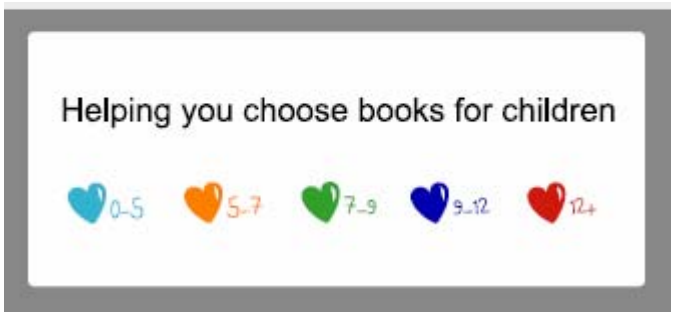
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Opening extract from

luuurve is a Many Trousered Thing...

Written by

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Please print off and read at your

Sunday July 17th

7:00 a.m.

Woke up from a dream where Dr Clooney was looking at my head and saying, "I have never seen anything like it! Her head is one enormous boil!" and for a minute forgot that I had two boyfriends.

I checked in the mirror and there has been no pustulating boil extravaganza, so I seem to have escaped catching the Black Death from Gordy's little mousey snack, thank the Lord. Although my head has exploded, hairwise. I may have to iron it.

7:35 a.m.

Crept downstairs and made some toast and tea. I must keep my strength up.

There is snoring coming from every room. Mum made Dad sleep in the spare room because of his snoring and she is louder than him! I must be kind, though: she probably has difficulty breathing because of the weight of her enormous nungas. If mine grow as big as hers I will definitely donate them to some charity.

It is a nice day. The birds are humming and the bees a-singing and I can see Angus the furry Luuurve Machine lolling around in the morning sun with Naomi. They are very much in love if the amount of bum-oley licking is anything to go by.

Back in my bed with snacksies

Five minutes later

I must consult with a book of wisdomosity.

Five minutes later

This double boyfriend fandango is not mentioned in Mutti's book *How to Make Any Twit Fall in Love with You*.

Three minutes later

Maybe Robbie and Masimo will have to have fisticuffs at dawn to decide who gets me. Who knows what the right etiquette is in this scenario?

One minute later

One thing is for sure. I will not be asking Dave the Laugh, my Horn Adviser and occasional snoggee, to the fight. He will only think it is a laugh and start shouting out stuff like, "Hit him with your handbag, Masimo!" or "Mind the hair, love!" Anyway, Dave is too busy to give me advice these days. He will be with his "girlfriend". I wonder what number they have got up to on the snogging scale?

Shut up, brain! I don't want to think about Dave – he is an ex-snoggee. And just a mate. I have enough to worry about without Dave popping up all the time – oo-er.

7:55 a.m.

This does mean that I am going to have to be on high beauty and glamorosity alert at all times. One of my multi boyfriends may be so driven by snognosity that he rushes round here first thing in the morning. I must be prepared. But no one must know. I must exude glamour but in a natural just-tumbled-out-of-bed way.

Soooo just a hint of foundation, touch of bronzer, lippy, mascara and tiny bit of eyeliner. Which I like to think looks like I have a touch of the Egyptian in my genes.

That is what I like to think.

8:00 a.m.

Now what to wear? Nightwear or daywear?

What would you wear if you had unexpectedly woken up to the doorbell ringing and you didn't know who it was but you suspected it might be a Luuurve or a Sex God?

8:01 a.m.

Not Teletubbies pyjamas, that is *le* fact.

You would think that Radio Jas would have been on the airwaves of life wanting to know what happened to me, and also wanting to report what had happened after I left the gig. I suppose I will just have to wait until she wakes up, or the rest of the Ace Gang wakes up to let me know what is going on. I must use the steely discipline for which I am world renowned.

8:35 a.m.

That's it, I can't stand it any more.

Crept out of the house. I won't leave a note because no one will notice I am missing for hours. The last thing I want is a cross examination from Herr Vati. Or Mum being "interested".

Outside on the drive

Angus is still lying on his back on the wall while Naomi licks his face, and now she has started on his bum-oley. How disgusting. Kittyporn first thing in the morning.

Also, they are both covered in what looks like snot.

Oh, Blimey O'Reilly's trousers, it isn't snot; it's frogspawn. They have been maurauding about in Mr and Mrs Next Door's new marine conservation area – known to other normal people as a bucket with disgusting tadpoles and slime and so on in it. The Prat brothers, also know as Mr Next Door's annoying and useless toy poodles, were on marine conservation lifeguard duty, so all Angus had to do was duff them up a bit, round them up into their kennel, and then it was a night of splashing around in the bucket to

his heart's content.

The Next Doors will go absolutely ballistic; they always do about the least thing. Mr Next Door has been hovering on the edge of a nervy spaz for the last year and this might drive him over the edge and into the rest home. His shorts will probably explode with the tension. Which is no bad thing, unless I happen to be around at the time and am exposed to the sight of his huge bottom looming about.

I said to Angus, "You are soooo bad, Angus, and in for big trub. That is a fact. *Au revoir*, dead kitty pal."

I'm sure he understands every word I say because he got idly to his feet, stretched, and nudged Naomi off the wall. He treats his girls rough.

Naomi leaped back on the wall and arched her back and raised her hackles, making that really mad screechy noise that Burmese cats do. She was spitting at Angus and teetering backwards and forwards. Really, really mad.

Angus was frightened. Not. When she got near enough he biffed her with his paw and she disappeared over the wall again. You had to laugh.

Not for long, though, because after he had rolled about on the lawn to get rid of the frogspawn he began stalking me.

Oh no, not today, my furry friend. I am not having him tagging along with me all day causing mayhem and eating anything that moves. I said, "Clear off, Angus, stay there. Sit. Sit."

I even threw him a stick to distract him and he ran bounding off after it, but then came back to trail along behind me.

I started running.

He started running.

I hid behind a wall.

His head loomed over the wall at me.

In the end, to give him the hint, I threw stones at him – some of them quite big.

Five minutes later

This is hopeless. He doesn't care about having stones thrown at him at all. He is senselessly brave.

One minute later

He is trying to catch the stones in his mouth.

One minute later

He's just slightly dazed himself by heading one of them.

In Jas's garden

9:00 a.m.

No sign of Jas being up and her curtains are drawn. Damny damn damn. She is so lazy, snoozing in Pantsland. I don't want to arouse any interest in the elderly mad by ringing the bell. Even though Jas's M and D are on the whole more acceptable than most, in that they provide snacks and Jas's dad doesn't speak, they are still technically in the elderly-loon category.

Three minutes later

How can I get Jas to get up without ringing the doorbell?

One minute later

Oh, here we are! There is a ladder in the shed. I can use my initiative and Girl Guide training (which I haven't got and never will have) and use the ladder to make a small fire to send smoke signals past her bedroom window. Shut up, brain.

Five minutes later

It must be a child's ladder as it only reaches to just above the lounge window. I would have to have orang-utan arms on stilts to reach Jas's window. Poo and *merde*.

Two minutes later

As I was looking up wondering how to make my arms grow, something bit my ankle really viciously. Angus was on the ladder with me, looking at me and playfully biting my legs. Ouch, bloody ouch.

I reached down to strangle him and I was just saying, "You bloody furry freak, I'll kill you when I get down from here…" when I saw Jas's dad standing on the garden path with his paper, smoking his unlit pipe. He was looking at me, like I was Norma Normal.

I said, "Ah yes, I was just… thinking I'd see what your garden looked like from up here. And yep, yep, it looks very, very nice indeed. Full of stuff. Growing and so on."

What was I talking about?

Five minutes later

Jas's dad is sensationally nice, or insane, it's hard to tell. He let Angus carry his newspaper into the house, and didn't even seem to mind when he ate it.

In Jas's bedroom

I managed to dig Jas out from underneath her owls. How many stuffed owls can one person collect? A LOT is the answer in her case. What is the matter with her? Also, she was vair vair grumpy when I woke her up with a kiss. It was only on her cheek but you would think she had been attacked by hordes of lesbians in cowboy outfits.

Blimey. She looks very odd in the mornings and her fringe was akimbo to the max. She looked like a startled earwig in jimmy-jams.

I said, “So, so? What happened?”

She looked at me and started early-morning fiddling with her fringe. Vair annoying.

She said, “You just ran off like a fool.”

I said, “Yes, I know, I was there.”

“Yes, you say that, but you weren’t there, that is the whole point. And everyone was going, ‘What’s Georgia doing? Has she gone mad?’ and so on.”

“Jas, if I get you a little cup of tea and a snacklet will you try to be normal and tell me everything that happened? It is a matter of life and death. YOUR life and YOUR death.”

Ten minutes later

It’s quite nice and cosy tucked up in bed with Jas and snacksies. Except that I think I have an owl’s beak up my bum-oley.

Jas was munching and rambling. “Well, first of all, after you had run off like a ninny – by the way, you run in a really weird way in those high heels. You looked like Nauseating P. Green when she’s playing hockey. Her legs go all spazzy and—”

I hit her with Snowy Owl. She almost choked on her toast.

I said, “Jas, get on with it, I have only got about fifty more years to live.”

“Well, first of all, the boys did that boy thing with Robbie.”

“What boy thing?”

“You know, slapping each other on the shoulders, shaking hands, and so on.”

“Yeah.”

Jas went on, “Robbie was saying hello to a lot of people and Masimo got his jacket on. You were just approaching the park by then; we could still see you. Masimo said to Tom, ‘She asked me about footie results. Then she ran away. Is she normal?’”

Ohmygiddygod. I said to Jas, “What did Tom say?”

“Well, he stood up for you, of course.”

“I love Hunky very much, as you know, Jazzy Spazzy.”

“Yes, he said you were quite often normal. He had seen you being normal once or twice himself. Usually when you were asleep.”

Marvellous.

Apparently after I had run off to “catch my train”, Masimo had gone home with the band, and just after he’d gone Wet Lindsay had come stropping back looking for him. Jas said her no-forehead was all crinkly and mad and her hair extensions were swishing around in a Nervy B. Central way. Then she had seen Robbie and was all over him like a rash and they had gone off together.

What, what???

I said, “Wet Lindsay went off with the Sex God?”

“Well, they did go out together once, didn’t they?”

“Yes, Jas, I know, I was heartbroken. Do you remember? “

“I mean, maybe he still likes her. I don’t know, maybe he has had a secret thing for her. Some people like lanky girls.”

“Jas, shut up now.”

“Well, I am just saying that absence makes the heart grow fonder, and so on. It’s an ill wind that—”

“Jas, that is not shutting up, that is rambling on and on about rubbish.”

She was chomping away on her Jammy Dodger like Wise Mabel of the Forest. I really, really wanted to shove it down her throat, but I knew it would take another million years to get the end of the story if I did, so I just said, “Jas, you know when you were going on and on about ‘maybe something good will happen’, and I didn’t want to go to the gig in the first place but you persuaded me, well, did you know that Robbie was going to be there?”

“Well, I sort of thought he might. I knew he was coming home because he rang Tom and said that he had booked his ticket. And that he would be back in time for the gig.”

“But did he say why he was coming home?”

“Erm, no, not exactly, no.”

Oh noooooo. I have left the cake shop of luuurve thinking I have accidentally bought two cakes and found out that I may have only got one cake. And I might have already eaten that. I may in fact be cakeless.

I said to Jas, “We must call an emergency Ace Gang meeting.”

“Well, I thought I might go to the river with Tom and—”

“No, Jas, you thought wrong.”

Park

Midday

Angus is still trailing me around like Inspector Morse in a furry coat. (and on all fours).

On the swings

Rosie said, “I hope this is worth it. Sven and me were going to practise artificial respiration on each other in case anyone chokes on the vats of mead at our wedding.”

Even the Ace Gang has no sense of community these days. Jas bleating on about missing Tom, Jools wanting to go hang around Rollo while he played footie, Rosie banging on about Sven – half-reindeer, half-fool – and Ellen… well, Ellen just being Ellen.

Five minutes later

Ellen, Rosie, Jools, Mabs, Jas and me are all swinging on the swings. Not backwards and forwards like normal people enjoying a day in the park, but sideways so that the Blunder Boys can't see anything. Life is not easy. The Blunder Boys are in the bushes watching us on the swings. They think we don't know they are there; it's pathetic. They are so noisy and keep falling over things and fighting with each other.

Five minutes later

Now the Blunder Boys are lying down on the ground, hoping they might see up our skirts. I can see their beaky eyes blinking under the branches. If they do happen to see our knickers they will think we are doing it on purpose to attract them. Dear God.

One minute later

Just then a Pekingese dog came hurtling by dragging its lead behind it, followed by Angus. Oh no. He loves Pekingese. A LOT. I hope it is a fast runner.

Anyway, I haven't got the time to worry about everything. If careless people will let their small dogs loll around in parks they are asking for trouble. It's a cat-eat-dog world.

Twenty minutes later

The general mood of the gang is that I should play it cool until I know what is really going on. Although what Ellen knows about cool I really don't know. She had a massive ditherspaz trying to describe how Dave the Laugh had said good night to her at the Stiff Dylans gig. Apparently, and I know this because I heard it about a zillion times, "Er, well… then he, well… and I didn't know what he meant, but then, well, he just said… he just said to me… he said…"

I shouted, "WHAT? What in the name of heaven, Ellen? WHAT, WHAT did he say?"

And I didn't even want to know; I just wanted to get to the bits about what happened after I left and what did people say about me and so on, but you know what people are like, it's just me, me, me with them.

Ellen went even more divvyish. Good grief. "He said, 'Well, good night then, Ellen, never eat anything bigger than your head.'"

I didn't know what to say.

No one did.

Fifteen minutes later

Anyway, the nub and the gist is that the Ace Gang are useless and don't know anything more than I do. It seems they all watched me run off like a loon (to catch my train) and then lolloped home. Useless.

However, I decided to forgive them. They are, after all, my besties.

And if I don't forgive them I will never find out anything. And also never go out again and stay in my house with my parents. So, grasping the

bull by its whatsits, I said to the gang, “In order to make a full and frank decision boyfriendwise, I have to know the intentions of the prospective snoggees.”

Ellen said, “Er, what are they? I mean who, what is, like, a snoggee?”

“Ellen, keep up, the pro snogs are Masimo and Robbie. Masimo said that he was single and free for me, but on the other hand did not come running after me and stop me getting on my train. And Robbie only had time to say hello and then not long after went off with Wet Lindsay. Soooo, did Robbie come to the gig to see me, or does he just want to be friends with me? Why has he come home?”

Rosie said, “Someone must go underground and subtly find out what Robbie’s intentions are. Shall I ask Sven? He could wear his camouflage flares.”

I said, “No.”

Jools said, “What about asking Dave the Laugh to find out?”

Ellen nearly fell over with pleasure. “Oh, yes, well, I mean, I could, well, maybe I could, like, go with him or something. Be like his assistant? But maybe that would be, like, too forward or something. What do you think… or something?”

I said, “No, Ellen, it has to be this year, really.”

Jas had gone off into Jasland. She was fiddling with her fringe and I could tell she had Tom and voles on her mind.

I said, “There is someone here, isn’t there, who knows Robbie’s brother quite well, shall we say, and who could use subtlety and casualosity to find out stuff? Isn’t there, Jas?”

Jas looked up like a dog when she heard her own name. “What do you mean? What do you want me to do?”

“I want you to find out about Robbie by asking Tom a few casual questions.”

Jas said, “Oh, OK. Can we go now?”

“The key word here, Jas, is ‘casualosity’. Casualosity. Can you say that, Jas?”

Jas got into her huffmobile. “I know how to be casual, Georgia.”

“Wrong.”

In bed

5:00 p.m.

I am absolutely full of exhaustosity. How difficult can it be to be casual? Four hours we have been coaching Jas. It was like talking to a lemming in a skirt.

First of all, we tried it her way. Always a mistake in my humble (but right) opinion. Her idea of casualosity essentially means that she says: “Does Robbie fancy Georgia? Or is he normal?”

I had to use clevernosity to get Jas to do what I wanted in the end. I said, “I’ve got an idea. You know how good you were as Lady Macuseless and

everything, Jas,?"

Jas said, "Yes, it took quite a lot out of me, actually. Do you remember the bit when I had the dagger and…"

Oh no, three million years were going to go by while she relived her big moments in the school play.

I interrupted her by hugging her so hard that her head was buried in my armpit and said, "Yes, yes, now this is my idea."

I asked her to act out what she was going to do in an improvised scene, like in drama. She loves that sort of thing as she is such a teacher's bum-oley kisser.

Rosie volunteered to be Tom. She said, "I've got the legs for it."

Incidentally I'm a bit worried that she was able to whip out a false beard from her rucky. I said that to her, I said, "Rosie, do you carry a beard around with you at all times?"

And she said, "Well, you never know."

The Viking bride-to-be gets madder and madder. We are definitely entering the Valley of the Unwell.

Anyway, Jas was mincing around like a mincing thing, warming up, flicking her fringe at Tom (or Rosie in a beard, as we know him). It was incredibly irritating. I was on the edge of a mega nervy b and supertizz as it was. I said, "Jas what in the name of arse are you doing?"

And she said huffily, "I am getting into character."

I said, "But you are being you."

She looked at me like I had fallen out of her nose. "I am finding the inner me."

Good grief. Her "inner me" is bound to be an owl.

Eventually she was ready and came pratting girlishly up to Rosie and twittered, "Oh, Tom, I found some vole spore down by the woods."

Tom/Rosie said (in a French accent, for no apparent reason – it must be the beard), "Ah, did you, my liddle pussycat? Would you like to, how you say… kiss my beard?"

Jas actually blushed and said, "Well, you know I would, Tom… but maybe, you know, in private, not in front of everyone."

I had to put a stop to this, it was like watching some pervy film, like *Two Go Mad in Bearded Lezzie Land*. I said, "Will you get on with it?"

Jas predictably lost her rag immediately over the slightest thing and said, "I was just getting in the mood, actually, and anyway this is stupid, practising to be casual. I know how to be casual."

I said, "Well, why don't you BE casual then?"

She gave me her worst look, but eventually after Mabs gave her a Midget Gem they started again. Jas said to Rosie, who now had a pipe, "Tommy-wommy?"

"*Oui.*"

"Well, I was just, you know, thinking about Robbie. It's nice he's back, isn't it?"

"*Mais oui – très très magnifique.*"

It was pointless objecting about the Froggyland language, especially as Ro Ro was now plaiting her beard.

Jazzy said, "Did he come back, you know, because he missed England and his mates? Do you think he will join the Stiff Dylans again?"

I looked at Jas in amazement. She had asked an almost good question in a quite subtle way and not mentioned me. Blimey.

And it only took four-and-a-half hours of torture. We had to leave it there because Sven came along yodelling through the trees (no, I am not kidding).

5:30 p.m.

When would be a good time to call Radio Jas? Surely she must have had time to talk to Tom by now? I should exercise discipline and patience, of course.

5:31 p.m.

Phoned Jas.

"Jas."

"What?"

"It's me."

"Oh, well, this is me, too."

"Jas, don't start."

"I'm not."

"Well, don't."

"Well, I won't."

"Good."

And I put the phone down. That will teach her.

Two minutes later

"Jas, what have you found out?"

"I've found out that I am having scrambly eggs for tea. Byeeee."

And she put the phone down.

Damn.

I have my pride, thank goodness. No one can take that away from me. I won't be bothering Jas again, not while she is so busy stuffing her gob with eggy.

6:00 p.m.

This is torture but I will never give in. Never, never. The Eggy One will never get the better of me.

6:10 p.m.

Phoned Rosie. I'll get her to phone Eggy and casually ask her, but not on my behalf.

6:20 p.m.

Rosie is out with Sven at the "pictures", her mum says. Oh yeah, as if. And the film they are watching is, *Number Seven on the Snogging Scale*.

I daren't ask Ellen, Jools, or Mabs to phone Jas as they are bound to spill the beans to Eggy. The tragedy is that all three of them are such crap liars; it's a curse, really.

7:30 p.m.

She is soooooo annoying. She will never phone me if she has got the hump.

7:35 p.m.

Masimo hasn't called or anything. Maybe he really does think I am insane. Or maybe he thinks I caught the train from the shopping mall and have gone away for a few days. In which case he is insane.

If I have an early night I can do skincare – cleanse and tone, and get everything ready for tomorrow just in case I have a chance encounter with one of my many maybe boyfriends on the way to Stalag 14.

8:15 p.m.

Blimey, I look about two and a half, I am so shiny faced and clean. Also, I am nice and baldy everywhere, except on my head, of course. I do not want to have an Uncle Eddie hairstyle.

Actually, my hair is a bit of a boring colour. It hasn't got *je ne sais quoi* and umph.

Bathroom

Five minutes later

Ahaha, Mum has got some hair dye. Warm chocolate. That would be nice and groovy. I could just put a couple of streaks in the front, like highlights, or is it lowlights? Hi, lo – it's lights anyway, which is all that counts.

Got the dye and went into the front room. Oh, how I wish I hadn't. Mum and Dad were all over each other on the sofa watching some old film with crying in it and blokes in tights and an Uncle Eddie bloke in a frock. Mum said, "Come and watch *Robin Hood.* It's good."

I said, "Mum, I'm just going to use your hair dye for a bit."

"No."

"Er, Mum, I think you are being a bit negative."

"No."

"But I—"

"No."

"Look at the colour of my hair! It's crap. I might as well be the Invisible Mouse."

"No."

"But I..."

Then Vati joined in. "Georgia, no, no, no, and thrice no. And also no."

"Vati, I am not asking you, actually, I am asking my dear dear mum about her hair dye."

"It's not her hair dye, it's mine."

What??? What fresh hell? HIS hair dye? My vati, not content with growing small badgers on his chin and wearing leather trousers and having a clown car, was now trying to be Lady Cliff Richard. Or Lady Paul McCartney.

"Please say you are not serious."

Vati said, "I am very serious. I am a man in his prime, as your mother knows." And he did that disgusting thing of grabbing one of her nungas, squeezing it, and going, "Honk honk!!!"

Mum didn't even hit him, she just went all girlie and said, "Stop it, you big boy."

Vati was still in Madland, however, and said, "Yes, I thought I'd get down with the youth, you know, dye my hair, get the old leathers on and maybe check out a few clubs. Which one would you recommend?"

I nearly fainted. Imagine bumping into my dad and his sad mates down at the Buddha Lounge!!! Any chance I had of having a Sex God or a Luuurve God or even Spotty Norman would be well and truly up the pictures without a paddle. My dad's impression of Mick Jagger dancing could reduce people to tears – and not of admiration.

In the kitchen

9:00 p.m.

I must have toast to calm down.

I was buttering it when my mad little sister Libby popped her head out of the airing cupboard. "Heggo, Ginger. Come in my nest. Now."

I looked up at her. "Libbs, I'm too big for it."

"No."

"Yes, I am."

Her face went all frowny and she started snorting and tutting like she has heard Mum do. I wasn't liking this. The frowny face is not one I like to see because usually I am in agonising pain seconds later.

However, this time it wasn't my turn to suffer. Libby disappeared into her "nest" and then scuba-diving Barbie came flying out, quickly followed by Mr Potato, Pantalitzer doll (well, the head) and finally, after a lot of panting and heaving and squealing, Gordy came hurtling through the air. He came to a skidding halt on the dish rack and then did that shivering thing before he hurled himself through the cat flap.

Libby popped her head out again and smiled in a terrifying way. "Come on, Gingey... it's naaaaaice."

Oh dear God. Still, what else was I doing this fine evening that I couldn't squeeze into an airing cupboard with my clearly insane sister? She looked me straight in the eye and said, "I lobe you velly times twice."

Aahhh. At least she "lobes" me, unlike my so-called bestie Jas, who is dead girl to me now that she can't even perform the slightest task.

Five minutes later

Sitting in the dark little cupboard, I had to bend double with my knees practically up my nose. Libby had snacks in there, which was nice if you like bits of banana covered in fluff.

11:00 p.m.

Libby was only persuaded out of her "nest" by Mum saying she could sleep in my bed. Thanks, Mum.

For a little girl Bibbs is very full of gas. Her farts are like gunshots and sooo smelly. If anyone lit a match we would all be blown to kingdom come. And back. And there would still be some fart left over to cook on for the rest of the year.

11:20 p.m.

And the snoring. It's like comedy snoring except that I'm not laughing.

11:25 p.m.

Tried to shove Libby over on to her side to stop her snoring and got a smack around the head for my trouble. She is even violent when she is unconscious.

11:30 p.m.

I wonder what Robbie really came home for? I can't believe it was to see Wet Lindsay. Surely Tom would have told me if he knew that Robbie fancied her. I bet she has been writing to him, pretending to be a nice person. How could he fancy her? Still, facts have to be faced, he did actually go out with her once before he started seeing me. And they must have been doing something in those months. They weren't talking about her ludicrous forehead.

He must have snogged her. If he went out with her for three months that is a lot of snogging opportunities. And she is bound to have been puckering up pretty much nonstop because she has no pridenosity. I wonder what number on the snogging scale they got to?

Five minutes later

Not number seven (upper-body fondling), clearly, otherwise her false nungas would have made a surprise appearance. Maybe that is what happened!!!

I wish.

Anyway, I don't want her nungas in my head. Get out.

Two minutes later

Does he like me or not?

One minute later

Do I like him or not?

11:40 p.m.

Hang on a minute, I've just realised something. I am on the rack of love again. How did this happen?

Well, I'm not dangling about up here any more. I say no no no and thrice no to the rack. I am a free woman. That woman Emily Plankton chained herself to a policeman and chucked herself under a horse and so on so that I could vote. I must not let her down.

11:50 p.m.

Although it does seem a bit over the top to chuck yourself in front of a horse so that you get to vote.

One minute later

Especially as in fact she was dead, so she couldn't vote anyway.

Two minutes later

And neither can I.

Like I have always said, history is crap.

Midnight

On the other foot, Masimo said, "Now I is a free man." And that means he wants to go out with me. So that is that. I have been to the bakery of love and I have got an Italian cakey.

Five minutes later

But I might also have an éclair called Robbie, in case I'm peckish and the Italian cakey isn't filling enough.

Five minutes later

Some people, naming no names (but Jas) will probably say I'm greedy. But I'm not. I am just having a choice. I am not sad like Jas, who only stays with one boyfriend because she has no special talents. Other than an unerring eye for a crap owl, or being able to spot a vole at a hundred yards. Or having

the largest knicker collection in the northern hemisphere. And being the biggest and most annoying twit on the planet.

Two minutes later

Yes, the Good Lord has been kind enough to give me a couple of special gifts.

One minute later

Oh, that was a bit freaky-deaky, I had Dave the Laugh's voice in my head when I said "a couple of special gifts". And his voice said, "Ah, yes... the nunga-nungas." He is even rude when I make him up in my head. That is very rude indeed. It is rudey-dudey in absentia, as we say in Latin.

Every time I think about Dave the Laugh it makes me laugh. I've just remembered him (accidentally) switching all the lights off during *MacUseless* and the entire Forest of Dunsinane falling off the stage. God, it was funny.

One minute later

And his vair amusing "pants" thing – as in the famous song "The Hills are Alive with the Sound of PANTS."

Two minutes later

And when he put a FOR SALE sign on his school's roof – tee hee hee.

One minute later

Oy, shut up, brain! This is a Dave-the-Laugh-free zone!

Five minutes later

If I do decide on the Luuurve God, it will serve Robbie right. He will just have to check into Heartbreak Hotel, like I had to when he dumped me. He should ask for the sobbing suite.

12:30 a.m.

I have never had to check into Heartbreak Hotel because of the Luuurve God. Except, I suppose, I thought I might have to make a booking when he said he would tell me in a week's time if he was going to be my one and only one.

12:40 a.m.

But that was then, and now he has said, "I am for you if you want?" Which is vair vair good.

12:45 a.m.

Good night, Luuurve God.

12:50 a.m.

I hope he doesn't think it's odd that I had to catch a train from near the shopping centre.

At midnight.

When there wasn't a train station there.

1:00 a.m.

To be fair, I haven't really given Robbie much of a chance. Maybe I should at least talk to him before I, you know, choose my cake.

1:10 a.m.

I don't suppose they would both consider a time-share girlfriend...

zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

8:06 a.m.

Leatherette skirt and a T-shirt?

Yep.

8:12 a.m.

I took a peek out of the front window. No sign of any Sex or Luuurve Gods. The reverse, in fact, because I was alarmed to see Mr Across the Road in his garden in a shortie dressing gown. I hope he is not going to become a homosexualist in his twilight years. Then Mrs Across the Road came out in a massive pair of pyjamas. Was there the suggestion of the small moustache on her upper lip? Maybe that's what happens in the end when people are married: they change sex. My dad is certainly on the turn, but on the other hand no man alive has developed nunga-nungas like Mum.

8:30 a.m.

Why hasn't Jas phoned?