

The EXTREMELY EMBARRASSING LIFE of LOTTIE BROOKS

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The EXTREMELY EMBARRASSING LIFE *of* LOTTIE BROOKS

KATIE KIRBY

FOREWORD BY *Nadia Shireen*



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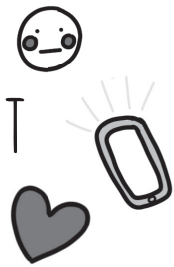
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WEDNESDAY 11 AUGUST

(DAY 19 OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS)



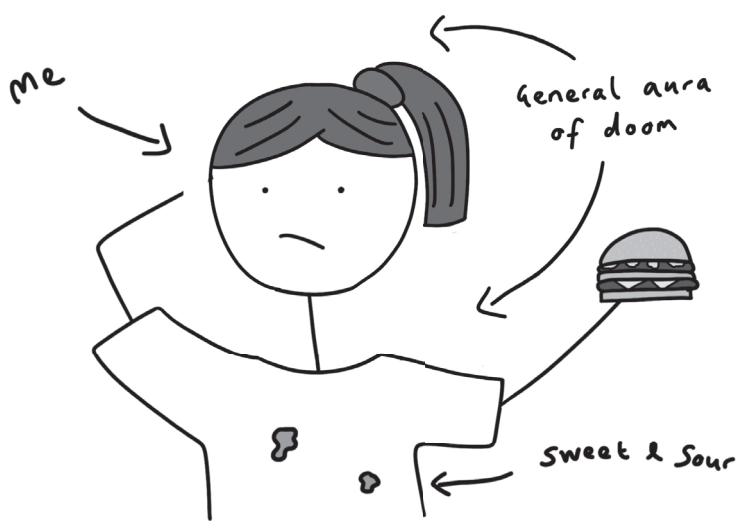
Molly has only been gone for twenty-seven and a half hours, and no one seems to have any idea how much I miss her. It feels a bit like my insides have been ripped out, sloshed around in the washing machine, then stuffed back in again.

My parents are absolutely zero help. I guess, being friendless themselves, they have no clue what it's like to have your BFF move all the way to Australia. They just say stuff like, 'You'll make plenty of new friends in no time, Lottie.'

Like, how old do they think I am? Three? It's not like it was in preschool, where you'd just bounce up to someone and say, 'Let's do gluing!' then bond instantly over a shared Pritt stick. People are mean out there!

Here's an example of how my parents treat me like a kid: we just had drive-through McDonald's for tea, as a treat to 'cheer me up', and Dad tried to order me a Happy Meal! I mean . . . what was he even thinking?!

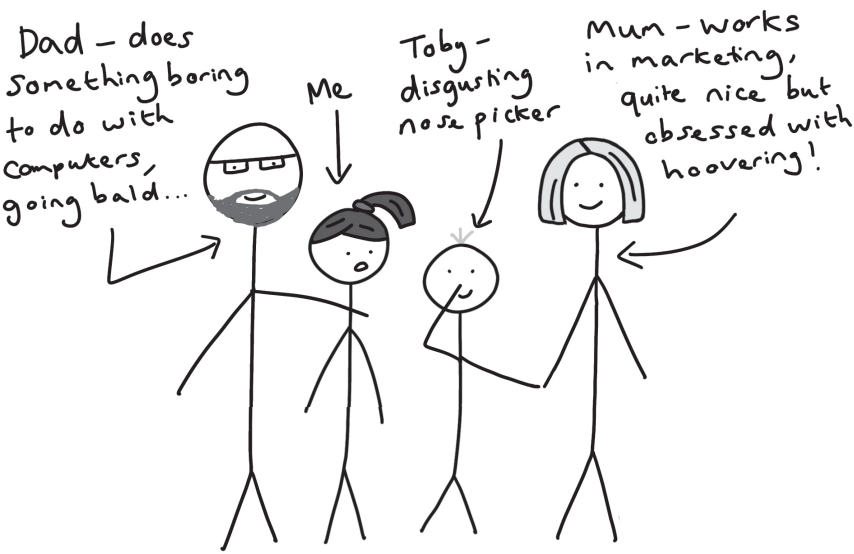
I did manage to negotiate a Big Mac meal for myself, but the annoying thing was that it just tasted horrible and dry and got stuck in my throat. Mum said maybe it was because my taste buds were finally starting to mature, but really it's because my heart is broken. I didn't even enjoy my milkshake that much. It had already melted a bit by the time we got home and was more milky and less ice-creamy than usual, you know? Then I got sweet-and-sour sauce down the front of my favourite T-shirt and it felt like the final nail in the coffin.



Anyway, with Molly off enjoying the sun and the surfer boys Down Under, I've decided to start writing a diary, and here it is. **TA DA!**

I guess it'll feel a bit like having someone to talk to over this long, lonely summer. I'm going to illustrate it too, because I love drawing cartoons. When I'm older, I'm going to be a comic-strip artist for a newspaper or a magazine. Might as well get some practice in while I have **NOTHING ELSE TO DO**.

Here is a picture of my family.



(Note: we don't all walk around naked. It's just that drawing clothes takes SO long and TBH I can't be bothered.)

I guess, as parents go, mine aren't *too* bad – that's if you don't count them nagging me about my screen time 24/7! My grubby little seven-year-old brother is another matter though. Man, that kid is annoying. Which reminds me . . . **IF YOU ARE READING THIS, TOBY, IT IS PRIVATE PROPERTY AND I WILL GET YOU!**

Hmmm . . . What else can I tell you about myself?

Ahhh, I haven't told you about my hamsters yet, have I? Here they are!



I've had these guys for about eight months now. They live in my room and they are a bit noisy, but I don't really mind, as they give great advice. Sometimes I tell them about how bad my day was and they just keep going round on their wheel and stuffing their cheeks full of food, as if to say, 'Don't sweat the small stuff, babe. There's plenty of bigger stuff going on in the world right now!' and they are so right. They always make me feel better.

Best not to ask about what happened to Fuzzball the 1st and Fuzzball the 2nd though. RIP, guys.

So, yeh. That's my life in nutshell. I've been almost totally abandoned in this big, wide, scary world and in a few weeks I'm going to have to start high school **TOTALLY ALONE**. Oh, and my name is Lottie Brooks. And I live by the sea in Brighton, in the UK. And I'm eleven and three quarters. I guess you might like to know that too.