



Melinda's Diary

A pet guinea pig - no thanks!

Sunday

It was Mum's birthday today. I made her a card because they are sooo ... expensive to buy. Anyway, Mum likes homemade things. I also bought her a fancy pen and notepad. Mum has a nasty habit of ripping paper out of my school books whenever she needs to write notes.

Baby brother, Eggle, gave Mum a guinea pig. Let me explain. Eggle used to have two guinea pigs called Myrtle and Hurtle. Totally ridiculous guinea pig names!

Mum had told Eggle that one guinea pig was enough for him to look after. Besides that, the guinea pigs had begun fighting all the time. Mum told Eggle he needed to find another home for one of his guinea pigs.

"I'm an expert at giving good presents," bragged Eggle.

You guessed it! Eggle put Myrtle in a box and gave it to Mum for her birthday.

This was going to be interesting!!

Monday

I can't believe it! Mum is still acting as though she is thrilled with the gift Eggle gave her. Yes, the guinea pig that was to be going to a new home ... go figure!

Then, Eggle insisted that Mum bring HER guinea pig, Myrtle, to school when she picked me up this afternoon. He wanted Mum to show everyone what a terrific birthday present she had received.

They came into my classroom and Eggle insisted on holding Myrtle ... but ... he slipped on the mat and Myrtle went sprawling.

Poor Mr Sleeper went berserk, trying to organise a quick rescue mission for Myrtle, who raced through a big blob of yellow paint (*a couple of times*) that had been spilt on the floor during Art.

Myrtle then ran over Mr Sleeper's king size CLEAN shoes, and of course, left behind bright yellow paw-prints.

"I'll get him," yelled Eggle. "I'm an expert at catching guinea pigs."

Sooo ... embarrassing!

Tuesday

I must admit, I was quite concerned about going to school today after the 'MYRTLE INCIDENT', but Mr Sleeper had clean shoes on and everything seemed back to normal.

Mum is now suggesting to Eggle that it would be nice if she and Eggle shared one guinea pig (*Myrtle*). But Eggle keeps reminding Mum that she said he could have a guinea pig of his own (*Hurtle*) and that *Myrtle* was hers.

Eggle then generously suggested that *Myrtle* could share *Hurtle's* cage if he liked.

What could Mum say? She didn't want to build another cage for her guinea pig.

Oh no, I forgot to do my maths homework! UNBELIEVEABLE!

Wednesday

I came home from school today to find *Hurtle* in his cage and *Myrtle* in a cardboard box on the kitchen floor. Both guinea pigs looked like they had been at war.

"They're just not getting along, Eggle," explained Mum. "One of them will have to go."

I knew it - YAY! Eggle doesn't get his way ... for once!

An hour later, Joel, Eggle's friend from next door, arrived with his Mum and *Hurtle* had a new home. Eggle was upset at first, and didn't want to give *Hurtle* away, but at the last second ...

"Let's share *Myrtle*, Mum. I can feed him. You can clean out his cage."

Okay, it looks like a happy ending! Joel said Eggle can visit *Hurtle* any time he likes and we are now down to one guinea pig.

Mr Sleeper was away today so we had a relief teacher. She was nice. However, I think she didn't know about our maths homework because she didn't even mention it - YAY! Sooo ... I didn't get into trouble for not doing my homework. PHEW!

Thursday

I couldn't believe it. It turns out that the relief teacher we had yesterday DID know about that maths homework! Apparently, she checked our books while we were doing some of HER maths and she left a list of names of those who hadn't done Mr Sleeper's homework.

My name was on the list!

Sooo ... I missed out on a bit of free time today because I was doing my MATHS HOMEWORK.

Joel bought *Hurtle* over to visit *Myrtle* this afternoon.

"I'm an expert at teaching *Hurtle* and *Myrtle* to be friends," insisted Eggle.

Of course, a fight broke out again as soon as they were together. Mum has scratches on her hand to prove that those guinea pigs were serious about NOT being friends.

Friday

I went to basketball practice, as usual, this morning. We ARE going to win our game tomorrow afternoon. I just know it!

Someone told Eggle today (*unfortunately*) that if Myrtle had a 'lady' guinea pig friend, there would be no more fights.

Sooo ... now Eggle is trying to convince me that I should have a guinea pig. Not likely!

"I'm an expert at breeding hundreds of guinea pigs," Eggle tells everyone.

He has no chance! Eggle even offered me the same work-sharing deal that he offered Mum.

Imagine me, cleaning out a guinea pig cage? NEVER!