

Saturday, 3 August

How WICKED is THAT? This morning, when I was trying to retrieve Dr Flitsch from under Paul's bed – the cat had just gobbled up half a bunch of flowers and was going to spit it out again any moment! – I found this weird notebook with the word TABOO on the cover.

To be honest, the flower pap had already been ejected from Flitschi's stomach again and was now spread out all over the notebook. Well obviously I still wanted to know what my wannabe brother wants to keep secret from the rest of the world! (I immediately realised that the whole thing is secret, somehow). So I cleaned up the TABOO notebook with half a roll of kitchen paper and then I read it all.

No prize for guessing what TABOO means. Exactly. It means 'diary'. Although Paul thinks that diaries are far from cool. He only just called mine a scrapbook for lonely people. No idea why writing down what happens in your life makes you lonely. Isn't it better than just experiencing it and then it's gone?

And also you can read later what it was really like instead of becoming one of those old codgers who think that

IN THE PAST, EVERYTHING WAS BETTER.

But back to Paul. According to him, he's only got one reason for writing. And you'd better sit down for this. It's because he thinks he's going to become hugely famous as a disc jockey.

MR GRANDIOSITY!

He probably wants to become the first intergalactic DJ, the guy who gets all those Martians raving.

So Paul is already preparing for the many questions from reporters about his super cool childhood and youth. The questions he'll be asked in the future. He's totally convinced that he's going to sell his TABOO to a publisher for millions of Euros. So that his billions of fans all over the world will be able to read up on how to be like Paul. As if anyone on earth would seriously want to be like Paul!

I laughed so hard I was in stitches when I read that!

He's really got it all figured out perfectly. Getting famous by putting on music. That's what he's doing already, all day long. And he really seems to think it's a genius idea to play the same music he's listening to in his stuffy boy's room to his future fans in those mega clubs or even in football stadiums, and then they'll all celebrate him.

And just listen to that music! Total **electro junk**. As if a fan heater and a toaster were getting fried at the same time. Just broken up now and then by some **lamebrain monkeys** stoking it up with their songs.

When dad, I or Moni (Pauls' mother) pull out the plug in our flat because we can't stand it anymore, he goes ballistic. Meet Rumpelstiltskin! He's losing his cool big time.

How do I know **what he wants to be**? I just read it. In his TABOO diary.

Oh, by the way, you've probably guessed it anyway. Paul's mother is not my mother and dad is not Paul's father. Paul's mother and my father just happened to be **single** after they both got divorced (not from each other, obviously) and didn't want to stay single. And then they met each other. Since that time, Paul and I commute between this place and our other parents every second weekend and every second half of our holidays. Yes it's a little bit **weird** to have two family lives. Our other parents both stayed single, by the way. But somehow we all seem to make it work.

Paul's mother would actually be quite ok if she hadn't brought this idiot who's **totally in love with himself** into the world. And I do know why Paul adores himself as if he was a young god. Because his mother absolutely **idolises** him. And that's probably been going on for some time. Completely bonkers!

As you can see, Paul's view of the world is

A: very simple and

B: very convenient.

For one thing, it saves him the trouble of learning a real job. Or even an instrument.

Although his mother recently bought him a **drum set**. That didn't exactly improve the noise situation for us at home and the thing was banished to the basement.

But even if he's EXPRESSING HIMSELF down there (as dad calls his drumming) you can still hear him up here. Thank God Paul is mostly too lazy to practise. By the way, I sometimes accidentally call PAUL MOLE. And although, in his **godlike** ways, he should be above such things, I can tell it gets on his nerves.

PS: For all those who believe that diaries really are taboo, all I can say is: no one is forcing you to keep reading from now on. But I really do have a few good reasons for breaking this TABOO.

Main reason: Paul really deserves it. Believe me.

Other important reason: you're allowed to fight unfair opponents with unfair methods.

And here's his first entry. I took a picture of it.

ROLL BACK DAY

Sh...

Crap!

CRAP! CRAP! CRAP!

Times four. And then times five again.

I've been held back a year!

And so I'm doing the famous LAP OF HONOUR, repeating year 6. Because of a single completely unfair Fail in my end of year report. In CHEMISTRY! Ok, I really don't have the faintest clue about chemistry, That's why I'm usually asleep during the lessons. But the reason why I got that F is because my teacher has a squint. When she 'woke me up' and called me to the board, I said to her: 'Why don't you look at me when you're talking to me?'

People, that really was the biggest mistake of my life. SORRY, I'd briefly forgotten about her squint. These little lapses of memory are supposed to be quite common among creative people like me. Simply because our brains are functioning differently. This F was her revenge. One hundred percent. A D or a C Minus would have been quite enough, in my opinion.

No, it's not funny!

And I'd much rather say 'sh...' instead of 'crap', but that's not good for posterity. And I'm writing for posterity here. A book that will be published when I'm FAMOUS. Then everyone can read what it was like, long ago. And just to be clear: this not a diary, it's a LOG BOOK!

And for anyone who thinks repeating a year isn't sooo bad after all, let me tell you why, in my case, it's VERY bad indeed.

I'm not just in ANY year 6 class, but in the **only** year 6 class in my school. Which means: MY LITTLE PATCHWORK SISTER IS IN IT TOO!

And that's the absolute worst mind-blowing disaster I can think of for any budding, promising DJ! In short, I'm starting this log book because this, at least, is something my little patchwork sister knows nothing about. Because whatever I do, Karline will slag it off. Really!

And sometimes I get the feeling she's talking total TRASH about me. Particularly to her gossiping friends, when they're lolling around on the sofa in the afternoon, bored to death. They're painting each others' faces and DRYING EACH OTHERS' HAIR and then they write

stuff in their diaries. Count me out! I've got a lot to do and I'm living life in the fast lane. I don't have all time in the world!

By the way, Karline thinks she can save the world. Why, I'm asking myself. Her world is boring as hell. She'd better start getting interested in something cool, like music for example. Then it makes sense to save everything. But any time she's calling for protests during school hours, I'm 'with her all the way', as they say.

We don't have a plan(et) B

Sadly also no 6B

So I did the calculations. I'm 12 years old now, which means that IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL, advances in medicine during my lifetime will mean that I'll live, say, to a 110. 110 minus 12 years of school (well, minus another year now), makes 97. 97 times 365, let's shake the calculator, is 35,405 days. Maybe minus holidays, so let's say 30,000 days.

So I've got 30,000 days to get the world to understand me. That's what this log book is for, too. So that you can read, in the future, where the journey was going, like in STAR TREK.

It's important to have something like this because then you can make good money later on without having to do anything. I actually got the log book idea from Walther. He's a journalist and he's always discussing BIOGRAPHIES AND EXCHANGES OF LETTERS by famous people in his clever newspapers, and he thinks that they provide 'a lot of value'. (Well, Walther probably needs to work on his language a bit, it's not very cool.)

Walther is my mother's boyfriend and on the whole he's kind of ok, particularly because he leaves me alone. But he's a bit OLD-FASHIONED. His extremely well-read family always brags about Walther's granddad having been mentioned in the diaries of the famous writer THOMAS MANN.

When Walther told me about this I knew: that's it! You know you've made it when other people say you're mentioned in an important diary! Or even better if you're the one writing it. But right now, this log BOOK is taBOO for everyone else, get it? So:

If anyone lays their dirty fingers on this, beware! These pages are poisoned with a highly concentrated poison that causes immediate death!

From now on I'm going to report here on how hard the path to becoming a famous DJ is and on all the obstacles that try to prevent me from taking this path. But honestly, there's only one direction from here, and that's up. And steeply. I've reached absolute ROCK BOTTOM.

Das ungeheimste Tagebuch der Welt, Band 1

The most un-secret diary in the world (Vol. 1)

by Anja Fröhlich

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Because

1. I have to sit in the same class with Karline every day!
 2. Last night, someone planted a MUTANT PIMPLE in the middle of my face. Great! Everyone in my new class is going to look at me as if I had a baked potato on my face!
 3. Of course I don't have any mates in this class. The definition of HELL is to have no idea what's going on with the people around you. I think that new class is full of jerks. And also Karline and her bitchy clique.
- (The only one who's quite nice is Roberta.)