

IT ISN'T CRICKET

What should I do? What can I say? It's two o'clock in the morning and I still can't get to sleep. Training for the school cricket squad has been going for three weeks and I've just sat on the side and watched as the others showed off their skills to the coach. I could have been in that team. I should ask the coach — but what if he says no? What if he says yes? I don't have a clue. I've got a test tomorrow and yet I'm worried about the squad. I think I'm good enough to get in but neither the coach or the players know I feel this way. I need to get some sleep so that I can perform well in tomorrow's test but all that's on my mind at the moment is cricket and cricket and cricket. I'm sweating so hard I just can't get to sleep.

Okay, I've made up my mind. I'm going to ask the coach if I can get into the squad and that's final. But what if he says no? What do I do then?

Ahh, forget it. I'll out for the squad next year. Those year 12 guys are huge. I'll never get on the squad with them on the team. But if I don't try out I'll never know. I'll ask him tomorrow. Yeah, I'll sleep on it and ask him tomorrow.

SCHOOL PHOTOS

It's school photo time. I hate school photos. I really hate them. I always look so dorky, and everybody else looks so good. They all have perfect hair, and smile so nicely, and there I am, short, stuck in the front row, with a huge smile that does nothing but show my braces off. Yeah, such a good look. Looking so dippy, you know? So this year, I thought, OK, I'm going to look as good as the popular girls. I've started using pantene on my hair 'cos my friend says it's really good. But my hair looks as bad as ever. No matter what I do to it, it doesn't seem to sit right, you know. I could always wear make-up like Jane Callaghan does, but it doesn't look right on me. I just can't get the black eyeliner right. She looks so hot, and I look like an extra from Queen of the Damned. Also, I don't want to look like one of those trashy girls who always wear make-up to school. And this year, Mum has decided to get the extra large individual prints done so she can send them to Nanna in Perth. Like Nanna wants an extra dorky size picture of me on her mantelpiece!!! I asked mum if I could get my haircut, just like Jane's, but mum said, "No! You have lovely hair. Why do you want to ruin it and get it all cut off?" She has nooo idea.