



THE REAL ADRIAN MOLE

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Hiya, I'm Adrian Mole, aged 14 $\frac{3}{4}$. I live with my parents, Geoffrey and Una Mole. My father is an air hostess and my mother is a traffic warden. I suppose it's possible that there could be more embarrassing professions for a boy's parents to have, but I can't think of one. Lavatory attendant, maybe. But even lavatory attendants keep a low profile, they don't walk down aisles pushing a duty free trolley or parade the streets harrassing motorists, like my parents do. Fortunately none of my friends know what my parents have to do to make a living because I've told them that my father is a pilot and my mother is an undercover policewoman. To say that I don't get on with them is a bit like saying that George Bush doesn't get on with Osama Bin Laden. In fact I'm far from convinced I'm their son, and suspect that when I was born they mixed up the babies at the hospital and their real son is some nerdy no mark or other and my real parents are Pierce Brosnan and Carol Vorderman. When I was born in 1987 they christened me Adrian, thus saddling me with the name Adrian Mole. What on earth possessed them to do this remains a mystery, but they're adults, right? When I was very young I wasn't aware of the effect that being called Adrian Mole would have on me in later life, otherwise I might have topped myself there and then. It was only when I started school, and the older children started making fun of me, that I realised how much grief it would give me, but I didn't find out the reason why until after I'd learned how to read and my parents bought me the book 'The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ '. I mean what is he like? And I've been given the same bloody name as him! Anyway the thing is, because of that book, all my life I've been compared to the fictional Adrian Mole. I've lost count of the number of times people have asked me how my spots are, or how are things with me and Pandora. Some daft sods even think I am him! So I'm starting this diary to show everybody

what the life of the real Adrian Mole is like.

If you enjoy reading my diary, and like me you're a kid, put the name of this website, www.razza.fsnet.co.uk on your school noticeboard so that your schoolmates can log on as well. Then tell any friends you have who go to other schools about it, so that they can do the same, because the greater the number of people who know that I'm nothing at all like that wet twat in the book the better I'll like it!

* * * * *

November 1 2001

Thursday

When I got home from school today my mother was still out so I watched my 'Ibiza Uncovered and Uncut' tape. Cool. Then I cleaned out my father's rabbit hutch. The smell wasn't any better. According to my father cleaning out the rabbit hutch is one of the things that will 'make a man of me'. It won't. The most it can hope to achieve is to make me into an expert rabbit hutch cleaner, but as that is unlikely to be my chosen career path it's a complete waste of time, but try telling my father that. Doing the garden and cleaning the car are other things I have to do that will 'make a man of me'. Apparently no pleasant things, such as chilling out with my mates or going to the pictures, will make a man of me. I suspect that even if the picture I wanted to see was called 'How to make a man of yourself'

it wouldn't 'make a man of me' in my father's eyes. Especially if it was rabbit hutch cleaning time. Exactly how cleaning rabbit hutches is going to make a man of me my father has never told me. Nor has he ever explained to me, if he knows so much about things that will make a man of me, why he didn't make a man of himself while he was about it, so that he might not have ended up doing a woman's job - but perhaps he's waiting for the right time to tell me, like when I've had a lobotomy.

After I'd had my tea I started planning my campaign to stop girls covering their bums by tying their cardies round their waists. What a load of old bollocks that is! How are you supposed to look at a girl's bottom if she's got a cardie wrapped round it? The craze probably started because it dawned on some girl or other that it was a handy place to keep her cardie in case the weather turned cold, but now it's become part of their uniform and they'd even have a cardie tied round their waists if we were in the middle of a bloody heatwave. You even get some bits of stuff who have a cardie tied round their waist wearing a cardie as well, for Christ's sake! Anyway I've decided that the best way to stop them is to start a new fashion they can copy, so that they'll forget all about this cardie tying rubbish. I think wearing a pair of their knickers on their head would be a good fashion, especially if they were the

knickers from where they should be wearing knickers, so I'm going to get one of the girls at school to start it off. If the campaign is succesful I'm going to mount one to get rid of the thong as well, because I'm not keen on them either. They might get rid of [visible pantie line](#) but lads like to see a bit of v.p.l. showing through on a shapely bottom!

I was left in on my own tonight, which suits me fine. My father is away. He was doing North America last week, so there was a chance that he might disappear in the Bermuda Triangle, but he's doing the Mediterranean this week. Pity there isn't a Majorca Triangle he could disappear into. My mother has gone to one of her clubs. I don't know which one, she doesn't last in them no time, because before very long she books the Chairperson or some influential committee member for parking on a double yellow line. Naturally enough this doesn't go down very well with them, and she soon begins to get the cold shoulder from everyone and leaves.

November 2 2001

Friday

When I was picking up my newspapers for my paper round this morning I noticed on the front cover of the latest 'Hello' that inside was an article about the day Geri

Halliwell found a lump on her breast. It was probably Chris Evans.

Got home to find that I'd finally had a reply to the letter I wrote to Tony Blair in March outlining the Mole Plan. Briefly the plan is that people should retire and draw a pension the moment they leave school, when they're young and healthy enough to enjoy their retirement, then, at the age of thirty, they should start work, and work until they die. This seems to me to be a lot cooler than the present system whereby people don't get a pension until they're too old and shagged out to enjoy it. Personally I think that our P.M. is as big a tosspot as the next man - unless the next man is John Prescott, then he would be nowhere near as big a tosspot - but he didn't kick off when his under-aged son went out on the piss and gets rat-arsed, so he can't be all bad. All right, he's got a warped taste in women - given the choice most people would go for someone who looks like a member of the Corr Family, not the Addams family, but there's no accounting for taste. The reply to my letter was from some civil servant, who said that the Prime Minister had recieved my letter and will consider my suggestion. He's taking his bloody time, that's all I can say! March? Anyway, I think that if the P.M. were to see a bit of support from a few other people for the Mole Plan it might help him to make up his mind in the

affirmative, so I urge any of you out there in cyberspace who considers the Mole Plan to be just what this country needs to write to Number Ten and tell him so - but don't expect an answer for about six months!

November 3 2001

Saturday

Gave my mate Brain Damage a David Beckham style haircut. He'd had a number one a couple of weeks ago and I cut eight tramlines in the new growth, criss-crossing his head. It isn't as good as David Beckham's, but then I don't suppose David Beckham's hairdresser has to manage with his mother's Ladyshave and the breadknife. Two of the lines were about as straight as a dog's hind leg, but most of them were almost straight, and I only cut him twice, so all in all I was quite pleased with myself for a first attempt.

I've been thinking about why I don't get on with my father. It seems to me that when a son gets to his early teens the father recognises for the first time a new adult in the making. He himself has been through this boy into man process twenty odd years ago of course. Now he takes a good look at himself and realises what a complete balls-up he made of the job. At this point one of two things happen. One - he becomes bitter about it and begins to

resent his son. Two - he acknowledges that he made a balls-up of turning into an adult himself, and vows that his son will make a better job of it. Neither of these two options are good news for the son. It is obviously bad news if your father starts to resent you, because father's who resent their sons don't buy them things and look after their interests. And it is equally bad news if the father vows that his son will make a better job of it - because instead of being allowed to just get on with it the son has somebody who has already made a balls-up of it trying to point him in the right direction. Talk about the blind leading the blind. And I've got a double dose, because my father resents me and he tries to point me in the right direction! Well I'm not going to make it easy for him.

November 4 2001

Sunday

No papers to deliver today, thank Christ. I'm a daily paper only paperboy, and that's enough pain for one week. I've seen the size of some Sunday papers so no thank you very much, you don't need boys to deliver them you want a cross between The Rock and a yak or some other beast of burden.

Stayed in bed until eleven. Had a five fingered shuffle at half past nine and another one at half past ten. Considered

going for my hat trick but got hungry. My mate Stinking Higginbottom says somebody told him that if you pull your plonker too much you go blind, but if that's the case you can bring me the white stick and the alsation right now, because there's no way I'm stopping. Anyway I have to have some outlet for my raging hormones as I don't have sex. This isn't through lack of opportunity, because there are at least half a dozen girls in my class at school who will do it for anything from the price of a seat at the pictures to a mars bar - in fact if you make a good job of it Sharon Potts will give you a mars bar - no, it's because the only time I ever had it the girl laughed at my small dick, which at the time was only five and a half inches long. I vowed there and then not to have sex again until it was at least six inches, a size that I considered should be long enough to put a smile on a girl's face rather than a laugh on her lips. It was five and three quarter inches the last time I measured it so there's every chance it will have reached my target when I'm due to measure it a week next Thursday - and if it is just watch me go!

Brain Damage's mother came round this afternoon to complain about the David Beckham haircut that I gave Brain Damage. She said he looked like Clapham Junction. She said it had only just cost her five pounds for his number one, and now she'd had to fork out another five

pounds for him to have another one so that he wouldn't look like Clapham Junction anymore. I told her that I'd have given him a number one for a pound, and that made her even more angry, probably because she could have saved herself four pounds if she'd only known. My father got to hear about it and he said 'You're an idiot, what are you Adrian?' and I had to say 'I'm an idiot'. It is by no means the first time he has made me do this, and I can't think of anything more degrading you could do to another human being.

November 5 2001

Monday

I bumped into [Fatboy Slim](#) today. Really! I was in Safeways pushing my mother's shopping trolley and trying to pretend I wasn't with her when there he was, as large as life, in the cafe having an all day breakfast. Fatboy Slim is a big hero of mine - anybody who can make a living by sampling other artist's material, thus saving himself the trouble of thinking it up for himself, has my complete admiration - so I went over to ask him for his autograph. He gave it to me willingly and was very friendly, so I sat down and took a bite of his sausage and two bites out of his bacon. He asked me what the fuck I thought I was playing it and I told him I was sampling his breakfast. He was livid! I would

have thought that somebody who made a living by sampling other people's things wouldn't have minded me sampling something of his in the least, and I told him so. He said that there was a difference, because when he sampled something he always improved on the original, so I told him that I would be improving on the original because the sausage and bacon would be a turd very soon, and it was bloody awful when it was sausage and bacon so making it into a turd would be a big improvement, and he burst out laughing - probably because when he gets round to writing his autobiography he'll sample what I said and use it as his own.

Went to the bonfire at night. After we'd let our fireworks off and the bonfire had died down a bit we had jacket potatoes, from the Asia Kebab House. An old bloke said that when he was a lad kids used to bake potatoes in the bonfire. I said what's the point of that when you can buy them already baked from the Asia Kebab House and he looked at me as though I was mad, the silly old bugger. Still there probably wasn't an Asia Kebab House when he was a lad. There probably wasn't an Asia when he was a lad! I'm glad he said what he did though because it gave me an idea for the school Christmas Concert.

November 6 2001

Tuesday

We had [Shakespeare](#) in English Lit today at school. What a load of old bollocks that is! Did people really talk like that in the sixteenth century, or whenever it was? No wonder it took civilisation so long to advance, they couldn't bloody understand each other. I can imagine what it would be like if people talked like that today.

Scene 1. The present. A football ground.

Team A scores. Team A's supporters raise their right arms and point with a repeated jabbing motion in the direction of Team B's supporters, and sing, to the tune of 'She'll be coming round the mountain' -

Team A Supporters:

Oh it's all gone quiet over there

It's all gone quiet over there

Oh it's all gone quiet

It's all gone quiet

It's all gone quiet over there!

Team B Supporters:

Fuck off!

Scene 1. Shakespeare's time. A football ground.

Team A scores. Team A's supporters raise their right arms and point with a repeated jabbing motion in the direction of Team B's supporters, and say -

Team A Supporters:

What is this that my ears doth perceive this day
That e'er have not perceived before?
Ears that once heard the sound of good fortune
Emanating from mine enemies cruel lips
Which pours but scorn on the noble efforts
Of those held high in my esteem;
As dear to me as though t'were of mine own seed
Could it be silence, that dark void into which
The previously joyful sink when fate doth turn the tables?
I think mayhap it is. It is silence.

Team B Supporters:

What?

I wanted my father to run me to the yoofie tonight
because it was raining hard but I didn't bother because I
knew what the answer would be, and it doesn't begin with a
'Y'. He's been in a foul mood all day because he re-
concreted part of the drive and the postman stepped in it
before it had dried and left his footprints in it. My father

called him an idiot. There are a lot of idiots in my father's world.

November 7 2001

Wednesday

The postman called today. He showed my father a letter he'd had from Mensa. The letter said that the postman had an I.Q. of 124. Then he said that he wouldn't be delivering any more mail to our house until my father had apologised to him for calling him an idiot.

I asked my mother if we could go to Ibiza for our holidays this year. She said no because we've already been to Minorca, and that one Balearic Island is much the same as another. She must be joking! All there is on Minorca are fat Germans and donkeys with straw hats on, whereas Ibiza is Shag City.

Believe it or not I have had no joy whatsoever in getting a girl to wear her knickers on her head! The only volunteer was Ugly Ursula Hindley and I declined her offer on the grounds that if she wore her knickers on her head, rather than encourage other girls to do the same it would put them off the idea. Stinking Higginbottom told Ugly Ursula that it might be a good idea if she wore her knickers over her head, and she started crying. Girls!

November 8 2001

Thursday

No mail this morning and we usually get something even if it's only junk mail.

At school today I had an interview with the Careers Master about Work Experience. What a load of old bollocks that is! He asked me what sort of work experience I wanted. I told him I didn't want to experience any work at all until it was absolutely necessary, and only then dragging and screaming. He said it was compulsory, and furthermore that he wanted some sense out of me, because thus far of the nine boys in my class who he'd seen so far three had said they wanted work experience as a gynaecologist and one as a stud in porno films. I told him that I wanted to be an Ibiza deckchair attendant. He said the nearest he had to that was working in a [travel agency](#) and he put me down for that. That should be fun!

Cleaned the rabbit's hutch. The smell doesn't get any better. I don't know what my father's been feeding it on but you wouldn't like it on toast. Also cleaned the car. With the rabbit. That last bit was a lie, but I might just, one day. Cleaning the car is yet another of the things that will 'make a man of me.' I once pointed out to my father that it would be much more like a man if I took the car down to the filling station and ran it through the car wash

the same as every other man on our street does, but he just told me to get on with it and stop moaning. The truth is he's too bloody mean and I'm free labour.

November 9 2001

Friday

Problems with football. A fixture clash with my school under fifteen team and my Get Real Madrid team. I've been picked for both, and the school game starts at ten and the other game at eleven. I know that if I tell our sports master Mr Oldcorn that I can't play for the school team he'll have it in for me even more, because he doesn't like me in the first place. The feeling is mutual. If he's a sports master I'm Ronald McDonald. He's supposed to have opened the batting for the Yorkshire second eleven but if he did the third eleven must have been a load of shite, because I bowled him out twice in six balls and one of them was underarm. It's a big problem because if I don't play for Get Real Madrid I might lose my place as there's a lot of competition for wide right. Anyway I've decided to pretend to get an injury towards the end of the first half of the school game, then go and play for Get Real Madrid. Neat, eh?

Later I saw Atomic Kitten on MTV. They must be the most ninety-nine-times-change-hands girl band of all time, and

it's my ambition to marry one of them, once I'm famous. The only thing stopping that from being el paradiso is that with her being from Liverpool I'll have to put up with that bloody awful accent, but I can always wear earplugs I suppose, and with any luck her mouth might be otherwise engaged for some of the time. Went to the yoofie later where I got a copy of the [Inter Milan v AC Milan](#) programme that's going around. It's totally brilliant. No mail again, so it looks like the postman is being true to his word.

November 10 2001

Saturday

When I came off injured just before half time in the school game I told Mr Oldcorn I had to go home immediately so that my mother could tend to my injury, as she was a nurse. One of our strikers big gob Jason Carter overheard me and said he thought I'd said that my mother was an undercover policewoman. I told him that being an undercover policewoman isn't always straightforward and this week she was posing as an undercover policewoman posing as a traffic warden posing as a nurse. I told him once she'd had to pose as a nun and we had nothing but frugal meals for a fortnight. I think he was impressed.

Started saving up to go to Ibiza on my own. If I can manage to get a cheap flight I've worked out that it will cost between £180 and £240 for a week, depending on how many condoms I use.

November 11 2001

Sunday

Me, Stinking and Brain Damage worked on the idea for the school concert that the old bloke gave me on bonfire night. It's based on our grandads, and everybody else's grandads I suppose, and it's called 'When I were a lad.' This is it so far.

Three old men are sat around chewing the fat. They are all miserable looking bastards and wheeze and fart a lot, like old people do. (Stinking is chief farter because he can fart on cue.)

Stinking:

There were no baths when I were a lad. If folk wanted to wash themselves all over they had to have a strip wash in t' sink. Aye, and glad of it.

Adrian:

There were no microwave ovens when I were a lad. If you wanted to warm something up you had to hold it over t' fire in t' grate and risk getting your hand burned. Aye, and glad of it.

Brain Damage:

There were no televisions when I were a lad. Folk had to make their own entertainment. We had to gather round t' piano and sing songs. Aye, and glad of it.

Stinking:

There were no pianos when I were a lad. We had to make our own entertainment we had to pretend there were pianos when we gathered round t' piano to sing songs. Aye, and glad of it.

Adrian:

There were no vacuum cleaners when I were a lad. Folk had to drag one of their kids round t' front room carpet by his feet and t' kid had to suck up as hard as he could. And if he didn't there'd be no tea for him! And if he did he didn't need any tea. Aye, and glad of it.

Brain Damage:

There were no Game Boys when I were a lad. If you wanted

to play a game you had to make a little boat out of paper and wait until t' Co-op horse peed in t' gutter, then race your boat against your mate's boat in t' stream of pee. Aye, and glad of it.

Stinking:

There were no cars when I were a lad. If you wanted to go somewhere fifty miles away you had to walk there on your own two legs. Aye, and glad of it.

Adrian:

There were no legs when I were a lad. You had to shuffle fifty miles on your arse. Aye, and glad of it.

Brain Damage:

There were no irons when I were a lad. If you wanted your trousers pressed you had to lie down in t' middle of t' road until t' council steamroller came through. Aye, and glad of it.

Stinking:

There were no lavatory paper when I were a lad. You had to use newspaper or t' lavatory brush. Aye, and glad of it.

Adrian:

There were no paper tissues when I were a lad. You had to wank in your hanky or go without. Aye, and glad of it.

Brain Damage:

There were no girls when I were a lad. If you wanted sex you had to dip your willie in a jar of warm honey then ride your bike down a cobbled street. Aye, and glad of it.

Stinking:

There were no lads when I were a lad. It were dead lonely. Life were a bastard when I were a lad. Aye, and glad of it.

All:

Aye, they were hard times when we were lads.

CURTAIN

November 12 2001

Monday

Somebody saw me playing football for Get Real Madrid and reported me to Mr Oldcorn. He asked me what I'd got to say for myself. I told him that I had an identical twin brother. He asked me why he didn't go to school. I said that he did but he went to a school for the specially gifted as he was especially bright. Mr Oldcorn said: 'Well even if

he's as dim as a forty watt bulb he'd be brighter than you, Mole.' Bollocks to him.

That interview I had with the Careers Master has set me thinking about what I'm going to do with myself when I leave school. What I want is maximum amount of money for no work at all, or as little of it as makes no difference. Maybe I'll become an artist like that Damien Hurst who pickled a sheep in a glass tank, conned people into thinking it was art, and sold it for thousands, or that Tracey Emin bird who sold her unmade bed for a hundred and fifty grand. It's just getting the right idea. I'm thinking of doing something phallic with thick rice pudding, but we'll have to see. Or I might become a rap artist, that doesn't involve much work and no talent at all, I mean you haven't even got to be able to sing, all you need is a daft name and a big hat. If that's what I decide to do I'm going to call myself Mellowboy Titty Titty. Eminem's chainsaw will take a bit of topping so I'm proposing to take a flamethrower on stage with me. I've started composing my first rap song. This is it so far -

My name is Mellowboy Titty Titty
'n I believe that life's one binge
Gonna rap to you with my flamethrower on
So come on girlies, don't cringe
Gonna make you really happy chicks

Ain't gonna make you whinge
So come right up to the front girls
Don't hang around on the fringe
Coz I'm gonna light you up with my flamethrower
Yeh I'm gonna singe your minge

© Adrian Mole

I'd be interested in your opinions and any suggestions
anyone has for the second verse.

November 13 2001

Tuesday

We had Shakespeare again at school. A Midsummer Nights
Dream. It's supposed to be a comedy but it's about as
funny as walking round the park with a nail in your shoe.
The only amusing part was when the teacher said some
people attributed it to Bacon, and Brain Damage said if
bacon made you write like that he was giving over eating it,
and the teacher gave him an hours detention. I laughed and
he gave me an hours detention too. Then Stinking laughed
because me and Brain Damage had been given an hours
detention and the teacher gave him an hours detention.
Thanks a lot, Shakespeare, we owe you one!
My father had sent off for a Mensa test after he learned
what the postman's I.Q. was. It cost him £10. The result

came back today and he is 91. The average I.Q. is 100 so he is well below average. I could have told him that for nothing. He said that they must have got it wrong and he's going to send off for another one under an assumed name. I told him not to use the name Albert Einstein. He told me to mind my own bloody business.

November 14 2001

Wednesday

My mother asked me what I wanted for Christmas. What I really want is an Atomic Kitten but unless there really is a Father Christmas I don't think there's much chance of getting one, so I told her I wanted a new digital camera for my PC. She asked me how much they were and I said you could get the one I wanted for about £300. She said: 'Three hundred pounds, you must be joking, do you think money grows on trees?' I usually let it go whenever she says this, which she does very often, but this time I didn't. I said: 'Yes mother, I do think that money grows on trees, but rather than climb a tree to pick the abundant ten pound notes hanging temptingly from its branches, or simply stand at the bottom of the tree and wait for the wind to blow them off, I prefer to get up at seven-o'clock every morning to deliver newspapers, even when it's pissing down with rain, for my money.' I don't think she'll be

saying it again for a bit.

My father still hasn't apologised to the postman and we haven't had any mail for a week. He made me go to the Post Office to collect it. There were eighteen letters. I could see this turning into another thing that would 'make a man of me' so I lost them on the way home. My father said: 'You're an idiot, what are you Adrian?' I said: 'I'm an idiot.' It didn't feel any better, but I bet he doesn't send me again. Adrian two, Parents nil.

November 15 2001

Thursday

Disaster! My dick has stopped growing! It's been growing steadily ever since I started puberty but I measured my stiffy this morning and it is still five and three quarter inches long, exactly the same as when I last measured it. There's no mistake either, it was definitely five and three quarter inches long, because I remember thinking at the time that it was exactly the same length as my [mobile phone](#). I told Brain Damage and he said if I want a bigger dick I should get a bigger mobile phone. I told him not to be such a stupid pillock, because if all you had to do if you wanted a bigger dick was buy a bigger mobile phone everybody would be walking about with ten inch mobile phones. Stinking said it wasn't the length that was

important but the thickness, and that anything with the diameter of a Pork Farms snack size pork pie or greater was fine. I'm dead worried about it because I've already fallen behind Stinking, whose dick is now six and an eighth inches, and Brain Damage, whose is sixteen point five centimetres. (Which is six and a half inches, but he always refers to it in centimetres as it sounds more) At dinnertime I skipped school dinner and went into town and bought a Pork Farms snack size pork pie. I don't know yet if my dick is as thick as one because when I took it in the lavvy to compare it I dropped it on the floor and it broke into three pieces, and after I'd stuck it back together again and tried to balance it on my hard on it kept falling apart.

Cleaned the rabbit hutch. Another rabbit has turned up! Naturally enough the smell was twice as bad. I was more pissed off than Cartman. After I'd cleaned the hutch I considered having a shit in it myself to let the rabbits know what it was like, but I'd have only ended up having to clean it out myself with the next load of rabbit shit, so I didn't bother. What a day!

November 16 2001

Friday

Managed to balance a Pork Farms snack size pork pie on my

dick, a bit of blue tack helped. My dick definitely isn't as thick, which means that as well as being not long enough it's not thick enough either. Brain Damage says that if I want a bigger dick I should play with it, but I don't see how I can play with it any more than I do already, so I've made an appointment to see the doctor to see if there's anything that can be done about it. One thing's for sure, a five and three quarter inch todger which isn't as thick as a Pork Farms snack size pork pie isn't going to keep an Atomic Kitten happy. I'd think you would need one as thick as a French garlic sausage at least.

My father apologised to the postman yesterday so we got some mail today. Three letters for my father. An invitation to subscribe to Readers Digest and two red bills. It cheered me up a bit but not enough to make me forget the problem I've got with my stopped growing dick. To take my mind off it I let my mind wander, as I sometimes do, and it wandered once more to one of life's great puzzles - why do they always make for your ears when you're outside? Because they do. I mean there's only wax in there, so why do they find them so attractive? It's always puzzled me, so if anyone out there in cyberspace knows the answer please drop me an e-mail me know, I'd be very interested to know.

My mother has booked has booked my father for parking

on a double yellow line. He is livid. She says she'd already started writing out the ticket before she realised it was our car, and anyway, why was it parked outside the Helping Hand Massage Parlour? My father said it was bloody parked there because he was next door at the pet shop buying a new rabbit.

Thinking about the above later, I wondered what with all the suspicion about the massage parlour if a divorce might be on the cards? A separation would do. I hope so because the wife always gets custody of the children, and although my mother is a bit of a pain sometimes at least she doesn't use me as slave labour. I'm going to have to track my father's movements and see if I can't catch him coming out of the massage parlour.

November 17 2001

Saturday

Brain Damage has read in his mother's 'Cosmopolitan' that males think of sex two hundred and thirty six times a day, so tomorrow we're going to jot it down every time each of us thinks about sex, to see if this is true, because two hundred and thirty six seems a bit on the low side to me.

November 18 2001

Sunday

I've got news for whoever wrote that article in 'Cosmopolitan'. It may very well be true that men think about sex two hundred and thirty six times a day but fourteen to fifteen-year-old boys think about it five hundred and ten times. This is the average figure clocked up by me, Brain Damage and Stinking from when we woke up this morning until nine-o'clock tonight, so it's even higher than that really. I thought about it for five hundred and thirty times, Brain Damage thought about it for five hundred and twenty five times and Stinking thought about it for four hundred and seventy five times. (Stinking would like it on record that he wouldn't normally think about sex less than me and Brain Damage, but for part of the time he was actually having sex, and when you have sex you have to think about something else so that you don't reach the vinegar stroke too quickly). Well he might think about something else when he's having a shag but if ever I start doing it again - please let my dick start growing again God - my mind is going to be fully one hundred per cent concentrated on the shagging, that's for sure!

Mrs Carter, our striker big gob Jason Carter's mother called round today and told my mother that the man who lives at number 73 up the road is a drugs dealer. My mother said: 'Why are you telling me?' Mrs Carter said:

'Because you're an undercover policewoman.' My mother said: 'I'm no such thing.' Then Mrs Carter looked puzzled and went. My father looked at me with his 'Has this got anything to do with you, Adrian?' look but I pretended I was reading.

To increase my chances of getting the digital camera I want for Christmas I've been leaving PC World brochures all round the house opened at the digital camera page.

November 19 2001

Monday

Had a word with big gob Jason Carter and told him that he'd no right to tell his mother that my mother was an undercover policewoman. I said that the idea of being an undercover policewoman is that nobody knew you were one, otherwise it was rather defeating the object. He said he was sorry and he wouldn't do it again, but he'd already told the man at number 73, as he supplied him with 'E's', and as he lived on the same street as my mother he'd need to keep an eye out for her.

Went to see the doctor. I asked him if there was anything he could do to make my dick grow, and he took my blood pressure. Why is it that whenever you go to the doctors they always takes your blood pressure? I mean how is taking my blood pressure supposed to help my giggling pin

to grow, for Christ's sake! Anyway he said that my blood pressure was normal, and that as far as my penis is concerned size doesn't matter. I said well in that case I'd like another two and a half inches, please. He said sorry there was nothing he could do, it was just my luck, but that if it was any consolation to me it's possible for a man to satisfy a woman if his penis only measures half an inch. I told him that I don't know how this man with the half inch penis discovered this, because if mine was only half an inch I'd be so embarrassed about it I'd never even take it out of my trousers, let alone shag somebody with it, and that the only consolation it gave me is that I have a penis that is five and a quarter inches longer than at least one other person - but that it still isn't going to be enough to satisfy an Atomic Kitten. He asked me what an Atomic Kitten was and I just gave up on him. I mean is he real?

November 20 2001

Tuesday

On my paper round this morning I delivered a few papers to the wrong houses. I sometimes do this to relieve the boredom. Sometimes I do it to get my own back. Like the time Mr Ramwell complained to the newsagent that the rain had wet his Sun because I hadn't pushed it fully through his letterbox. I put him the Times through for the

next seven days, which was as bad for him as not leaving him any paper at all because I bet he can't spell words of more than five letters. Sometimes leaving the wrong paper can benefit somebody. RFor instance if I hadn't delivered the Daily Sport instead of The Independent to the vicarage the vicar would never have started taking it as well. When I found out he was doing this I knocked on his door and told him that there must be some mistake as I now had him down for a Daily Sport, but he said no, it wasn't a mistake, he'd read the Daily Sport that I had delivered by accident and found it much better than the Independent for football, and as he was a big fan of football he'd decided to take The Sport in future as well. He's a big fan of tits and bums too if you ask me, because the last time I looked in the Daily Sport there were two pages of football coverage and eighteen pages of tarts with next to bugger all on, so I don't know who the randy old sod thinks he's kidding.

After all our efforts getting 'When I Were A Lad' just about perfect we're not having a Christmas Concert now - we're doing a bloody Shakespeare play instead! 'Mac sodding beth'! Naturally when we were informed of the change in plan we complained bitterly to the teacher, Mrs Oates, as we'd been looking forward to performing. She said there wasn't a problem, if we wanted to perform why

not take part in 'Macbeth'? Why not kiss my arse!

My father was in a foul mood when I got home from school. I asked my mother why and she said he'd had the result of the Mensa test he took under an assumed name and this time he was 87, four less than last time. He should have quit while he was ahead, if you ask me.

November 21 2001

Wednesday

My mother has informed me that my married sister Madeline is coming to stay with us at Christmas, with her husband Brian, and that I will have to share my room with their two-year-old son! Thanks a lot, mother! Actually I feel a bit sorry for my little nephew, because not only has he got a stupid mother like Madeline, he's also been given the same cross to bear as me, as Brian's surname is Potter, and, wouldn't you know, they called him Harry. So not only have we got an Adrian Mole in the family we also have a Harry Potter! The poor little bugger doesn't know what he's in for. When he's about fourteen other kids will be asking him to turn their gerbils into Britney Spears and allsorts.

My father is still upset about having an I.Q. of only 91 or 87. Or probably 83 if he took it again. I overheard him telling my mother that he couldn't understand it because

the postman was 124. I could have said that you only have to be able to walk to do either of their jobs, and if you were an air hostess you even had hold of a duty free trolley to steady you, but I didn't bother.

I saw on tonight's TV news that Jonathan King has been sent down for seven years for bugging young boys. I'd never heard of him, but my mother said he had a number one hit years ago with 'Everyone's Gone To The Moon.' Apparently he's been carrying on going to the moon ever since.

November 22 2001

Thursday

Got home from school just in time to see my father putting another rabbit in the hutch! He was looking very pleased with himself too, but I couldn't say whether this was because he was particularly chuffed with his new rabbit or because he'd availed himself of the facilities at the Helping Hand massage parlour. Probably both. When he'd gone in I took a look at the rabbit, a Flemish Giant like the others. As soon as I did it started shitting. Thanks a lot, rabbit!

November 23 2001

Friday

The man at number 73 who Jason Carter says is a drug dealer is only our insurance man! He looks just like Alan Titchmarsh, very undruggy-like. He was up a ladder cleaning his outside bedroom windows when I saw him. He said; 'Who do you think you're staring at?' I said: 'A drug dealer who is soon to be brought to justice by Una the undercover traffic warden', and he almost fell off his ladder.

Still leaving copies of PC World open at the digital camera page all round the house, but today my mother said I could leave them there until the cows come home before she'd buy me one.

November 24 2001

Saturday

One of my classmates lives on a dairy farm so there was no problem getting a cow, but getting it into our house was a different matter. I think it would still be halfway through our front door if Brain Damage hadn't kicked it in the udder. It certainly went in then. The trouble was it wouldn't stop, and went crashing through the back door and into the garden. The rabbits shit themselves, but what's new. We eventually herded it into the living room, with only minor damage to the hall skirting boards. When my mother came in from the shops and saw it she fainted.

When she came round I said: 'Can I have a digital camera now that the cow's come home?' I don't think I'm going to get one because I didn't even get any tea.

November 25 2001

Sunday

Spent all day confined to my bedroom for bringing a cow home. My father has said that I have to pay for the damage the cow did to the door and skirting boards, and that I can forget anything at all for Christmas, let alone a digital camera. He said the only thing he would consider getting for me, if one were available, was a brain. He's got an I.Q. of 87 and I need a brain?

I measured my dick again. It still hasn't grown any more, and it took it all its time to even measure five and three quarter inches until I thought of being in bed with all three Atomic Kittens at the same time. I'm getting really depressed about it.

I have received quite a few e-mails in response to my request for ideas as to why flies try to get into your ears. David Hawker suggests that perhaps all flies hope to be reincarnated as humans in the next life, and that they're trying to get inside our heads to see what it's like. Ian Hibbert suggests that flies maybe think that our ears are a short cut through our head, to save them flying round it.

And Peter Noblett observes that flies also like to land on shit, and that as they can't get at our arsehole they try to get to it through the nearest other hole available. Nice one Nobby!

I start work experience tomorrow.

November 26 2001

Monday

Arrived at the Marco Polo Travel Agency for work experience at 9 a.m. Sent home by the boss at 9.01 a.m. to change into a suit. I told him that I thought I was here to sell holidays, not investment portfolios, and therefore considered that my dress of shorts, trainers and 'I Love Ibiza' tee shirt was entirely appropriate, but he wasn't having any. I got back at 9.30 in my suit and asked him whether he wanted me to call him Marco or Mr Polo. He said 'You want to be a travel agent and you don't know who Marco Polo was?' I don't want to be a travel agent and I do know who Marco Polo was but I wasn't letting him know so I said: 'Did he invent the mint with the hole?' He just glared at me, so I asked him what he wanted me to do. He told me to go into the kitchen, brew up, then serve tea to the staff. I asked him if I should go home first and get dressed as a waitress. To this he said that he'd been told by the Work Experience teacher that I was a bit of a

smartarse, and that this suited him down to the ground because he had smartarses for breakfast. If you ask me he's a bit of a twat. For the rest of the day I just watched the others, 'to see how we do things here at Marco Polo', and brewed up and served tea another three times.

November 27 2001

Tuesday

The boss at the travel agency told me to make the tea again. I told him I'd already had plenty of work experience at making tea and asked him when I was going to do some travel agenting. He asked me if I was computer literate. I told him that not only was I literate but that I wrote my own diary web pages every day and published them on my Uncle Terry's website, www.razza.fsnet.co.uk. Perhaps I shouldn't have done this because he logged on to it and saw that yesterday I called him a bit of a twat, which didn't go down very well at all. Anyway he told me that for the rest of the day I should sit beside one of his trained staff and observe him carrying out his duties as a skilled travel agent. This seemed to consist of chatting up the blonde bit working next to him, phoning up the bookies every half-an-hour, and pushing the travel agency's own grossly inflated travel insurance. As I haven't any money

to back horses, and I'm not interested in blonde bits of rough or insurance, I don't think what I learned is going to be too much good to me.

November 28 2001

Wednesday

I was allowed to deal with a customer at the travel agency this morning and got the sack for my trouble. The boss's exact words were "When somebody asks you what Minorca is like, the answer is 'An ideal holiday destination which offers beautiful scenery along with excellent weather', not 'A load of shite', so piss off back to where you came from." I pointed out to him that we weren't doing people any favours by recommending them to places which are a load of shite, because people don't forget, and that the next time they booked a holiday they wouldn't be coming to the Marco Polo Travel Agency to book it, they'd be going to Thomas Cook or somebody, and the boss said if I didn't shut it I would be going to hospital. So I left before things turned nasty.

November 29 2001

Thursday

I went to school today but there was nobody in my class as they were all on work experience. According to our form

teacher Mr Blakey I am the first pupil ever to have got the sack from work experience, so that's quite a feather in my cap. I asked him if I got a star for that. He said that getting the sack from work experience was nothing to joke about. I said I wasn't joking, and that I'd got the sack on purpose, so that if I got the sack once I started proper work I'd know how to cope with it. I suggested to him that getting fired should be included in the syllabus of all work experience courses as a lot of my classmates will no doubt be getting the sack quite often when they start work, so they'd need to know how to deal with it. He said he couldn't agree more with me that many of my classmates will be getting the sack, and sooner rather than later, but as they would no longer be under his stewardship he couldn't give a monkeys. I thought he might send me home but just then the Head came in and wanted to know why I was in school. The upshot was that he phoned the boss at Marco Polo and told him that he couldn't sack me, and if he insisted the school would be seeking out a new travel agent to book its school trips in future, so I have to report back tomorrow.

November 30 2001

Friday

As it was my last day on Work Experience at the travel

agency I gave it a real go, just for a laugh. Selling holidays turned out to be dead easy. A couple walked in and within ten minutes I'd fixed them up with two weeks in a four star hotel, full board, in Crete, flying with Olympic Airways at the end of May. It wasn't a total success because what they'd come in for was two weeks in a three star hotel, half board, in Turkey, flying with [Air 2000](#) at the beginning of September, but when I mentioned this to the boss and said that I hoped to do better next time, he told me not to be so silly, that I had done brilliant, and selling people holidays they don't really want is what the travel agency game is all about. And when I told him that I'd also sold them two lots of travel insurance, one lot for the holiday that I'd sold them, and another lot for a holiday they'd already booked with somebody else, he hugged me and offered me a permanent job when I leave school. I told him thank you all the same but I've more or less decided to become a con artist. He said I should do very well.

Brain Damage's twin sister Brain Missing agreed to wear her knickers on her head for a week, provided that we gave her ten pounds for doing it - so her brain isn't completely missing! Anyway me, Brain Damage and Stinking managed to scrape together the ten pounds, and when she'd got it safely stuffed in her bra - a very safe place because you'd have to be really desperate for money to try to get inside

Brain Missing's bra - she got one of her thongs and tied her ponytail in it. You couldn't tell it was her knickers at all, it looked just like a scruncher! We told her this was completely unacceptable, and that the idea of her wearing her knickers on her head was to let people see she was wearing her knickers on her head, but she just laughed and said 'Well tough titty'. I hope for her sake that she's got tough titties because Brain Damage is going to sandpaper them the next time she goes to sleep.

December 1 2001

Saturday

I wet the bed last night. Yesterday I'd seen an article in one of my mother's womens magazines, 'Chat' I think it was called, or maybe 'Nag'. It said that children who wet the bed needed a lot of affection and understanding. I thought 'I can do with some of that', so I told my mother that I'd wet it. (The bed, not the article) A bit later she said it was odd that my bed was wet yet my pyjamas were bone dry. Thinking quickly, I said my dick most have been poking out through the fly of my pyjama bottoms. She told me not to call my dick my dick. She didn't tell me what else I should call it, but the next time I have to mention it to her there are plenty of names I have for it that I can use.

We once had a competition to see who knew the most names for it and I came a close second to Stinking with forty three.

Went to the [multiplex cinema](#) to see Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone'. It wasn't bad, although I thought that it would have been better, all the money they spent on it. In my opinion some of the money would have been better spent on penis transplants for underprivileged boys, especially one called Adrian Mole. I hope my little nephew Harry Potter knows that's he's going to have to learn to fly on a broomstick. When he comes to stay with us for Christmas I might try him out on our long brush from the top of our stairs.

December 2 2001

Sunday

Wet the bed again. This time I had to make sure I wet my pyjamas as well, so when I got up this morning I took them off, laid them on the bed, then peed on them. No sign of any more affection and understanding from my mother yet though. Actually my mother is looking even more miserable than she usually does, but as looking miserable is part of a Traffic Warden's job description perhaps it's just because she's doing particularly well at work. She's going to be even more miserable now I've started wetting the

bed.

I've had an e-mail from Dean Furness of Crewe. He tells me that he wrote a letter to Tony Blair in support of the Mole Plan and he had a reply in three weeks. Tony has obviously got his act together since I wrote to him, and considering that he's got Ozza and his mad mullahs to deal with nowadays as well as government sleaze I think a word of thanks is in order. Thanks. The contents of the reply to Dean's letter were not at all encouraging though. A Civil Servant (again!) said that Tony had seen the letter and that while he could see a lot of sense in the plan, it was 'impractical'. He obviously hasn't recieved enough letters of support for the Mole Plan, so get writing, out there in Cyberspace.

December 3 2001

Monday

Wet the bed again. No sign of any more affection and understanding from my mother so I pointed out the article in her magazine in case she hadn't read it. She didn't say one way or the other.

Me, Stinking and Brain Damage decided to swallow our pride and join the cast of Macbeth. We told the teacher in charge, Mrs Oates, who also takes us for English Lit. She said that in my case it was a pity we weren't doing 'A

Midsummer Night's Dream' because as I was bottom of the class in Shakespeare I could also be Bottom in A Midsummer Night's Dream. Ha bloody ha. It turned out that they are short of witches for the parts of The Three Witches, to the tune of three witches. Apparently none of the girls see themselves as witches, which came as a surprise to me as at least half of the girls in our class could pass for witches even without witch make-up. Beth Batcheller even has a wart on the end of her nose. Anyway, Mrs Oates said that me, Stinking and Brain Damage would make excellent witches. This suited us fine, so that's what we're going to be, and I bet we'll turn out to be the most entertaining witches that the play Macbeth has ever had in its entire history. Rehearsals start tomorrow.

December 4 2001

Tuesday

Wet the bed again. I think it's beginning to work because today my mother showed me some affection and understanding when she gave me my favourite meal for my tea, chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top, because I usually only get it on Fridays.

Resigned to the fact that I'm not going to be able to get a girl to wear her knickers on her head in order to start a new fashion, I considered doing it myself, and I was just

trying a pair of my mother's on my head and was looking in the mirror to see what I looked like when my dad walked in! He hit the roof when he saw me. He grabbed hold of me, shook me, and called me a bent little get. I said "What do you expect from somebody who's father is an air hostess?" Then he hit me. Hard. Now he says he's going to take me to the doctors to ask him what's wrong with me. The doctor already thinks that I'm seriously weird for going to see him about my small dick, so when he finds out that I wear my mother's knickers on my head Christ knows what he'll think. I am more pissed off than Cartman!

December 5 2001

Wednesday

Wet the bed again. Had chips and double cheese and baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea again. My father has apologised to me for hitting me. He said he didn't know what came over him, and he could only put it down to having just arrived home and being jet lagged. Brain lagged more like it! Who does he think he's trying to kid, he'd only been to Paris, he wouldn't have had time to get the legover with one of the stewardesses never mind jet lag. Anyway I accepted his apology graciously, and said now that we were friends again did that mean he wouldn't be taking me to the doctors. He said all right, but to

behave myself in future - so that's a relief!

December 6 2001

Thursday

It has been a really bad day. At school we learned all about heredity and on the way home a thought struck me - that, like my father, I would probably go bald at a very early age. Then I got to thinking about other things that he may have passed on to me through his genes, and whether one of these things might be a small dick. To find out I decided to ask my father how big his dick was. He wouldn't tell me! Can you believe that? And not only wouldn't he tell me, he was so mad at me for asking him that the trip to the doctors for wearing my mother's knickers on my head is back on! I've always been able to ask my mother anything, and usually she's never been able to tell me anything, but I decided to ask her how big my father's dick was anyway. Remembering that she had told me not to call a dick a dick I asked her how big my father's hampton was. She said: 'Well it certainly isn't big enough to be called a hampton, about five inches.' When I asked her if it was as thick as a Pork Farms snack size pie she said she didn't know how thick a Pork Farms snack size pie was, but if it was anything like a Mini Melton Mowbray pork pie,

then definitely not. So my dad has got a five inch dick which isn't as thick as a Pork Farms snack size pie. No wonder my mother always looks fed up!
Chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for tea again.
Cleaned the rabbit hutches out. Yuk.

December 7 2001

Friday

Great news! According to Brain Damage, who has seen it advertised in a sex aids brochure on the internet, there is a gadget you can buy that will increase penis size. I can't describe how happy this has made me. Apparently the penis enlarger is a sort of suction thing that you put your dick into and then pump it up, and it sort of massages it into extra growth. The bad news is that the cost is a hundred and ninety pounds plus seventeen and a half per cent vat. If it enlarges my penis by seventeen and a half per cent it will be money well spent! I'm afraid I'm going to have to put my flamethrower (Which I have started saving up for in case I decide to become rap artist Mellowboy Titty Titty) on hold for a bit though, and put the seventy three pounds I've saved towards the penis enlarger. That might be enough, because both Brain Damage and Stinking quite fancy having a bigger dick too, so it's just a matter now of

agreeing how much each of us contributes towards the cost, since both Stinking and Brain Damage are claiming that they shouldn't pay as much as me as their dicks are already bigger than mine, and that therefore they wouldn't benefit as much. Mates!

Chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top again for tea, but I usually get that on Fridays anyway, so I don't know if my mother is still showing me affection and understanding or not.

December 8th 2001

Saturday

Chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for tea again and I didn't even wet the bed. I can see that I'm going to have to ask my mother if she can find some other way of showing her affection and understanding, such as a digital camera.

Watched The Atomic Kittens on the Top of the Pops Awards on telly. Retired discreetly for a wank. As usual I couldn't make up my mind which one of the Kittens I'd like to have sex with first while the other two waited their turn sucking lollipops, but I don't suppose there's a great deal of difference, an Atomic Kitten is an Atomic Kitten. A mysterious load of planks of wood has arrived. My mother didn't know anything about it so it must be

something to do with my father, but I don't know what because he's away until Tuesday.

December 9 2001

Sunday

Sodding chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for tea again! I'm going to look like sodding chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top in a bit. I told my mother I'd like something else for a change. Showing lots of affection and understanding she asked me if there was anything else I would like instead. I said chips and digital camera. Showing no affection and understanding whatsoever she said: 'Bugger off, Adrian', so it looks like the bed-wetting idea has failed.

Much better news is that asking you people out there to help me to get girls to start wearing their knickers on their heads has turned out to be an inspired idea. Already I have been e-mailed by Gregor Barber from Oldham who has talked his girlfriend into doing it, Jason Stirling from Edinburgh says his sister is doing it, and Steve Hibbert of Stockport reports that he saw a woman wearing her knickers on her head in Wilmslow - although as she was in the grounds of a mental hospital at the time this might be just a coincidence.

December 10 2001

Monday Hannukkah 1st day

The more observant readers of this diary will notice, from the Jewish Day of Celebration at the top of some pages, such as this one, that this is a Jewish diary. I'd like to make it clear that this is not because I am Jewish, but because I had to buy this diary myself and it was the cheapest one I could find, so naturally I....??? Hey, maybe I am Jewish?

We had our third rehearsal for Macbeth today. I am 2 Witch, Brain Damage is 1 Witch and Stinking is 3 Witch. Shakespeare is some writer, isn't he, he couldn't even think up names for three witches! We open the play. It starts like this: -

1 Witch: When shall we meet again?
In thunder, lightning or rain?

2 Witch: When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won

3 Witch: That will be ere the set of sun

Etcetera etcetea etcetera. That bit is reasonably easy to understand, even Brain Damage understands some of it. I

wish I could say the same about the rest of it. For example, one of the easiest bits to understand is:

Lady Macbeth: He brings great news.(Exit Messenger)
The raven himself is hoarie,
That crooks the final entrance of Duncan
That rend on mortal thoughts, unsex me her;
And fill me, from crown to the toe, top-full
Of direct cruelty! make thick my blood....

Not a single one of the cast has a clue what the bloody hell they're talking about. That won't matter though, because the audience won't know what they're talking about either. I mean my mother has trouble understanding Coronation Street, so there's no chance.

December 11 2001

Tuesday

I am definitely not Jewish. A boy in our class who is Jewish told me that if I was Jewish I would have been circumcised, and I'm not. So that's a relief. Not that I've got anything against Jews - I mean I wouldn't knock Jemima Khan out of the way to get at Dawn French * - it's just that there's no way I could do without pork. (Both meanings of the word!) Just as a matter of interest I

asked Solly Goldfarbfinklestein, the Jewish boy in our class - that isn't his real name by the way, it's Adam Harris, but he's Jewish, and kids, right? - why it was that all Jews were circumcised, and he said it was supposed to be a religious thing but the real reason was that it made your dick bigger. I never knew that, and I've made a note of it in case the penis enlarger doesn't come up to expectations.

My father got home just before I went to bed and I found out what the load of wood is for. Rabbit hutches. He's only going to start breeding rabbits and selling them for food! I bet I can guess guess who will be expected to clean their hutches too.

* I wouldn't knock Imran Khan out of the way to get at Dawn French!

December 12 2001

Wednesday

We did a disability project at school this afternoon. The idea is to teach us some of the problems that disabled people come up against in everyday life. Then we have to write an essay about it. You could choose between being blind or being deaf for the rest of the day. I chose to be blind and came up against most of the girls in the class and

copped a feel when I kept 'accidentally' bumping into them. I shall begin my essay: 'Having a disability isn't all bad news....'

After tea my father told me to give him a lift moving the load of wood to where he is going to make the rabbit hutches in the garden. I told him I couldn't, because I was blind. Then I had to explain to him about the disability project and having to choose between being blind or being deaf. He said: 'No problem, for the rest of the day you can be deaf, so move your arse outside and start moving that wood.' I said: 'What?'

Later when I had gone back to being blind I heard my mother mention to my father that the insurance man hadn't called for three weeks. I'm not surprised.

December 13 2001

Thursday

When I was cleaning out the rabbit hutches I let all the rabbits escape. There was hell up when my father found out. He asked me how it had happened. I said that a fox must have had them. He said it must have been a bloody clever one because it had undone the latch on the front of the hutch, took out the rabbits, and fastened the latch again. I said perhaps it was Basil Brush. Then he made me go out looking for them. I didn't find any of them. What a

shame.

December 14 2001

Friday

My father took me to see the doctor, as threatened. He told him that he caught me wearing a pair of my mother's knickers on my head and the doctor took my blood pressure. While he was taking it I asked him if there was any ailment whereby he didn't take the patient's blood pressure first, possibly an ingrowing toenail or a hump back, and my father told me to shut it before he hit me again. I said I thought he wouldn't be hitting me again, since he apologised the last time he hit me, and he said that was before I'd asked my mother how big his dick was. So that's why he changed his mind! On hearing what my father said the doctor started to explain to him that size doesn't matter and my father told him to mind his own bleeding business and that he hadn't come here to be lectured about the size of cocks but to get my bloody head sorted out, and the doctor took his blood pressure. My father didn't like it, but the doctor insisted, pointing out that my father's face was by now as red as a beetroot, which was far from normal. Then the doctor asked me a few questions before declaring that my behaviour was far beyond his scope - which didn't surprise me at all since if

he's never heard of an Atomic Kitten he can't know all that much - and that he would make arrangements for me to be examined by a psychiatrist.

December 15 2001

Saturday

Brain Damage's parents are only taking Brain Damage and Brain Missing to Ibiza on holiday next May! It is quite obvious both to me and Brain Damage that I will be going with him instead of Brain Missing, but how to wangle it? Stinking suggested that we should kidnap her and I should simply take her place, but it wouldn't be as easy as that - even if I dressed up in Brain Missing's clothes I don't think it would fool her parents for one minute, because I'm at least a foot taller than her, apart from being much better looking. Kidnapping her wouldn't be easy either, because ever since Brain Damage sandpapered her tits she screams the place down every time he goes within five yards of her. I'll be grateful for any suggestions any of you might have.

December 16 2001

Sunday

Macbeth dress rehearsal today. If Shakespeare had heard us he would have turned in his grave.

Brain Damage's eldest sister Tiffany Michelle has asked me to be a groomsman at her wedding at the beginning of February. Well actually it was Brain Damage's mother who asked me, because she'd told Brain Damage that he had to be a groomsman and he had refused point blank unless a mate could do it with him. Naturally I accepted because there's usually loads of food to be had at weddings, not to mention the rare chance to get outside a few alcoholic beverages, as my Uncle Terry would say.

Macbeth first night tomorrow.

December 17 2001

Monday

This is how Macbeth went.

1 Witch: When shall we meet again?
In thunder, lightning or rain?

2 Witch: When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won

3 Witch: That will be ere the set of sun

1 Witch: There were no sun when I were a lad
You had to draw one on t'wall with yellow paint

And pretend it were t'sun.

Aye, and glad of it!

2 Witch: There were no yellow paint when I were a lad

If you wanted yellow paint

You had to eat nothing but tumeric for a month

Then use your semen to paint with

Aye and glad of it!

3 Witch: There were no semen when I were a lad

If you wanted to get somebody pregnant

You had to use wallpaper paste

Aye, and glad of it

That was as far as it got before they rang down the curtain and started it again with the understudies. (Who were crap) Mrs Oates said she wouldn't be needing our services for the rest of the run. Well it's their loss.

December 18 2001

Tuesday

The penis enlarger arrived today. Merry Christmas! (I

hope) As promised it came in a plain brown paper parcel,

but as the parcel was penis-shaped I think the

manufacturers could do a little better in trying to keep the

contents a secret. In fact if the postman had been a postwoman I might never have received it at all. My mother wanted to know what it was so I told her it was a telescope, which, as it makes things bigger, wasn't far from the truth. I took it up to my room and undid the wrapping eagerly, as they say. It's a sort of cylinder thing, a bit like a rubber rolling pin with a hole bored down the middle for your dick. I must say that the penis enlarger looks very impressive, and if it works as good as it looks I am soon going to be the owner of a very impressive penis. I can't wait to try it, but I couldn't today because my father was at home and I don't want him to chance seeing me, because if he finds out what it is he'll probably take it off me and use it on himself, or drag me off to the doctors again.

December 19 2001

Wednesday

A really bad day! Probably my worst ever. It started out so well too, because as soon as I got home from school I tried out the penis enlarger, and to my great joy my penis really did seem to get bigger. Then things started to go wrong, because when I made to remove it to measure the improvement in size I couldn't get the bloody thing off. No way, and I pulled at it so hard that I started to get

excited and almost came my cocoa. I didn't fancy walking about with a penis enlarger dangling from my willy for the rest of my life, so, embarrassing as I knew it was likely to be, I decided to go to the local hospital to have it removed. Fortunately we live only about ten minutes walk from [St Joseph's](#) hospital. Unfortunately I couldn't get my trousers on over the penis enlarger. My answer to this problem, which I was later to regret, was to wear my mother's kilt under my overcoat and pretend I was Scottish - which I considered to be slightly better than not wearing anything under my overcoat at all. Anyway, I made it to the hospital and after waiting for about an hour in Accident and Emergency - I think I qualified as both - I was seen by seventeen doctors - one who did the actual doctoring, and sixteen who came to watch and snigger once they'd learned that the hospital's newest patient was a boy in a skirt with his dick stuck in a penis enlarger. What made it even worse was that half of them were women, one of who asked me if the penis enlarger worked, as her boyfriend was a bit lacking in the penis department, and that if it did she might get him one for Christmas. Anyway the doctor soon got it off, thanks to a jar of vaseline and a strong pair of wrists, and I thanked him and got out of there quick. But without my overcoat! I suppose I was so relieved to get the penis enlarger off my dick that I

forgot all about it. Then, when I was in sight of home, who should screech to a halt in his car but my father, on his way home from the airport! And there was I, dressed in my mother's kilt, carrying a penis enlarger. Thinking quickly, I threw the penis enlarger into someone's garden and started jumping up and down, and when my father asked me what the bloody hell I thought I was doing I said the Highland Fling. He said the sooner I see the psychiatrist the better.

December 20 2001

Thursday

Have you ever been so completely taken by surprise that you are suddenly struck dumb? Well it happened to me this morning. I'd completely forgotten about the penis enlarger, and by the time I remembered and went round to the garden where I'd ditched it the bloody thing had gone! When I knocked on the door who should answer but one of the women teachers from our school! I said "Have you seen my penis..... and at that moment my jaw dropped open when I saw who it was. By the time I'd recovered my speech she had slapped me hard round the face and had gone back indoors, to be replaced by her irate husband, who demanded to know what the hell I meant by asking his wife if she wanted a look at my penis. I explained to him that

I'd been about to follow 'penis' with 'enlarger', and that it was my penis enlarger I was asking his wife if she'd seen, because I'd had to ditch it in their garden the day before due to unforeseen circumstances. He asked me what it looked like and I told him, and he said yes he had seen it but he'd thought it was some sort of bicycle pump someone had thrown away, and he'd chucked it in his wheely bin. Of course, wouldn't you know it, the bin men had collected the bins in the meantime, so the penis enlarger is now enlarging the council tip a bit. And I'm in deep shit.

December 21 2001

Friday

I've only got to buy Brain Damage's sister Tiffany Michelle a wedding present! She sent me a ['Wedding List'](#). You ought to see it, there's nothing on it under fifty pounds! If she cops for everything on it I'd consider marrying her myself. Here's a sample. Fridge. Freezer. Fridge/Freezer. Television set, wide screen only please. CD Player. DVD Player. Digital Camera. (I'd definitely consider marrying her, because it's the only way I'm going to get one) Mini Hi Fi System with Dollby.(Her spelling, not mine) Leather Chesterfield. Leather Sheffield. (Actually there's no such thing as a Leather Sheffield, I made it up, but if there was such a thing it would be down on the list for

certain, because everything else is) Grandfather Clock. Grandmother Clock. Ferrari. And so on and so on. I showed it to my mother and she said that in her day you asked for toasters and bathroom scales. I've got news for Tiffany Michelle, my mother's day has arrived again because she's getting a pair of bathroom scales, and only then if they've got some at the Oxfam Shop.

It is insurance day again and the Insurance Man hasn't called for his money again. I suggested to my mother that she should take it round to him as he only lived up the road, but if she did to make sure he wasn't up a ladder. My father has bought four new rabbits, two male and two female, and installed two of them in the old hutch and two in one of the new hutches he is building. I think the two females are together and the two males are together, because I haven't seen any shagging go on. Plenty of shitting going on though, worse luck.

December 22 2001

Saturday

My sister Madeline and her husband Clive and Harry Potter have arrived for Christmas. Clive is a quantity surveyor. His profession must come in handy when he's looking at our Madeline, who is now a bigger quantity than when he married her by about four stones. Why is it that women

always put on weight as soon as they're married? I would make it a law that all wives have to be weighed every wedding anniversary, and if they're over the weight that they were when they got married their husband could turn them in for a new one. The only wives who don't seem to put on weight are ones who are in girl bands, so it has only strengthened my resolve to marry an Atomic Kitten. After tea me and Clive talked about football and James Bond films. His favourite is 'Live And Let Die', which is also my favourite. Clive is all right, and it is quite obvious that it wasn't him, but my sister, who was responsible for giving Harry Potter the name Harry Potter. It must be something in the Mole genes which makes them saddle their offspring with embarrassing names. Thank Christ I'm not a woman because if I married somebody called Lecter I'd be sure to want to call our son Hannibal.

December 23 2001

Sunday

When Madeline arrived yesterday it was late and Harry Potter was asleep so she put him straight to bed, so I didn't see him until this morning. He only wears glasses now, just like the ones that the book Harry Potter wears! Madeline says he needs them but I'm sure he doesn't and that she makes him wear them so that he'll look like the

Harry Potter in the book. She's even had his hair cut like him, and I could swear that the last time I saw him he was a redhead. I considered teaching him to fly from the top of our stairs but I felt so sorry for the little bugger that I gave it a miss. Apart from that I would have to use the long brush, and I didn't want my parents seeing me with that particular piece of household equipment in case they got any ideas about me cleaning the house. I do enough cleaning around here with the rabbit hutches.

In the afternoon I had to take Harry Potter out for a walk. I refused to at first but my father said it wasn't Christmas Day yet and presents could still go back, so I had no choice. I called for Stinking, who also has his married sister staying with them. She has a three-year-old son, Michael. I asked Stinking if his father's surname was Owen, but he said no it was Angelo. We took them to the park and had a game of football with them. Me and Stinking won, 27 - nil. Joke. Then we sat on on the park bench telling dirty jokes for about an hour. Michael Angelo told the best one. Joke. Then we went home. No joke.

December 24 2001

Monday

Madeline and Clive and Harry Potter have gone home. There was hell up at breakfast. Madeline asked Harry

Potter what he would like for breakfast and he said: 'I'd like a fucking egg'. After Madeline had picked up her jaw up off the floor she said: 'What did you say, young man?' Harry said: 'I'd like a fucking egg.' Madeline took one look at me and said: 'I wonder why he said that, our Adrian?' And I said: 'Well he had a fucking sausage yesterday and he didn't like it.' Madeline said 'You know very well what I mean. He didn't use language like that before you took him out for a walk yesterday'. Harry Potter said: 'Well I'm fucking using it now aren't I, you bag of shite.' And that was it. Madeline said she wasn't staying another moment in this house because God knows what I'd have Harry Potter doing next. Good riddance to them, I say. Christmas Day tomorrow. I wonder what I'll be getting. I know what I won't be getting!

December 25 2001

Tuesday

A Merry Christmas to all my readers! We had turkey for Christmas dinner, which was a major disappointment because I'd asked for rabbit. I didn't get a digital camera, of course. I'm not writing down what I did get because it's too depressing. All I'll reveal is that if I don't manage to get a set of bathroom scales from the Oxfam Shop for Brain Damage's sister's wedding present she'll be getting

a home-made knitted sweater with Adrian written on it, courtesy of my batty Auntie Joan. I bought my mother some perfume. It smelled gross, but last Christmas I bought her some which I thought smelled quite nice and she said that smelled gross, so perhaps she'll think something that I think smells gross will smell nice. Anyway, that's my theory, but if she doesn't like it she'll have to lump it, after all she was the one who refused to buy me a digital camera. I bought my father two books, 'Vegetarianism, the Caring Alernative', and 'Myxamatosis and the Food Chain - The Unpalatable Truth.' He said they were just what he wanted, for putting under a corner of one of the new rabbit hutches he's built, which was a bit lop-sided.

I watched the Queen's Speech on telly with the sound turned off. It's better that way because she only says things you want to hear. She said that all boys who are fifteen next year will get a night with an Atomic Kitten, a digital camera and a bigger dick.

It's my birthday in February so thinking ahead I mentioned to my mother that I'd like a digital camera. She just laughed, but wisely said nothing about cows coming home.

December 26 2001

Wednesday

Caught up with my e-mails, of which I've been getting a lot just lately. Many of them were suggestions for the second verse of my rap song. I particularly like Marc Chesworth's 'Demi Moore, what a bore, flamethrower, no more'. I also liked Chris Haynes's suggestion - I never realised there were seventeen words that rhymed with tampons, and I bet Ruby Wax didn't either. Keep them coming. I've also had mail suggesting how I might get to go to Ibiza instead of Brain Missing. Thanks Jason Toon of Toxteth for your idea, but I don't think it's really practical - if you didn't know otherwise you would think that the job of the police round here is solely to harass motorists, but I feel that even they wouldn't turn a blind eye to an assassination. Tom Goodhand of Epping Forest has suggested that I shouldn't be trying to take Brain Missing's place on the holiday at all, but should simply go along as well, hidden in one of the suitcases. He says that if I'm discovered at the baggage check-in all I have to do is explain to them that I'm an Arab terrorist, because they seem to have no trouble getting through at all. On a slightly different subject Terry Deighton of Derby wants to know if Brain Damage has sandpapered any other girls' tits apart from Brain Missing's, as his new girlfriend has hardly any nipples at all. Well we don't live too far from Derby, Terry, so it

could well be that it is the handiwork of Brain Damage. If you don't like your girlfriend not having any nipples on her tits try superglueing a couple of red Smarties to them - not only will this improve the appearance of her tits but they'll taste nicer too.

December 27 2001

Thursday

Only three houses on my newspaper round didn't give me a Christmas tip this year. Only three houses didn't have their paper delivered this morning.

My father asked me if I knew what dandelions looked like. I told him of course I did. He said: 'Good, because you'll be collecting lots of them when they start growing again, for my rabbits.' Then he made me clean the rabbit hutches out. I told him I realised that Thursday is rabbit hutch cleaning day but that it was the Christmas holiday for Christ sake. He said that may be true for us, but the rabbits weren't on holiday. They weren't on holiday from shitting, that's for sure! When I'd finished he paired off the two bucks with the two does so that they would breed, which means that there's going to be a lot more rabbit shit for shifting in the near future. Something is going to have to be done.

December 28 2001

Friday

My mother is having an affair! I don't know who with, because I haven't been able to arrange it yet, but she's definitely going to have one, preferably with somebody who is allergic to rabbits, and then my father's going to find out about it and bugger off and stop ruining my life. Watch this space!

I had a nightmare last night. I dreamt that I was in bed with an Atomic Kitten and I when I re-emerged from under the bedclothes, where I'd gone to lick her belly, she'd changed into Charlotte Church! The only good thing about it was that she didn't start singing, that would have been all!

December 29 2001

Saturday

I placed an advert in our local freebie newspaper, 'Attractive woman seeks male for companionship, sex a distinct possibility' and gave our telephone number, so with any luck my mother will be having a boyfriend before very long.

Went out carol singing with Brain Damage in the evening. We used to go before Christmas like everybody else, but

we found that if you do that you get lots of measly bastards who won't answer the door. If you go after Christmas they always come to the door, to ask you why you're singing carols when Christmas has already gone. By the time they realise they've been had it's too late because we're already rattling the collecting tin in their faces. They usually cough up because Stinking has quite a good voice and our *Away In A Manger* always goes down very well, although some people say they prefer it with the original words.

December 30 2001

Sunday

Brain Missing has broken her leg roller blading. It is quite a bad break and if she was due to go to Ibiza on that family holiday they're due to go on next May she probably wouldn't be able to go and I'd be able to go in her place. Brain Damage said that he'll keep kicking her plaster cast at every opportunity so that her leg won't heal properly, but it's a long time from now until next May so I'm not holding out too much hope.

December 31 2001

Monday

My appointment came through to see a psychiatrist on

January the 8th. My mother said that was quick. My father said it wasn't quick enough. He doesn't know that he's soon to be an ex-father, well ex-husband, which is almost as good.

January 1 2002

Tuesday

Wet the bed today, I mean really, not on purpose. Happy New Year! I can only put it down to not having any understanding and affection and a digital camera from my parents. My mother gave me chips and double baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea. Bloody hell! Made a new year's resolution. It's not to wet the bed again.

January 2 2002

Wednesday

Wet the bed again. Broke my new year's resolution. Broke water and broke ny new year's resolution. Joke. Ha bloody ha.

I went to see the doctor and asked him if I could be circumcised. Didn't mention the bed-wetting. He wanted to know why I wanted to be circumcised. I told him I'd recently changed schools and that I was now a pupil at Cohen and Goldberg College and I wanted to be like the other boys. He took my blood pressure. Then he said the

operation could be quite painful for boys of my age, and that usually it was only done for health reasons. I told him that it couldn't be as painful as having a willy that was only five and three quarter inches long and that it would do my health no end of good if it was a couple of inches longer. He muttered something about there not being a law against people mutilating themselves and that he would see what he could do, but that I was obviously a very low priority case and would probably be at the bottom of a very long waiting list. Typical National Health Service then - they think something's wrong with your head and you get to see a psychiatrist almost immediately, but when it comes to something important like the size of your dick there's a waiting list a mile long.

Chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for tea again. Thanks mother.

January 3 2002

Thursday

Wet the bed again. Chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for tea and dinner. Bloody hell!

The vicar's wife is having a baby. I think it's fair to say that as the last baby she had is now at university, teaching, that the pregnancy wasn't planned. I don't think there is any doubt that it wouldn't have happened if the vicar hadn't started having the Daily Sport and got his

sex-life kick-started again, so I suppose I must share part of the responsibility for the baby. I'm not buying it anything though.

January 4 2002

Friday

Didn't wet the bed. Had chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for tea, but today is Friday, the day I usually have it.

Stinking Higginbottom wants to go fishing this week instead of going to the zoo as usual with his dad, so he's asked me to stand in for him when his dad picks him up on Sunday. I asked him why he didn't just tell his dad not to pick him up this week, but he said if he were to do that his dad would kick off and go on about parental rights and all that shit. I pointed out to Stinking that his dad would know that it was me who was with him and not his own son, but Stinking said he doubted it very much because his dad never looked at him, and that if I farted every five minutes he'd never know the difference. I didn't bother asking Stinking why he farted every five minutes when he was with his dad, when he normally only farts every ten minutes, but it's probably because he doesn't like him. Anyway, as he's one of my best mates I agreed to help him out.

January 5 2002

Saturday

Didn't wet the bed. Had chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea again. I told my mother that regardless of whether or not I wet the bed I don't want chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea again, and that if she wanted to show me some understanding and affection to buy me a digital camera for my birthday. I seem to have been down this road before.

Getting a boyfriend for my mother to have an affair with is proving to be harder than I thought it would be. She has had lots of calls in response to my advert, I know that for certain because I answered the phone myself about ten times before passing it over to her, but all she does is listen for a few seconds then stand looking at the phone, speechless. Apart from the time she went crimson and dropped it. I might have to think of something else.

January 6 2002

Sunday

As promised, when Stinking's dad called to collect him, I strolled out of Stinking's house to be collected by him. Mr Higginbottom obviously knew that I wasn't Stinking

because he addressed me as Adrian right from the beginning, but it didn't seem to bother him at all. Stinking says that his dad is a miserable bastard, but he couldn't have been nicer to me. I hadn't been to the zoo for ages because my father isn't into zoos, being more into child abuse and embarrassing me by taking me to see the doctor, and we had a really good time. Since I last visited the zoo they've added an African Paddock with gazelles, giraffes, zebras and [wildebeest](#). They didn't have any lions in it, but then if they did I don't suppose they'd have many gazelles, giraffes, zebras and wildebeest in it for very long. After the zoo Mr Higginbottom took me for a McDonalds, so all in all I had a really good day.

January 7 2002

Monday

We had our very first cookery lesson at school today . We made herb bread, and we all had to bring a different sort of [herb](#). I took some grass. Well I'd forgotten all about it and grass looks a bit like chives and nobody will be eating it anyway because I'm going to fling it the minute I'm out of the school gates. One or two of the boys were kicking off about having to do cookery, claiming that it was women's work. The teacher said this was silly talk and that all the best chefs were men, and that if we took to cooking one of

us might even be the next Keith Floyd. Stinking said in that case he'd give it all his attention as he'd quite like to be a piss artist when he grows up. The teacher said we could bake the bread into the shape of our choice, so out of the seventeen loaves baked sixteen were shaped like dicks. The only one that wasn't was Shawn Armstrong's, which was shaped like a fanny - well he said it was supposed to be a fanny but it looked more like a bucket to me. I was telling Solly Goldfarbfinklestein about my trip to the doctor to see about getting circumcised, and the long waiting list. He said that if I was Jewish there wouldn't be a problem because the Rabbi did it for nothing.

January 8 2002

Tuesday

Went to see the psychiatrist today. He asked me to sit down, then he took my blood pressure. I asked him why. He said it was because he'd been told by my doctor that having my blood pressure taken seemed to make me angry, and that he wanted to see me angry. I asked him why he wanted to see me angry. He asked me why I thought he wanted to see me angry. I told him that I hadn't got a clue. He asked me why it was that I thought I hadn't got a clue. (Forget what I said about becoming a rap artist, I'm going to be a psychiatrist, it's a far easier way of getting

seriously minted, all they do is ask you what you just asked them.) Anyway after about another half-an-hour of him throwing my questions back at me he pronounced that I had an [Oedipus Complex](#). I hadn't got a clue what he meant so as soon as I got home I looked it up in my Oxford Encyclopaedia, and as far as I can make it out it means that I want to have sex with my my mother. He must be fucking joking!

The lads at school keep asking me if the penis enlarger has arrived yet, because it should have been here by now. Clive Perkins accused me of having already taken delivery of it and said that I'd probably been using it for a week at least, instead of the three days each we agreed on, so that I'd have a bigger dick than the rest of them. I thought of telling them that maybe a frustrated postwoman had noticed the attractive shape of the parcel and stolen it, but I abandoned this idea in case they complained to the post office people about it and I finish up in deeper shit than I'm in already.

January 9 2002

Wednesday

Still no luck getting my mother a boyfriend. There is only one man who rings up now, and I don't think that he's going to ask her out because apparently he never says anything,

he just breathes heavily. My only hope is that's he's a bit shy and got asthma, and that eventually he'll say something. I'm not counting on it though, so it looks like I'm going to have to re-advertise or come up with something else.

I've been giving a lot of thought to the penis enlarger situation and it seems that the only way out for me is to make one. Fortunately due to being force-fed Blue Peter by my mother when I was younger I'm quite handy at making things, and I think that a foot long piece of flexible hose, my father's car foot pump, some foam rubber and some double-sided stickytape should do the trick very nicely.

January 10 2002

Thursday

I had a really horrible thought today. Do not read any further unless you want your life to be absolutely ruined! You have been warned! My thought was this. Whenever you look at a girl's bottom, any girl's bottom, no matter how shapely it is, no matter how pert it is, no matter how wonderfully soft and pink it is, no matter if it is even as shapely and pert and wonderfully soft and pink as an Atomic Kitten's bottom, inside it, lurking but a few centimetres beneath the surface, is a turd. It may be only

a little turd, right at the beginning of its development. It might be a medium-sized turd. Or it might be a fully-fledged giant chocolate log of a turd. But a turd it is. Since having this thought I just can't get it out of my mind. I look at a girl's bottom and all I can see is a turd. It's awful! Anyway, I have decided to call off immediately my campaign to get girls to wear their knickers on their heads so that they'll stop wearing their cardies tied round their waists. Now I want them to wear their cardies round their waists, so I won't have to see their bottoms and see turds all the time. In fact it would be better if they were to have two cardies tied round their waists, or better still an overcoat. Anyway thanks for your help but the campaign is definitely off, herewith.

I have received an e-mail from a Mr A Bradbury of Epping Forest on the subject of the size of my willy. By calling himself Mr A Bradbury and not just A Bradbury or Alan Bradbury or whatever his name is, he is obviously an adult and wants the world to know it. You'd no need to bother Mr Bradbury, it's quite obvious that you're an adult from the shite you've written. You say that my diary is rubbish because all it is about is my obsession with the size of my penis. All I can say is that if you want an example of obsession you ought to take a look at The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13 3/4 and read about Adrian banging on

about his sodding spots, then you might just grasp the meaning of the word obsession then. Having checked back I can state quite categorically that less than ten per cent of my diary is about the size of my penis. Well if that is obsession then I am obsessed, and all I can say Mr Bradbury is that if you only had a five and three quarter inch penis you'd be obsessed with the size of it. So you can kiss my starboard bollock!

I haven't wet the bed for a week now, so it looks like that problem has gone away. Good.

January 11 2002

Friday

Wet the bed again. Had chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea again. I told my mother that I'd already told her I don't want chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea again but she said that it was Friday and I always had chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea on Friday. I told her that I didn't want chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for my tea again whether it was Friday, Monday, or Pancake bleeding Tuesday, all right?

Me, Stinking and Brain Damage were watching Atomic Kitten on MTV today. What should have been heaven for

me was worse than hell. Every time they turned their bottoms to the cameras all I could see was three turds singing! Brain Damage said that as Atomic Kitten already sounded like three turds singing it oughtn't to make a great deal of difference, but I told him that what they sound like has got nothing to do with it.

I placed another advert in the freebie newspaper and my mother is getting calls again. However it has dawned on me that even if she agreed to meet one of the callers he may very well kick her into touch the moment he sees her, because to be honest my mother is not the most attractive-looking woman in the world. Don't get me wrong, you certainly wouldn't knock her out of the way to get at Dawn French, but I've seen photos of her when she was younger and she was quite pretty, but since then she's really let herself go. I can't say that I blame her, if I were her I'd have let myself go too, I mean the more attractive she makes herself the more my father is likely to want to get his leg over with her and that can't be a very inviting prospect to say the least. Anyway I've decided that a make-over wouldn't do her chances any harm, so I've written off to ['This Morning with Richard and Judy'](#) to see if they'll take her on. I just hope they respond quickly enough, because if they take as long to answer my letter as Tony Blair did she'll be needing the

services of an embalmer, not a beautician.

January 13 2001

Sunday

Went to the zoo again with Mr Higginbottom. Stinking had said he wanted to go fishing again, and I didn't mind going at all because I really enjoyed myself the last time. If anything Mr Higginbottom was even nicer to me this time than he was the last time and I thought that was nice. I've never known anybody so knowledgeable about animals - well he would be I suppose, he's been taking Stinking to the zoo every Sunday for the last eighteen months, so he should be. If David Attenborough ever leaves the BBC to become God they have a ready-made replacement in Mr Higginbottom, that's or sure. He seems to know the name of every single animal, so when I asked him what one of those monkeys that have a bum that looks like an all day breakfast was called he told me right away that it was a mandrill, without even having to think about it. If I'd asked my father the same question he would have said 'How should I know, I'm an air hostess not a zoologist' or 'What a stupid bloody question', or something equally crass. Later we were on our way to McDonalds when Mr Higginbottom asked me if I'd rather go to an [Indian restaurant](#) instead. I didn't need asking twice because I

love curries, but I hardly ever get the chance to eat them at home because of my father's 'stomach'.

January 14 2002

Monday

My appreciation of cookery has gone up one hundred per cent. I'd never heard of Nigella Lawson! The teacher in our cookery class played a video of Nigella doing her cookery programme, 'Nigella Bites'. I bet she does. What a doll! She can bite my bottom any time she likes. And steam my potatoes. When the video ended the teacher told us to cook what Nigella had cooked, paying particular attention to the cooking time. Nobody knew what she'd cooked! We'd all been too busy gawping at Nigella, paying particular attention to her tits. What a pair of knockers! What a woman! When the lesson ended there was a madder rush for the lavvies than the day Liz Hurley walked past our school playground during the dinner break, and it certainly wasn't because we all wanted a crap I can tell you. My father asked me if I'd seen anything of his car foot pump. I said not very recently. Well I haven't. I'm due to see the psychiatrist again tomorrow. It's a complete waste of time but it gets me off school for a couple of hours so why should I care.

January 15 2002

Tuesday

This is how it went with the psychiatrist -

Psychiatrist: 'Sit down please, Adrian.'

Me: 'Why do you feel that I need to sit down?'

Psychiatrist: 'All right, then stand if you prefer.'

Me: 'Why do you feel I would prefer to stand?'

Psychiatrist: 'I don't, I was just giving you an option.'

Me: 'Why do you think I would need an option?'

Psychiatrist: 'Are you taking the piss out of me, young man?'

Me: 'If I was taking the piss out of you - how would you feel about that?'

Psychiatrist: 'Have you ever thought of becoming a psychiatrist, Adrian?'

Me: 'These feelings you seem to be harbouring about me wanting your job, approximately how long have you been having them?'

The psychiatrist then stared at me for about five minutes, took notes for about ten minutes, then said I could go. I told him I hadn't had my hour yet. He asked me what I meant. I explained that in all the films or TV dramas I've ever seen the client always gets an hour, because the session always ends with the psychiatrist saying something like 'Sorry, your hour is up, we'll have to go into that at

your next session'. He said that if he had an hour with me he'd be in need of a psychiatrist himself. I left.

January 16 2002

Wednesday

I can't get Nigella Lawson out of my mind. Not that I'm trying very hard. She must be the perfect woman. She's like all three Atomic Kitten rolled into one, plus she can cook too! What more could a man want in a woman? There is no doubt that, given the chance, and even though my dick is still only five and three quarter inches long, that I would have sex with her, and risk being laughed at. I can't give a woman higher praise.

January 17 2002

Thursday

I've had a letter back from the television people regarding my request for my mother to be considered for a make-over. They said that the 'This Morning' show wasn't fronted by Richard and Judy anymore but by John Leslie and Fern Britton. I had a look at these two on TV and Fern must be a least twenty stone, and about as fern-like as a Vietnamese pot-bellied pig. Actually I'm starting having second thoughts about the value of a makeover anyway, as it has occurred to me that if they were any good at all

Judy would have had one long ago.

January 18 2002

Friday

Went to see the Rabbi about being circumcised. As it was a delicate subject I thought I'd break the ice with the only Jewish joke I know. It's this. And Moses went up into the mountains and God said to him, "Moses, I have some Commandments." And Moses said "How much are they?" God said "They're free". And Moses said "I'll take ten". The Rabbi laughed and said that Moses should have taken twenty, as the sinners of this world could certainly do with the [Eleventh to Twentieth Commandments](#) as well as the ten we have already, and even that might not be enough. Then I asked him if he would circumcise me. He said he didn't like to do it to boys of my age as the only other time he'd done it the boy had gone berserk and kicked him in the testicles. I assured him there was no way that I'd kick him in the testicles, as he would be doing me a big favour. Then he informed me that he could only do it to people of the Jewish faith. I asked him what I had to do to become Jewish, and he said suffer persecution for thousands of years, and lots of other stuff. Apparently there's a lot more to it than eating matzo balls and not eating pork scratchings. For one thing, on the Day of Atonement - Yom

Kippur, you're expected to spend a whole day fasting in the synagogue. As I wake up ravenous every morning and sometimes have to get up in the middle of the night to raid the fridge I can't see me being able spend all day starving myself, even if I have got a bigger dick to take my mind off it, so I'm going to have to give it a lot of thought before I convert to Judaism from whatever I am at the moment.

Haven't wet the bed for a week.

January 19 2002

Saturday

Marvellous news - the penis Enlarger works! I don't know how or why, but both the lads who have tried it so far have reported an increase in the size of their penises. I am over the moon! I would be even more over the moon if there weren't another twenty lads and sixty days before it's my turn to have it again. When I heard about it I had to pretend not to be surprised, and told the rest of the class that I too had noticed an increase in the size of my penis, but I hadn't said anything at the time in case people thought I was bragging. Anyway the important thing is that I am definitely on the road to having a bigger willy, so I'll just have to be patient and wait my turn. Because of this development - and my future development - I called in at

the synagogue on the way home from school and told the Rabbi that I didn't want to become a Jew after all. I'd have thought he would have welcomed another member to his flock with open arms but he didn't seem a bit disappointed. Well it's his loss.

My father has reported, with a smirk on his face, that both female rabbits are pregnant. Anybody would think it was him that got them pregnant. My mother said that when she was pregnant she got constipation. Let's hope the rabbits get it too.

January 20 2002

Sunday

Went to the zoo again with Mr Higginbottom. That is we set off for the zoo, but on the way there he asked me if I'd rather go to [Dalton Towers](#) theme park instead. Would I! Dalton Towers is better than Blackpool Pleasure Beach and Alton Towers rolled into one, and we had a really brilliant time. I was sick three times, and as being sick twice is the mark of a good theme park you can tell how good Dalton Towers is, and if you've never been there you just haven't lived. Mr Higginbottom still doesn't seem to mind that it's me who keeps turning up instead of his son. Personally I don't think he'd bother who turned up as long as somebody did, because if you ask me he's one of those

lonely sort of people who need to be with other people before they're happy. I certainly don't know where Stinking is coming from when he goes on about him being a bastard because he just couldn't be nicer to me, really. For example, when I fell off one of the rides and hurt my thigh; where my father would have said something like "You clumsy bloody idiot", Mr Higginbottom put a comforting arm round my shoulders, rubbed it better for me, and even suggested that we go into the toilet and I removed my trousers so he could get a better look at my thigh to see if there was any serious damage. I said that wouldn't be necessary, but the thought was there. On the way back, knowing how much I'd enjoyed the curry we had last week, Mr Higginbottom stopped at a really excellent Indian restaurant. I'd never had a fifteen course Indian banquet before and it was quite magnificent. I got home about ten, a tired, full, but very happy boy.

January 21 2002

Monday

I can't wait for my turn for the Penis Enlarger to come round so I'm going to make another. I asked my father when he intends replacing the lost foot pump but he said it will probably turn up, so I'll have to get another from somewhere. I'm going to have a look in 'Loot'.

January 22 2002

Tuesday

I have recieved an e-mail from Nigella Lawson asking me to meet her in the school bikesheds at eight-o-clock on Friday nightfor wild sex. It is ninety nine point nine nine percent certain that it is a hoax, a cruel trick being played on me by somebody who is reading my diary and knows of my feelings for her. I am obviously going to disregard it. When I arrived at the psychiatrist's office - or his 'rooms' as he calls them, although the only other room he's got in addition to his office is the bog as far as I can see - he had another psychiatrist with him. He told me that my case was a very interesting one indeed and did I mind if the other psychiatrist sat in. I said 'Sat in what?' Psychiatrist Two smiled and said that I had a very interesting mind, which he would like to delve into. I asked him why he felt that he needed to delve into it. Psychiatrist One told Psychatrist Two that this was a typical response to any question put to me, and I asked Psychiatrist One why he felt the need to tell Psychiatrist Two that I had just made a typical response to his request. Then Psychiatrist One left, probably to go to one of his other rooms, because I heard the lavatory flush a few minutes later, and Psychiatrist Two played a word

association game with me. It involved him holding up pictures and me saying a word that I associated with the picture. For example the first one he held up was a picture of the sun, and I said 'Ibiza', which he seemed quite happy with - although if he'd held up a picture of a disco or a can of lager or a bit of fanny he'd have got exactly the same answer. Anyway he'd held up about ten pictures, and he kept nodding to himself and saying 'good', when he held up a picture of a cardie and I immediately said 'turd'. Naturally he wanted to know why a cardie reminded me of a turd. I said because it was turd coloured. He pointed out that the cardie was purple, and that turds were usually some shade of brown, and I told him I knew that but I found the thought of them being brown was absolutely revolting so I always thought of them as being purple, because it's my favourite colour. He's booked me in for another appointment next week.

January 23 2002

Wednesday

I've been thinking a lot about the e-mail from Nigella Lawson. I mean what if it's genuine? All right, I know that it's ninety nine point nine nine per cent certain that it's somebody taking the piss out of me, but what about the other point nought one percent? I mean it could be true.

Unlikely. Extremely unlikely. But just possible. I mean she is a widow after all.

January 24 2002

Thursday

No luck with Loot. There wasn't a single car foot pump in it. I suppose most people put air in their tyres at a service station nowadays, but my father is too mean for that.

There was a bike pump, which I considered briefly, but rejected it as you need two hands to use a bike pump and you would need one hand to hold the penis enlarger. I suppose you could always get a mate to help you, but that would be embarrassing, either using the bike pump or holding the penis enlarger. There was also a fish tank water pump that could pump 400 gallons per hour, but I didn't like the sound of that, ejaculation-wise. I'll have to look elsewhere.

I have decided to go to meet Nigella Lawson in our school bikesheds on Friday night. I know that there is about as much chance of her turning up as there is of having success trying to poke a hundredweight of butter up a porcupine's arse with a red hot needle but I'm going all the same. I mean she could turn up, and if I don't turn up I'll never know, will I?

January 25 2002

Friday

Went to meet Nigella. I arrived at the school bikesheds just before eight. The place was deserted, just as I thought it would be. I also thought that at any moment the sender of the e-mail would jump out from somewhere and start laughing at me. One of my schoolmates probably, because it's definitely the sort of thing that some of them would do. Then he'd start taking the piss out of me for daring to believe that a doll like Nigella Lawson would have any time at all for somebody like me. But no. There was nothing. Just me, in the quiet of the bikesheds. Eight-o'clock came and went, and I was about to leave when suddenly I heard this voice behind me: 'Adrian?' I turned. It was her. Nigella. I caught my breath. She looked absolutely gorgeous. That long black hair. That peach-like skin. Those full red lips. And the fact that she still had her cooking pinny on made her look even more sexy, not less. 'You are Adrian, are you?' she said. I nodded, unable to speak. She beckoned me to join her. I went to her, still in a daze. Close up she was even more beautiful. 'I want us to have sex, Adrian' she said. 'Now'. 'Here', I said. 'Yes', she said. 'Especially here. You see the very first time I had sex it was in the school bikesheds. It was wonderful, and I want to re-live that experience. I was fourteen at the

time, and the boy was quite a bit older, a sixth former. Fortunately he'd had experience with an older woman. She had obviously taught him a thing or two, and I benefitted from her tutelage for he was a wonderful lover. In fact it was due to our lovemaking that night that I got my idea for upside down cake. But I am sure, dear Adrian, that you will be his equal. Come. Take me'. With that she took hold of her pinny at the bottom and pulled it up. She was naked underneath! I reached out to her. Then I woke up. It was all a dream! I might have known it was too good to be true. I can't tell you how sick I was. I was sicker than a Sumo wrestlers arse wiper when his boss has got diarrhoea. But at least she didn't turn into Charlotte Church. Wet the bed.

January 26 2002
Saturday

Still not having much luck getting my mother a boyfriend, so today I asked her to come along and watch me play football for my team Get Real Madrid. Lots of the other players dads come along to watch, along with quite a few spectators, because we're not a bad side. (My father never comes to watch me because he doesn't like football. What does he like! What is he like?! For a time it looked as if I was going to be disappointed, because my mother stood

on her own and nobody went within yards of her. She really is in need of that makeover and the sooner Richard and Judy get a grip of her the better. Then, just before half time, a man about her age approached her. He said something to her and she just took one look at him, screamed, and ran off. Just then the ref blew the whistle for half time and I went over to the man and asked him what he'd said to make my mother act in the way she had. He answered me in a very distinctive and unmistakeable voice - Irish with a cleft palate. I recognised it immediately - it was the voice of the man who had caused my mother to drop the phone when I'd handed it to her the other week! Anyway he's obviously interested in her or he wouldn't have tried to chat her up, so I've invited him round for tea tomorrow - my father is away. We won three-nil and I scored. Let's hope the Irishman with the cleft palate does the same.

January 27 2002

Sunday

Mr Murgatroyd - he's the Irishman with the cleft palate - came to tea today. I didn't tell my mother he was coming until just before he was due to arrive, so she wouldn't be able to worm out of it. I explained to her that what happened at the football match was all a mistake, that Mr

Murgatroyd had mistaken her for an old girlfriend, and that he wanted to apologise. My mother still kicked off to some tune, but I pointed out to her that I'd already spent a pound of my pocket money on a can of Guinness for him so that he'd feel at home, so it was the least she could do. Anyway, it all went very well. Mr Murgatroyd was a perfect gentleman. He bought my mother flowers, a box of chocolates, and a bottle of wine, which went down very well with the Irish Stew I'd got my mother to make. The only hiccup was when Mr Murgatroyd mentioned that he did a bit of singing, and when mother expressed an interest he asked her if she'd like him to give her a song, because due to his cleft palate it sounded like he said 'Would you like me to give you a thong?' and for a couple of minutes she thought he was offering to buy her a G-string. As it happened this was quite fortuitous because it brought the conversation round to his speech impediment - and then I had one of those 'Eureka' moments. I remembered that at the time my mother became pregnant with me she was training to be a speech therapist, but she never went back to it. So in order to keep them seeing each other I suggested to mother that maybe she could help Mr Murgatroyd with his speech impediment. And she agreed! She's arranged for him to come round the next time my father is away - she said he'd be sure to get the wrong

idea if he knew - (He'll know soon enough because I'm going to tell him!) - so I'm hoping that love will blossom.

January 28 2002

Monday

Earlier in the week I'd told Stinking about me and his dad's trip to Dalton Towers and the Indian banquet. He said that he could do with some of that himself and that he'd be going himself next time, as he's never been to Dalton Towers, and gets to eat curry even less than I do as his mother has 'enough trouble with her bowels already'. Apparently when Mr Higginbottom saw Stinking waiting for him when he called to collect him it didn't go down very well at all, and he asked him where I was. Stinking told him that he'd decided to go with him himself this week. Mr Higginbottom became agitated and refused point blank to take him. Stinking kicked off about it and so did his mother and eventually Mr Higginbottom gave in and took him. To the zoo. Just to the zoo, with not even a visit to McDonalds after, let alone an Indian restaurant. Anyway, Stinking said that he's seen enough of bleeding zoos to last him a lifetime and that I can go instead of him again next week, and I've promised to bring him back a piece of tandoori chicken.

January 29 2002

Tuesday

Went to see the Psychiatrist again. I'm just seeing Psychiatrist Two now, he's 'taken over my case.' When psychiatrists get hold of something they're worse than a dog with a bone, because today was Purple Turd Day, and then some. This is how it went -

Psychiatrist: 'Tell me about the purple turds, Adrian.'

Me: 'What do you want to know about them?'

Psychiatrist: 'Anything you feel like telling me.'

Me: 'I don't really feel like telling you anything.'

Psychiatrist: 'Why do you think that is?'

Me: 'Well to tell you the truth I find it a bit embarrassing.'

Psychiatrist: 'Ah. That is very important. Tell me more about this embarrassment.'

Me: 'Well it just embarrasses me, that's all.'

Psychiatrist: 'What else can you tell me about the purple turds?'

Me: 'Well they're purple. And they're turds.'

Psychiatrist: 'Anything else?'

Me: 'Some are purpler than others.'

Psychiatrist: 'Anything else?'

Me: 'Possibly. But first there's something I'd like to tell you. You see before I came here today I raped next door's

cat and strangled my maternal grandparents.'

Psychiatrist: 'About the purple turds, Adrian?'

I'm not going again, he's dafter than I am.

Brain Damage is going to be a mule! He says that all you have to do is swallow a condom full of cocaine in the West indies the fly back to England and crap it out. He said you only have to do one trip a year to make a very good living. The only thing he is worried about is not being able to swallow the condom as he has enough trouble trying to swallow an aspirin. I told him that the thing to do is lubricate it with vaseline and it will slip down easy. He says he's going to dave a dummy run.

January 30 2002

Wednesday

Brain Damage reported that his dummy run as a mule was a complete success. He didn't have any cocaine so he put the contents of a packet of sherbet dip in the condom instead. He said that after smothering it with vaseline it went down a treat and came out of the other end about an hour later. He said the only problem was that everything he'd eaten since tasted of vaseline, even the sherbet dip. I informed him that another problem was that he'd only had the condom inside him for an hour, and that if the same thing happened when he did it for real he would be crapping it

our while he was still in the check-in queue at the airport. He said he thought the only reason that he crapped it out so quick was because of the vaseline and that he was going to have another dummy run again tonight without vaseline. I was reading the paper tonight and there was a picture of Nigella in it. My heart leapt, as they say in my mother's magazines. On the next page was a photo of the Atomic Kittens. It did absolutely nothing for me. Then, a few pages on, there was a photo of Madonna, and I quite fancied her too. In the past Madonna has done less for me than the Atomic Kittens are doing for me now, so it must be a sign that I am getting more mature.

Managed to find a car foot pump in Loot at last, £15. Made another penis enlarger. Tried it out. I couldn't find the instructions of the original penis enlarger and couldn't remember whether, after having pumped it up, you had to leave it for five minutes or five hours, so to be on the safe side I left it on for five minutes. After removing it I didn't notice any increase in the size of my penis. Am going to try again tomorrow.

January 31 2002

Thursday

Brain Damage said there is no way that he can swallow a condom full of cocaine, sherbet dip or any other substance

without it being lubricated, so it looks like his career as a mule is over before it has even begun. Stinking says that he wouldn't have any trouble swallowing a condom full of cocaine as he can swallow a walnut whip whole, no trouble, so he's going to try it tonight.

I am definitely getting more mature and into older women because I've started to fancy Kylie Minogue.

Tried the penis enlarger again, leaving it on for five minutes. I didn't note any increase in the size of my penis. I think you must have to keep it on for five hours, so I'm going to try that the next time, tomorrow.

February 1 2002

Friday

You definitely don't have to leave a penis enlarger on for five hours, at least not unless you want a penis that feels as if it has been bashed with a steak tenderiser for half-an-hour. And your penis doesn't get any bigger!

Stinking hadn't got any cocaine either, or sherbet dip, so he filled a condom with some of his mother's talcum powder. He said he swallowed it easily and that it hasn't come out yet.

I fancied Delia Smith tonight when she was boiling an egg on the telly. At first I thought it was because she was in her kitchen, cooking, and I fancied her because it

reminded me of Nigella Lawson, especially as she looks a bit like I would imagine Nigella's grandmother to look; but it wasn't, it was definitely Delia that I fancied, because I couldn't get her out of my head for ages afterwards and didn't get to sleep for ages. I might go to see the psychiatrist again.

February 2 2002

Saturday

It was Brain Damage's sister Tiffany Michelle's wedding today. It was pathetic, just as I expected, well all weddings are. In future I'm going to have to ask myself whether having to sing hymns and being bored rigid in church for about three hours is really worth the chance of getting pissed at the reception and having a headache the following morning. I think this must be another sign that I am getting more mature. Naturally me and Brain Damage saw it as our duty to our fellow man to delay the wedding ceremony for as long as we could, in order to give the bridegroom as long as possible to change his mind, so before we picked up the bride and her father we tried to persuade the taxi driver to take her to the wrong church, but he said that it was more than his job was worth. Plan B was for Brain Damage to pretend that he had acute appendicitis and demand to be rushed to hospital but when

he did that Tiffany Michelle said 'Oh bollocks to that for a game of soldiers, drop us off at the church first'. I pointed out to her that if we rushed Brain Damage to the hospital first she could possibly save his life but she said if the taxi driver didn't take her to church first she'd bloody well choke Brain Damage so she was saving his life. I could understand her desire to get to church on time because judging from the size of her belly if we'd have been late for her wedding for very long the vicar would have been able to baptise her baby at the same time.

February 3 2002

Sunday

Mr Higginbottom really spoiled me today. Not only did we go to the zoo but we also went to Dalton Towers again! Then we finished off a brilliant day with a visit to [McDonalds](#). At Dalton Towers we had our photograph taken together, and he didn't stand about a yard away from me and pretend that he wasn't with me, like my father did the last time we had our photograph taken, no, he stood close to me and put his arm round me just like I was his real son. I thought at the time 'I really do need to have Mr Higginbottom as my father', so when he dropped me off at my house later I asked him in for a coffee, to get the ball rolling with him and my mother. If I'm honest with myself it might take some time to get them together, because Mr

Higginbottom, although very polite, didn't show the slightest interest in her, but maybe this was because she was halfway through dying her hair and looked more like the Creature from the Lost Lagoon than a prospective lover. Anyway at least they've met now, so it's a start.

February 4 2002

Monday

Stinking reported back about the condom. Apparently he musn't have tied it up properly because it came out empty and the talcum powder is still inside him. He said that he isn't feeling any ill effects and his farts smell lovely. Brain Damage told him he ought to eat talcum powder all the time because normally his farts smell bloody awful.

I have put myself forward as a candidate for our school Mock Parliamentary Elections (fourth year). I will be representing the Adrian Mole Front (Stinking said it should be called The Adrian Mole Has Got Some Front, but he's just jealous). There are four other candidates. The two main parties are represented by Kevin Potts, New Labour, and Amanda Horrocks, Conservative, neither who have the remotest chance of winning. Kevin Potts has no chance because none of the Conservatives will vote for him because he's New Labour and none of the New Labour supporters will vote for him because he's a dead ringer for

a young Tony Blair, and nobody in their right mind is ever going to vote for Tony Blair again after the way he's screwing up the country after the last time they voted for him. The Conservative, Amanda Horrocks, has no chance of winning because she won't let anybody feel her tits. The Green Party is represented by Emma Wilding. This must be some sort of joke because her father is a property developer, her mother brings her to school every day in a gas-guzzling Range Rover, and apart from her green wellingtons the only thing green about her is her snot when she has a cold and her nose runs. Finally the Fascist Party candidate is Wasim Younis, who amongst other things is a big disappointment to his parents. I can't see anything but a landslide victory for the Adrian Mole Front.

February 5 2002

Tuesday

Mr Higginbottom is bound to make a better father than an Irishman with a cleft palate so now that I've decided that Mr Higginbottom is going to be my new father, touch wood, I am going to have to get rid of Mr Murgatroyd. But how?

February 6 2002

Thursday

I don't think that Mr Murgatroyd will be coming again. I

went round to his flat and had a chat with him about my mother's favourite pastime - watching the film 'Fatal Attraction', which she has seen 486 times because she identifies so closely with the Glenn Close character. I also mentioned to him that my mother's heroine was the wife who cut Wayne Bobbit's dick off. And then I told him about mother's voluntary work with AIDS sufferers, helping them to cope with the illnesss from personal experience.

February 7 2002

Thursday

Mr Higginbottom rang up after tea to see if I wanted to go to the pictures with him. Tonight is my night at the yoofie, which I don't like to miss on any account, as I usually cop a feel at least, but when I refused him he sounded so disappointed that I changed my mind. I suppose I feel a bit sorry for him in a way, because it must be awful living on your own after you've had a family, even if your family is only Stinking and a wife who doesn't love you any more. At least they'd be company. We saw a horror film, and when it got to a particularly scary bit Mr Higginbottom held my hand. I told him that it was all right, I wasn't scared, but he said he rather would if I didn't mind because he was scared! Well he might well have been

scared, but he must also have been a bit bored, because he went to sleep soon after. He must have been dreaming too, probably about when he was married to Mrs Higginbottom, in more happy times, because a few minutes later he put his arm round me. I didn't want to wake him up, especially when a few minutes later he pulled me a bit closer to him, as it would have been embarrassing for him to wake up and discover that he had his arm round a boy. Anyway I had to go for a pee a bit later and when I got back he'd woke up, and the picture ended a few minutes later.

February 8 2002

Friday

Spent all night drawing up my ten point manifesto for the school election. It is -

1. An immediate implementation of the Mole Plan.
2. A total ban on the keeping of rabbits.
3. Free penis transplants for anyone with a penis under six inches.
4. All children over fourteen to spend the entire school summer holidays in Ibiza.
5. Naming children after famous people, especially naming them Adrian Mole, to be a capital offence.
6. Improvement to the National Health Service, with

- special attention
to the shortening of the circumcision queue.
7. Shakespeare to be removed from the school curriculum and replaced with James Bond books.
 8. The Queen to abdicate and be replaced by Nigella Lawson.
 9. Charlotte Church to be buried alive.
 10. To cut my ten point manifesto to a nine point manifesto because I can't think of anything else.

February 9 2002
Saturday

Mr Higginbottom is a homosexual! No bloody wonder he's been so nice to me!! I only found out by accident. Me, Stinking and Brain Damage were talking about the most embarrassing thing your father could be. Brain Damage said Richard Whitely, I said an air hostess, and Stinking said a homosexual. I couldn't argue with Richard Whitely, which must be almost as toe-curling as having an air hostess for a father, but I wanted to know why Stinking thought that it would be embarrassing to have a homosexual for a father. I said that for all he knew a homosexual might be a very good father, apart from the

uphill gardening bit. He said he knew because his father was a homosexual, and that he wasn't a very good father, he was a twat. I thought he was kidding at first, but he was dead serious. Then I remembered Mr Higginbottom trying to get me to take my trousers off in the toilets at Dalton Towers, then putting his arm round me in the cinema, and it started to make sense then - he hadn't been concerned about my bruised thigh or been asleep, he'd been trying to get inside my underpants ! I asked Stinking why he hadn't told me before and he said would you tell people if your father was a homosexual? I had to admit I wouldn't, it's bad enough having to admit that he's an air hostess. But a homosexual! And I was hoping he'd marry my mother! The bastard would have been in my bed more than hers. Thank Christ I found out in time.

In the evening I watched the final of Pop Idol on the telly with my mother and father. My mother voted for Will, my father voted for Gareth, and I voted to switch the telly over to a decent programme. I pointed out to my them that it was pointless for one of them to vote for Gareth and the other to vote for Will because their votes would cancel each other out. My father said if everyone adopted that attitude then nobody would vote. I said 'Bloody good if nobody voted then ITV wouldn't put the crap on again and they might then put the football on at that time as they'd

promised.' He told me not to be such a smartarse. I was going to tell him it takes one to know one then I remembered that he only has an IQ of 87.

February 10 2002

Sunday

I'd been in the habit of going round to Stinking's house every Sunday morning to meet up with Mr Higginbottom, but I didn't go this morning for obvious reasons. When I didn't turn up he came round to my house to see why. I told him it was because I'd found out that he was a homosexual. He didn't deny it, but said that he didn't want anything from me other than my friendship. I'd suspected he might say something like that and I had a reply ready for him. It was - 'I'm sure you mean that Mr Higginbottom, and I'm equally sure that you would do everything in your power to keep to your word, but it just might happen that one day we might find ourselves in a situation where there is a possibility that our relationship could develop into something beyond friendship, as none of us can really put our hands on our heart and say with absolute certainty that we are in full control of our emotions, particularly where matters of the flesh are concerned, so I would rather we parted now, as friends.' But I couldn't remember it so I just said 'Fuck off you

homo!'

February 11 2002

Monday

It is my fifteenth birthday today. I am now a year away from being able to have sex legally and a quarter of an inch away from being able to have it illegally. (On the subject of my giggling pin I have been trying the penis enlarger every day for the last ten days - back to five minutes of course - and it hasn't increased my penis by as much as a millimetre, never mind a quarter of an inch. I am beginning to have reservations about it.) My mother bought me a couple of video games and some new clobber. My father bought me a [diary](#). In February! He said it was all he could afford as he'd had to spend a lot on the rabbits and things were a bit tight. It's him who's a bit tight! He really is going to have to go. I'm thinking of trying to interest Mr Murgatroyd in my mother again.

February 12 2002

Tuesday

A woman from the social services and a policeman called round tonight and left my mother in tears. They took her in the kitchen and told me to keep out, so I had to listen at the door and I didn't quite catch everything, but

apparently it was about her spreading AIDS. I suspect that Mr Murgatroyd had something to do with it so I've put off my plan to try to get him interested in her again. My mother denied that she had AIDS, of course. Then the policeman asked her why she'd been advertising for men in the local press. She said that she hadn't. Then the policeman said that if she lied about advertising for men she was probably lying about not having AIDS. Then my mother started bawling the house down and I didn't catch much after that, but there was something said about a 'final warning' and 'dire consequences' and maybe 'Holloway'. Unfortunately my father was out otherwise a divorce might have been on the cards.

February 13 2002

Wednesday

Spent the school lunch break canvassing for the election. Everyone I spoke to was very enthusiastic about my plan to introduce penis transplants for anyone with a penis under six inches, especially the girls. Four people said they definitely wouldn't be voting for me because they had pet rabbits, and one said he was still undecided because he had a pet rabbit but also had a penis under six inches long. I told him that one day he would get fed up with rabbits but he'd never get fed up with having a big dick and he

promised me his vote. Gareth Banks said he was a 'don't know', which came as no surprise because he doesn't know anything in class either. One boy said he wouldn't be voting for me because of my plan to shorten the circumcision queue as he was on the waiting list to have one for health reasons and he didn't fancy it one little bit. I might have to drop my plan to stop parents naming their children after famous people because amazingly lots of children would like to be named after somebody famous - Albert Giggs said it would have been an honour to have been named Ryan, Mary Winslett would have like to have been christened Kate, while Darren Hitler thinks his parents missed a great opportunity (I think he might then have voted for Wasim Younis). Apparently everyone would be quite happy to get rid off all the Shakespeare books, but not everyone wants them replaced with James Bond books. Suggested replacements were 'Hello', 'Big Girls', 'The Kama Sutra' and 'Mein Kampf', so I'm going to add these to my manifesto. I think I might have hit the right button with my proposals to spend the summer holidays in Ibiza and to bury Charlotte Church alive - everybody I spoke to were all for both these ideas except for Marcus Palmer, who for some unknown reason wants to spend the summer holidays on Charlotte Church, but then he's always been a bit weird. My mother is really depressed after her visit from the

police and social services yesterday.

February 14 2002

Thursday

Valentine's Day. I got one card. It said 'From me to you, guess who?' It was from Arabella Holding again. I recognised her handwriting from last year, when she wrote 'From me to you, guess who? - Arabella Holding X X X.' Silly cow. She's no chance, she's only fourteen, so she's at least twenty years too young for me now that I'm more mature and into older women.

My mother is going to have a TV make-over! This Saturday! The letter came this morning. It's not on the 'Good Morning' show, it's on a pilot show for a possible new series. This is even better than having a make-over on Good Morning because as it's a pilot there's a good chance it will never be shown, which means that any bloke who fancies my mother after the TV make-over people have finished with her will never even know that she's had a make-over, and by the time it has worn off and she's turned back into something that looks like something the cat has dragged in it will be too late, he'll have been snared. They sent her photo back with the letter. She was puzzled as to how they'd got it and she asked me if I knew anything about it. I said that probably we'd had a burglar

who'd been disturbed (he would have to be disturbed to rob our house, we've got bugger all worth stealing!) and the only thing he'd been able to grab was her photograph. Then later, full of remorse for trying to burgle us, he'd sent in the photo to Granada to try to make amends. I don't think she was fully convinced. She said she's not sure if she's going to go so I'll have to try to talk her into it.

February 15 2002

Friday

I made a few enquiries at school to try to find out if the original penis enlarger I made definitely does enlarge penises. Not a single boy had had any success with it, apart from the two who tried it out first. I questioned these two to make sure that their penises definitely had been enlarged and it turned out that before using the penis enlarger neither of them had measured their dicks for months, so their dicks would probably have been bigger anyway as they're still going through adolescence. This almost certainly means that my penis enlarger doesn't work. I am bereft!

I didn't have to talk my mother into going for the make-over after all. I overheard her talking on the phone to my sister Madeline. She was telling her that it might be nice

to be pampered for a change as my father wouldn't know how to pamper somebody if his life depended on it. Obviously there is little love left between my parents, if any, and I can't see my father being with us for much longer, especially when my mother manages to get a boyfriend after her make-over. One of my father's rabbits has given birth to eight baby rabbits. Eight!

February 16 2002

Saturday

Up to press I have received no less than seventeen e-mails from people telling me that they'd suspected all along that Mr Higginbottom was a homosexual. I received no e-mails at all from these seventeen people before I found out that he was a homosexual. Thanks a lot, fellas! Anyway, I've been thinking about the whole business since, and as I went to the zoo three times, Dalton Towers twice, McDonalds three times, two Indian restaurants, the pictures, and still have my bum virginity intact I don't think I came out of it too badly, really.

The other female rabbit has given birth. This one had ten baby rabbits! That's eighteen in all, plus the four that we already had, that's twenty two altogether. There'll be shit all over the place.

My mother had the make-over. She looks absolutely gorgeous, you wouldn't recognise her. I thought the Oedipus story was a load of rubbish when I read it but I'm not so sure now!

February 17 2002

Sunday

Apparently rabbits can have a litter or whatever you call it every thirty days. If half the baby rabbits are male and the other half female, when they start breeding I've worked it out that in six months we could have one million two hundred thousand rabbits. They would shit a pile of shit as high as our house every day. Something will have to be done about it!

February 18 2002

Monday

Disaster! My parents are in love again! When my father got home from wherever he'd been he took one look at my mother and that was it. It's definitely love because he went out and bought her a box of chocolates and it's nowhere near her birthday. They went to bed at eight-o'clock and the sounds of sex taking place was still going on when I went to bed at eleven. I'm never going to be shot of him now. I am more pissed off than Cartman!

February 19 2002

Tuesday

Political skullduggery has broken out in the run up to the school elections; Amanda Horrocks is offering a feel of her tits to any voter who promises vote for her; Wasim Younis has been handing out free mars bars at his parents corner shop to any voter who promises to vote for him; Emma Wilding's mother is giving lifts to and from school in her Range Rover to any voter who promise to vote for her daughter; and Keith Potts has had a number one haircut and wiped the silly grin off his face. Two can play at that game so I have called for a meeting with my political agents Brain Damage and Stinking to plan a dirty tricks campaign.

My father and mother were in bed when I got home from school and they never got up so it looks like I am definitely stuck with my father for at least until my mother's make-over wears off.

February 20 2002

Wednesday

The dirty tricks meeting was a shambles. It didn't start off too badly when Brain Damage came up with the idea of immobilising Emma Wilding's Mother's Range Rover by

petrol bombing it, and Stinking came up with the idea of painting 'No Whites' on the window of Wasim Younis's parents corner shop. It was when I asked for suggestions to stop Amanda Horrocks letting lads feel her tits in exchange for their vote that matters took at turn for the worse, when it came out that both Brain Damage and Stinking had already taken advantage of her offer. Mates!

I have come up with a plan to get out of having to clean my father's rabbit hutches. First I am going to make sure my father is at home. (That shouldn't be too difficult because nowadays whenever he isn't off air hostessing he is either on the settee snogging my mother or in bed with her having another 'early night'!) Then I am going to throw myself into a bed of stinging nettles, then tell my father that it is a rash brought on by me being allergic to rabbits, and that I've been to the see the doctor and he says that on no account am I to go near a rabbit or a rabbit hutch ever again. Although my father has only got an IQ of 87 he isn't absolutely stupid, so he is bound to ask me how it is that if I am allergic to rabbits that I haven't come out in a rash before now. I am going to tell him that the doctor said that the particular allergy I have has an incubation period of fifteen weeks (That's how long he's been keeping rabbits).

February 21 2002

Thursday

My father will be at home when I get home from school tomorrow so I am going to throw myself into a bed of nettles.

February 22 2002

Friday

It is one thing to say that you are going to throw yourself into a bed of nettles and another thing to actually it.

February 23 2002

Saturday

Father at home again. Tried to throw myself into a bed of nettles again. Failed again. Having given it a great deal of thought I have decided to nettle myself a bit at a time, wearing rubber gloves.

The frogs have arrived early this year so we are going to have our annual school Frog Jumping Competition earlier than usual, probably next week, so I'm going to have to get myself a frog and get it trained up pretty quickly if I want to retain my title. Getting a frog to jump on command isn't easy, and getting one to jump a long way when it does decide to jump is even harder. There are quite a few

methods. Most owners simply strike a match and hold it very close to their frog's bum. This always works, but I don't adopt this method as there's the cost of the matches to take into consideration, which can be quite an item if you're training up a new frog from scratch. I also happen to think that this method of getting a frog to jump is cruel. My method is to drop a red brick behind the frog from the height of about five feet, landing it as near as possible to the frog's bum. This is an extremely effective method of making a frog jump, and works every time. Well not every time, because if you're a bit out with your aim and drop the brick on the frog instead of behind the frog it isn't in any fit condition to jump. But I'm a good aim so that very rarely happens.

As my only chance of getting a bigger penis seems to be circumcision I have decided to ask the Rabbi if he will do it for me.

February 24 2002

Sunday

We went on a trip to to Blackpool with the yoofie. We went on the Pleasure Beach but it was a bit of a disappointment after Dalton Towers, except for the Big One, and I didn't even like that as much this time because all it did was remind me that I had a Little One. After the Pleasure

Beach we went to [Madame Tussauds](#). As usual we walked right through the galleries of soap stars and royalty without even stopping to look and made straight for the only bit worth seeing, the Chamber of Horrors. It was excellent, and I can really recommend it, and it's even more horrible now because Brain Damage had a shit behind John Halliday Christie. One question though - if it is supposed to be the Chamber of Horrors why isn't Robin Cook in it?

Solly Goldfarbfinklestein was on the trip with us and I mentioned to him that I had decided to ask the Rabbi to circumcise me. It's a good job I mentioned it because it turns out that since I'd been to see him he has been had up for interfering with the choirboys. I certainly don't want him interfering me, if he got hold of my dick I would want it to be strictly for circumcising circumstances (I wonder if those two words have ever been used next to each other before, try saying it, it's not easy) so I'm going to have to find a non-interfering with small boys Rabbi to do it.

Election Day at school tomorrow. I am quietly confident.

February 25 2002

Monday

The full result was of our Mock Parliamentary Election

(fourth year) was -

Kevin Potts, New Labour 0

Emma Wilding, Green Party 10

Wasim Younis, Fascist Party 19

Amanda Horrocks, Conservative 28

Adrian Mole, Adrian Mole Front 29

I won the election by one vote! What's more, all real politicians would have been proud of me, especially Tony Blair, because just before polling started I had a feel of Amanda Horrocks's tits in exchange for my vote and if I'd kept my promise and voted for her she would have won by one vote and I'd have come second! I am seriously thinking of taking up politics as a career if nothing else turns up as I seem to have a gift for it.

What I definitely haven't got a gift for is throwing myself into a bed of nettles. I talked my problem over with Stinking, mentioning that I was probably going to try nettling myself a bit at a time while wearing rubber gloves, and he said if I did that it would only make it worse. He

said it would be like pulling a plaster off a hairy bit of your body - if you try to pull it off slowly a bit at a time it hurts every time you pull the plaster, but if you pull it off quickly all at one go it only hurts once. I am going to think about it.

February 26 2002

Tuesday

Went to the bed of nettles and thought about throwing myself into it. Didn't. It wasn't a complete waste of time though because on the edge of the bed of nettles was a frog, which I managed to catch. I named the frog I had last year 'Slimyget' so I've called this one 'Slimyget 2.' When I got him home I immediately put him into strict training for the Frog Jumping Championship. He looks very promising.

I rang up the three closest to where I live Rabbis in the Yellow Pages to see if they would be willing to circumcise me but when I told them I was fifteen they all refused. They wouldn't say why but when I asked them if it was because they'd heard about the other Rabbi who'd been had up for interfering with the choirboys and they were all steering well clear of small boys for the time being they all put the phones down immediately, so it seemed pretty obvious to me. I wouldn't mind betting they're at it as well.

February 27 2002

Wednesday

Cleaned the rabbit hutches out. The eighteen baby rabbits are now three weeks old and shitting just as much as their parents. I am not even going to think about throwing myself into a bed of nettles, I am going to do it!

Panic stations later when Slimyget 2 escaped from my bedroom. I keep it in one of my grey school socks with an elastic band round the top, and although this keeps it fairly secure it doesn't stop the bugger hopping, and when I left my bedroom door open it must have hopped out, down the stairs and out through the front door before I knew anything about it. I wouldn't have known even then if my mother hadn't screamed as it passed her when she was coming in through the front door with her shopping. (Serve her right for being in love with my father again!) Slimyget 2 made its way down the road looking for all the world like a ball of walking snot, or maybe a very small alien, and before I managed to catch it had caused a man on a bike to ride into a lamp post and a woman to have a heart attack. Both are as well as can be expected.

February 28 2002

Thursday

You would have thought that faced with the choice of having to spend about two hours a week cleaning out rabbit hutches - very soon to become a lot more than two hours once they start to multiply - or experience a bit of pain for a short while, caused by throwing yourself into a bed of nettles, that there would hardly be a choice to make. All I can say to anyone who thinks otherwise is try throwing yourself into a bed of nettles. I was trying for three hours today. Even when I imagined that Nigella Lawson was lying naked in the middle of it and I would land belly flop on her luscious body I couldn't bring myself to do it. I have decided to ask Stinking and Brain Danage to throw me into it.

My poor frog Slimyget 2 died today. I don't think the kick from the man who it caused to ride his bicycle into the lamppost did it much good. I said a little prayer for him and then buried what was left of him in the garden - well I'd eaten his legs, because I've always wanted to try frogs legs. Somebody had told me they tasted a bit like chicken, but if they do it's a chicken that's been fished out of a frog pond. I shan't bother again, I don't know what the French see in them.

Later I went out and found another frog, Slimyget 3.

March 1 2002

Friday

I asked Stinking and Brain Damage if they would throw me into a bed of nettles after school and they said they would do it with pleasure. I said I didn't want them to do it with pleasure, doing it with pity or even indifference would do fine, thank you very much. Later, when we'd gone to the bed of nettles, just as Stinking and Brain Damage were about to throw me in, I noticed that we were in view of about ten kids from our school so I told them to hang on until they'd gone. Stinking said they wouldn't be going as they'd all paid fifty pee each to watch. Stinking is going to make a very good businessman one day! Anyway, they threw me in then, and I can honestly say that I have never known such pain in my life, it was excruciating. But it was worth it, because almost immediately I had big red lumps all over the exposed part of my body, which was quite a lot because I'd taken my shirt and trousers off. I ran home as fast as I could to show my father my 'rabbit allergy' but when I got home there was nobody in, just a note on the kitchen table from my mother telling me that my father had been called in to work to cover for sickness and she had gone shopping. Shit!!

March 2 2002

Saturday

When I woke up this morning all traces of the red lumps had disappeared, so I am going to have to go though it all again!

March 3 2002

Sunday

I am going to Ibiza! Getting there is going to be so easy I am amazed that I haven't thought of it before. I go on the school trip every year, usually to some Godforsaken hole in the Czech Republic or Bulgaria, but this year we're going to Ibiza. That is me, Stinking and Brain Damage are going to Ibiza, the rest of the school trip is going to some Godforsaken hole in Poland. How? Easy. We tell our parents that we're going on the Poland trip then use the money to go to Ibiza instead. We never have trouble getting permission to go on school holidays abroad, probably because our parents are probably glad to see the back of us for two weeks, especially as we usually go to places like the Czech Republic or Slovakia where we might be murdered by robbers or die of exposure in the mountains. Our parents usually pay for the holiday by cheque for the whole amount or in six weekly instalments, but we're going to tell them that this year the school is insisting on six weekly payments in cash only, due to the volatile state of the currency in Poland, due to an unstable euro. The cash they

give us for the school trip goes straight into our pockets
and on April the 28th it's Ibiza here we come!

March 4 2002

Monday

I have had a letter from St Joseph's Hospital telling me that they have had a circumcision cancellation for next Tuesday and therefore there is a vacancy in their operation schedule and do I want it? Do I want to win the lottery on a rollover week? As it's my only chance of getting a bigger giggling pin, which I will need even more than ever now that I'm going to Ibiza, I phoned them up right away before they changed their mind and it's all systems go for next Tuesday.

March 5 2002

Tuesday

I got back off my paper round to discover that Slimyget 3 had died. I thought he was just asleep but when I examined him more closely I found that he'd stopped breathing. My mother said it must have been his time and that The Lord giveth and The Lord taketh away, and my father said that may very well be so but The Lord might not have takeneth it away so quickly if I hadn't kept it in one of my smelly socks. Then he said if I couldn't look

after frogs any better than that I couldn't have any more. Anyway I cried and kept sniffing the snot back up my nose, which really annoys him, and eventually he gave in and said I could have one more frog and then that would be that, so I went out right away and found another one, Slimyget 4, The Final Frog.

March 6 2002

Wednesday

My Grandad Hill has died. That's two deaths in the family in one day, my frog and my Grandad. I am a Mole on my father's side and a Hill on my mother side, so I could have been called Adrian Mole-Hill, which is even worse than Adrian Mole, so I suppose I should think myself lucky. He has left me his gold pocket watch. I wish he had left me his dick instead, it was a beauty. He once showed it to me when we were stood having a pee in a public lavatory. 'How about that then young Adrian,' he said. 'How would you like one like that?' I said 'How do you know I haven't got one like that?' And he said 'Because if you had you wouldn't be trying to hide it with your cupped hand, you'd be flashing it about like I do.' He lives in Rotherham and the funeral is on Monday so I'll have to have the day off school to go to it so his death hasn't been completely in vain.

My father will be at home again tomorrow night so I have

arranged for Stinking and Brain Damage to throw me into the nettles again. Stinking asked me if I could put it off for a day or two to give him the chance to sell more tickets. If I ever decide to become a rap artist I am going to get Stinking to be my manager. I told him that it had to be tomorrow night or not at all and if he and Brain Damage wouldn't do it there would be lots of others who would. Brain Damage said 'Yes, half the bloody school,' which I think was a bit uncalled for.

March 7 2002

Thursday

Stinking and Brain Damage threw me into the bed of nettles. I got even more nettled than last time because they threw me in twice. Stinking said it was to make sure that I was good and nettled but I found out later that it was because three lads who had paid had turned up a bit late and had just missed it. I might start looking for new best friends. Anyway I ran home and this time there were no mishaps, my father was in, reading a book called 'The Joy Of Sex' - so it looks like I'm stuck with him for the immediate future at least. I showed him my big red lumps and told him that I'd been to the doctor and the doctor said that I was allergic to rabbits and I hadn't to go within fifty yards of rabbits and especially rabbit hutches. He

said that wouldn't be a problem because as he and my mother had found 'new interests' in each other he wouldn't have the time to be bothered with rabbits in the future and he was getting rid of them. It was the first time I have cried since I was thirteen.

March 8 2002

Friday

My stupid mother has killed Slimyget 4 The Final Frog. She said it was my fault for keeping it in one of my socks, because if it hadn't been there she wouldn't have put it in the washing machine with all my other dirty socks. I told her if I'd wanted that sock washing it wouldn't have been on my bedside cabinet, it would be on the floor with the rest of my dirty clothes, but I was wasting my time, because it was already dead. Laundered but not forgotten. Anyway I've told her I'm having another one, because that one didn't count as it was her that killed it, not me, and she said all right but don't tell your father. As if.

March 9 2002

Saturday

I have got another frog, Slimyget 5 The Very Final Frog. I have had an e-mail from Wayne Hargreaves of Stockport about 'When I Were A Lad', which regular readers of my

diary will remember is the thing that me, Stinking and Brain Damage were going to perform in our school concert before they decided to do that Shakespeare crap Macbeth instead. Wayne and his mates only want us to put it on at their youth club! I am all for it as Stockport is quite near to us but I'll have to check it out with Stinking and Brain Damage to see if they're up for it.

I have been looking up 'circumcision operations' on the internet and after having done so wish I hadn't. I thought there would be nothing to it, a bit like having a tooth out, but there are all sorts of things that can go wrong.

Apparently you can develop staphylococcal septecemia and septic gangrene of the scrotal skin, and cases of haemotogenous osteomyelitis have been reported. I don't know what any of these things are but I don't like the sound of them one little bit as in my experience anything with a long name is strictly bad news time. I am beginning to have second thoughts about having it done.

March 10 2002

Sunday

Not only have I been having second thoughts about going through with the circumcision but I am having third, fourth, fifth and umpteenth thoughts as well. What a dilemma - whereas I am very keen not to catch any of the

nasty things you can catch by having it done, especially septic gangrene of the scrotal skin, which sounds particularly nasty, I realise that it is my only realistic chance of ending up with a penis that is longer than five and three quarter inches and thus be able to start having sex again without risking being laughed at. Especially now that I am going to Ibiza. I went on the internet again and looked a bit farther into septic gangrene of the scrotal skin and it said that there was only a point nought one of one per cent chance of getting it but with my luck I'll be the point nought one. But even if I wasn't and I had the operation, what if something went wrong on the operating table, what if the surgeon slipped with his scalpel and cut my dick off and didn't think it was worth sewing back on again? I am going to sleep on it (the problem, not my dick). Later on I watched the final of [Crufts](#) on the telly. I always watch it just in case one of the dogs dumps while it's owner is running it round the parade ring on a lead. None of them did so it was a thoroughly depressing day.

March 11 2002

Monday

I have had an e-mail from Darren Lee Baxter of Hazel Grove asking me that if me, Stinking and Brain Damage perform 'When I Were A Lad' for Wayne Hargreaves of

Stockport can we do it at his youth club too? I got together with Stinking and Brain Damage to discuss this. Stinking immediately asked me how much they were prepared to pay us. Stinking never ceases to amaze me, I mean it never even crossed my mind to charge them. He could very well end could very well end up as a big business tycoon if it wasn't for his feet. After thinking about it he said that we should charge them at least twenty five pee a head or fifty pee if we can think up some more 'When I Were A Lad' things to make it a bit longer, so any suggestions you have for anything starting 'When I Were A Lad....' will be greatly appreciated.

March 12 2002

Tuesday

Went to Rotherham to my Grandad Hill's funeral. I've never been to a crematorium before, or to Rotherham, and after having been to Rotherham I'm amazed that a lot more people in Rotherham don't make for the crematorium and ask to be burned even before they've died. What a dump. Hyde and Stalybridge are bad enough but if towns were arses Rotherham would have piles. I've always imagined that after the funeral service all the mourners left and then the coffin was taken somewhere else to be burned, but the oven is right there behind the chapel,

and the coffin goes right from the chapel into the oven just like a pizza going into the oven at Pizza Express. My sister Madeline was there with Harry Potter, but without her husband Clive. When they should have been singing 'I Will Cling To The Old Rugged Cross' I overheard my mother telling my Auntie Chloe that things were getting 'difficult' between Madeline and Clive. I can't say I'm surprised, if I had a wife like Madeline things wouldn't be difficult between us they'd be bloody impossible. If Harry Potter had any magical powers now was his chance to use them, but he musn't have any, leastways if he has they weren't powerful enough to stop my Grandad Hill going up the chimney. After the funeral we all went back to my Grandma Hill's house for a funeral buffet, which as far as I can see is the same as a wedding buffet except that the sausage rolls are burned, probably to remind us of the manner in which the departed went. My Grandma Hill is even older than my Grandad Hill was and by the look of her she won't last much longer so I'll probably have to go to Rotherham for her funeral before long. I hope they've done it up a bit by then.

I'm due to be circumcised tomorrow but I might not go.

March 13 2002
Wednesday

I measured my dick to see if it had miraculously grown another quarter of an inch overnight but it was still only five and three quarter inches. It threw a shadow on the wall that was eight and a half inches long but unfortunately that doesn't count, so I gritted my teeth and decided to go through with the circumcision operation. The hospital told me that I would be admitted today, have the operation tomorrow, then be discharged the day after, if everything was all right. I don't like that 'if everything is all right' bit, but I'll just have to take my chances. Naturally I haven't told my father and mother about it as the less they know about my personal business the better, and in any case they're still so lovey dovey they probably wouldn't have heard me anyway, but in case they should wonder where I left them a note saying that I'm having a sleepover tonight at Stinking's and one the day after at Brain Damage's, and then I'll be back home and they won't be any the wiser' if everything is all right'. I got to the hospital at two-o'clock and a nurse called Nurse Angela told me to put my pyjamas on and get in bed. Nurse Angela is about thirty five, which is a bit young for me, but very nice, if a bit tarty-looking. When I'd got into bed she she sat on the corner of the bed and chatted to me. Nurses do this to put you at your ease but it had the opposite effect on me as I could see up her nurse's uniform quite a bit,

which made me feel quite excited, so maybe she is older than she looks. She must have known that I was looking up her uniform but she didn't seem a bit bothered. I suppose that nurses get used to the male patients looking up their uniforms, especially Nurse Angela, who has the sort of big thighs that males like looking at. She asked me if I was having my circumcision for medical, cultural or religious reasons and I told her none of them, I was having it for wanting to have a bigger dick reason, and she said that was the best reason of the lot. When she had gone I just lay there, pondering my fate, as they say. At any time I expected to be bundled onto a trolley and wheeled out into a corridor and left there for three days without food and water like you read about in the papers, but I wasn't, probably because I'm young and it seems to be only old people they do that to.

March 14 2002

Thursday

I had the operation at nine-o'clock this morning, which was a good thing because it didn't give me too much time to chicken out and make a run for it. I came round at about half-past nine, but I was still very dopey. An hour later I was feeling a lot brighter and it didn't even feel like I'd had an operation, no pain or anything, it was just like lying

in bed on Sunday morning at home except that I didn't have a wank. After about another hour went by I lifted up the bedclothes and had a peep down to see what they'd done. My dick was wrapped in a great big bandage. Then I noticed a label with some writing on it tied to the bandage. I bent over further to look at it. It said 'Not to be opened until Christmas'. That would be that Nurse Angela and her mate Nurse Nancy, saucy cows. At twelve-o'clock my dick began to hurt. I told Nurse Angela and she said there was nothing to worry about, it was just that the anaesthetic was beginning to wear off, and that I must expect a bit of pain. She smiled 'No pain, no gain.' An hour later the pain was excruciating. If my dick gains at the same rate as the pain did it will be two feet long at least. I rang for Nurse Angela and told her that the pain was terrible but she told me not to be such a baby and I went right off her, big thighs or no big thighs. Anyway a few minutes later she gave me some painkillers and the pain was just about bearable after that.

March 15 2002

Friday

When I woke up the pain still hadn't gone away but was a lot better. I asked Nurse Angela if I could go home and she said it was up to Doctor Armstrong when he did his

rounds. When he eventually arrived about six hours later he undid the bandage on my dick and took a look at it. I asked him if it looked any bigger and he said he wasn't concerned about the size of it, only the condition, and that it was satisfactory and that I could be discharged. Then he told me it would be sore for a bit and not to have an erection for a week. I couldn't believe my ears. Had he never been a fifteen-year-old boy or what? I don't know what he was like at fifteen but personally I don't have a choice about whether I'm going to have an erection or not, and neither does any other fifteen year-old-boy I know, it just happens, one minute you haven't got one and the next minute you see a photo of Britney Spears or in my case Delia Smith and before you know it you've got a fully-fledged stiffy on your hands, and in your hands if it's convenient. I asked him what would happen if I did get an erection and he told me I didn't want to think about it. I am not looking forward to the next seven days one little bit.

March 16 2002

Saturday

My mother wanted to know why I was limping so I told her the ball had hit me in the goolies when I was playing football, not a total lie because it feels like a football has hit me in the goolies.

Me, Stinking and Brain Damage have booked to go and see Atomic Kitten. Only a few weeks ago this would have been the highlight of my life but I'm nowhere near as excited at the prospect now that I am into older women. My ideal female group now would be Nigella Lawson, Joan Lumley and Joan Collins. I'm not sure how old a woman would have to be before I didn't fancy her but it's somewhere after Joan Collins and well before the Queen Mother. I have received an e-mail from a Jed Slater of Rotherham. He says that if I ever come anywhere near Rotherham again he will personally rip my fucking head off and shit down the hole. (I didn't know you were allowed to use the F-word in e-mails, I must remember that the next time I get some spam). I e-mailed him back to say that there is no chance of him ever using me as a toilet as I will never be visiting Rotherham again, because when my Grandma Hill dies we're going to have her shipped over the Pennines to be buried here, and that Rotherham is such a dump that we'd ship her back here even if we had to ship her over the Himilayas.

March 17 2002

Sunday

Caught up on training up Slimyget 5, The Final Frog. I think I've got a champion here. His best jump so far measured

1.24 metres, which is almost up to last year's winning leap. Personally I think he'll beat that because he's getting so good at it that I don't even have to drop a brick behind him to stir him into action now, just the sight of a brick in my hand is enough to get him leaping.

A sudden thought has struck me which is causing me a lot of concern. What is it going to be like for me in Ibiza, now that I only like older women? I mean I've never seen anybody older than about twenty five on 'Ibiza Uncovered'. I suppose there's the locals of course, but I've seen Spanish women aged over forty when I went to Majorca and they're all wrinkled from too much time spent in the sun and anyway they've usually got a donkey with them and I don't think I'd be able to do it with a donkey watching me. Perhaps there are older women in Ibiza that Ibiza Uncovered kept covered, preferring just to uncover the young ones. I hope so.

I almost had an erection today. I walked into the living room while the TV was on and there was Nigella Lawson eating a sausage roll. Only by shutting my eyes and groping my way out did I manage to avert disaster. My mother thought I had gone potty.

March 18 2002
Monday

Disaster! My sister Madeline has left her husband Clive and she and Harry Potter have moved in with us! She is sleeping in the spare room and I have got to share my room with Harry Potter. My mother has told me to take him under my wing and be like a big brother to him and Madeline has told me to keep as far away from him as possible, so I don't see how I'm going to be able to please the both of them. My father says that Madeline coming to live with us is 'bloody inconvenient' which is the first thing we have agreed on for years, but my mother told him that she is their daughter and due to her present situation she needs all the support she can get. Her tits and bum certainly need all the support they can get because she is even bigger than she was when she came to stay with us at Christmas. The good thing is, if any good can come from having a sister you don't like coming to live with you and having to share your room with her brat, is that it has caused my mother and father to argue for the first time for ages, so with any luck they'll soon start drifting apart again.

Dick a little less sore today, and definitely looks a bit longer to me.

March 19 2002
Tuesday

Harry Potter wet the bed. My mother gave him chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg on top for his tea. She obviously thinks this is a cure for bedwetting. I have received an e-mail from somebody called Shane Ainsley inviting me, Stinking and Brain Damage to perform 'When I Were A Lad' at his youth club in Rotherham. He said he can guarantee us an audience of a hundred at two pounds a ticket, all ticket sales to us, and his youth club will meet our travelling expenses and an overnight stay in the Rotherham Hilton if necessary. It is obviously that Jed Slater is behind it so I have ignored it.

My sister Madeline is eating us out of house and home. She was sat at the breakfast table when I left for school and she was still there when I got home. My mother says that she is 'comfort eating' but it isn't any comfort to me because when I went to get a biscuit from the biscuit tin as I usually do when I get home from school it was empty and there were at least two pounds of biscuits in it yesterday.

March 20 2002

Wednesday

Hell up at tea time. Harry Potter had wet the bed again and mother had given him chips and double cheese baconburger with a fried egg for his tea again.

Unfortunately she put it before him just as Madeline was finishing her meal of fish, chips, steak pudding, meat and potato pie, quarter chicken and curry sauce. You would have thought she would have had enough after that lot but as soon as she saw Harry Potter's plate she relieved it of one of the cheese baconburgers and a handful of chips. Harry Potter burst out crying and called her a greedy cow and Madeline accused me of teaching him to say 'greedy cow' and I said I hadn't and that he had probably called her a greedy cow because she was a greedy cow.

March 21 2002

Thursday

My father and mother have had another row over Madeline. My father said that if she was going to carry on stuffing herself like a pig while she was under his roof she would have to start sharing the household expenses. My mother said that half the roof she was under was hers and that she didn't know how my father could even think of money when his daughter's welfare was at stake, and my father said he wouldn't have any money left to think about for much longer if Madeline didn't stop eating like there was no tomorrow, and they ended up having a right humdinger bringing up all sorts of old grievances. If they carry on like this they won't be together for much longer

so I am going to try to be especially nice to Madeline so that she stays with us as long as possible.

I will have had my circumcision for a week by tomorrow and by some sort of miracle I have not had an erection, although I must say it was easier than what I thought it would be. I will have an erection tomorrow and I hope it has all been worth it.

March 22 2002

Friday

Disaster! I tried to get an erection but couldn't get one. I was trying for about two hours, but nothing. I tried everything. I didn't even get one when I looked at my photo of Nigella Lawson naked. (It isn't really a photo of Nigella Lawson naked it's a photo of Nigella's head which I have cut out and pasted onto a body of a one of the models in a mucky magazine, but you can't tell. No wonder it was so easy for me to go without having an erection for a week, I know why now, I can't get one! I am going to the hospital tomorrow to complain about it.

March 23 2002

Saturday

Harry Potter wet my bed! I woke up wet through and there was the little tosspot in bed with me! He said that he'd

had a bad dream and woke up frightened and that whenever that happened at home he had always got into bed with his mother, but when he'd gone to our spare room to get in with her she wasn't there, (She was probably in the kitchen stuffing herself) so he got in with me. I told him that if he ever gets in with me I will choke him. Still can't get an erection.

March 24 2002

Sunday

I am definitely going to become a politician when I leave school. I read in the paper today that John Major makes five hundred thousand pounds a year from directorships and giving lectures to businessmen. This is a man who by all accounts made almost as big a bollocks of running the country as Tony Blair is doing now. What does Major do for all these companies that he's a director of and the businessmen he gives lectures to, teach them how to make a bollocks of running their companies? Well if you can make five hundred thousand pounds a year teaching people how to make a bollocks of things you can put me down for some of that. There is no doubt that I have got what it takes to be a politician as I only recently won my school elections despite a barrage of dirty tricks from my opponents, but even if I hadn't done that I have always been a skilled liar,

which is the only attribute you seem to need to be a politician nowadays. I haven't yet decided whether to be New Labour or Tory because they both seem exactly the same to me, so I am going to offer my services to both parties to see what they can offer me. I haven't even considered being a Liberal Democrat because I don't want people laughing at me.

Still haven't had an erection. If I haven't had one by tomorrow I'm going to go back to the hospital to complain and possibly sue them for a botched operation. I would probably get millions which would save me the trouble of becoming a politician, although I'd rather be a politician with an erection than Adrian Mole without one.

It's the school Frog Jumping Championship tomorrow. Me an Slimyget 5, The Final Frog should walk it.

March 25 2002

Monday

Disaster! Not only did I not win the Frog Jumping Competition with Slimyget 5, The Final Frog but I haven't got a Slimyget 5, The Final Frog any more. The competition was to be held on the netball court immediately after school, as usual. This serves two purposes - one, it's nice a nice level surface for frog jumping - and two, if the girls are playing netball at the time it puts the shits up them. I

can't think why, but I'd forgotten to take Slimyget 5, The Final Frog to school with me so I had to go home at lunchtime for him. On the way there I suddenly had the horrible thought that while I was safely out of the way Madeline might have eaten him, but for some unknown reason she hadn't thought of that and when I arrived home he was safe and sound in my sock marked 'Frog Inside'. On the way back to school I passed Charlie Wing's Chinese Chippy, and as I was still a bit hungry - our school dinners wouldn't fill a gerbil - I went in for some chips. When it came to paying for them my money was in the same pocket as Slimyget so I had to take him out to get at it. Anyway I put Slimyget on the counter while I was counting out my money to pay for the chips, and everything would have been fine, but at that very moment one of the Chinese who works for Charlie Wing came through from the back carrying a brick, and Slimyget took one look at it and jumped, and ended up in the chip pan. Charlie Wing fished him out almost immediately but it was too late, he was dead. He asked me if I wanted it and I said no thankyou, I'll have enough with the chips, and if I were you I wouldn't sell it to anybody else because frog takes lousy. I think he did though did though because later at school I heard somebody complaining that a fish they'd got from there this lunchtime was a funny shape and it wasn't as big

as they usually are.

Another erectionless day so as the school holidays start tomorrow so I'm going round to the hospital first thing to complain.

March 26 2002

Tuesday

I was about to get myself down to the hospital to complain about their botched operation and threaten to sue them if they didn't do something about it, but just then I happened to look out of my bedroom window as a woman police officer was walking past and I immediately got an erection. You could imagine my delight. However once I'd managed to tear my eyes away from the beautiful bulge in my trousers I looked at the policewoman again and saw that she was aged about forty, bow-legged and dog ugly. I could understand the forty bit but not the bow-legged and dog ugly bit. I hope this doesn't mean that I will now only be able to get it up for dog ugly bow-legged policewomen! One thing's for sure, I wouldn't have to look far before finding one, I don't know about other parts of the country but but they're all over the place where I live; well I suppose if you look like that the police force is one of the few jobs open to you, you're certainly not going to get a job on the cosmetics counter at Boots, are you. Thinking

about this caused my stiffy to subside before I could measure to see if there was any improvement, but it certainly felt bigger.

March 27 2002

Wednesday

Good news and bad news today. The good news is that my erections don't depend on seeing dog ugly bow-legged policewomen. But seeing the one I did must have kick-started me for some reason, (A psychiatrist could probably tell me why but no thanks, I've been down that road before!) because now that I've had one stiffy I seem to have returned to normal, where I have one at least ten times a day. The bad news is that my dick isn't any bigger. More colourful, yes, but not so much as a millimetre longer. I was down at the hospital to complain before you could say Jack Smallpenis. They told me at the reception that the doctor who operated on me was off sick. I told them that he wasn't half as sick as I was and demanded to see somebody else. Eventually Nurse Angela came. When I told her why I was there she said that she didn't know what I was complaining about, all right my dick wasn't as big as her husband's but it was nothing to be ashamed of, and anyway I was only fifteen and there was still time for it to grow. If you ask me she was trying to pass the buck.

March 28 2002

Thursday

I have had loads of e-mails with suggested 'When I Were A Lad' lines. Thanks to everybody. The ones we will definitely be using are -

When I were a lad there were no such things as trains, you had to run between t' railway lines using your arms like pistons shouting 'choo choo choo.'

When I were a lad there were no cars, if you wanted road rage you had to wait at t' side of t' road until somebody rode past on a bike then hit 'em with a lump of pavement.

When I were a lad there were no holidays, you had to sit on a bucket of sand in t' backyard and if you wanted t' tide to come in your mam and dad had to throw t' dirty bathwater out of t' tin bath all over you.

When I were a lad there were no babyslings, you had to stick your baby to your front with condensed milk.

When I were a lad there were no cats, if you didn't like your next door neighbours you had to shit in their garden yourself.

When I were a lad there were no washing machines, you had to get in t' dolly tub with t' clothes and run round fast.

When I were a lad there were no jacuzzis, if you wanted bubbles in your bath you had to fart.

When I were a lad there we no pre-menstrual tension, if you wanted to snap at everybody in sight you had to pretend you were a crocodile with a headache.

When I were a lad there were no women's breasts, if a woman had a baby she had to tie two bottles of milk to her chest.

When I were a lad there were no lavatories, you had to dig a hole in t' ground with a shovel and do it there.

When I were a lad there were no shovels, when you wanted to do it you had to dig a hole with your bare hands.

When I were a lad t' ground were so hard that you couldn't dig a hole in it so when you wanted to do it you had to do it in your pants - aye, and glad of it!

Keep them coming.

March 29 2002

Friday

Went to see Atomic Kitten. A mistake. I spent the whole gig wondering what their mothers were like.

March 30 2002

Saturday

This is from Adrian's father. I found out about this diary yesterday and I have choked the lying little twat!