

MASSIVE

DAY 3

Last day of school. Huge relief. Massive.

This year they appointed a school psychologist so I've had to learn to look happy and well adjusted, at least while walking the halls. I know she has a file on me. Everyone who's been less than angelic in the past has a file on them somewhere.

It used to be that me, Kira and Dee would all end up in various offices together, because we were all out to do what felt right, not what they told us. But the two of them have gone a bit boring, like they want to fit in and suck up. I've got wise and I stay out of everyone's way, but at least I haven't given in and started doing what they want. For example, homework was invented so they could control us

after school as well as during. Most of the teachers have given up asking me for it. I think they are secretly glad that I just avoid working and that I'm not one of the ones who acts up in class and says cheeky stuff.

I'm so proud of the fact that I have said *nothing* in any class for at least a month now.

I mean, look at them! What do they know? If I did what they told me to I would end up like them with their little jobs and little cars or like my parents with their meetings and services. No-one I know is really alive. I would love to know one person who does something amazing in the world.

It's me too, I'm as dead as the rest of them.

I don't say these things out loud anymore, so it's nice to write them here. A couple of months ago they sent me to a special Saturday morning Artistic Communication class, which lasted four weeks until some department ran out of money. They called it 'Artistic Communication', but we saw the 'art therapy' labels on all the boxes of paint supplies. I remember the first class. We had to draw how we feel on one side of the paper, and what we love to do on the other. I felt sort of nothing. I don't do that much either.

I remember two or three years ago I would do fun stuff and be really into it; one time I made a light-box out of my old dolls' house, and I used to love tracing pictures of birds and pop-stars onto typing paper. I also remember being big into a band that is *way* too embarrassing to write down here, in fact I think the pen would die of shame and I'd have nothing left to write with. I belonged to the fan club and everything, and Aidan would give me money for my birthday so I could get the calendar and photos – which I would carefully hide under my bed, as if anyone on earth would want to steal them! Actually, I've just looked and they are still there. Must clean my room. Really. Any year now.

I wish I was back the way I was then. I was really happy then.

There's one OK-ish-I-suppose thing – I'm *thrilled* they aren't sending me to an activity camp this summer. I feel that I will be no more employable in a few years for being able to tie-dye scarves, play lacrosse or program a computer in a language that is already out of date. Mum keeps saying we really must sort something out, and then she's pleased enough that she has said it, like that's as good as sorting it. It drives me mental when she keeps

promising something good, like those boots I've been waiting a year for, but it's perfect in this case because I can sleep late and hang out in town.

SECRET: Just between me and my last counsellor (and you if you are hideous enough to be reading someone else's diary – in which case please get your own life and stop right now!!), apparently it is not my mother's failure to pick up the telephone or get in the car with me that is the problem when it comes to organising my life, it's my 'hostile attitude'.

My 'hostile attitude' gets blamed for loads of stuff and lets everyone off the hook, I really don't know what we'd all do without it. The funny thing is that Mum can spend so much time organising trips to the seaside for sick children and supervising activities for teenagers who seem to be *way* happier than me.

I have decided not to dress up for Claire Higgins' end-of-term party tonight. All her friends look so exaggerated, like they have to wear every accessory ever invented all at the same time, with shoes as high as most scaffolding, and make-up that wouldn't melt off with a blowtorch. I prefer to go as I am. I'm not out to impress anyone, especially not her lame bunch.

I would love to go to a party where people actually

sat down and talked about real things. Even though I know loads of people I feel really alone, like there's no-one who really gets me.