

Friday January 16th

It was Geography today so I sat next to Pandora for a whole hour. She looks better every day. I told her about her eyes being the same as the dog's. She asked what kind of dog it was. I told her it was a mongrel.

I lend Pandora my blue felt-tip to color round the British Isles.

Monday January 19th

I have joined a group at school called the Good Samaritans. We go out into the community helping and stuff like that. We miss Math on Monday afternoons.

Today we had a talk on the sort of things we will be doing. I have been put in the old age pensioner's group. Nigel has got a dead yukky (*dégoûtant*) job looking after kids in a playground. He is sick as a parrot.

I can't wait for next Monday. I will get a cassette so I can tape all the old fogie's (*schnock*) stories about the war and stuff. I hope I get one with a good memory.

Pandora smiled at me in school dinner today, but I was choking (*s'étouffer*) with a piece of gristle (*cartilage de poulet*) so I could smile back. Just my luck!

Friday February 13th

I was unlucky day for me all right!

Pandora doesn't sit next to me in Geography any more. Barry Kent does. He kept copying my work and blowing bubblegum in my ears. I told Miss Elf but she is scared of Barry Kent as well, so she didn't say anything to him.

Pandora looked luscious today, she was wearing a spilt skirt which showed her legs. She has got a scab on one of her knees. She was wearing Nigel's football scarf round her wrist, but Miss Elf saw it and told her to take it off. Miss Elf is not scared of Pandora. I have sent her a Valentine's Day card (Pandora, not Miss Elf).

Saturday February 14th

ST VALENTINE'S DAY

Here is the poem I wrote inside Pandora's card.

Pandora!

I adore ya.

I implore ye

Don't ignore me.

I wrote it left-handed so that she wouldn't know it was from me.

Wednesday March 11th

Dragged myself to school after doing paper round and housework. My mother wouldn't give me a note excusing me from games so I left my PE kit at home. I just couldn't face running about in the cold wind.

That sadist Mr Jones made me run all the way home to fetch my PE kit. The dog must have followed me out of the house because when I got to school gate it was there before me. I tried to shut the dog out but it squeezed through the railings and followed me into the playground. I ran to the changing rooms and left the dog outside but I could hear its loud bark echoing around the school. I tried to sneak into the playing fields but the dog saw me

and followed behind, then it saw the football and joined in the lesson! The dog is dead good at football, even Mr Jones was laughing until the dog punctured the ball.

Mr Scruton, the pop-eyed headmaster, saw everything from his window. He ordered me to take the dog home. I told him I would miss my sitting for school dinners but he said I would teach me not to bring pets to school.

Wednesday June 10th

Pandora and I are in love! It is official! She told Claire Neilson, who told Nigel, who told me.

I told Nigel to tell Claire to tell Pandora that I return her love. I can overlook the fact that Pandora smokes five cigarettes a day and has her own lighter. When you are in love such things cease to matter.

Wednesday July 8th

Went to school today. I have decided to take Domestic Sciences, Art, Woodwork and English O levels. I am doing Geography, Math and History for CSE.

Thursday July 9th

School breaks up for eight weeks tomorrow. Pandora is going to Tunisia soon. How will I survive without my love is anybody's guess.

From The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole. Aged 13 1/4. By Sue Townsend.