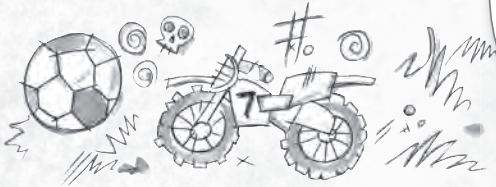


Chapter One

Meet Tom Delaney



Monday 3 November

This is a dumb idea. I don't think I'm supposed to write that, but it's how I feel and Mrs M—our teacher's name is Mrs Matthews but I call her Mrs M—said to write what you feel. Okay, I've written what I feel. Now what?

Well, here goes nothing. My name is Tom Delaney and this is my journal. (My teacher is making me write in it each week for a month.) Not that I have anything to say. If you ask me, journals are for girls. They like all that stuff. Boys like to get out and do stuff, not write about it.

Right. That took fifteen minutes. Only forty-five minutes to go. Great. And Mrs M is going to do random checks and read what we write. The rule is: no writing, no school camp or graduation party.

If only I knew what to write about.

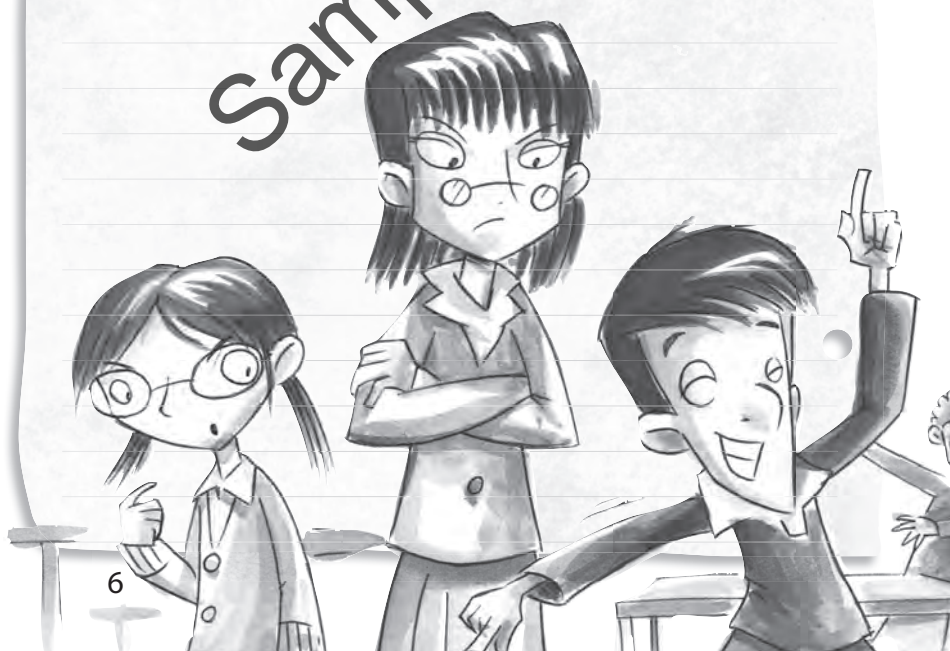
I could write about the stink that's coming from someone at the next table. Seems like someone's been eating too many beans, if you get my drift. Get my *drift!!!* Ahh, I crack myself up. That's too good. Maybe I should become a comedy writer.

All the boys are chuckling now and there's a whole lot of fake coughing going on. Miss Prissy Angela is giving us all the evil eye, and Mrs M wants to know why it's so funny.

That's the thing—I don't know why it's funny. It just is. The problem with girls is that they don't have a sense of humour.

If you don't believe me, I'll prove it. Like when Mrs M mentioned getting ready for high

Sample pages



school and Chris started leading a victory dance around the room.

The girls only laughed when we got into trouble. They couldn't even see how hilarious we were. They were probably jealous of how totally cool we looked.

Or when Sam said he was wearing boardies to the graduation. The girls were disgusted. All they do is talk about their dresses. What's that about? Who cares what they wear?

I'll probably just wear my good jeans. Wonder whether I left that pie wrapper in the pocket from last week? I think it still had gravy in it... Wonder if they'll have pies at the graduation party?

Fifteen minutes to go. And Mrs M is looking at me. She's pointing to the board and the words "HIGH SCHOOL".

Thanks, Mrs M, because now I feel sick. Who wants to go to high school anyway?

