

ok.C.U the

Chat 2 ya! Mmwah

xxx....

MAY 30!  
(LAST WEEK  
OF TERM)



I wish I was international, you know, jet set and everything. That way I could be booking a plane ticket somewhere and not just sitting in the bedroom I've had for the past fourteen years re-reading my text messages. 'Chat 2 ya! Mmwah! CU xxx'; that's all it said, like she was going off to dance class and I'd see her after!

I was minding the shop when it first came through and I was so angry I almost threw the phone at the Pringles display. I thought that it should *mean*

something to her that our little group is being split up, at least for the summer. Charlie's Dad is *such* a pain; he hasn't even called her much since Christmas, but then he sends for her to join him in Canada without even thinking that she might have a life. What pisses me off most is that Charlie didn't seem to care about months of being ignored by him and all those conversations we had about it, instead she got all excited about Vancouver and sailing and her Dad's dog and stuff and didn't even ask me how I was going to survive on my own.

I spent this evening downstairs minding the shop, pretending to study and dying to get back to my room so I could cry. My eyes kept welling up and I had to pretend to all the regulars that I had hayfever.

At least Hellie will be around for another week, but then it's worse because she doesn't expect to be back *EVER*. She's another one who could work a bit harder at being upset! You'd swear all this was normal. And it's worst for me because I'll be doing the same things as usual except on my own. They'll be having real adventures and meeting amazing people.

They are the best friends I've ever had and at fifteen I'm way too old for getting new ones. I can't think of one other person I know who I could stand

for more than a minute-and-a-half.

I don't want Mum to hear me crying in case she thinks it's about Gran and gets all upset herself. I mean, I *am* still upset about that, but I find I can only really cry about one thing at a time, otherwise I get all confused, and the tears stop, and I just feel a more muddy kind of awful.

I have started writing this because last night I saw a film about a girl who found a diary that a girl wrote two hundred years ago and it was *really* interesting. Maybe this will be interesting in the twenty-third century, because God knows there is nothing good about my life right now. In fact the best thing is Johnny Saunders and I only ever walk past him at the bus stop and don't even say anything. Next week I won't even have that, because the exams will be over.

Maybe I should explain about cars and microwaves and iPods and all that, but I suppose they will have better history books in two centuries time, so they won't need those kinds of details from me. I would *love* it if I was important or did something like a really historical person.

OK, I need to find a bright side or I will go mental. Well, one good thing: I finally know that Johnny *definitely* knows my name. I know this because Hellie met him in her maths grind last night and said, 'I won't see my friend Tammy for ages,' and he said, 'Is she the skinny one with the long red hair and huge green eyes?' and Hellie said, 'Yes.' Which is good for her because usually she would have said something to help that would have made a mess of everything. Also the end-of-term tests were not *complete* torture. Also, Dad said I could use his computer to e-mail Charlie in Canada.

I have to choose a new on-line name, as my old one

is so embarrassing that I won't even write it here. I don't even have a good real-life name like Charlie does – I read in a magazine that guys love it when a girl has a tomboy name like Sammie or Nick or Freddie. Last year I tried to get everyone to call me Tommy instead of Tammy, but no one did and Mum gave out to me for confusing the baby. I don't know what web name to use, I just know that it won't have the words 'princess' or 'diva' in it – those are so overused.

Mum and I watched some stupid TV show together after she closed up. We hadn't done that since Gran died, so I am feeling a bit happier now and I'm going to bed early to be rested for my English and Science tests in the morning. Dad stayed up making calls until late in the spare-room office because of the new project his business is working on.