Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Opening extract from

Big Woo! My Not-So-Secret Teenage Blog

Written by

Susie Day

Published by

Scholastic

All text is copyright of the author and illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

3.48 p.m. Monday 25 December | **Merry Christmas!!!**

Um. So. Hello?

I think you're supposed to be all "Tada! Welcome to ME!" in your first post. But I have met me and I am not really the "Tada!" type, so pff.

Anyway, lookie! I have a ULife blog now, woo, etc etc. I picked the name because you say the first bit kind of like Sarah, plus it is that witch in that film of that book. I always wanted to be Goth really. (Stop laughing now. Black is slimming, k?)

New blog exists because new laptop also exists, yay! Knew Dad would not stuff up this year, so poo to Mum and her blah blah don't expect too much. She has been a bit insane all day, actually. Who cares if the sprouts are all mushy, woman? Like either of us is going to eat them. But she really liked her scarf and the calendar-thing I made and got all sort of weepy cos I'd made it, which was all sweet. (Too much sherry, probs.)

So, I have stuffed my face and done thank-you phone calls and learned wi-fi (wi-fi is hard. Or I am stupid. What was so bad about wires anyway?) and now I'm going to sit on the sofa and eat lard

and watch telly even though it's all old films and stuff. IT IS TRADITION.

Um. Feel like I should say "goodbye" now or something, even though probably no one will read this but me. And maybe Kym. Hello, Kym!

Wow. I am amazingly lame.

2.22 p.m. Friday 29 December | **grrrrrr**

Well, that sucked. Mr Shiny New Laptop lasted one whole day before going BOOM and there being smoke and explosions coming out of it. (Well, OK, not really, but you get the idea.) And it turns out that Dad got it through work (cos of VAT or something, which according to Mum makes him mean and evil) so we couldn't just take it back to PC World or whatever. So I was stuck with no laptop and him on the doorstep going "It's not my fault" and Mum going "It is so your fault GROWL ARGH" and me going "NOOOOOOOOO" in my bedroom with NO LAPTOP.

Christmas: season of shouting and explosions. Big Woo.

But Dad took it away and did some kind of magical mending thing and now the Shiny New Laptop is shiny again. Yay for techno!Dad. And so there shall be blogging.

Except I have done nothing except play on the internet and watch dvds and eat all the Maltesers out of the Celebrations box. Blah. I am going to be a bus by January. A bus with zits and bad teeth.

5.25 p.m. Saturday 30 December | **Laughing Out Loud**

OK, I am SUCH a spoon. I was so thinking "OMG Kym hates on me woe woe cry" and posting mentalist replies on your front page and you thought I was some stalker. OOPS.

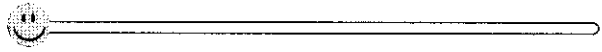
I am still kookygirl_x on MSN and AIM and all the others but on here I am serafina67. This is my proper grown-up blog for REAL friends, for documentarying my proper grown-up life, just as soon as I start having one. All the interesting/beautiful/non-zombie-librarian-type people are supposed to have a ULife now, they said so on Newsround. :P (Please to not be pointing out that I am not one of the interesting/beautiful people, k?)

This means New Blog Resolutions! (Yes it is a day early I know SHUSH.) Because serafina67 is the sort of person who Makes Plans and Is Decisive and Achieves Things, and I am her.

Resolution #1:	Be brilliant and interesting and completely totally honest on here, daily
Resolution #2:	Make new friends due to the brilliant interestingness
Resolution #3:	No more "Incidents"
Resolution #4:	Make my sad mummy a happy mummy
Resolution #5:	Find way to not puke at mention of evil almost-StepMonster in time for wedding
Resolution #6:	Forgive Dad and, like, talk to him and stuff
Resolution #7:	Shrink self to less lardtastic size
Resolution #8:	Become boyfriended to prove unlardiness
Resolution #9:	BE HAPPY AGAIN BY APRIL 22nd

Um. This is going to be the most outstandingly pathetic ULife of them all.

I am totally serious about that last one though. I downloaded a countdown thingy and everything so now I am stuck with it. I will do Resolutions #1–#8 and that will magically add up to make Resolution #9 happen, in a sort of breaking the rules of maths kind of way. And then I will transform into a tiny smiling head. Woo!



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 113 days

Anyway, now you know I am just me and not a stalker, lollykyms. OR SO YOU THINK, MWAHAHAHAHA ...

COMMENTS

lolbabe
UR so retarded! I was like WTF?
What is April 22nd? Thought yr birthday is in Feb?

serafina67
I know! I am the hopelessest. April 22nd = one year since The Incident. :(

lolbabe
lol, sry! R we allowed to talk about it now then?
Andandand U know Sasha and Naima and Jaden and everyone read mine? so they can totally work out who you are like I did? so U might maybe want to Whisper this?

serafina67
Resolution #1: completely honest blahblahblah. And anyway everyone knows I was a bit, um, mental last year.
Whisper = wha?

lolbabe

UR such a n00b! Whisper = so only your Top Friends can read it? It is in like security settings or one of those? But maybe that is not honest blahblahblah? lol

serafina67

noob?

serafina67

Ha ha, just looked it up on Wikipedia. I am like the definition of newbieness. The newbiest newbie of them all.

5.2 p.m. Sunday 31 December | **heeeeeeeeelp!**

OMG. Total. Clothing. Crisis.

My bedroom now has all the clothes I have ever owned on the floor, which I have tried on about seventeen times in all kinds of different combinations (pants on head and everything) and NOTHING LOOKS NICE. Esp the pants on head. Conclusion of this not-very-skientific experiment = the not-looking-niceness is probably not down to the clothes but the Thing that is inside them. :(And I have to leave in like an hour because Mum has a pity-invitation to some Old People Playing Monopoly Party at Francesca's parents' house, so she is taking me and Kym there and we have to walk from there WITH FRANCESCA to Sam Dawson's Actual Party, which is sort of awkward and weird and ... gah. WHY DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT I AM MAYBE NOT FRIENDS WITH THE

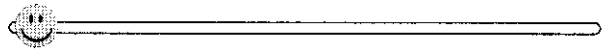
SAME PEOPLE AS WHEN I WAS LIKE TWELVE, MOTHER?

cries

I know I only started on the Resolutions thing yesterday, but can I be Shrunk and Boyfriended and have Happy-Without-Me-Having-To-Do-Stuff Mother now please? I promise to be good later?

Being on the internet whining about not having enough time to get ready is really helping, obvs. DUH.

I am blaming the Baby Jesus for this. If he hadn't been born I would not have eaten four mince pies for breakfast this morning. BAD BABY JESUS.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 112 days

10.55 a.m. Monday 1 January | **partaaaaaay**

OMG. Suckingest night of my entire life.

So Kym came over looking TOTALLY AMAZING and did my eyeliner for me so that I looked FAINTLY LESS CACK. And Mum was all "Don't you two look grown up" which obvs means "omg slutbags" in the language of Parent. I was waiting for her to go "Here are some frilly ballgowns for you to put on top just for when we go to Francesca's so no one will think I am an irresponsible single-mother-type-person" only we were running late, and apparently Being Late is worse than Bringing Your Slutbag Daughter And Friend Briefly To A Party. (Also she does not have any frilly ballgowns, unless she is a leading a sekrit double life

involving frock-wearing, which is unlikely since what with me having no life at all we are spending lots of mother/daughter time on the sofa eating Doritos.)

So she drove us to Francesca's and made us get out so we could "say hello to everyone", even though the everyone was like all Francesca's grans and stuff, arg. Only when we got in there Francesca's dad was throwing this huge fit in the kitchen, because Francesca had told him that Sam Dawson is in Year 13 and there would be alcohol at the party. Well, duh. It is New Year's Eve, ppl?

So her dad was all "Did you know about this?" to my mum, who was all "Um ... no, not at all, gosh, I am shocked" etc, which is total bollards because she had just not even asked me about it which means she kind of knew. And he said Francesca couldn't go, so then Mum said I couldn't go, and then they said that Kym couldn't go, and Kym was like "Nuh-uh, you are so not MY parents" so they said they would ring her parents, so Kym was all "What am I, FIVE?" but she had told her parents she would be at my house all night so omg.

So we had to stay at their old people's party which was basically Cocktails With The Undead. Plus my mum. Francesca's mum and dad actually danced, in the middle of their living room. MY EYES, MY EYES! And they made Francesca play the violin like it was a sort of concert, with her sister playing the piano at the same time and everyone just standing there STARING, and she went all red, and Kym kept making me giggle and I had to run and hide in the loo and Francesca probably thinks I was laughing at her when I really wasn't, because in Year 8 Mum made me do piano and so I totally know how completely woes-makingly grim it is to have to try to make music come out of some bits of wood when there are people watching and waiting for you to stuff up.

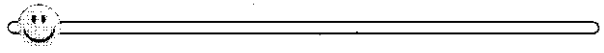
And then Francesca's dad gave us each a glass of

champagne at midnight. WTF?

It was not totally rubbishness. Francesca's sister let us go up to her room to hide, and she played us tunes and stole all the good pizza for us (which I ate all of OMG FAIL). And at midnight we had to go downstairs and even though Mum was just in the next room she texted me "you look beautiful happy new year love you Mum x" which was quite yay and I texted back, and then I texted Dad to say HNY and he texted back "HNY love Dad" which was also quite yayish I suppose. (OBSERVE MY FORGIVINGNESS! I AM GROWING AS A PERSON etc.) And then Kym got a load of texts from other people going HNY and I realized we were saying hello to a whole new year on a green sofa covered in flaky pastry from miniature quiches, being kissed by someone else's grans and listening to Banging Party Hits 1922.

If the rest of this year is going to be like this, I am going to bed and not coming out again ever.

Oh, and Mum totally drunk-drove us home. Yay for responsible adult role models.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 111 days.

COMMENTS

lolbabe

OMG U typed everything? I told everyone we went to my uncle's and got mashed lol!

Andandand what was Francesca wearing?

serafina67

I KNOW! I was expecting her to be in a frilly ballgown for reals cos when we were friends in Year 9 her mum used to

buy her all this total mingwear. But she looked sort of nice and non-dorky and everything.
Soz about everything messing up. And for telling everyone about our retarded social lives.

lolbabe

LOL I was meaning she still minged?

serafina67

LOL oops!

patchworkboy

You didn't miss anything. Dawson's was busted up by the neighbours phoning the fuzz at 11 because the music was so loud.

serafina67

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATCH! It is you right? OMG you got raided. That is hardcore. Who was there? You were there! How come you were there? I thought you would think Sam Dawson was a townie.

patchworkboy

Sam Dawson is a townie. A townie with a house party and some free booze. And a load of policemen, as it turned out.
You type like a crackhead, by the way.
Picspam at my place. Clicky clicky!

1.46 p.m. Monday 1 January | **whine**

OK, am really bummed now. Not only did we not go to the

amazingest party ever (although thank god cos from patchworkboy's pics I think Sasha was wearing my skirt and her bum is a LOT smaller than mine), but now there is apparently the after-party clean-up party tonight. And where will I be? Stuck here with rellies. We have to go and pick them up and then go for a walk to NOWHERE AT ALL and then turn around and come back again, because apparently that is what families do on New Year's Day. I HAVE NO IDEA. But Mum is all pleady and says she will tie me to her ankles rather than deal with the grandparents on her own. Er, they are YOUR PARENTS, woman? That is quite strange. Although also fair, what with them being crumbly and boring. And ARGH RESOLUTIONS so I sort of have to be Magic Sera, Glowy Princess of Lovelyania, to hold Slumpy Mum-Queen's hand.

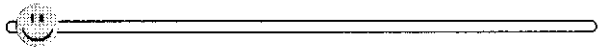
Maybe one day I will be in my own kitchen bribing Serafina Jr to stay when my mental rentals come to visit. Except my rentals would have to be TALKING for that to happen. (Plus, you know, birth. Urgh.)

She says, "There will be other parties, sera, durrrr," only the next thing will be the thing at J's next weekend and even if I was invited I will be at Dad's. When I will have to be Princess Sera all over again. Which will be quite confusing for him what with Evil Witch Sera of Betchistan usually being the one who comes to stay.

Grr. I am NOT going to spend the whole of this year in some kind of social black hole where all I ever do is hear about the cool stuff that happened at the bandstand while I was sitting here in my bedroom revising and looking at wallpaper with balloons on chosen by whatever colour-blind eight-year-old freakling lived in this grotpit before me. I am NOT actually a sadarse with no life. I am just made to look like one by my parentals.

Which is quite sadarsed, now I think about it.

Um.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 111 days.

11.22 a.m. Wednesday 3 January | **gah**

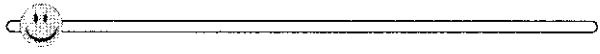
So I have already failed on the "daily" bit of my Resolutions so far. And the being brilliant and interesting thing. SURPRISE! But I have been ~~bored and lonely omg Kym where are you?~~ inspired with writing OTHER THINGS which sort of counts. I have decided to write a Very Thrilling Novel. That way at least I will have a fictional social life to pass the time.

It is about a girl called Anemone Kitson, who has auburn hair and emerald green eyes, and she is sort of a mermaid kind of person (only without having to wear a bra made of shells, ow), who fights crime/rescues drowning people/other things which I will explain when I have thought of them, with her best friend, Krystal, who is a detective (and has legs and everything). Word count: 206.

UPDATED: Actually her name is Juniper Gold and her eyes are blue. And she is not a mermaid, she is a girl made out of electricity who just makes herself look like a girl, and she can control anything electrical. Not, like, toasters. I mean like reading information off laptops and listening to people's mobile phones. And she is a spy and has Adventures with Krystal (who is a spy as well), and a boyfriend who has to eat loads of doughnuts so he is well insulated enough to give her hugs, but they can't snog or he will DIE. Word count: 323.

UPDATED: Maybe she isn't made of electricity, maybe she is just made of the internet. And she is a nurse. And all the doctors think she's really clever even though actually she just looks stuff up inside her head, and only Krystal knows the truth. It will be called *Zinnia Zmith: Googlenurse*. Word count: 0.

UPDATED: I think maybe I will write a short story instead of a VTN. :(



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 109 days

COMMENTS

lolbabe

Ew @ fat donut boyfriend! UR so wierd and dorky, lol!

serafina67

This is what happens when you are not here! I go weird and dorky and REALLY BORED. Srsly, where are youuu?

lolbabe

Grounded still? Everyone are hanging out at Sasha's place though?

serafina67

I am sort of not talking to her. And I would feel ooky going on my own. Anyway now I am busy writing *The Flame-Winged Girl*. Word count: 401. Go me!

11.50 p.m. Saturday 6 January | **the pad of dad**

Sleeping, telly, avoiding marzipan, downloading things which crash the laptop and erase all my passwords, attempting to remember passwords, having passwords emailed to email account where I can't remember the password, hating self for being stupid, remembering passwords, hating self for being stupid a bit more. These are the things what I have been doing. Shut up with your laffing now, k?

Am now at Dad's (threw up in car, blarg) and am lying in a gigantic mountain of duvets and pillows at his flat WITH THE LAPTOP. LIKE I AM IN BED. Woo! Couldn't do this before. No more trying to use his desktop in his study with the weird mouse. And we did the pizza and dvd and popcorn thing and the Monster was not even invited. NER TO HER, HA!

Unless she was invited and just didn't want to come because I'm here. Urk.

Anyway SHUSH witch!sera because princess!sera is on Perfect Daughter duty and is doing Quite Well Thank You with Resolution #whichever one it was where I am nice to my dad. :P

He did his usual "We Must Talk Seriously about School and Feelings as decreed by Social Services and that woman on the telly", because it is like the law or something. Or it is since The Incident. And usually I would just shove more pizza in my face so he would get mostly cheese and mumbling about how Iamfinenowthankyoushush, but I was GOOD and did nodding and ... um ... Actually mostly we talked about movies etc because we were watching one. And then he was just such a BOY and went on about camera angles and "photography" and how there was some special CGI thing that some guy he used to work with does now, when of course the most important bit in the movie was Jake

Gyllenhaal's bum. (Luckily it was not a naked bum because I do not need to be sharing looking at Jake Gyllenhaal's naked bum with my dad. Just, no. But even his not-naked bum was definitely the best bit. OK, now I sound like a huge bum-obsessed perv. Um.)

Anyway that was still TALKING which = progress. Forgivingness/being nice to the Monster too can wait till next time, k?

I know it is a tiny bit witchy of me, but I wish he was staying in this flat. It is poky-small and I have to sleep on the sofabed with the big dink in the middle, which is a bit pants, obvs. And I know he only lived here in the first place because I was a supermassive brat, which is why he has these big black leather chairs sort of like the ones in *Friends* which say, "This is my Bachelor Dad Pad where you are very welcome to hang out whenever you like, for example two weekends in four as decreed by the custody thingy" and not a big flowery sofa which says, "My girlfriend chose this, don't come round ever as we may be snuggling". And really he was supposed to sell this place ages ago and move to where her job is, and he didn't because of, you know, all the stuff. But it is so pretty and hotel-like! You can flip the chairs up so you're sort of lying down which is dead comfy (though FYI makes popcorn fall down your boobs). And he's got new speakers to go with the widescreen TV and they make it seem like scary things are coming in through the windows, which is extra scary at his place cos it is in this supershiny sci-fi modern building with security buzzers and intercoms and special ops ninjas might turn up at any moment to blow up an invasion of giant spiders. ~~I have not been watching too much telly lately honest~~. Who would not want to stay here for ever, for reasons which are not at all to do with Monsters?

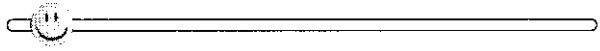
OMG, he just came in to say goodnight and I had to pretend I

was doing homework. And he was all "Oh, I'm so relieved you're taking studying seriously, mocks coursework AS options blah", and I was all "Oh, I'm so relieved you didn't read any of that."

And now Mum just texted me to say "Remind your father I expect you home by 5, miss you, Mxx."

eyerolls

When I get home on Sundays she has always eaten all the biscuits. I have decided to believe that she goes up to Della in the flat upstairs and they have a miniature biscuit festival, otherwise that's just depressing. Even more depressing than there never being any biscuits left.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 106 days

1.28 p.m. Sunday 7 January | **i am pathetic**

OK, I totally know he's buying my affections and trying to piss off Mum, but OMG I HAVE THE NEW GODBOTHERER CD ON IMPORT AND A HUGE BIG POSTER. And he let me play it in the car. And he borrowed my laptop so he could burn a copy for himself. (Actually that bit is sort of weird and horrifying because, hello, so not at all supposed to be Dad music.)

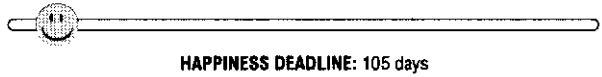
AND (OK this was probably the more important bit, but I am shallow, k?) I asked him where the Monster was this weekend because she is still nowhere to be seen, and he looked a bit shifty and said, "I thought it would be good for us to spend some time

together, just the two of us."

Obvs there was a big "and this would be because when she becomes official StepMonster this will never ever happen again" dangling off the end of the sentence which he did not quite get round to saying, which is a bit omgscary because three months from now = actually quite soon really. And they have "exchanged contracts" on the house (whatever that means) so he might be moving Far Far Away even earlier than that. But still. He did actually think about me, in a nice not-having-scary-agenda way. Woo!

Hrm. Have to get through wedding before I get to the Happiness Deadline. MUST TRY HARDER AT NICENESS. Will have to surgically insert smile on to face for occasion or something. Once it is over it is one less thing to go flaily over?

Have to go and eat whatever that weird-smelling thing is he's torturing in the kitchen. Blech. Apparently it is organic. This means grown in poo, yes? :(



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 105 days

COMMENTS

patchworkboy
Godbotherer?
OK, now I know why you type like a crackhead. You are a crackhead.

serafina67
OMG GODBOTHERER ARE LOVE!

patchworkboy
OMG PLEASE STOP KILLING ME WITH YOUR CAPSLOCK AND LACK OF PUNCTUATION

serafina67

LOL. Sorry. Sera is most dreadfully sorry to have misused ULife. Sir.

patchworkboy

Much better. I don't care if it's only Teh Intarwebs: those mysterious symbols on your keyboard are your friends. BTW, are you 67 for the reason I think?

serafina67

Mainly it is because there are a kajillion other people called serafina, woes. I thought I was being all clever when I thought of it too.

But yes, it is my old house number. Which was a stupid idea because now I feel mis every time I look at my own name. But I am stuck with it now. It is like when I called my hamster Hammy and then had to wait ages for it to die so I could have another one called something less humiliating. :(

I should probably not tell people that.

patchworkboy

You are not a beautiful and unique snowflake? *is shocked*

6.38 p.m. Sunday 7 January | **i am so screwed**

So apparently my really lovely time with Daddy and no Monster was so my Really Lovely Daddy could tell me his really lovely new plan for his Really Crappy Daughter. Except my Really Lovely Daddy is a LAMEASS and piked out of it totally and left it to Mum. Only apparently I have the SPECIAL LAMEASSERY so we can't

even blame him for giving me genetic lame.

Everyone is VERY WORRIED about me. *sad face*

serafina67 is a Troubled Child and may need counselling.

serafina67 is, like, thrilled by this development.

Seriously, WTF? Like, it is not exactly news that I am, um, a bit rubbish? And a bit head-messy and likely to have a sad cry at unhelpful times and maybe not much liked by teachers lately? But apparently I am not just a bit rubbish. Now my school work is a Cause For Concern. Or I am a Cause For Concern, or something. And there is a letter from school which she has had all Christmas and AAARG.

Could we not just decide that I turned out to be a bit thick when school got a bit harder? COS IT IS NOT LIKE I AM NOT TRYING OMG. (Though did not put anything in Resolutions about school, revision, exams etc etc. Um. I will fix the school things when I am HAPPY again, k?)

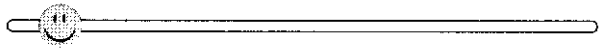
Obvs no actual reference to The Incident, because there was nearly another Incident last time she mentioned The Incident and so we have a not-actually-arranged-by-talking-but-still-kind-of-arranged-somehow agreement to Not Go There. She has had enough Incidents of her own over the years what with supermarket weeping etc. But anyway me passing exams etc is much more important than anything else that goes on in my head, so that I will have PROSPECTS and a FUTURE and basically not turn out to be a single mother with a crap job and no life, i.e., her.

flails

Can hear crying in the kitchen now, guilt guilt guilt. I feel like I did that time when I was little and I knocked over that weird glass rhino thing in that posh shop and it smashed everywhere into billions and billions of little tiny sharp bits and broke a corner off a shelf, and everyone in the whole shop stared and stared and stared, and Mum went all red and had to apologize to the shop people, and they

made her pay for it, and it was my fault except it was totally an accident and not anything I meant to happen and if I could have rewound time and just been a bit more careful when I turned around I so so would, but it was still my fault really and I felt SO awful.

Going to go and make her a cup of tea and make nodding noises.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 105 days

COMMENTS

lolbabe

OMG have U seen sssasha's pix? I am on teh internet snogging the face off of J!

Soz about ur mum. Tell her U wont do it?

serafina67

My mum is not like your mum. Or maybe I am not like you. Anyway that will only make it a biggerer thing, is easier if I just go Yes OK whatevs.

OMG pix! Tongueasplosion!

lolbabe

OMG I know!

patchworkboy

The Glass Rhinos = Best Non-Existent Band Name Ever. I will download their single "Genetic Lame" immediately.

serafina67

Seriously, who buys a glass *rhino*? (It was like a million squids as well, OMG.)

patchworkboy

Glass zookeepers?

Your parentals and my parentals should get together. Then they

will all be in one place when we drop the bomb. :)

serafina67

Remember when we were little and they used to hang out together to drink gin and just locked us in your garden until the gin had run out? Supernanny would not have been impressed.

patchworkboy

It kept them quiet. Run along and play, now, parents! The children are busy building a fort and will see you later.

serafina67

LOL

8.01 p.m. Monday 8 January | **the ~~dog~~ rhino ate it?**

Where is my homework? Is it in the pile of things I did at the start of the holidays so it was all out of the way and I could put my feet up and relax and not have to worry about it? Or is it not there, because that pile does not exist?

I hate it when Mum is right. But I hate it more when she has to tell me about it, like, five thousand million billion times over. With "when I was your age" anecdotes. And sighing.

Today, however, involved large-scale coolness of hanging by the bandstand talking about all the stuff we'll do when we're not stuck in school being bored and getting told what to do all day. Kym is going to win X Factor, become mega-famous and then marry a gorgeous rich blond American (she doesn't mind who so long as he is all of those things) and live in a house inside the Hollywood "H". Bethan is going to make babies with Sol. Sasha's going to be a spokeswoman for blind

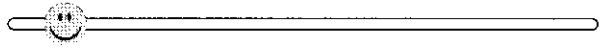
children or something (lolz).

I don't know what I'm going to be.

So now I am talking to Sasha again and kind-of-talking to Naima, which is cool cos otherwise who am I going to talk to in Science? Is it Mr Davies? It is not.

No idea why I'm writing this down though cos you lot are the only ones who read this thing and you were there. WHERE ARE MY COOL AMAZING INTERNET FRIENDS FROM FAR ACROSS THE GLOOOBE?

Am just putting off finishing this essay thingy. Romeo, Romeo, bugger off and leave me alone Romeo.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 104 days

COMMENTS

patchworkboy

I was not there. I was not even invited. For shame.

R&J: meet, shag, die, a.k.a. Shakespeare says Don't Do It, Kids! This is all you need to know.

serafina67

OMG didn't think of inviting you! I suck. Though I don't think you have to be invited really.

Haha, asked Mum about R&J and she says you are depressing and unromantic. So ner. :P

patchworkboy

Bandstand + January = not my scene, ta.

sssasha

patch and sera, sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G ...

serafina67

LOL!

11.43 a.m. Wednesday 10 January | **me so naughty**

Yes Miss Kosminski, you can trust me to work on my project over in the library on my own. I am a good girl and won't at all be on the internet doing this instead.

Booooooooooooored. No one here to talk to but Francesca, who is obvs all La La I Am Studying I Cannot Even See You Invisiblesera.

Am going to look up gay porn and see if the network explodes.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 102 days

COMMENTS

patchworkboy
Excellent use of school resources. *is in the chem lab doing same*

serafina67
You were in the chem lab looking up gay porn? (And OMG I so nearly got busted and was sitting there going uh-oh. I mean the blog part cos I was not really looking up porn.)

patchworkboy
Why not, you big old fag hag?

serafina67
I am not big! Well OK a bit since Christmas. (Fag hag?)

patchworkboy
pats sera on head

sssasha
OMG you two are so gay.