



Melinda's Diary

Choices! Choices! Choices!

Monday

This is the WORST day of my whole life!

Mum always says, "Keep your watch safely in your top drawer when you're not wearing it."

And, I usually do. But yesterday I didn't, and now I can't find it.

I've hunted everywhere. It's the biggest mystery. Even though my room's a bit messy, I know where everything is, but NOT my watch!

"Where would I have left my watch?"

Here's the next problem. Eggle heard me say that I couldn't find my watch.

"Have you lost your watch, Mel?" he said.

I told him to mind his own business. Then he asked me if Mum and Dad knew.

I could see trouble brewing, so I said, "My watch is not exactly lost. It's just misplaced and Mum and Dad don't need to know. They will only get cross at everyone! I'll find my watch soon."

I hope Eggle doesn't blab. My watch has to be around here somewhere!

Tuesday

I still haven't found my watch and I couldn't concentrate properly at school today thinking about it.

Eggle's not helping matters either. At breakfast this morning he said, "Mel, what's the time?"

I didn't know what to say because, of course, I wasn't wearing my watch. I just frowned at him.

But do you think that made any difference?

Then he said, "Mel, is it time for you to go to school yet?"

And then, "Mel, what time do you get home from school?"

I couldn't believe what he said next...

"Mum, can I have a watch just like Mel's watch?"

I tried desperately to change the subject.

Fortunately, Mum was busy and just seemed to ignore what Eggle was saying... for the moment.

I tell you, one of these days I'll trade-in that brother of mine. He's IMPOSSIBLE! Surely, all baby brothers can't be this pesky!

Wednesday

This evening Eggle asked me if I would play, "What's the time Mr Wolf?"

I cringed and then, Mum asked the question I'd been dreading.

Mum said, "Melinda, why aren't you wearing your watch?"

Why is it that mothers notice everything? Why is it that NOTHING gets past them? I felt all the colour run out of my face.

I simply said, "I don't know."

Eggle said, "You need a watch if you're going to tell the time."

Mum continued, "I always ask you to keep your watch safely in your top drawer when it's not on your wrist. Am I to presume that's where your watch is now?"

I said, "It must be!"

But I couldn't look at her, because I knew my watch wasn't there. I felt sooo... bad!

Then Mum said, "Melinda, go and fetch your watch please."

Eggle repeated, "Yeah, go and get your watch!"

But then, thankfully... Gran and Pa arrived. Mum forgot about the watch, but I know it's only a matter of time before she asks to see it again, and I am in big trouble.

Thursday

This morning, after three days of agony, I decided to muster the courage to tell Mum that I couldn't find my watch.

Mum said nothing at first, but then, strangely, she told Eggle to go to his room and get his teddy bear.

Eggle said, "But it's not time for him to get up yet?"

Mum said, "Now!"

Mum still said nothing to me, so I didn't say anything either.

Eggle returned, lugging his oversized, flea-bitten teddy bear and muttering, "What's the time Mr Teddy? Twelve o'clock."

I yelled, "THAT BEAR'S WEARING MY WATCH!"

Mum glared at me.

"Keep your watch safely in your top drawer when you aren't wearing it, Melinda!"

It turns out that I had left my watch on my bedside table and Eggle had removed it so his bear could wear it.

Mum lectured Eggle about the importance of not taking things that weren't his. It turned out that Eggle seemed to be in bigger trouble than I was.

I should have chosen to tell Mum I'd lost my watch days ago, instead of choosing to try and hide it. I mean, even if my watch was really lost for ever, it's crazy to delay the inevitable, isn't it? It's better to choose to own-up and face the consequences head on. Isn't it? Hmm...