ПРИЛОЖЕНИЕ № 4

The school disco last night was fantastic, once I got there. Mum spotted my bag. I had to show her my clothes… But then Mum acted like she was a real cool parent. If she could have seen me after we left Cathy’s… Cathy lent me her make-up, and Sadie got our hair just night.

 The old fogey at the door didn’t want to let us in – he’s somebody’s parent. Almost makes mine look trendy.

 The best bit of all was that David Slater was really knocked out by the gear – asked whether we went for that look all the time. I said only on special occasions and he laughed. Then he asked me for a dance!

 To be truthful it was not all that romantic and we didn’t actually touch. But with the music so loud we had to get quite close to shout in each other’s ear! I was very hopeful but he had to leave early for some reason. Still, at least he didn’t dance with anyone else. I’m in with a chance, surely (?).

 He’s got to go to his grandparents for Christmas, too. I just knew we would have a lot in common. Anyway, he’s going to give me a call after Chrisman. A Date?

 I was late back from the disco – it took me ages to get that stuff out of my hair. Mum talked about ‘responsibility’ and ‘concern for others’ as usual but who cares? David Slater had notice me!

ПРИЛОЖЕНИЕ №4

Jenny gave us a good laugh last night. It was the school disco and she and Sadie have been whispering in corners about it for weeks. When it was time for her to leave, Jenny came downstairs wearing a very ordinary- suspiciously ordinary-skirt and T-shirt.

 Clutched in her hand, half-hidden behind her back, was a bulging carrier bag. I asked her what was in the bag and she went bright red.

 ‘Just me boots’, she muttered.’ In case it rains’. Honestly, I could have fallen off my chair but I kept a straight face and asked to see. Inside were some awful black rags (skirt, top, and an old man’s waistcoat, by the look of it). Underneath it all were the Doc Marten’s we bought her for last year’s walking holiday. She was obviously intending to change somewhere else and transform herself into one of those hideous Gothic creatures. Presumably Sadie or Catherine had the make-up and hair glue waiting. I acted surprised and said if it was only black clothes she was trying to hide it wasn’t worth the bother.

 Jenny went off with a smug smile… and Mike and I settled down to a quite evening without her stereo blasting through the place.

 I think Jenny forgot about the time it would take to restore herself to ‘normal’ because she was half an hour late back and even then she looked liked battered panda. Anyway, I gave her the usual lecture about being late but it was hard not to laugh.