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# Harry's diary



## Tuesday 10 October



Today was NOT a brilliant day but it wasn't bad.

I got up late because I forgot to turn on my phone. It ALWAYS wakes me up at 7.23. If I don't get up then, Sarah (my older sister) gets to the bathroom before I do (she always gets up at 7.25) and she takes 17 minutes to wash her face, clean her teeth and comb her hair. Sisters!



So today, I didn't wash before I got dressed. Never mind! I hope no-one sees.

Dad was coughing a lot when I ran downstairs. He put salt, not sugar, in his coffee because he was listening to the news on the radio and reading his newspaper at the same time and not looking at his spoon.

I had a bowl full to the top of my favourite cereal. Oh ... and our fat cat, Sausage, ate a spider. Holly (my little sister) said,

'Sausage might run faster now she's got

a spider

inside her!'



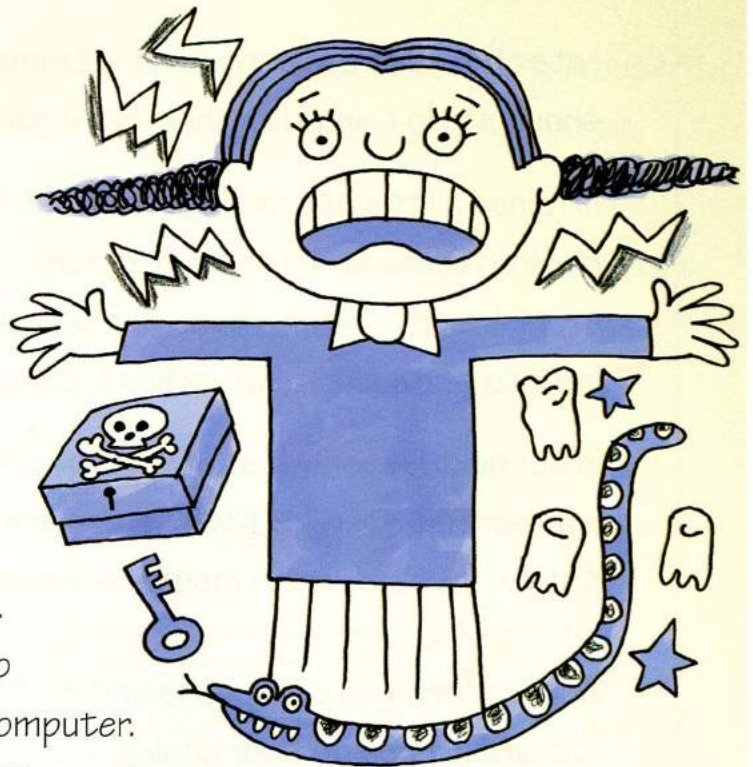
My school shirt is pink (I've only got one at the moment). Mum washed it with my red football socks. I couldn't believe it. 'But pink is such a lovely colour, Harry,' she said. I don't think my mum understands boys.





There was a new driver on the school bus. When he opened his mouth to ask me for my ticket, I saw that he had three gold teeth!

I like making Holly frightened so I tell her scary stories sometimes. I may tell her that the driver locks his gold teeth in a secret box with a special silver key. And a really long snake sleeps around the box with the key in its mouth each night. I love my little sister but she's difficult to live with sometimes. She broke our old computer. She put a biscuit in the hole where the CDs went!



I had to hurry to get to school but I got there at 8.38. William and Emma, my best friends were already in the playground. When I was chatting to them about a program I'm using to make a puzzle app, I put my rucksack down next to theirs. Emma's rucksack and mine look the same and, yes, of course, I picked up hers when I ran into class.

```
[MAIN GAME LOOP
create_bubbles()
score *=
sleep 0.01 ]
```

No English dictionary so I had to borrow one. No lesson timetable. No homework file. No phone. No geography book. But a dinosaur project, some glue, a pair of scissors, some science homework, a picture of an octopus and some expensive chocolate (gold paper!).





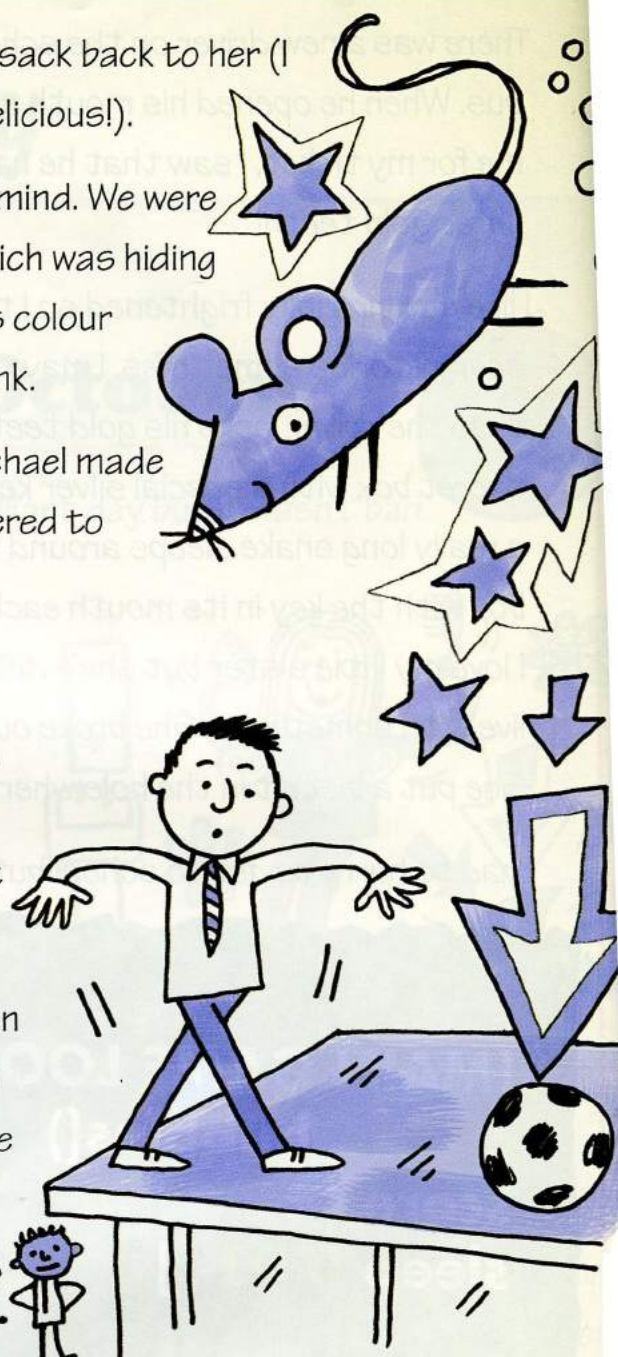
I ate the chocolate before I gave Emma's rucksack back to her (I shouldn't do things like that, but it tasted delicious!).

It rained a little at morning break, but I didn't mind. We were playing volleyball so I took my sweater off (which was hiding my pink shirt). I wanted the rain to change its colour back to white again, but it didn't. It's STILL pink.

In our next lesson – history – a boy called Michael made a noise that sounded like a mouse and whispered to Katy who called out, 'A mouse! A mouse!'

Our teacher, two of the girls and my friend Richard jumped on their chairs. I tried not to laugh but it was really funny. Mr Brush, our school cleaner came to find it, but he couldn't of course.

When we were playing football in the afternoon break, I kicked the ball so high it went up onto the roof. I climbed up to get it and found three more footballs up there. So we've got four footballs now. Excellent!



I was lucky no-one saw me on the roof. 'That's NOT part of our playground, boys,' Mr Rocket, our gym teacher says.

The school bus left before I got to the bus stop because William and I were talking about inventions. We want to invent a shampoo that tastes like bananas, and socks that always smell like flowers.

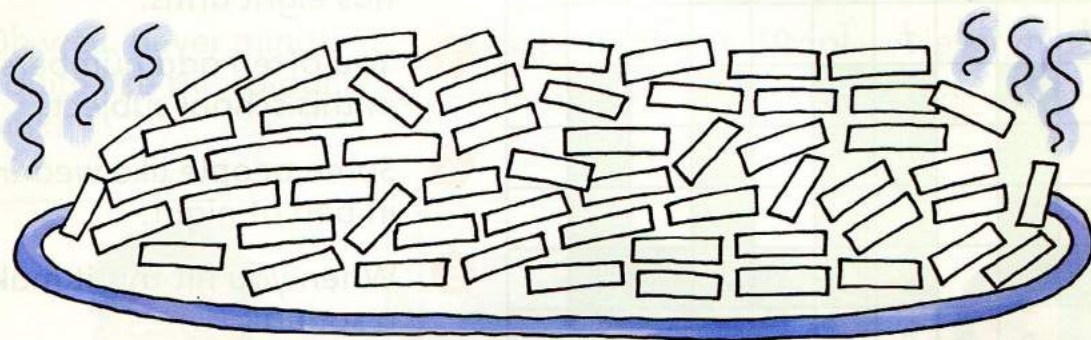




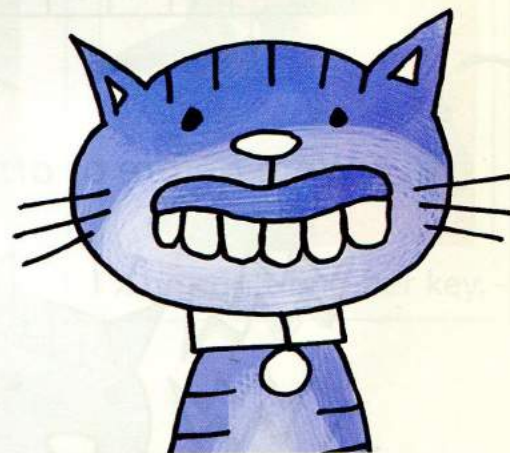
So I had to walk home today. I didn't mind but my head and shoulders, shirt, trousers and shoes got really wet because it started to rain again. When my sister, Sarah, saw me, she said, 'Well, you needed a wash.'

I went upstairs to dry my hair and put my jeans and black T-shirt on. My school shirt is STILL pink. Oh well, never mind. I'm beginning to like the colour, actually, but I hope Mum washes it for me this evening, then it may not be so pink tomorrow.

We had chips for dinner tonight. Mum only lets us have them once a week. I had 52. I counted each one then Holly gave me 5 of hers so I had 57. Excellent!



What else? Oh, Sausage came into the house with some plastic false teeth in her mouth. I told Holly that they were great grandma's and that she lost them last weekend when she fell asleep in the garden. Actually, they were some old toy ones that William gave to me.



Sausage looked so funny. We couldn't stop laughing.

I did my information technology homework tonight ... well, most of it. The wi-fi stopped working and I needed to find something online. I might try to finish it tomorrow morning. I practised on my drums too, so poor Mum got a headache again.

OK, my teeth are clean. None of MY teeth are plastic! I've got my favourite old pyjamas on. They've got spaceships on them so they look a bit young, but it doesn't matter. I still like them. What's the time? 9.45 and my phone is on so it knows I must wake up at 7.23.



Goodnight world. Goodnight me. Oh no! There's a biscuit in my bed. Holly!!!