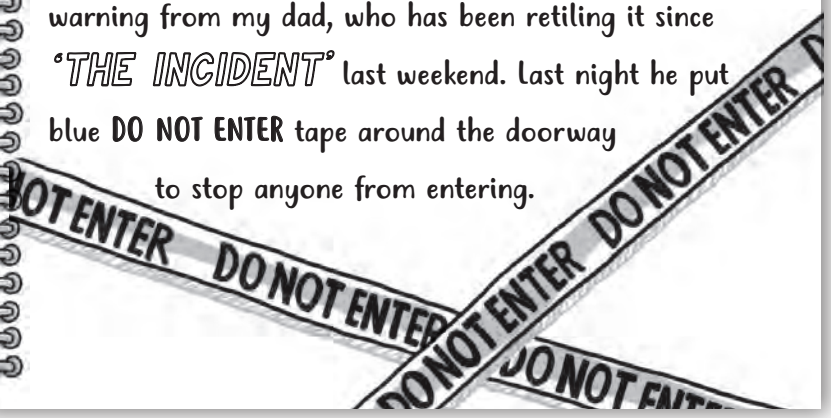
THE SNAKE AND THE SNORKEL

9 a.m.

So, it is hard to even know where to start. I wasn't sure I was going to carry on with this journal when we went back to school. I started it in the summer holidays to write down all of the mayhem that seemed to be happening around me. I **thought** it might have calmed down by now, but I should have known better.

It is Saturday morning. And I have only just woken up. This weekend is throwing up a lot of problems. **ALREADY**.

The upstairs bathroom is still a **NO-GO ZONE**, which sadly also means a **NO-SHOWER ZONE**. This is a strict warning from my dad, who has been retiling it since *'THE INCIDENT'* last weekend. Last night he put blue **DO NOT ENTER** tape around the doorway to stop anyone from entering.



like it is some kind of crime scene. Maybe it is . . .

And then there is the **SMALL** issue of . . . ***THE LOST SNAKE***. I'll come back to that in a second.

Both situations are causing **chaos** in the Drew household. And it is quite a lot to deal with THIS early.

At the moment, my mum is forming a line of one in the hallway for the downstairs toilet. But Troy is in there, trying to fit his hair in the hand basin to wash it. It could be a long wait. There is A LOT of hair. My brother has a hair **OBSESSION**.

Mum doesn't even need to use the toilet but wants to bleach it. She thinks that a fully disinfected house will put the lost snake off making its next home anywhere near her. I'm not sure she has any evidence to back her theory up, but nevertheless she has used **FOUR WHOLE** bottles of Domestos since we heard about the snake situation yesterday afternoon.



And now my dad is outside in his swimming trunks taking what he is calling a *'natural shower'*. Which basically means . . . **standing in the rain**.



'I think this is my best idea yet, Troy,' I heard my dad shouting in through the window to the downstairs toilet.

I suspect that is unlikely. And anyway, Troy can't reply because he is in there **face down** in the sink, which is filled with water and a hundred hair products.

To be fair, I do give my dad credit for his persistence. He's been in the garden covered in shower gel for an hour now. Which the cold drizzle is just not washing off. He is like one big ***(SHIVERING)*** cloud of foam.

'I'm not sure we even need to fix the upstairs bathroom,' he carried on. I think his teeth were chattering now. *'Maybe I'll just turn it into a home gym.'*

It turned out Troy could hear after all. Dad's latest



suggestion that the upstairs bathroom may never reopen was enough to raise him *(and his hair)* up from the plughole.

'Dad!' he said. *'You have got to get it fixed. I need the shower back. Like ASAP. I have almost drowned down here three times this week.'*

And then Troy emerged from the downstairs bathroom wearing a snorkel.

