



Melinda's Diary

I've wanted a diary for ages!

Monday

Finally, a really cool diary to write all my secrets in - YAY! I've wanted one for ages. I spotted this one in a bookshop today and Mum said she would buy it for me. Thanks Mum!

Mum said she kept a diary when she was young and she thought I might like to keep one too. I think it could be fun!

I'm going to write in my diary every night. I'm going to write about everything that happens to me during the day. I'm going to share all my secrets with my diary. YES!

I will definitely need a safe place to hide my diary from my pesky baby brother, Eggle. Yes - that name's correct. Eggle was named after a town in England called 'Eggleston' where my grandparents used to live. So, it's Eggle for short. Hmmm!

Anyway, I have a feeling that Eggle snoops around in my room while I'm at school.

I think I will hide my new diary in my sock draw - that's a good idea!

Tuesday

Eggle was exceptionally quiet at afternoon tea time and I was suspicious.

Then he blurted out, "Mel's got a secret."

Mum looked at me oddly. I explained that I didn't have a clue what Eggle was talking about.

Then Eggle added that it was a BIG secret. Mum looked at me even more weirdly.

I tried to clear up the matter - "THERE IS NO SECRET!"

My face went red but I didn't have anything to hide. Why wouldn't anyone believe me?

Eggle said he was an expert at finding out secrets. Now I'm worried.

Why would Eggle think I have a secret? Could it be the he's found my diary already? He can't read very well yet anyway, so why would I be worried?

Be honest Mel - you ARE worried!

A new hiding place for my diary is essential. I will keep it under my mattress. Eggle is too weak and shrimpy to lift my mattress. EXCELLENT idea!

Wednesday

After basketball training, Eggle greeted me at the front door. He announced that he had taken our Golden Retriever, Nick, into my room to 'sniff out' my secret.

"I HAVEN'T GOT A SECRET!"

The thought of that dog slobbering all over my things is disgusting.

Eggle said that if I told Mum that Nick had been in the house, his grasshopper might accidentally escape in my room again.

A couple of days ago a grasshopper jumped out of one of my clothes drawers when I opened it and it hid in my shoe. I was late for school because it refused to come out.

Then Eggle said that one of his guinea pigs might be able to sniff out my secret too. Next, he asked if I'd seen Myrtle! I checked under the bed.

"What are these little bullet-shaped pellets doing under here?"

Don't tell me - that's disgusting! Can't you toilet-train those little rodents?"

Suddenly Myrtle shot out from under the bed and raced into my wardrobe. I slammed the door shut.

Mum came running in. Eggle started crying. He told Mum that I had locked his guinea pig in jail. Mum looked at me, waiting for an explanation.

I give up. I tell you - Eggle is IMPOSSIBLE!

Thursday

When I arrived home this afternoon Eggle didn't say much - he just seemed to keep his eye on me. I kept my eye on him too. He was up to something, I just knew it.

At dinner Eggle suddenly blurted out, "Mel, what's that little book that you have stuffed under your mattress? It must be a secret."

I almost choked on my carrot.

Dad looked at me for an answer.

"I found your secret. I found your secret," Eggle kept repeating.

"That must be Melinda's new diary," said Mum, calmly.

"What diary? What secret?" said Dad.

Mum just smiled and then told me to find another spot to hide my diary.

"What secret? What hiding spot?" continued Dad.

"Nothing to worry about dear," said Mum, as she always does.

I need another hiding place!

I know ... I will hide my diary at the top of my wardrobe, behind my jumpers. It's going to be a bit of a nuisance having my diary stashed up there, but I'm desperate. Eggle will never be able to reach it.

Ahhh ... my diary is safe at last!