

Thursday the 3rd  
of November

at 6.24 p.m., in my room.



Hey girls!

I couldn't wait to write in here after Jules and Tilda left 'cos I have got something **A-MAZING** to tell you! Me and Jules and Tilda are totally *skipping Through The Tulips* with excitedness about it (which is this phrase I have made up to mean we are *Over The Moon*, **BTW**). (And as you most probably know, **BTW** means *By The Way*, **BTW!**)

The totally exciting idea got thought up when me and Jules and Tilda were given the job of organizing this year's school disco. We didn't exactly *want* to do it, but Mr. Phillips said, "Any volunteers?" in assembly yesterday and there was this long massive silence and Tilda looked at me, then Jules, then grabbed our hands and stuck them



up, 'cos she felt bad for him that there were no volunteers. The reason there were no volunteers is 'cos the school disco is normally Not That Thrilling, and mainly involves some flat Coke and Sprite and a big bowl of crisps with the different kinds mixed up together so you don't know what you're getting (and if you accidentally end up with Wooster Sauce flavour you are grossed out for the rest of the evening – *\*shudder\**). Plus the DJ is always just Mr. Bridges, our maths teacher, in a backwards baseball cap with a portable CD player. *Plus* the boys either do that stupid break-dancing by writhing around on the floor in a way that looks like they are trying to escape from a straitjacket, or they dance actually *with* you, which means going round and round in circles with their hands clamped on your bum. Not *très romantique*, as they most probably say in Paris.

So anyway, I am forgetting to tell you about our amazing idea. Whoops! Sorry! If you know me, you will already know that I am not exactly

fabulissimo at getting to the point! So, me, T and J were sitting round my kitchen table trying to think of ways to make the rubbish disco even slightly groovy. I had made some coffee so we would feel extra professional and businessy, like we were having an officy meeting, but even that hadn't worked. So, instead of having ideas, I was picking off my nail polish, Jules was drawing a Celtic-style tattoo on her arm in black biro, and Tilda was flicking through the latest copy of our fave mag, *Key Girls!*

She was looking at this article about these high school proms they have in America, and I was like, “Come on, Tilda, stop reading about that cool high school prom, we need to get back to work and find a way to make our rubbish disco even slightly groovy.”

Then Tilda was staring at me and I didn't know why.

Then I was staring at her and thinking, *I think I know what you're thinking.*



Then Jules stopped tattooing herself and looked at the article and then at us with this face like, *I think I know what you two are thinking.*

And then at the same time we all exclaimed:

**We could have a High School Prom!**

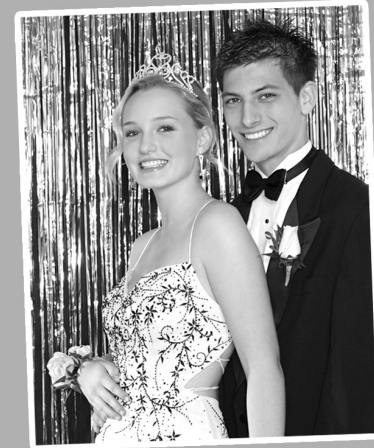


I am sticking the *Key Girls!* article in this journal so you can see what I am remotely on about.



## *Key Girls!*

**Check out our stateside sisters from Echo Falls High School, California!**



Destiny, Riley and Autumn (below) are all glammed up for their high school prom! With the help of a top interior designer the gym has been transformed into a prom night paradise, with silver curtains, hundreds of balloons and large arrangements of lilies and roses. Like Hollywood film stars, the girls enter on a red carpet, accompanied by their dates – yes, even the boys have

smartened up for the occasion! (See Bailey with Chad, above.) After sipping tropical fruit punch and enjoying delicate canapés, the girls have fun doing some elegant ballroom-style dancing with their partners. Then, after the prom king and queen are chosen, the lights go down, a famous DJ steps up to the decks and they dance the night away to top tunes!



**Those American girls really know how to party in style!**



So we are planning to have one of those!

Wow or what?!

We're going to let everyone have a vote on who should be prom queen and king, so it's democracy and fair.

Oh, Mum is calling me. I'm going to look after Alex (my little bro) while she goes to her meditation group. She's paying me two of the nail varnishes that she got as free samples (she's training to be a make-up artist and her college gets sent loads of stuff to try out from the top brands – how cool!).



I did ask her last week why she needs to do meditating when her life is so totally unstressful, and she absolutely burst out laughing for some weird reason.

Now that I am very actually 13 Mum trusts me to be in charge when she goes out – well, apart from texting every hour. So I have to go downstairs now and listen to her giving me the

same instructions she does every time, like about how to tell if there's a gas leak and to look through the spyhole if the doorbell goes and **DO NOT OPEN THE DOOR** if it's someone I don't know (even if they have an official clipboard for doing a survey) and to **BE VERY CAREFUL** if I use the kettle and not to let Alex have more than two Wagon Wheels **AT THE VERY MOST**. I'm writing in capitals 'cos it always sounds like Mum is speaking in them. Isn't it weird how mums just totally worry about *everything* when you are in fact Quite Capable? \*sigh!\*

Anyway, will write more about our prom plans soon!

Bye!

