

'Paul walked with something screwed up tight inside him ... yet he chatted away with his mother. He would never have confessed to her how he suffered over these things and she only partly guessed.'

D.H. Lawrence Sons and Lovers

Thursday January 1st

BANK HOLIDAY IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES

These are my New Year's resolutions:

1. I will help the blind across the road.
2. I will hang my trousers up.
3. I will put the sleeves back on my records.
4. I will not start smoking.
5. I will stop squeezing my spots.
6. I will be kind to the dog.
7. I will help the poor and ignorant.
8. After hearing the disgusting noises from downstairs last night, I have also vowed never to drink alcohol.

My father got the dog drunk on cherry brandy at the party last night. If the RSPCA hear about it he could get done. Eight lays have gone by since Christmas Day but my mother still hasn't worn the green lurex apron I bought her for Christmas! She will get bathcubes next year.

Just my luck, I've got a spot on my chin for the first day of the New Year!

Friday January 2nd

BANK HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND. FULL MOON

I felt rotten today. It's my mother's fault for singing 'My Way\*' at two o'clock in the morning at the top of the stairs. Just my luck 0 have a mother like her. There is a chance my parents could be alcoholics. Next year I could be in a children's home.

The dog got its own, back on my father. It jumped up and knocked down his model ship, then ran into the garden with the rigging tangled in its feet. My father kept saying, 'Three months' work down the drain', over and over again.

The spot on my chin is getting bigger. It's my mother's fault or not knowing about vitamins.

Thursday February 12th

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

I found my mother dyeing her hair in the bathroom tonight. This has come as a complete shock to me. For thirteen and three-quarter years I have thought I had a mother with red hair, now I find out that it is really light brown. My mother asked me not to tell my father. What a state their marriage must be in! I wonder if my father knows that she wears a padded bra? She doesn't hang them on the line to dry, but I have seen them shoved down the side of the airing cupboard. I wonder what other secrets my mother has got?

Sunday February 22nd

SEXAGESIMA

My father has gone fishing with the dog. Mr Lucas came for dinner and stayed for tea. He ate three slices of the black forest cake.

We played Monopoly. Mr Lucas was banker. My mother kept going into jail, I won because I was the only one concentrating properly. My father came in the front door and Mr Lucas went out of the back door. My father said he had been looking forward to the black forest cake all day. There was none left. My father said he had not had a bite to eat or a bite on his fishing line all day. My mother gave him grape-pip cheese on Ry-king for his supper. He threw it at the wall and said he wasn't a \*\*\*\*\* mouse he was a \*\*\*\*\*! man and my mother said it was a long time since he had done any \*\*\*\*\*! I was sent out of the room then. It is a terrible thing to hear your own mother swearing. I blame it on all those books she has been reading. She hasn't ironed my school uniform yet, I hope she remembers.

I let the dog sleep in my room tonight, it doesn't like quarrelling.

Monday February 23rd

Got a letter from Mr Cherry the newsagent to say I can start a paper round tomorrow. Worse luck!

Bert Baxter is worried about Sabre because he is off his food and not trying to bite anybody. He asked me to take him to the PDSA for a check-up. I said I would take him tomorrow if his condition hadn't improved.

I'm fed up with washing up for Bert. He seems to live off fried eggs, it is no joke trying to wash up in cold water without any

Thursday March 19th

Mr Lucas has put his house up for sale. My mother says the asking price is thirty thousand pounds!!

What will he do with all that money?

My mother says he will buy another bigger house. How stupid can you get?

If I had thirty thousand pounds I would wander the world having experiences.

I wouldn't take any real money with me because I have read that most foreigners are thieves. Instead I would have three thousand pounds\* worth of traveller's cheques sewn into my trousers. Before I set off, I would:

- a) Send Pandora three dozen red roses.
- b) Pay a mercenary fifty pounds to duff Barry Kent up.
- c) Buy the best racing bike in the world and ride it past Nigel's house.
- d) Order a massive crate of expensive dog food so that the dog is properly fed while I'm away.
- e) Buy a housekeeper for Bert Baxter.
- f) Offer my mother and father a thousand pounds (each) to stay together.

When I came back from the world I would be tall, brown and full of ironical experiences and Pandora would cry into her pillow at night because of the chance she missed to be Mrs Pandora Mole. I would qualify to be a vet in record time then I would buy a farm-house. I would convert one room into a study so that I could have somewhere quiet to be intellectual in.

I wouldn't waste thirty thousand pounds on buying a semi-detached house!

Friday March 20th

FIRST DAY OF SPRING. FULL MOON

It is the first day of spring. The council have chopped all the elms down in Elm Tree Avenue.

Saturday March 21st

My parents are eating different things at different times, so I usually have six meals a day because I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings. The television is in my room now because they couldn't decide who it belongs to. I can lie in bed and watch the late-night horror.

I am starting to get a bit suspicious about my mother's feelings towards Mr Lucas. I found a note she had from him; it says: 'Pauline how much longer? For God's sake come away with me. Yours forever, Bimbo.'

Although it was signed 'Bimbo' I know it was from Mr Lucas because it was written on the back of his red electricity bill. My father should be informed. I have put the note under my mattress next to the *Big and Bouncy* magazines.

Thursday February 17th

I wrote a poem on the toilet wall at school today.

I thought it was a good way of getting a bit of political consciousness over to my moronic fellow pupils.

The Future

What future is there for the young? What songs are waiting to be sung? There are no mountains left to climb, No poetry without a rhyme. No jobs to go to after school We divide and still they rule. They give us Job Creation Schemes. When what we want are hopes and dreams. A. MOLE

Friday February 18th

I was sent to see the headmaster today. He has found out about toilet poem. I asked him how he knew I'd written it. He said, you signed it, idiot boy. I have been suspended for a week.

Tuesday April 19th

Daffodils by A. Mole

While on my settee I lie

From out of the corner of my eye

I spot a clump of Yellow Daffodils,

Bowing and shaking as a lorry goes by.

Brave green stalks supporting yellow bonnets.

Like the wife of a man who writes Love Sonnets.

Friday October 2nd

....p.m. I am very unhappy and have once again turned to great literature for solace. It's no surprise to me that intellectuals commit suicide, go mad or die from drink. We feel things more than other people. We know the world is rotten and that chins are ruined spots. I am reading *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom*, Andrei D. Sakharov, It is 'an inestimably important document' according to the cover.

1.30 p.m. *Progress, Coexistence and Intellectual Freedom* is inestimably boring, according to me, Adrian Mole. I disagree with Sakharov's analysis of the causes of the revivalism Stalinism. We are doing Russia at school so I speak from knowledge.

Saturday October 3rd

Pandora is cooling off. She didn't turn up at Bert's today. I had to do his cleaning on my own.

Went to Sainsbury's as usual in the afternoon; they are selling Christmas cakes. I feel that my life is slipping away.

I am reading *Wuthering Heights*. It is brilliant. If I could get Pandora up somewhere high, I'm sure we could regain our old.....

Friday September 18th

2 a.m. Just got back from London. Coach driver suffered from motorway madness on the motorway. I am too shaken by the experience to be able to give a lucid or intelligent account of the day.

Saturday September 19th

The school may well want a clear account by an unprejudiced observer of what happened on the way to, during, and coming back from our trip to London. I am the only person qualified. Pandora, for all her qualities, does not possess my nerves of steel.

Class Four-D's Trip to the British Museum

7 a.m. Boarded coach.

7.05 Ate packed lunch, drank low-calorie drink.

7.10 Coach stopped for Barry Kent to be sick.

7.20 Coach stopped for Claire Neilson to go to the Ladies.

7.30 Coach left school drive.

7.35 Coach returned to school for Ms Fossington-Gore's handbag.

7.40 Coach driver observed to be behaving oddly.

7.45 Coach stopped for Barry Kent to be sick again.

7.55 Approached motorway.

8 a.m. Coach driver stopped coach and asked everyone to stop giving 'V' signs to lorry drivers.

8.10 Coach driver loses temper, refuses to drive on motorway until bloody teachers control kids'.

8.20 Ms Fossington-Gore gets everyone sitting down.

8.25 Drive on to motorway.

8.30 Everyone singing 'Ten Green Bottles'.

8.35 Everyone singing 'Ten Green Snotrags'.

8.45 Coach driver stops singing by shouting very loudly.

9.15 Coach driver pulls in at service station and is observed to drink heavily from hip-flask.

9.30 Barry Kent hands round bars of chocolate stolen from self-service shop at service station. Ms Fossington-Gore chooses Bounty bar.

9.40 Barry Kent sick in coach.

9.50 Two girls sitting near Barry Kent arc sick.

9.51 Coach driver refuses to stop on motorway.

9.55 Ms Fossington-Gore covers sick in sand.

9.56 Ms Fossington-Gore sick as a dog.

10.30 Coach crawls along on hard shoulder, all other lanes closed for repairs.

11.30 Fight breaks out on back seat as coach approaches end of motorway.

11.45 Fight ends. Ms Fossington-Gore finds first-aid kit and sees to wounds. Barry Kent is punished by sitting next to driver.

11.50 Coach breaks down at Swiss Cottage.

11.55 Coach driver breaks down in front of AA man.

12.30 Class Four-D catch London bus to St Pancras.

1 p.m. Class Four-D walk from St Pancras through Bloomsbury.

1.15 Ms Fossington-Gore knocks on door of Tavistock House, asks if Dr Laing will give Barry Kent a quick going-over. Dr Laing in America on lecture tour.

1.30 Enter British Museum. Adrian Mole and Pandora Braithwaite awestruck by evidence of heritage of World Culture. Rest of class Four-D run beserk, laughing at nude statues and dodging curators.

2.15 Ms Fossington-Gore in state of collapse. Adrian Mole makes reverse-charge phone call to headmaster. Headmaster in dinner lady strike-meeting, can't be disturbed.

3p.m. Curators round up class Four-D and make them sit on steps of museum.

3.05 American tourists photograph Adrian Mole saying he is a 'cute English schoolboy'.

3.15 Ms Fossington-Gore recovers and leads class Four-D on sightseeing tour of London.

4p.m. Barry Kent jumps in fountain at Trafalgar Square, as predicted by Adrian Mole.

4.30 Barry Kent disappears, last seen heading towards Soho.

4.35 Police arrive, take Four-D to mobile police unit, arrange coach back. Phone parents about new arrival time. Phone headmaster at home. Claire Neilson has hysterical fit. Pandora Braithwaite tells Ms Fossington-Gore she is a disgrace to teaching profession. Ms Fossington-Gore agrees to resign.

6 p.m. Barry Kent found in sex shop. Charged with theft of 'grow-it-big' cream and two 'tickler'.

7 p.m. Coach leaves police station with police escort.

7.30 Police escort waves goodbye.

7.35 Coach driver begs Pandora Braithwaite to keep order.

7.36 Pandora Braithwaite keeps order,

8p.m. Ms Fossington-Gore drafts resignation.

8.30 Coach driver afflicted by motorway madness.

8.40 Arrive back. Tyres burning. Class Four-D struck dumb with terror. Ms Fossington-Gore led off by Mr Sermon. Parents up in arms. Coach driver charged by police.

July 3rd  
Brown-skinned family are moving into Mr Lucas's old house! I sit in my deckchair and had a good view of their furniture being carried out of the removal van. The brown-skinned ladies kept taking massive cooking pots into the house so it looks as if they are a large family. My father said that it was 'the beginning of the end of our street'. Pandora is in the Anti-Nazi League. She said she thinks that my father is a possible racist. I am reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

Saturday July 4th

INDEPENDENCE DAY, USA

The street is full of brown-skinned people arriving or departing in cars, vans and mini-buses. They keep trooping in and out of Mr Lucas's old house. My father says they have probably got three families to each room.

Pandora and I are going round to welcome them to our district. Ye arc determined to show that not all white people are racist fanatics.

Bert Baxter is still in hospital.

Wednesday July 29th

ROYAL WEDDING DAY!!!!

How proud I am to be English!

Foreigners must be as sick as pigs!

We truly lead the world when it comes to pageantry! I must admit to having tears in my eyes when I saw all the cockneys who had stood since dawn, cheering heartily all the rich, well-dressed, famous people going by in carriages and Rolls-Royces.

Grandma and Bert Baxter came to our house to watch the wedding because we have got a twenty-four-inch colour. They got on all right at first but then Bert remembered he was a communist and started saying anti-royalist things like 'the idle rich' and 'parasites', so grandma sent him back to the Singhs' colour portable.

Prince Charles looked quite handsome in spite of his ears. His brother is dead good-looking; it's a shame they couldn't have swapped heads just for the day. Lady Diana melted my heartstrings in her dirty white dress. She even helped an old man up the aisle; I thought it was very kind of her considering it was her wedding day. Loads of dead famous people were there. Nancy Reagan, Spike, Milligan, Mark Phillips, etc., etc. The Queen looked a bit jealous. I expect it was because people weren't looking at her for a change.

The Prince had remembered to take the price ticket off his shoes. So that was one worry off my mind.

When the Prince and Di exchanged rings my grandma started to cry. She hadn't brought her handkerchief so I went upstairs 45 to get the spare toilet roll. When I came downstairs they were married. So I missed the Historic moment of their marriage!

I made a cup of tea during all the boring musical interval, but I was back in time to see that Kiwi woman singing. She has certainly got a good pair of lungs on her.

Grandma and I were just settling down to watch the happy couple's triumphant ride back to the palace when there was a loud banging on the front door. We ignored it so my father was forced to get out of bed and open the door. Bert and Mr and Mrs Singh find all the little Singhs came in asking for sanctuary. Their telly had broken down! My grandma tightened her lips, she is not keen on black, brown, yellow, Irish, Jewish or foreign people. My father 10 let them all in, then took grandma home in the car. The Singhs and Bert gathered round the television talking in Hindi.

Mrs Singh handed round some little cornish pasties. I ate one of them and had to drink a gallon of water. I thought my mouth had caught fire! They were not cornish pasties.

We watched television until the happy couple left Victoria station on a very strange-looking train. Bert said it was only strange-looking because it was clean.

Mrs O'Leary came in and asked if she could borrow our old chairs for the street party. In my father's absence I agreed and helped to carry them out on to the pavement. Our street looked dead weird without cars and with flags and bunting flapping about.

Mrs O'Leary and Mrs Singh swept the street clean. Then we all helped to put the tables and chairs out into the middle of the road. The women did all the work, the men stood around on the pavement drinking too much and making jokes about Royal Nuptials.

Mr Singh put his stereo speakers out of his lounge windows and we listened to a Des O'Connor LP whilst we set the tables with sandwiches, jam tarts, sausage rolls and sausages on sticks.

Then everyone in our street was given a funny hat by Mrs O'Leary and we sat down to eat. At the end of the tea Mr Singh made a speech about how great it was to be British. Everyone cheered and sang 'Land of Hope and Glory'. But only Mr Singh knew all the words. Then my father came back with four party packs of light ale and two dozen paper cups, and soon everyone was acting in an undignified manner.

Mr O'Leary tried to teach Mrs Singh an Irish jig but he kept getting tangled up in her sari. I put my Abba LP on and turned the volume up high and soon even the old people of forty and over were dancing! When the street lamps came on Sean O'Leary climbed up and put red, white and blue crepe paper over the bulbs to help the atmosphere and I fetched our remaining candles and put them on the tables. Our street looked quite Bohemian.

Bert told some lies about the war, my father told jokes. The party went on until one o'clock in the morning!

Normally they get a petition up if you clear your throat after eleven o'clock at night!

I didn't dance, I was an amused, cynical observer. Besides my feet were aching.

Thursday July 30th

I have seen the Royal Wedding repeats seven times on television.

Friday July 31st

NEW MOON

Sick to death of Royal Wedding. 15 Pandora, the beggar's friend, is coming home tomorrow.

Tuesday February 24th

ST MATTHIAS

Got up at six o'clock for my paper-round. I have got Elm Tree Avenue. It is dead posh. All the papers they read are very heavy: *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Guardian*. Just my luck! Bert said Sabre is better, he tried to bite the milkman.

Wednesday February 25th

Bed early tonight because of my paper round. Delivered twenty-five Punches as well as the papers.

Thursday February 26th

The papers got mixed up today. Elm Tree Avenue got the Sun and the Mirror and Corporation Row got the heavy papers. I don't know why everybody went so mad. You'd think they would enjoy reading a different paper for a change.

Friday February 27th

LAST QUARTER

Early this morning I saw Pandora walking down the drive of 69 Elm Tree Avenue. She had a riding hat and jodphurs on so she couldn't have been on her way to school. I didn't let her see me. don't want her to know that I am doing a menial job.

So now I know where Pandora lives! I had a good look at the house. It is much bigger than ours. It has got rolled-up wooden blinds at all the windows, and the rooms look like jungles because of all the green plants. I looked through the letterbox and saw the big ginger cat eating something on the kitchen table. They have *The Guardian*, *Punch*, *Private Eye*, and *New Society*.

ADRIAN MOLE AND THE SMALL

AMPHIBIANS

Monday October 2nd

A letter from Barry Kent:

Yo!

I get my parole next week so lme coming too see you ok? Get some beer in. Have you heard of a bloke called Blake he has wrote some real hard poems. Tiger Tiger is one. Nigel come to see me last week. He is not a buddhst monk now, he is joined the Socialist Worker he made me buy a magazine. I am writi' a poem for it.

Yo!

Baz

Barry Kent may be well known on the poetry reading circuit (Baz, the Skinhead Poet) but he is still a moron. Anyone who is remotely educated knows that Rupert Blake's poem is entitled 'Tyger! Tyger!' A 'y' not an 'i'. I have sent a Telemesssage via the phone at work ordering Kent not to come here next week.

Yo! Baz.

Regret, have to go on newt ringing expedition next week. So won't be here. It is *Tyger* not Tiger.

Yo!

Aidy

Monday October 9th

Our household now consists of Julian Twyselton-Fife, Pandora Braith-waite, Rocky (Big Boy) Livingstone, Barry Kent and me, Adrian Mole. It is prison regulations that prisoners cannot receive Telemesssages or something; also I had forgotten to tell British Telecom to put Barry's prison registration number on the front of the envelope, so he turned up. We are all squeezed into one living room, a kitchenette, two bedrooms, a box room and a bathroom. I am a person who needs my personal space. Sharing a box room with Kent is abhorrent to me; he takes up all my remaining floor space. There is nowhere to put my slippers. Also he reads all night.

But, dear diary (I would got *mad* without you to confide in!), what is sending me *insane* is that he has been taken up by the Oxford literary crowd! Those weak-chinned knobheads have invited him to every function going. He *Barry Kent!!!* has dined *in hall* at Pandora's college! Pandora said the dons thought him an 'absolute darling'. Also he has been spouting his vile poetry to crowds of impressionable undergraduates at £75 a session. Thank God he goes back to prison tomorrow. This is what he ranted at the finest in the land last night to tumultuous applause and requests for his autograph:

EDUCATION

So what?

So you know things

So you're clever

So what?

Know how to put the boot in?

Steal a car?

Slop out?

Start a riot?

You know nothink!

Nothink!

Nothink!

You. No. Think. No. Know. Think!

Tuesday January 1st 1991

THESE ARE MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

1. I will become a published writer
2. I will win the Booker Prize
3. I will marry Pandora
4. I will change my socks every day
5. I will resign from the D.O.E.
6. I will stop emptying tea leaves down the sink
7. I will work for world peace
8. I will return the videos on time
9. I will pass my driving test
10. I will change to skimmed milk
11. I will grow a beard
12. I will untie my shoelaces before removing my shoes
13. I will try to be more tolerant towards the thick and disadvantaged in our society, especially my parents
14. I will decide whether there is God or not.