

Dear Diary,

This is the worst day of my life. I'm in big trouble. I'm talking enormous, gigantic, out of this world trouble TROUBLE!  I've been staring at the clock & with every minute that goes by, I feel even worse. My parents will come home very soon & my life will be all but over!!!!

AND ALL BECAUSE OF A CIGARETTE!!! 

It all started this morning before school when John woke up with me by toilet. I knew he didn't like me smoking, or the way I smelt afterwards - but I made sure to eat a bag of mints & spray a can of deodorant, before I went anywhere near him, so what gives?

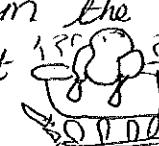


I decided to talk to John at school, until I realised - he didn't even turn up! What a cop out!

At least have the guts to face me. ARRGHHHHH!

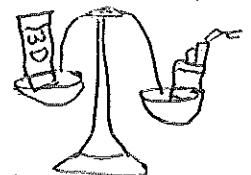


My day went from bad to hell. I was so stressed during second period, so I decided to go for a smoke. I asked Mrs Gorden if I could go to the toilet & of course she said yes. I was halfway through my ciggie when I heard footsteps & jumped into a cubicle. After a minute, I heard the sound of footsteps leaving & thought it was safe to come outside. That was until I saw Mrs Majid, our assistant principal standing in front of me. 

I reeked, I had forgotten my mints, my deodorant & I'm sure she would have seen the smoke coming from the toilet. My first thought was that 'I was dead meat'  & my second thought was 'What's our AP doing  in the toilet block, doesn't she have something better to do?' 



Next thing I know, I'm sitting outside Ms Majid's office, when Ruby walks past. She was being suspended for refusing to dye her bright purple hair. I told her what happened & she just laughed like it was no big deal. Supposedly, she had been caught smoking last year & she just had to watch a DVD on the harmful effects of smoking & clean chewing gum off tables every lunch time for a month. She asked me since she was staying home the following week (light bulb moment - suspended = duh!) whether I wanted to go to the movies with her. I really liked Ruby, but I only had \$20 left of my allowance & I wanted to buy a packet of ciggies (Yes, I know, cigarettes ... even after all this drama!)



I have no idea what Ms Majid said after two minutes because all I heard was 'I'M GOING TO CALL YOUR PARENTS!' I think I begged her not to, even offered to clean chewy off tables for a whole year, but she wasn't having any of it. I spent the rest of the day in her office. It went by slowly... & it was agonizing.

My mind was a mess walking home from school. That's when I received a text from my father which read 'WE NEED TO TALK'. I wish the earth would have swallowed me up whole, right then & there. Either way, I was doomed.



So once again, here I am sitting on my bed & staring at the clock. I feel sick to my stomach but I really need a ciggie. I'm so angry with myself, after all this commotion, I still want to smoke. Am I ^{just} blessed out, or am I addicted. Hmmm! Nah! I can't be addicted... or am I? I mean, I'm not one of those hardcore smokers! I can stop anytime - I think so... I certainly hope so! CRAP! I just saw my parents car pull up the driveway...