

TRACY LACY



TRACY'S MUM & DAD



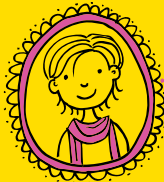
1. You argue with anyone who doesn't agree
12. You daydream and talk which makes you look crazy
3. You think it's your job to speak for 'everyone'. It's not!
14. You share too much information
15. you expect praise for every little thing you do
16. You make every little thing a drama.

Tania Lacy

I was born in Singapore. My father was stationed there in the army when I came along. I now live in Berlin with my husband and son. At school I managed to get good reports, sometimes I seemed to drive teachers a bit bonkers. I remember other kids would say I was funny, so I must have made some of them laugh along the way. I actually never wanted to be a writer! I really didn't. I wanted to be a dancer. A freak accident at college put an end to that idea. Don't get me wrong, I absolutely love writing, it's just not the career I imagined I would have. What I love best about being a writer is that I can create a whole world, and the only rules that apply in that world are the ones I create. I am fortunate enough to have a job where I can allow my imagination to run wild. I have worked as a reporter, a script writer and writer for kids' television. This is my first book. It was so much fun to write. I hope you find it fun to read.



Danielle McDonald is driven by a passion for colour and a love of creating fun characters. She is a graphic designer and children's book illustrator, and has designed plush toys, bedding, homewares and all kinds of amazing things for kids.



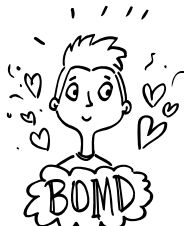
SKATEBOARDER



BFF: AG



TEACHER NEMESIS
Ms Canvas



BOY OF MY DREAMS



BRAD
"You don't fool me"
CUNNERS

POPULAR BOY



POSH GIRL
Victoria Fuller



Once upon a time...
 Once there was a girl...
 As the moon shone brightly in the night sky...
 It was a dark and stormy night...
 Oh cheesy cheeses! I'm going to cut straight to the chase. It's late and I'm still up...

WRITING

... and it just keeps coming. Highly unusual because



1 I'm always too exhausted after ballet class to be up this late.



2 As if I don't have enough writing to do for school.



3 Nope. Nothing for number three right now. Moving on...



So, what could possibly be so urgent, exciting, amazing even, that I'm still awake? I'll tell you **EXACTLY** what it is. I'm **ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN**, well pretty sure, probably about 99.7% sure, that I maybe, nearly, might actually get through High School like a **NORMAL PERSON**.



★ **SIDE THOUGHT:** I think I might be starting my first diary. Yep, definitely looks like it's heading in that direction. **END SIDE-THOUGHT**

Hold on... given this is now an official diary, I need to take care of one small piece of business...

To my darling brother Leif, if you even think about reading beyond this page, I will sell my ballet trophies, get a lawyer and sue you for Invasion of Privacy.



signed *Tracy Lacy*

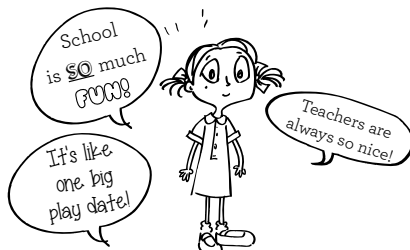


So, I'm actually looking forward to high school. I know, I can't believe it either!



Sure, I have to survive the entire summer holidays but I have a plan for that and that plan... I'll get back to **THE PLAN**. Right now, all I can say is I haven't been this excited about going to school since... my first day of school. Though, thinking back, that wasn't such a great day given that by morning recess I'd realised I'd been **COMPLETELY SCAMMED**...

BY MY PARENTS!!!



My first day of school.



Lies, lies and more lies. And don't even get me started on the whole Tooth Fairy racket they'd been running for years. I'm still recovering. So who knew my parents would have the know-how to know what to do... you know?



Sadly primary school has, for me, been plagued by a few **MINOR** events that meant on the **WA-YA SCALE**... (HA-YA stands for Wow Awesome You Are. A stupid scale made up by the so-called 'awesome' kids that surprisel surprisel grades how awesome you are. Your awesomeness can be graded anywhere from zero to a trillion, which is ridiculous. Who in the world is a trillion units of awesomeness?) Anyway, according to the HA-YA SCALE, I was graded as follows...

HA-YA SCALE

0..... 1 TRILLION



I'd completely understand if you thought this 'me' person was a complete dodo-bird. But 'me' is not. 'me' is fun, 'me' is bubbly. Once someone even told me, 'me' has a certain 'je ne sais quel', which is French for I don't know what. No, it is *actually* French for I don't know what. What's more, 'me' is not 'scary-weirdo-alone' kid. 'me' has friends, the **bestest** friends ever, **Ag** and **Ponky**, and they have stuck by me through everything. **EVERYTHING!**



So how is it 'me' scored so badly on the **WA-YA SCALE**?

Obviously it had something to do with those 'minor events' I mentioned earlier. Some kids remember them as 'socially catastrophic', but you know how kids can exaggerate...



1. THE GREAT PINK PONY INCIDENT OF GRADE ONE

I noticed my drawings of spiders, insects, skulls and ghosts never made it onto the art wall, so I decided to draw a pretty pink pony and a nice rainbow like all the other girls. I called my pretty pony **Oomphooof**. Our art teacher, Ms Canvass, took issue as to where I'd placed the rainbow.



RESULT: Parents called to school for 'a chat'.

'We're all for artistic expression blah, blah, **BUT**...'

And then I had to put up with everyone making fart noises wherever I went.

