

“Kitty”

My First Diary

By

Mairead Meade

Friday, 2nd December, 1988

It is 12.30am now and I'm totally wrecked of exhaustion. My head is spinning. I am now at a stage of life where I am trying to find out about everything in the world. I think I'll call my diary "Kitty" after "The Diary of Anne Frank" – a book I started to read but never finished.

I can not understand why Niamh Murray is fighting with Edel. (I suppose I should have said arguing.) Niamh thinks that Edel is trying to take Jenny Monks away from her whereas Niamh is wanting to have Jenny all for herself and doesn't want to be friends with anyone else. That's what Edel thinks.

In me at the moment there is a tingling in my chest or tummy of puzzlement. I am happy but do not work hard enough if I want to do well but I find it very difficult to do so. I did not have too good a piano lesson today in the School of Music with Mrs Dalby, my teacher. She is strict but very fair.

Wednesday, 10th February, 1989 (10 past eleven at night)

I am extremely sorry for not using up you since the beginning of December but I could not find you anywhere and had practically given up hope when I went looking for my knitting and found you instead. It was hilarious to read what I wrote way back in December.

I had been fighting with Carole or should I say, Carole was fighting with me. Well really what she was doing was ignoring me, but for 4 weeks! And so last Thursday I was crying so much and bawling because I really liked and still like her. Edel thought I was crazy but still I did not want to lose Carole and so decided with the help of Edel to end the ignoring and so went into the bathroom and told her how I felt. I said "I really like you Carole and want you and I to be friends" and so now we are the best of friends again.

At the moment life is going well. Mr McCarthy, my viola teacher, said I was good enough to play a few pieces in this 54 hour sponsored mini-marathon to send the Symphony Orchestra to some foreign country. I am also in the Junior Orchestra now. I was promoted last week.

It was my sister, Aileen's birthday yesterday. It was also Valentine's Day. That is when you ask St. Valentine to bless the marriages.

I received a card from Barry, my boyfriend. Well actually that's a lie, Richard Butler said it was from Barry or set us up but on it, it said from "Mr. X". (Edel identified the hand-writing.)

How do I feel about Barry? That's a good question. Everybody is slagging me from boys in his class to my own school and home friends and even Mrs Moran, my teacher. I suppose I must admit I really do like him.

Thursday, 16th February, 1989 (7.00pm)

I hate my fucking brothers. And I am certainly not getting John a birthday present. He causes an argument about everything and anything. I hate him so much but I will try not to ever talk about him ever again because I start fuming up. (When I say brothers, I mean my other brother, Donal as well. Who is a big bully and he's a big fat lump of shit. I will try not to talk about him again either. Those bastards! Yuck, yuck, YUCK!!!

11.10pm (same night)

I am going to bed now but have a lot of learning yet to do for school tomorrow. I also have a piano lesson tomorrow with Mrs Dalby. I am a little nervous about it as I don't think I am quite up to her standards and I haven't practised my scales all WEEK!!! Yikes!!!

Tuesday, 28th February, 1989

I am desperately sorry yet again for not writing to you for so long but listen to the excuse you will hear so many times that you will crack up. "It was too late at night and I was too tired."

I don't hate my brothers as much anymore. Padraig is sound though but I can get into disagreements with him at times.

I am entering or should I say, performing in the Feis Maitiu tomorrow. I am a small bit nervous but not as much as I expect to be tomorrow. Our class won the School Feis today in choral verse speaking. You probably don't understand but all I have time to say is that it is a whole class involvement and are divided into three groups, maybe more, maybe less and divide the poem up into lines for each group or person. There are also sound effects used. That was my fourth and a few other girls in the class (as the class was broken or seperated a fair bit over the years) fourth time winning the School Feis out of five. I couldn't believe it.

The situation in school at the present is Carole (O'Sullivan) despises Niamh (Murray) because according to Carole, she is a total and utter "flirt". She does not like Edel (Horan) one bit either. Edel is her next-door-neighbour. I do not know the situation on the side of Edel, Niamh and Jenny (Monks) who Carole thinks is alright. Niamh is inviting/has invited Carole, Jenny, Edel and I up to her house on Saturday. Carole can't go, and this is the truth, because she is going to her cousin's or her cousin is going to her house. She is very friendly with Fiona (her cousin). I don't really want to go and have told her but haven't confirmed it, that I was getting my confirmation dress in town or at least looking for it.

I rang Barry Crowley yesterday. Whooh! I am not going to tell you what we were talking about. Only messing! Just the normal chatter and gossip and gossip and chatter about school and home etc etc. Nothing romantic. Don't worry!

See you tomorrow!

Hopefully!

Wednesday, 1st March, 1989

I did not come anywhere in the Feis today in Father Matthew Hall for solo-speaking poetry. I was recalled however because the adjudicator wanted to see how I would be as an old woman of the roads. I was a nervous wreck saying the first poem, "The Witches Call" by Clive Samson but when I was recalled, I only had a few butterflies in my stomach. I was very disheartened when she went through all the results and I hadn't won anything.

Four other girls from my class were there. Mary-Clare Tuohy. She was good. Deirdre Browne. She was good also. Edel Horan was the first person on and she was again very good. Carole O'Sullivan put on a very good performance but adjudicator found it hard to hear her. There were girls from Eglantine as well. I knew Sarah Hogan who lives in the same park as Edel and Carole. There were a lot of girls from Theory as well, four in all.

Talking about Theory, I went directly there after the Feis and also after eating a Snack Wafer as I was famished. Mairead Hayes, my partner in Theory who is also in Sarah Hogan's class in school. I disgraced myself and so did she, herself I suppose cos we hadn't any work done on our part-songs. After Theory, I chatted for a while while waiting for Dad to Marianne Hutchinson who is in Sarah's and Mairead's class also. I have a friend down the road in my park (which is called "Shrewsbury" who is also in that class in Eglantine. Johanna Whelehan is her name and she is sound.

After my dinner was eaten I saw the first few seconds of "Home and Away" but Dad came and turned it off saying "Study Time". I went to bed and slept for two hours. The phone awakened me and Niamh Murray was on the other end. Mum was explaining for the second time that I was still asleep for she had rung already earlier to ask for Maths. I quickly ran downstairs and went to the phone. I talked to her for approx. Half an hour.

I will probably be going to the Irish college in Castlemartyr for the month of August. I never practised my piano today and so I think I'll try to doss it on Friday as I'll be shit otherwise.

Edel and Carole were extremely friendly today which really pleased me. Berna Horan, Edel's sister was also there. Edel's father saw Edel but went away afterwards. Carole's Mum stayed for it all. I am happy enough after the day and have just remembered I've cookery tomorrow because Frank Garvey is taking us

for choir on our cooking time on Friday to prepare us for the Cor Fheile. The whole section of the Cork National Children's Choir will be there. I missed a practice today with the choir on our own as I was at the Feis.

Wednesday, 8th March, 1989

It's nearly time for another of Mrs Dalby's terrifying and torturing piano lessons. Aileen was sound today. We did one and a half hours piano practice. It was very intensive and attentive. They are Dad's favourite words.

This is the first week anniversary of my entering the Feis Maitu. I don't have much to say. We are doing a project on France in school. My group are doing about the revolution in 1789-1790 or thereabouts.

I have not finished my homework properly as usual. I had to write an essay on "A Book I Read". I hate reading and so I hate those kind of essays. I also hate knitting and have a jumper lying idle. When I say "jumper" I mean a jumper in the making.

I was fitted on Tuesday morning for my Regina Mundi uniform.

We entered for the Choral Verse speaking in the Feis as a class and came Very Highly Commended!

11th March, 1989 (1.00am 12/3/89)

Hello Kitty,

John was knocked off his bike yesterday at 9.30pm passing Ballinlough Church on his way home from Multi-Gym. The man who drove the car which knocked him down by opening the car door as John was passing drove him to the South Infirmary. He received 5 stitches to his chin. I (about the May previously) had fallen from my bike and received 8 stitches also on my chin. I was cycling to Art class in Regina Mundi College.

The Cork section of the National Children's Choir performed yesterday. I am a member of it, well at least the school choir is by which is conducted by Miss Hannon who is young and beautiful. She also teaches me and my classmates guitar after school on a Tuesday for one hour.

I received the certificate that was given out at the Cor Fheile. It was the first time I ever went up to collect a cert or a medal or even a piece of paper representing the school or anything else as a group.

Dad and John are visiting Dad's sisters and parents and brothers in Clare at present. They left early this morning.

I am doing well in my French project and have a big lot of information on it.

Jennifer, Niamh, Eleanora and I are doing a class newsletter which I am making or journalising at the moment.

The entrance exam to South Pres and Christ King was said to be simple. I met Ruth McGarry, Hilary Cronin, Carole and Barbara who all except Barbara did the exam in town in the afternoon. Carole is ignoring me again.

My cat has been and still is sick for a good few days now.

Tomorrow will be the last time I am going to see Eleanora Taylor because she is moving to America during the Easter holidays. I find this very hard to take.

Guess what? I decided to make a ginger cake for Elly's farewell party in school tomorrow. Nobody will probably eat it anyway because it's not very much junk food. One of the reasons I decided to make this was because I didn't have to shop for any ingredients. It was one of the greatest farces ever in my life.

I thought I had put in plain/cream flour but I had put in self-raising instead. Thinking that I had put in plain flour I also added Bread Soda. Well Holy God! After a quarter hour cooking in the oven I looked to see how it was getting on. My heart sank deeply when I saw all the ingredients or the mixture not in the 7 inch tin I had put them in. No, it was all over the oven's side and bottom. I had a frenzy attack.

I had another cake ready in another 7 inch tin and then changed it to a loaf tin and it worked grand although I had used the same ingredients for this as the first one. Sorry I'll continue tomorrow if I remember but I have to go now. I am getting shagged.

See you tomorrow hopefully,

Bye for now,

Mairead

Friday, 24th March (Good Friday) 12.30am

This is the second day of the Easter holidays. We had a surprise party for Eleanora Taylor as it was her last school-day with St. Columba's, Douglas.

She is moving to America on Saturday, April 1st, (All Fool's Day). I miss her dearly already. I cried all last night in her loss. We went swimming from 2-3pm in Douglas swimming pool. Well, at least twelve girls did. The pool and changing rooms has been improved greatly. The lifeguards are very strict though. Not much fun.

There is a slumber party next Monday night to Tuesday morning at Paula O'Toole's house in Rochestown Rise. We were meant to be going to Barleycove

that Monday but nobody wanted to go and so now we're not going. Mum said if I work hard doing lots of jobs, I'll probably be allowed go. And so, I am doing my best by helping with the dinner and tea and by making supper for Aunty Berni and the rest of us in the sitting room watching a TV chat-show on RTE1 called the Late Late Show which has a host called Gay Byrne.

Saturday, 15th April, 1989

Only two and a half weeks to my confirmation day. I have my clothes, shoes, hat and socks at last. I received a parcel from Sr. Bernadette in the post yesterday. It consisted of a confirmation missal and lovely rosary beads to go with it. Also there was an envelope with a confirmation card in it and ten pounds in another envelope. She put a holy card with a prayer on it as well and it had a message on it. Then there was a sort of hollow dove – nothing in the inside but a goldy metal kind of like a border in the shape of a dove.

I am going to have to give up piano because I don't work hard enough for Mrs Dalby. I think she's too strict anyway. But she's going to ring Mum during the week and explain to her that I should give up piano.

I think I will never be able to stop loving/really liking Barry. He is so nice and I get a terrific and lovely feeling every time I think of him. Did I tell you he's going to Castlemartyr to the Irish college this summer as well? That means that Sarah Hogan, Edel Horan, Sally (no surname) and I are going plus Richard Butler and Barry Crowley.

I rang Eleanora Taylor yesterday. I was shagged for ringing her over in America but I don't think I regret it that much. I was glad to hear her again. You see she thought I was Edel and so when I asked her questions she answered as if it were to Edel even though there wasn't any difference.

I was going to join the Legion of Mary but Mum or Dad wouldn't allow me. I was terribly depressed yesterday. I bought a rucksack and umbrella with Sr. Bernadette's 10 pound note. I have to do all my homework yet tomorrow. There was a terrible tragedy at a soccer game in England today. 95 people died. I am very cross because of it.

Monday, 8th May, 1989

Dear Kitty,

Did I ever tell you that Barry Crowley lives in Kensington and so lives in the same park as Edel, Carole, Sarah and Richard B.? I must tell you how I met him.

It was October of '87. I was in fifth class at the time. John, my brother, was part of a quiz and he was entering a talent competition in the Douglas GAA club. I met Carole and Edel and they introduced me to Barry and Richard. Edel was crazy about Richard at the time. Not anymore, I can tell you that anyway.

We had a ball of a time. It was really good. I had begun to like Barry. He was going home and I followed him. There was a big crowd at the door and so Barry couldn't see me. I wasn't eavesdropping. Then I overheard Barry saying to whoever was collecting him, "I had an interesting chat with Mr. Meade's daughter.

I have since got off with him twice and I don't want to do it again ever. The only reason I wouldn't go with him is because I don't want to get off with him not that I don't like him enough. Seriously, I'm too young and what good will it do me anyway and also people might call me a fridget. But Carole told me he didn't want to because he thinks it's disgusting too.

He goes to St. Columba's BNS where Dad/Mr Meade is principal and I go to St. Columba's GNS.

I really miss Eleanora and I often write to her. I can't wait for her to come back on holidays at Christmas-time.

She sent our class a confirmation card today and a postcard. Oh yeah, I was confirmed last week and received the gifts and fruits of the Holy Spirit.

Monday, 20th November, 1989

I am now in secondary school and have said goodbye and haven't seen most of my last year's class. Edel Horan and Niamh Murray are in my class and they lick the hole off each other. Niamh is also going out with John who is a boy living in Kennsington which as you should know is where Edel and Carole live. Carole went to Christ King.

When I came back from irish college in Castlemartyr, I broke it off with Barry. John (who's going with Niamh as I told you) said that Barry wanted to go with me. I thought about it and sent a note to Edel today saying that I would go with him and after class, Edel told me, "Mairead, this has got nothing to do with me" in a very apologetic voice. "I was walking up the hill when I said to Barry 'oh, I heard you're going with Mairead' and Barry said 'oh, didn't you know, it was only a joke'". I said "What a bastard, what a fucking bastard" and started crying. I then went to the bathroom and locked myself in the toilet. I came out a few minutes later and Mrs Lynch (our Maths teacher who is a total daw) was already there. I sneaked in without her seeing me and cried through the class hoping she wouldn't see me. I felt such a wally saying yes to that creep. I hopefully will get my revenge some day soon. I have made quite good friends though and I'm reasonably happy in first year in Regina Mundi College.

There has been the first black mayor in New York elected. I think it's great because we might be nearing the end of black discrimination.

The Guildford Four have been released recently as well after the police admitted they hadn't any proper evidence of them being guilty of the crime sentenced to them. They are now campaigning for the release of the Birmingham Six who were sentenced unjustly also.

The crumbling of the Berlin Wall is another marvellous event that has happened recently. The government resigned. There are great celebrations but in West Germany and a lot of the other countries around East Germany, there is hardly any available accommodation.

It is Padraig's birthday tomorrow. He'll be 20. Dad thinks that himself and Padraig are getting very old. Dad has hardly a black hair left.

Saturday, 25th November, 1989 (12.23am on 26th)

I hate Donal and Padraig and Dad. I am totally depressed and pissed off with life. I wish I had something to look forward to but I don't. Life is a drag. Dad has no tact on ordering people to do things. He just does it so bastardly. He has just come in and said in the most agitating way "Come on, come on, go to bed, you should have been in there an hour ago." Yuk, yuk, YUK!!! I hate him tonight. I only wish I could make myself ignore my brother and my father. My mother is the nicest person in the world. I love her. She is so nice and comforting!

Goodnight.

Sunday, 26th November, 1989 (11.04)

School tomorrow which I spent the last half hour preparing my bag for. I have loads of work to do in school tomorrow. Hope I remember to write to you. Oh no another late night. I am going to "start" another week jaded.

Goodnight.

Monday, 4th December, 1989

During Home Economics today which I made Brown Stew in, the class was called out to receive the rubella injection to vaccinate against German measles during pregnancy and all other times. It was really weird cos after the prick, you could feel the needle going through your skin. 3 more weeks to Christmas!!! And only

five more days to tests. Oh my God I'd want to start studying. School Bazaar tomorrow. That's mad, we'll have no classes. I have no homework left to do. Oh no I have just remembered I have to write a summary of Chapter 5 in "I am David" which is a superb book. Anyway, I can spend the rest of the night studying.

Thursday, 21st December, 1989 11.53am

Four more days to Christmas! I've no money to buy presents. It should be good fun. I had school today but you didn't have to go as it was just a carol service. This week was a total doss as it sort of was the "finishing-up" week.

Christmas tests are over, thank God. I had to sit at ten different exams: Home Ec., Science, Maths, English, Religion, Latin, History Geography, French and Irish. The results I know as of yet are Art [C] (bad), Latin [97%] (excellent), Irish [84% B] (fairly good) and French [92%] (excellent).

Eleanora Taylor is coming back to Ireland from America. I make too much of a big thing out of her. Some members of my family think I worship her. I like her yeah, but I don't worship her.

My writing is disastrous today – per usual – Aileen would say.

Dad's gone to Clare to a funeral of a first cousin of his. Pdraig's accompanying him. I regret saying those things about him. Well, I suppose I don't regret them if they're my feelings but just in case Dad reads this, I really do love him behind it all.

I forgot to bring my written cards to school today so I suppose I'll have to say "Happy Belated Christmas" now.

Oh, I must tell you about the fight Edel Horan had with Barbara Foley in Home Economics last Monday. It was really funny for me as a spectator. Anyway, Elaine Bennett, Joyce Fleming, myself, Edel Horan and Barbara Foley were sitting at the back of the Home Ec. Room around a table. We were talking happily and Elaine Bennett had to leave for orchestra. I should have gone with her but I didn't bring my viola. Barbara Foley started pushing Edel with her chair out of the way if you know what I mean and Edel sort of didn't bother to do anything and let Barbara push her out of the way. Although I must say I hardly blame Barbara for agitating because of the sort of "let that child of a Barbara have her fun" face on. Barbara then started rattling and shaking the table and Edel got really agitated whereas the rest of us just laughed with Barbara. Then Barbara put a stool on the table and started blocking off Edel's face from her view. This was going on for three quarters of an hour when, as I anticipated, Edel went mad and attacked Barbara saying "I don't care if you hate me. I have put up with this for three quarters of an hour but no more blah, blah, blah and Barbara threw the stool down and thumped Edel. In the mean time I was finding this so funny that I was reciting a little extract from a short story of Frank O'Connor's to prevent

myself from roaring laughing. Anyway Barbara ran off crying and the rest of us spent the next 15 minutes debating the fight. I hate Edel and the way Niamh sunk up to her so I didn't give a crap anyway. Then of course Edel goes off running off to her sister and her sister's bitch of a friend, Morag who Anne O'Driscoll, Trudy Leonard and Ciara Sullivan think is a "BITCH" (they are in my class) and tells them the whole story. I mean I or Barbara wouldn't go running off to our sisters. We'd try to avoid them if anything. Ciara, Anne and Trudy and Lisa Collins think Edel is a shit class captain because she is so moody. They can't understand how Niamh can stick her bad moods. She is lovely and happy one minute and the next she'd be her narky self and bite the head off you. I HATE HER, I HATE HER, I HATE HER.

I'll see you soon but if I don't

MERRY CHRISTMAS KITTY

Wednesday, 17th January, 1990

Dear Kitty,

I hope you had a good and peaceful Christmas. That is now almost forgotten about though. It seems like it never happened.

Niamh Murray is going to be moving house soon. She'll be moving to the Main Douglas Road in between Quinnsnorth and the AIB. It'll be much more convenient for her to play tennis, nearer school, nearer town etc.

Ciara Sullivan is ignoring me and Anne. It's really annoying because I don't know why she's ignoring me. She's ignoring Anne since she pulled down Ciara's hair in Home Ec. yesterday. I'm in the middle of my homework right now. And I have to do a debate along with six other subjects.

So bye a while,

Mairead

Tuesday 21st January, 1990

I found a letter written by Granda (RIP) today. Near the end when he was asking for the family, he wrote "And how is the pet of the family, Mairead? Surely she has a fine flow of talk by now. She was very fond of her Granda when she was here last time. A delightful girl. So says Granda and Nana." Granda died last June 8th, 1989 and hearing these words I wanted to cry with love for my dearly loved grandfather. I miss him very much. He wrote that on 30th January, 1980.

Saturday, 3rd February, 1990

We celebrated Dad's birthday today although it was his actual birthday on Thursday. So we had two dinners today. I enjoyed them both as they were so delicious.

I boiled up like a balloon in Susan Whitney's. I thought I had a fatal fever. I went to 7.30pm mass. The bishop was there. Do you like my calligraphy pen with its megally cool green or should I say emerald green ink?

Thursday, 8th February, 1990

Hi Kitty,

I read a short story in a book called "Another Bit of Religion" by Brian Darcy. It was about a girl who was being molested by her father when she was a child and has never got over it. This is how it goes. It is a frightening poem.

VERSE 1

Please daddy don't come in tonight and take me from my bed,
If you think I've been a naughty girl then punish me instead.
Slap me hard, take my toys, keep me in all day
Only please don't let me go with you for that new game to play.

VERSE 2

I hear you coming up the stairs, Oh please go to your room,
And say a prayer that mummy will get well and be home soon,
Then she can sleep with you an night and play the games you like,
Especially if you promise her what you promised me – a bike.

VERSE 3

Go away. I'm sleeping, can't you see my eyes are shut,
Oh please daddy leave me here and let me sleep with Smutt,
The game we play frightens me and I don't like the way you smell.
If you don't take me to your room, you won't have to pay me not to tell.

VERSE 4

Your sheets are cold, your hands are rough as you tell me what to do,
My hands are shaking lifting my nightie the way you taught me to,
I don't like the way you're touching me, it makes me feel all funny
And I hate the way you lift me up and lay me on your tummy.

VERSE 5

O Dad, please stop you're hurting me, can't you hear me pleading,
Although the sound does not come out, inside my head I'm screaming,
But you don't hear, you carry on and tell me it's okay
For a dad to teach his special girl how this secret game to play.

VERSE 6

Stop shaking me, I'm sorry, can't you see I'm trying
Not only to please you but to stop myself from crying
At last, you stop after me promising to keep our secret
It's the only one we've ever had and you must know by now I'll keep it

VERSE 7

You never carry me back to bed, but let me walk alone,
Although you know I don't like the dark especially on my own
My bed has gone cold and Smutt has gone to sleep
I wonder if he has secrets that he was told to keep

VERSE 8

For sometimes when I look at him his eyes seem very sad
Just the same as mine when I know that I've been bad
Now I feel all dirty and I smell just like you
And the places where you've hurt me are turning black and blue

VERSE 9

But you don't see the marks you leave or feel the hurt and pain
For if you did I'm sure you wouldn't do those things to me again
Would you?

17th February, 1990

I went into town with Susan Whitney (a girl in my park), Maria and Deborah O'Sullivan (they're twins) and Fiona Ryan. Maria and Deborah and Fiona are in my class in Regina Mundi but were in Susan's class in Our Lady of Lourdes N.S. last year. We walked in and out and so I was exhausted from all the walking when I came home.

Edel Horan is disliked very much/hated in school. She is too narky. She does not mix with the rest of the class. Herself and Niamh Murray lick the holes off each other. They go everywhere, do everything together. I hate them. Edel is class captain and everybody wants a new one. I feel a bit sorry for Edel but she made her own bed and now she has to lie on it.

It was Aileen's birthday on Valentine's Day (14th February). I made her a birthday card in French class instead of making a Valentine's card.

Wednesday, 21st February, 1990

I am continuously sending notes to Susan and she likewise to me. We type them on our typewriters. I love typing.

I'm on the 1st year hockey team. We've a match against Fermoy next Wednesday. We are getting out at 1.00pm and are coming back. My hockey stick is broken and so I am hopefully getting a new one this weekend for the match. Edel Horan, Elaine Bennett, Maria O'Sullivan, Ciara Sullivan, Deborah O'Sullivan and Barbara Foley are in it from our class. It should be great fun. I'm doing exercises every night to make me fit cos I doubt if I'll manage a whole match.

Tuesday, 22nd May, 1990 (18:46)

Kitty,

I am sick today. I have got stomach aches, headaches and chills along with a temperature of 102 degrees. I could not sleep last night. I missed school today.

We i.e. Joyce, Edel and I were being graded in Art today for our Summer Tests. Edel rang me up this morning at 09.30 and practically killed me for being sick. I was too weak to go to school today never mind having to do a mock advertising commercial for our "Zitless Formula".

I am going to have to miss the first year debate in which I was picked democratically to represent 1ϕ against 1π in the debate. The motion is "That We Have Never Had It So Good".

I'm too sick to write any more so bye for a while.

Sunday, 6th January, 1991 (00:15)

Boy, have I got a lot to tell you. I'm trying to think of a place to start.

School – I am now in 2 Theta. Edel isn't class captain anymore. Instead Elaine Bennett is vice captain and Larua-Anne Cooke is class captain. Our class teacher is Miss Desmond. Her birthday is on the 21st November – same as Pdraig's – my brother. My report came last Wednesday. I got 8 Bs (which includes a B in Art (extraordinarily unusual) and 1 C – a C+ mind you – in Maths. I didn't get my Science result – which is a good thing too because it would have destroyed my string of Bs as the test was impossible.

Since last May - I went to Castlemartyr irish college – met loads of people and had a great time. Mum was very sick in the head so all seven of us went through a bad patch in September. It's not as bad now although we're not 100% yet. Christmas wasn't anything special this year. Only we went to mass and had a big dinner. We went to Barleycove in the summer also – had a brill time there – weather was good and I met loads of people – fell in love/developed a crush on a few lads and now have a couple of friends who I am still writing – not often mind you. Dad, Mum, Aileen and I wet to Clare over Christmas or after Christmas cos we had to go to our grand uncle's funeral. He died on Christmas morning very peacefully. His name was Marty Meade and he was an uncle of my Dad's and a brother of my granda. We visited all our relatives and stayed at Berrylodge – where my Aunt Rita minds Nana day in, day out.

I still have to tell you about my friend Ciara's asshole of a father.

Maybe tomorrow. I'm too tired now. Bye for now.

Monday, 7th January, 1991 (1:11am)

Today, my parents went to Barleycove. My eldest brother, Pdraig, drove for practice. He is getting very good at driving. They arrived home during Glenroe at about 10 to 9(pm). Holidays are practically over. I was very pissed off today because my thing (that's what I call my brother, John) was annoying and nagging me all day long. Whenever I passed him or was in the same room as him, he used curse and swear and call me all sorts of names. I hate him. No, I actually detest him. I have absolutely no "sisterly" love or liking for him at all. He's such a creep! Ugh! Yuck!

I never went to mass today. I couldn't get up when Ciara called for me. Tomorrow I'm trying to break the deadlock of getting up in the afternoon. I've asked Pdraig to wake me up at ten o'clock! I've to make the dinner tomorrow. I

have to cook roast lamb, carrots, parsnips and potatoes with a splash of gravy. And for afters I have to make stewed apple which is revolting.

I must tell you about Ciara's father. Yesterday or Saturday, I called for Ciara Barry, who lives about five doors down the road. Her dad was drunk, which was not extremely unusual as I've seen him drunk before. Ciara was changing upstairs, so he told me to go into the sitting room and watch TV if I wanted to. So I did. There I was standing in the middle of the room trying to watch "Blind Date" but wasn't taking anything in because I was so ill at ease and slightly nervous or even afraid. Mr. Barry (or Myles) came in with his friend (who happened to be equally if not more drunk than Mr Barry). His friend caught me by the shoulders and pushed me onto a chair. I was shitting bricks. The two of them just laughed coarsely at me as any drunken fools would do, I suppose. As the friend was going away, he said, "What's your name, anyway?". I said "Mairead" as bravely as I could without showing my fear and he turned without much reaction, only a nod of his head and went away. That's not the end though. Personally, I'd love to catch Myles by the balls and put a hook through them and just let him hang. He is such a male chauvinist pig. Myself and Ciara were sitting down watching Blind Date, a little later. Myles' friend had gone. There was a knock on the door and Mr Barry answered. I took no real notice of this but later I found out that the Gardai had called. Apparently, Mr Barry crashed into a kerb and someone said it to the police. I don't know but he got off real easy. He wasn't fined, breathalised, arrested or even maybe lose his license for drinking and driving. Works luck, he got off scott free. He was in an awful mood and started ringing up everybody in search of his wife, Jackie Barry who had only gone to Jerry's - the local superstore. Admittedly, she was ages. There was uproar when Mrs Barry came back. Mr Barry started giving out like shit, cursing and swearing to his wife because she wasn't there when he got home. It was his own fault and it serves him right too. I really dislike him, he is such a male chauvinist. He rings his wife from his car (on the carphone, no less) to say that he's coming home. In other words - Have the dinner ready for him.

I left during the quarrel. I felt out of place to say the least.

My New Year's Resolutions are:

- 1 No more smoking
- 2 No stealing
- 3 No sugar - to prevent of should I say get rid of my acne
- 4 No drinking
- 5 Be more friendly and sociable
- 6 Make more friends, be able to say sorry esp. With Edel & gang and Ciara & gang
- 7 Stop messing in class (or at least stop getting caught!)
- 8 Be truthful
- 9 Get a boyfriend

10 Look after your figure. Exercise a lot.

11 Get interested in all sorts of hobbies

12 When a person compliments, be very quick to compliment them in return even if you bear a grudge against them

Monday, 7th January, 1991 (23:55)

Dear Kitty,

I finished The Diary of Anne Frank (of whom you are named after) Saturday night/Sunday morning at 03:00. It is brilliant. It's really sad that her hiding-place was found out. Evidently someone betrayed the Frank family and the Van Daans and Mr Dussell. Otto Frank, Anne's father was the only known survivor. I hate Hitler

I hate prejudice

I hate communism

I hate racism (especially against negroes and jews)

I am covered in spots. I hate them. I would be lovely looking if I hadn't so many spots. I have them on my forehead, my back and my chest or hollow between my breasts. They are ghastly things. I have to put my hair up at night in a vain attempt to get rid of my spots I have on my forehead. I wash myself with a face wash called Cepton. I don't know if it's helping. I am determined to go off sugar but I don't know.

I'm going back to school on Wednesday. I did absolutely nothing today. I am getting so fat in my thighs, stomach and bottom that soon I'll be a big balloon of fat. I must exercise. I must not - no matter what become anorexic. Oh Lord, imagine if I did. I dread to think of the conclusion. I think I'll make myself do some sporting activity or interest for 2 hours at least on Saturdays - whether it's a cycle to Blarney of the airport or just a walk. Maybe it would be a day out with my parents or either of them.

I was majorly pissed off today. I am talking adolescent pissed-offness where one sobs and sobs for hours. Thankfully, this was only a single hour. Poor Aileen, she was trying to cheer me up. I was sobbing over the fact that I had no pocket money, so that I could save up for things, even if it was only something for 2 pounds e.g. a trip to the cinema. I'm fed up of asking for money every time I want to go somewhere. I wish I could have it saved. Dad would give us money, so he said, if we spoke Irish to him, non-stop for a certain period of time e.g. 10 minutes. I s'pose I'll have to resort to that.

Bye for now,

Mairead

24th April, 1991

Dear Kitty,

You have been missing for ages. I accused everybody of taking you. And now I have found you under my drawer. Gee!

Since I last saw you, I went on a school trip for a night to the Aran Islands – It was ace. John has got a new Raleigh bike – it's a cross between a road bike and a mountain bike. Pdraig has passed his driving test on the first time. I got my hair cut yesterday.

I am in love with Dean Healy. I am going to the "Rocho" on Friday and hopefully shall get a dance from him but that might be asking too much. Johanna Whelehan is in love with Calvin Healy, Dean's brother and her hopes are high also.

I have gone to 2 Rochos (with permission) since.

Mairead

PS I haven't kept any of my resolutions

PPS I got my 2nd period on 17/4/91

Thursday, 27th June, 1991

I hate my brother – Donal. He's an asshole. Aileen wants to give up civil engineering. Instead she wants to do chemical engineering but Dad thinks that's too dangerous, dealing with pollutants. He hasn't a clue (biro ran out). I'm not saying I know anything about it but he just hasn't a glimmer. He's very narrow-minded, conservative and a bit chauvinistic. This description fits Donal perfectly as well – like father, like son.

We watched two videos today on John's video. (He rented a TV and video for a month for something like 40 pounds – not bad, eh!). They were called "The Life of Brian" (15s) which was very good and "Against Her Consent" (15s) which was equally good. The first was about a guy called Brian in Jesus' time. It was kind of a mockery and the 2nd video was about rape.

At the end of April we (down the park) held a decent party for Louise – it was her birthday and her boyfriend, Steve McCarthy had just broken up so we decided to cheer her up. We asked her mother, could we use the house and she allowed us use the garage which they had converted into a playroom. Everybody came.

People from Maryborough, from LB's gang and Edel & Niamh and Joe who I was in love with at the time. I rang him 3 times to come – Madness. Now, I realise that he is a septic, big-headed reject. I got slightly pissed on 3 glasses of vodka and coke. Edel Coughlan came as well. Mrs Dooley found out about it from langer Joe and so she knew who was at it. Edel told me that Joe had told Mrs Dooley in secret and so she couldn't tell anybody. Apparently Joe and Mrs D. are the best of friends. Yuck! Edel told me that the police rang her because Regina Mundi people were at it it and had been tipped off that there were DRUGS there! Pathetic – of course there weren't any there. I went home at half ten. Ciara was totally langers.

I've gaffed out a few times. The most recent time was the 14th. We (that is Noel Murphy, Barry Slevin, Louise, Ciara and myself) cycled down the Ballinlough Road at 2 o'clock in the morning to the BP station. What a laugh! We then went to the stands in Flower Lodge where the lads were staying the night. We met Olan Dwyer, Martin Cotter and Cearbhall Behan (Biggles) there. They had hash and drink and fags but I didn't do hash or smoke or drink.

They (my friends) have been buzzing a lot lately but have stopped for the time being anyway. I never tried it esp. after I had seen what it had done to them. They started screaming really weirdly and running around the place like loonies. It also makes you brain dead after a while as it kills your brain cells. I don't smoke anymore either. I took pleasure in dismantling a fag today.

Niamh Murray had a cool party, so I believe, as well but I was in Dublin from the 15th to the 24th of June. Susan got off with Johnny Pole – screw! Grace got off with Biggles and Niamh with Paul O'Mahony. Louise is going with Barry Slevin. Carol is going with Finbarr Jeffers. Paula, a Swiss student who is staying with Johanna for 3 weeks since last Saturday is going with Ross Collins who we used to hang around with down in the Bog last year.

I'm not too happy with my friends. They never call for me. I always have to come out myself. Bitches!!!

I hate Johanna Whelehan and her mannerisms.

I hate Ciara Barry – thick bitch.

Ollie said that the Maryborough gang want us down. They previously told Gilly (who's in Cape Clear and is coming back on Saturday) when we were last down, that they don't want us. Huh! Cheek!

I got my report – 3 As – Geography, English and Music

3 Bs – Irish, French, Science

3 Cs – Latin, Art and History

1 D – Maths

Good in Religion

Good in PE

Comment was okay

Oh my God. A month of my holidays are already gone. I've since gone to Clare to Nana's month's mind and Dublin with Mum originally for the National Children's Choir and I stayed on a week. I stayed on with Carmel Meade in Templeogue. I met two guys from New Inn, between Cahir and Cashel in Tipperary. They were sound and got off at Limerick Junction after spending 80 pounds in Dublin.

Nana died on 5th May, 1991. She had been fading away for a few years but had really only been very sick for a week or so before her death.

Rita was in France and is in Schull now. Dhe will be staying overnight on Saturday.

Mum has all the symptoms of being sick again – look of exhaustion, pottering around the house, giving out about little things, buying lots of clothes etc. I hope and pray to God it won't come to anything.

Donal has really got it in for Berni. He can't stop thinking and giving out about her. He relates everything to her. He had a big fight with Padraig as well, before he went to London this morning about money. He said "Money flies through your hands" and that he didn't like the way he was asking Dad for money. What a reject!

I'm going to Barleycove on Saturday week for 2 weeks. It should be good fun. Let's hope the weather's good.

I've just finished reading a book called "Confessions of a Hitchhiker". It's all about travelling, sex and pot.

Castlemartyr will be from the 28th of July to the 17th of August. I hope it'll be good. I've still got the rash on my upper arms, spots on my back and of course on my forehead. Will they ever fuck off!

I've been writing for almost an hour. It's 1:11am now. I better go to sleep.

Goodnight

PS John Meade has changed – for the better. Maybe I'll tell you about it tomorrow.

Sunday, 30th June, 1991

Ciara tried to commit suicide this morning. She took 6 Sinutab and 24 Anadin. She was puking her guts out all day. Carol, Johanna and I didn't find out until tonight from Louise and her cousins, Melonie and Nichola from Ross, Co. Wexford. I personally think that people who try that are being really selfish as they don't think of anyone but themselves. They are grand but the people left

behind are suffering, blaming themselves, not understanding what, how and where they had gone wrong.

I had a great time today before I found out. Biggles, Johanna, Carol, Eoin Walsh and myself went down towards Maryborough. We met Noel in Lake Lawn and then Olann on the Well Road. He said, no-one was in Maryborough as they had all gone to the beach. Biggles went back to Shrewsbury with Olann, got his bike and came back to us, who had been waiting at the end of Hettyfield. Biggs and Carol went down on Olann's bike to check anyway, as they didn't believe Olann. We walked on and sat down on the seats across from the Shell. Una, Lilian and Ursula came along. Johanna was talking to them. Carol and Biggs returned. Eoin, Carol and I went to McDonalds. Eoin went away but we ate inside. Therese Collins was there. She's going with Ger Clarke! Carol, Edel, Jenny and Maeve came along. We were talking for ages. Nichola was outside talking to Biggles and Eoin Walsh at the entrance to Douglas Court. Eoin had got off with Nichola Keenan before and Barry Slevin was going with her when we first met him a month ago.

Johanna and Una came along and so did Nichola. So there was 9 of us. We had a great time talking. Johanna, Carol, Una and I then said goodbye and went out to Biggs and Eoin. Una went home. We were talking to Biggs and Owen for a few minutes. Then they all came out of McDonald's and came over to us. I went over to them slightly also and so we were talking a few metres away from J,C,B and Owen. We had a great few laughs and they went away about 5.45pm. Biggs and Carole were gone to Maryborough. We waited. Johanna went home at 6. We waited. We were walking home pissed off when they came up to us. We went to the Japs later on. Olann got new bright green docs. They are nice but they take getting used to.

Jenny was just back from France and Carole from Spain. Jenny's going to Ballingeary on Tuesday with Maeve. Nichola is going to Gory, Co. Wexford tomorrow. Melonie O'Sullivan and Nina O'Neill came over with them from McDonalds.

Gilly was missing or away all day. Susan was in Grace's.

We went to Conn last night. I said I was in Louise's watching 2 videos – The Breakfast Club and the Exorcism! I asked to stay the night but only got to 12:15am. Carol was found out. Her sister caught her on the way up. I was just wearing denims, docs, purple jumper and polo shirt as I couldn't change. We (Carol and I) were going to stay the night in Flower Lodge stands. Louise's mother allowed her to stay.

I had a pint of Bulmers and a pint of Heineken. I was a bit tipsy. Grace got off with Shane Cullen and she knew Susan liked him – Bitch. Susan was staying in Grace's house which was awful for Susan. Owen was locked.

Wednesday, August 21st (12:30am Thursday)

Dearest Kitty,

So much has happened in the last 2 months. I spent 2 weeks in Barleycove, 3 weeks in Castlemartyr irish college, the house is totally changed – renovations galore.

Barleycove was brilliant! On Friday, July 12th I nearly went the whole way. David Harkin from Kilkenny town was the lad. We went for a walk at around 11:15pm. We walked down the beach, together and alone, in the darkness. We first walked out to the shore which was a good deal out. Then we walked up the beach to the river and around the corner. We walked to the edge of the river and back to the side of the beach. There was a misty rain falling and I was wearing my raincoat. He told me to lay it on the ground and we sat on it. So we were sitting there, occasionally shouting across the river to the campers for around a half an hour. There was a tense silence for about five minutes which David broke by saying, "Mairead, will you shift me?". I said "okay". So we shifted each other sitting up first and then he brought us to a horizontal position with me on top of him then we sort of rolled over so he ended up on top of me. We stopped. He said to me, "Mairead, will we have a game of dares?". I said "I don't know". He said, "Why not? Ah, go on." I said "It depends". He said "It depends on what?". I said, "On how daring it is". He said, "Not too daring". I said "OK". He told me to go first but I refused and made him go first. After a little am,eh-ing he said, "Will you feel my dick?". I said "OK". So he opened his fly, took my hand, lifted his underpants and placed my hand on his dick. I could only feel his balls! He said "Hold on, I'll make it easier" so he got up, pulled down his pants and underpants and placed my hand on his dick again. I still only felt his balls. I forgot he had a dick! After a while he said, "ok, it's your turn now". I couldn't think of anything so I said, "you can do the same to me only you can't go down – it's that time of month – if you know what I mean. He said "What? Oh yeah – your period." I said "yeah". So he lifted my t-shirt (purple TST with yellow sleeves) above my breasts and tried to lift my bra off, he tried to open it and said, "How do you open it?" So I said, "I'll do it". So I sat up and opened my bra. We lay down again and started off from where we had stopped. He lifted my t-shirt above my breasts and started to rub them and feel all around them. He stopped and said "OK, now it's my dare, oh I don't know what to dare". Then he said, "you can do anything you like to any part of my body. I said, "Gees, I don't know what to do!" Then he said, "Anything!". I said, "I don't know". After a short silence, he said "do you know what a blow-job is?". I said, "yeah". He said, "Will you give me one?". (He was shaking throughout.) I said, "I don't know – I've never done it before". He said, "I've never had it done to me." I said "I don't know, I'm really nervous". He said "Go on!" I said "alright". So he moved up and I moved down. (Previous to this, before his 2nd dare he said to me "Do you wanna see my dick?" so I saw it and felt it and stroked it. He was having an erection and I was rubbing this really long, hard sausage-like thing). Anyway, so I moved down, put my mouth to his dick and sucked it. It was kind of dry and sticky at first. I basically just got off with the dick. I could feel David enjoying it. When I stopped, he said "Not bad for

a first-timer” which sounded really bad but I don’t think he meant it like that. He was still having a horny when I gave him a blow-job. Our mouths met once again, but this time David was like an animal. He was so passionate. We shifted wildly for a while. Then he necked me and came back to my mouth and we shifted again and then I necked him. We stopped and he said “Who’s dare is it?”. I said “mine”. I said “I don’t know, I guess you can do anything to me except you can’t go down”. He said “Can’t I just see down there?”. I said “it’s all bloody”. He said “OK”. So he lifted my t-shirt again, felt my breasts for a while, the he carressed them and sucked tit off me. We shifted each other again and decided we’d better go. We went back holding hands first, then we went arm-in-arm and he let his arm drop to my ass. We agreed that we both enjoyed it.

Half way down the beach I heard a shout which sounded like Dad’s. I said, “Oh shit!” But he was too far away and there was a mist so he couldn’t have seen or heard us. We walked to the end of the beach arm in arm. We agreed to meet the next morning before he was to go home. He said, “this is just in case we don’t meet each other tomorrow.” Mouths met, tongues met and we kissed for a while. Oh boy, it was good. Then we said “Goodnight”. He went to his chalet (No. 8) and I went back to my chalet (No. 2). It was a quarter to one when I came home. John told me I was dead cos Dad was out looking for me for the last half an hour. I was covered in sand: my ears, my hair, my clothes, my shoes (doc boots). I rushed into bed. Mum said, “Where were you? Dad is out looking for you. He was very worried.” Bed is the most vulnerable position for me. Dad came back within 5 minutes. Mum said “she’s in here!” Dad said the usual and I said “I’m sorry, I didn’t realise the time. I was with a few kids down on the beach”. He said “Did you meet some boy or something?”. I said “of course not”. He said I had to be in at 11:15 the next night.

I knew I couldn’t set my alarm as it would be too fishy so I was determined to wake myself up at 9:15am. I concentrated hard on it before I went to sleep. I woke up at 9:25am. I was thrilled. I had arranged to meet him at 9:30 in the games room. At approx. 9:50 I went up. The side door was locked so I had to go all the way around to the main entrance. When I went in, he was coming up the stairs. He asked me where I was and had my parents given out to me. We went for a walk towards the Mizen. We walked for about two miles when we decided to walk back. We went into the games room but there was a little squirt playing a computer game so we walked down the stairs back towards the villa. At the corner of the bedroom, he said “Well, this is it. Maybe I’ll see you again”. I said, “I hope so”. Then he put on those doggy eyes – eye contact and we shifted. I stopped when I thought I heard Dad and I said “Sorry, I thought it was Dad”. He said, “it doesn’t matter, Goodbye”. I said “Bye”. I watched him turn the corner and I went up to the hotel again.

David Harkin was 13 or 14 years old. He said he was 14 and that he should be going into 3rd year but he stayed back in 6th class. He is very strong (can lift a pool table with 7 squirts on it). He is totally colour-blind (can’t see green from red). He was thin, black-haired, was nick-named “Syd” cos his Dad owns a pub called Sydney Harkin’s in Kilkenny. He plays the electric guitar, has plenty of self-confidence and has 2 brothers, Morris (10) and Adrian (6) and one sister Catherine (8).

The rest of Barleycove was okay. I hung around with Val Sheehan, Roisin, Lorna Murphy and Noel Murphy. Brian Duane was the lifeguard in the swimming pool from Fermoy. I used to sort of hang around with Keith Buckley as well. I used hang around with Keith Nicholson, another Kilkenny lad. He had a really cute 6 year old brother called Mark. He had another called Michael (9).

I'll tell you about Castlemartyr and our house tomorrow or soon.

Goodbye for now,

Mairead

Thursday, 22nd August, 1991

I have been reading over my diary since and realised I'll continue updating my diary. You know that Padraig passed his driving test months ago. He graduated in electrical engineering on the 25th of July. We went to the Bosun in Monkstown for dinner.

Dad and Mum went all around Ireland for a week while I was in Castlemartyr.

Aileen went to Cape Clear. Padraig got a job starting February '92 in Anderson's Consulting in London. Back to school in less than 2 weeks.

Ok this is the last goodbye. I'm still going to tell you about Castlemartyr and our house tomorrow. I just don't have the energy tonight.

Goodbye again,

Mairead

Since this time last year I was in love with:

Darra Murphy

Joe O'Mahony

Dean Healy

David Harkin – not really, just for sexual favours!

DARRA MURPHY again!

(Tell you about it tomorrow)

Aileen is keeping on Civil Engineering. She came first in her class and so got a scholarship. She is spending her schol. money going Inter-railing around Europe. Mum and Dad are thrilled she's not doing chemical engineering in Dublin.

Goodbye yet again!

Monday, 26th August, 1991

Dear Kitty,

Castlemartyr was kind of adventurous this year. The first week was bad because I got into deep shit! I'll tell you about it...

We – Edel, Antoinette, Orlagh and myself – were in Seomra 5 although we asked for Seomra 2 and we had arranged to go down to Seomra 2 (where Marita, Tara, Gemma and Ciara were) at twelve o'clock. Sile and Elaine were going to meet there as well.

So at midnight the 4 of us and 2 others (Mary & Caroline) sneaked down to Seomra 2. Before long there were about 20 in a 5-bunk dorm. After whispering and quietly chatting for a few minutes, I said to Tara why don't we all go riot and charge up and down the corridors so Tara got everyone together and we did just that. You see we had decided to get caught. So after doing that for half a minute everyone scrambled. I jumped into the bag room and lay flat on all the bags. After about 3 minutes I decided to run back to my dorm. I scrambled out of the bag room and ran for my life down the corridor towards Seomra 5. As I was turning the corner I saw Mairead (teacher) race after me. I kept running and she said something so at the door of my dorm, I stopped and she caught me. The Nora (Bord Bainne) came running after with Orlagh and she sent the 2 of us down to our classroom. On the way down, when I was coming out the doors of the Proinnteach, for some unknown reason, I decided to turn left instead of right and went down towards the boys dorm. I turned on and off the lights in Seomra 4 and was about to go away when Donall (teacher) shouted out "Hey, sibhse! Tar anseo!" I said, "oh shit!" and that was the beginning of a big ordeal. Interrogation by Donall. We were up until 1:30 writing an essay. Next morning Micheal (ard-mhaistir) gave us the third degree and my parents and Orlagh's parents were called in while all the rest had to ring home. On Friday around 7:30pm when my parents came, they didn't say much, disappointed etc. Poor Orlagh didn't know what to do, she was just following me. I got her into awful trouble.

That was the first Wednesday night. At the Ceili that night, Darra Murphy asked me out. He said – the exact words – "Mairead, will you go out with me?" and I replied "I will". So we smiled at each other, interconnected fingers and sat down. He is a screw, a bonkerole or as Anty says "Scrum" which is something or somebody you can't eat where as "Scrumtuous" is something edible that you love.

You see I had been mad about Darra since last year when he was going out with Sile O'Brien. I bought and wrote a Valentines card but I was too chicken to send it. He's small but he's got perfect skin –tanned and smooth. He is an all rounder – very good at everything esp. tennis but also rounders, running, swimming, diving, table tennis, basketball and pool. He wants to be a doctor when he's older

like his Dad. He wears gorgeous clothes and wears very well Levi's denims and sailor shoes – decent shirts.

I rang him today and Gillian, his sister, also. He's going to the reunion on Saturday.

Anyway, we were going with each other for 2 and a half weeks but it wasn't an extremely romantic relationship. We didn't fight or anything, we just weren't all lovey-dovey. On the last night, he broke it off. He said as we were giving one of our last hugs and goodbyes, "Maybe we should just be best friends as we live so far away and everything?". I said "Yeah, okay". I became so depressed and I started bawling. I was crying beforehand after a while trying to do so but then tears just started to flow like a waterfall from my eyes. I think I was too shy. Anyway, I shall see him in 9 years time as last year we made a pact that we would meet at the Burlington Hotel in Dublin on the 18th of August in the year 2000AD.

I didn't win any competitions in Castlemartyr this year – I didn't try either! It was depressing at times but overall I suppose I enjoyed and although I don't want to, I fear I'm going back next year. Oh no, more punishment!

Bye,

Mairead

22nd September, 1991

Dear Kitty,

I am in a tough stage of life. Growing up is so difficult! Our house is totally renovated. New stairs, 3 mahogany doors, new electric and pump shower, new fireplace, new gas fire and everywhere is totally redecorated. Everything is varnished and painted beautifully. My room is still pink! It's even pinker actually. The only thing not done yet is the carpet on the stairs, landing and hall is not down yet.

Went bowling today with Sean Hayes junior, my Canadian cousin. He's 22/23 years and he's tall, dark (tanned) and handsome. He's sound out too. He's in Ireland with the Toronto GAA all stars and he arranged to meet Pdraig and myself outside Pairc Ui Chaoimh as he had to dodge away from the rest of the team who were going to the Cork County Final (Midleton vs The Glen) – Midleton won. He had about an hour and a half free so we went to the Coliseum, bowling for a half hour. He's really sweet and dead on.

Berni and Aunt Carmel or I suppose I should say Carmel and the rest of the family are at loggerheads because Carmel (Hayes) is supposed to have taken money from them, which was given to them by Aileen-Mary (my grandmother) in her will when she died on April 6th, 1988. So Berni tried to get Mum to make us not to go to the match that the Toronto all-stars were playing against in

Newcestown yesterday. Paud said he's going because Sean junior has as much to do with what Carmel did as he has to do with what Mum does. So we drove down to Newcestown and saw the Toronto team win by 2-7 to 2-6.

Aileen is still inter-railing around Europe. She only sent us one post card so far and got Mrs Bradley telephone us to say that she was alright and staying in Amsterdam. It's funny to think that I don't have an idea which country she is in now. She should be coming home next week.

John's in awful form again. He's really narky, he's never nice. Generally he's acting like a right asshole! No exaggeration. I hope he improves cos he's a bit of a dickhead at the moment. I don't think I'll be able to stand him much longer.

Donal and his team (Douglas) have just won a match across the road. I think it was a minor hurling county final but I'm not sure.

Dad's really worn out after the renovations.

Mum never does any dinners anymore and she is staying in bed a lot. I hope she retires from teaching soon for her own benefit.

Bye for now.

Friday, 18th October, 1991

Dear Kitty,

Padraig is in Berlin. He rang tonight to say that he has moved to the centre of Berlin. He has a job of 2,500 marks a week. He thinks it's not satisfactory – fine for him – so he's looking for a newer and better one. He surely has high hopes!

Our house is totally finished now. It's much better. The finishing touch was put when the carpet on the hall, stairs and landing was laid down.

I wrote a few letters (two) to Claire Joyce and Elaine Shefflin (ex-Castlemartyr '90 and '91). I got negatives from Anna of two films taken in Castlemartyr '91. When I went into town today, only one was developed. There's one photo of Darra and me "ag casadh" in the Ceili hall. He's only up to my chin. I'm tall and he's small is probably why. The others will be developed on Monday.

Bye for now,

Mairead

Saturday, 19th October, 1991

Dear Kitty,

I watched an Australian mini-series – the last part today. The girl with hair like Louise Murphy was not taught about sex by her parents and she fucked three people after she found out about it. She fucked the first two in practice for Dom the one she loved who was going to Vietnam and as she was caught being away from the convent all night was expelled. It gave me lustful thoughts too say the least. I began to think about Barleycove and David Harkin which was the reason I took you out, Kitty to read it over again.

In the photos that I got yesterday there was one of Darra and I – I told you that already – Sorry. I wish I had got off with him.

Aileen is writing a debate. She finds it deadly to write and she's very narky at the moment. She's on the same team as Dermot Conway. The motion is that "This house believes in force against aggressors". She's going orienteering tomorrow with Mairead, Jill and Ed and company. The debate is in UCC on Monday.

I'm still extremely spotty. God, when will they go away?

I watched two matches from the rugby world cup today. W. Samoa vs Scotland and England vs France. England and Scotland both won so they shall be playing each other in the semi final. Ireland are playing Australia at home tomorrow – they'll probably lose.

I had a physical fight with Jill Barry today – immature bitch.

2 americans – Corri and Rachel (3pi and 5pi in Regina Mundi) moved into our park today where the Romanian children were. They are renting while the O'Sullivans are in Dublin. They are from St. Louis, Missouri.

Mairead

Sunday, 3rd November, 1991

Today's my birthday. I'm 15 years of age but I don't feel any older or any happier for that matter. Maybe I'll be happy when I wake up later on this morning.

It's pissing rain outside and I'm pissed off because I'm in love with Darra. Maybe I'm not "in love" but "infatuated" with him as my religion teacher Miss Desmond says no one our age could be really in love at such a young age but I am certainly crazy for him. I can't stop thinking about him. I have thought of him for a while each night without fail since Castlemartyr. Maybe I fantasise a bit on how wonderful he is and look back at Castlemartyr '91 through rose-tinted glasses but how could I think of him so much and feel for him so much without it meaning anything. He still has not written since I wrote to him directly after the reunion. He wrote to Nollaig, Anna, Marita and Elaine. Why not me? Maybe, he didn't get my letter until the mid-term because I wrote to his home address and he might have been in Clongowes all term. I'm hoping I'll get a letter from him tomorrow for my birthday. But I know I'll never get it when I am hoping for it – it'll be unexpected if anything, I'd say.

I'm still as spotty as ever – even more spotty. Must have a pump shower in the morning.

I met Anna Fitzgerald in town on Wednesday. I had agreed to, of course at 12:30pm outside Easons. She had arisen at 06:30 and had got into Cork at 08:45 and was wandering around. I missed the bus and had to cycle in. When I got there, the key to my lock was missing and so Anna and I walked out to my house. We rang Nollaig from my house and we were talking to her for an hour. We got the 13:00 bus back into town as we were to meet Orlagh. We went bowling in the Coliseum for a quarter of an hour. We met Gemma and Tara and Cian there coincidentally. It was pissing and dark when we came out and Anna got on the Newmarket bus and Orlagh on the Crosshaven bus. I had to walk all the way to the Grand Parade in the pissing rain for the 6:00pm bus. Incidentally, I saw Orlagh at 7:30 mass in Ballinlough church today. Anyway, Anna and I agreed that we would arrange a reunion for about 20 people over the Christmas holidays.

Mum and Dad came back from their short holiday (Tuesday-Saturday) at about 11 o'clock tonight. They stayed two nights in Parknasilla in luxury and 2 more in Barleycove.

Rita was staying with us last weekend for the Jazz Festival (Friday-Tuesday). She took my birthday suit – soft denim jeans and jacket – away with her. It was too small for me. Honestly, Mum has no idea of what clothes I like, she should let me do the buying if she's willing to spend 75 quid! Aileen says she likes buying clothes for me. To think I could have got a tracksuit and shoes for that! Well, maybe! I could have got Levi's denims and shoes though, definitely. Rita gave each of us ten pounds. Sound job!

Padraig rang on Tuesday night. He said he'll be coming home on 21st December, 1991. That should be nice!

I am fed up with the people from the park. I think I'll try to forget about them altogether. I am so angry with them all. They were the reason our house was egged on Hallowe'en night. I must ignore them.

John went to Conn tonight. He left a note saying "Gone to Conn, John". I thought it was very effective.

Aileen's gone on her orienteering weekend in Ballingearry (Friday-Sunday). She'll be back tomorrow.

Sunday, 8th December, 1991

Now I am madly infatuated with Darra Murphy and Finbarr Jeffers – 2 totally different people. I am more in love with Darra though! Finbarr is a next-door-neighbour of Joe O'Mahony. He lives in 4, Ardfallen Estate. I really began to like him last Thursday at the Regina Mundi College bizarre. I was a bit drunk and

was talking at a really fast rate. Everything I thought I said: I was even talking happily to Emily O'Halloran.

Y'see I won a bottle of wine in the bottle stall and Niamh Murray got Susan Conway to get it out for us. Niamh was also getting a small bottle of stout which she won. So Niamh, Elaine and myself went down to the gap and after getting a corkscrew in Elaine's house, we drank it all among ourselves in the hut. Then we went back to the school, as merry as anything. Niamh had drunk a half glass of stout and 3 glasses of cheap (1990) wine in approx. 1 minute (without exaggeration). I drank the same in double the time while Elaine was grand and had only 1 glass of wine cos she didn't like it. Niamh was totally pissed and had no control over herself. She was even fighting with Barbara and started waving madly at her when she passed. She couldn't drink her coffee in the cafe and when she went home she spilled the ashes of the fire all over the carpet when trying to clean the fireplace.

I guess I was flirting with Finny a bit but I couldn't help it! Yesterday everyone got pissed down in the community centre bar me. Once a week is my quota! Finny didn't drink either. I walked Edel all the way home. Thankfully her parents were out and she didn't get caught. If I hadn't walked her home, maybe something would have happened. Who knows? Carol is going out with Paddy who has left school since Friday. What is he planning on doing? Get lingers and stoned for the rest of his life?

Today, 5 of us went down to the Gollie with the lads – Dave, Finn, Steve and Paddy and McGovern (the drugdealer). The lads got stoned on hash in the ruins of the castle while we just sat down and the other 4 girls smoked. It seems such a shame watching those guys fuck up their lives. Even Finny was taking hash – up to now he has been totally against it. None of us agree with it but Louise probably would do it.

I saw Finn upstairs at mass – he winked at me! Whooh!

I had 2 trials for the munster team for goalkeeping but I didn't get on. I knew I wouldn't anyway so I wasn't a bit upset. Sharon Hutchinson trained us a little before the trial. She is the present Irish Senior hockey team goalkeeper. She's in UCC and she went to RMC – a year ahead of Aileen.

Next weekend I will hopefully be getting my Christmas clothes. Great!

I sent off 11 Christmas cards today to all my Castlemartyr friends. I never got an invitation back – I don't suppose I will either after getting into so much trouble last year. I want to go to the Kerry Gaeltacht or maybe French college next year.

I'm moving to Scoil Mhuire at the beginning of September next year to finish my secondary education. I was shocked when Mum told me yesterday. I couldn't believe it! Me, going to Scoil Mhuire! In some ways I'm glad to leave RMC but in more ways I hate leaving. However, I've the Junior Cert to do yet! God!

I'll need a new copy for my diary soon.

Goodbye,

Mairead

Monday, 30th December, 1991 (2am approx.)

Dear Kitty,

Howya!

I don't like Finny anymore. In fact, I only liked him for about 2 weeks (at the most) anyway. Besides, I haven't seen him in ages.

I think yesterday was Elaine's birthday. Elaine Bennett, she's now 15 also.

I have slight feelings for Dave O'Reilly and Darra Murphy (yes, still!). I know it's crazy to still like Darra after how prattish he was at the reunion – going off with Nessa after me writing to him and after I sent him and Gillian a card for Christmas. Oh! And also after I phoned him. God! I think I am making myself dislike him .

Dave on the other hand is probably a dickhead also. He's a junkee, not very intelligent (probably due to his abnormal eating and drinking and general intakes). He was in the Bridewell once, overnight for joyriding.

Oh, Christ, I give up. I'm not in love with anyone, I would just like to be, I guess.

Went to the loo a minute ago. My period came and I never noticed again! I knew it was due alright.

I went to Castlemartyr and in a mad impulse called in for Nollaig. She was there, thankfully. I met her friend Deirdre, a bit snobby and innocent I'd say. I had a good laugh though. Her mother is a brill singer. I was listening to her demo tape. She's playing a "gig" in Moore's Hotel on New Year's Eve. Dad and Mum were in Youghal while I stayed in Noll's house for 3 hours (approx.). I don't know what I'd have done if she hadn't been there. I met Ciara, Jason, Ross but not Paddy. Jason grew! The parents were very welcoming and polite too!

Oh yeah! It was Christmas on Wednesday. It was much the same as any other. Selection boxes – television – christmas cake – turkey – pudding etc. We got a video (panasonic). It's very nice and I got 2 shirts and denims (Lee Coopers). I'm getting fat, though, I haven't done any exercise in almost 2 weeks.

I must start studying HARD!

I rang Anty tonight and she rang me back. I hadn't much to say. I must ring her again on Wednesday and I must ring Anna in the meantime. I doubt if there'll be any Christmas reunion after all. Damn!

I hope I don't leak tonight! Well I'm only in a sleeping bag, anyhow.

I don't really like the "gang" down the road. Carol's fighting with Louise (or it's vice versa really) over nothing to do with her! Carol's back with Paddy after getting off with L.B.

I'd like to go to Conn on New Year's Eve.

Happy New Year!

Mairead

1st January, 1992 (1:44am)

Happy New Year!!!

Dear Kitty,

Paud's going away at 4:30am approx. to get a lift from Brendan Crotty's brother to board the boat in Rosslare at 9:30am. It's a bit sad, really – sadder than the last time, I'd say, because he is really going away for good now only to return for a break from work or a holiday. He gave me 5 pounds – sound!! considering it was unexpected and I'm flat broke!!

I was extremely pissed off today because everyone went out and Dad was in Clare overnight – he returned before 12pm of 1991 but decided to hang around and to come in the following year! And Aileen, Donal and John were gone out to the Maltings to a disco and to Conn. Respectively. So, I was alone with Mum. I wish I had gone out but I felt sorry for Mum. Besides, I wouldn't have been allowed to go to Conn. where Johanna, Ciara, Louise and Carol had gone. I don't like them anyway!!

I meant to ring Anna Fitzgerald today or yesterday but again I forgot. I better ring her reasonably early tomorrow before Antoinette is going to ring me – she is meant to anyway. I got a letter from Doireann today – she was a little under the weather but hilariously comical about it as usual.

John got his 5th year Xmas report today. He didn't do brilliantly! I must start studying tomorrow when Paud's gone out of the room downstairs.

Signing off,

Mairead

New Year's Resolutions for 1992

I hope to do well in the Junior Cert. in June – get all honours! Fingers crossed!

I hope to not become a snob when I go to Scoil Mhuire

I hope to be allowed to go to (more) discos

I resolve to enjoy my summer to the full

I hope to go to Irish college/french college or maybe on an exchange or if none of these I hope to get a job in summer

I resolve/hope to get off/shift/score many times and have a decent relationship (even if it's not with Darra, I'll make do!)

I'm not going to take drugs or smoke or not to drink too much – in fact, only very occasionally

I resolve to be friendly and sociable to everyone

I resolve not to be too rude to people I dislike (Jean “bitch” Molby)

I hope I make lots of new friends – male and female

Thursday, 2nd January, 1992 (1:20am)

Dear Kitty,

I had the worst night's sleep ever last night. I couldn't sleep last night as I was very restless – twisting and turning all the time. I didn't do anything on New Year's Eve except sing along to the Auld Lang Syne with Mum, Paud and the television.

I got up at 4:15am as Aileen, Donal and Pdraig were up and about and I didn't feel like sleeping. So I said goodbye to Paud. It was a bit sad really. Then utterly exhausted I went back to bed and hoped for sleep to come. It did.

I was then awoken at approx. 8:10am to shouts from our neighbours, the O'Mahonys. I was cursing them cursing and shouting so early in the morning, a morning in which everyone would be wrecked from the previous late night. The shouting and cursing and quarreling and fighting and verbal abuse is not unusual from them. So I kept tossing and turning trying to shut them out of my mind.

Then I heard a distant siren and realised considering they were still shouting that they weren't argumentative shouts I had heard, they were cries and wails of panic. I looked out my window and was shocked to see their house on fire and flames and smoke coming out the windows. I prayed the flames wouldn't catch the top of the tree in our garden and consequently spread to my bedroom and burn our house down. I prayed also that the fire brigade would quickly put the blazing fire under control. I felt so sorry for the O'Mahonys. Everything is gone up in flames and they probably didn't have the house insured. What a horrible start to the New Year for them!

Love,

Mairead

Antoinette didn't ring. I forgot to ring Anna.

Wednesday, 8th January, 1992 (11:30pm)

Dear Kitty,

On Monday night around 8:20pm Louise (drunk though she was) made back friends with Carol down in the Lake Lawn Quarry. It was sick really cos they were hanging around with the same people but still they ignored each other. Paddy is back with Carol. Louise is still going with Steve. I think Jean "destructive" Molby was the cause of it. Y'see Carol borke it off with Paddy in Conn. on the 28th Dec, 1991. Then she got off with L.B. and Jean and Louise came up to Carol while whe was scoring with L.B. and hit her across the face.

A few days later Paddy asked her out again and she accepted. Louise started fighting with her because Carol told Steve that Louise had got off with Biggles while she was going out with him last. But that was after Louise had told Finny that Carol was going out with Brian Keenan in irish college in August so Finny had a very low opinion of Carol now, I would think. I think it was all Jean's fault and Louise just didn't see the light.

Did I tell you that Finny was going out with Mary Downes for 3 days in December? Johanna is crazy about Lennie O'Sullivan. She is terribly lovesick.

Aileen is trying to shake "Gary the Pratt" off her back in UCC. I'm going back to school tomorrow! However, I have Monday next off. I still kind of like Dave O'R. but he's going out with a person called Marion in 5th year (RMC).

I'm getting pocket money now – Yes! 4 pounds after evey time Dad gets his pay cheque. i.e. 4 pounds every fortnight approx.

I wrote 3 letters tonight – to Anna, Doireann and Claire. I was going to write to Darra. I was going to write a sort of summing up letter, to say how he stands with me and to to over our relationship in Castlemartyr but now I'm not going to. Why should I? He didn't even have the courtesy to write to me. I'm angry with him. I realise now that I am really timid in relationships and am very slow to make the first move. Even if it is just to hold hands, I would never be able to reach out and take the opposite person's hand. I need encouragement.

I think Darra must be like that somewhat as well. So 2 weak characters don't get on well. I don't regret our relationship but I do think it was stupid and a farce.

I don't feel the same way about Darra – perhaps it's because he never wrote to me, perhap it's because he broke my heart but I am angry with him. Maybe he'll set me off again if he ever writes to me but I hope not.

The parents went away for a break for 3 nights last weekend to Blessington, Wicklow. I went to the Coliseum and played Quasar on Friday night – came home 12:15am. And on Sunday night I got pissed on a bit of cider in Conn. stands becasue I hadn't eaten all day. – came home approx. 11pm.

Love 'n' bubbles,

Mairead

Monday, 27th January, 1992 (00:07)

Louise had a free gaff over the weekend. On Friday I was in Ardmahon Quarry with Carol, Edel C., Ciara and rest of gang. I had three quarters can of Ritz and a few long slugs of cider.

Saturday was my first encounter with a condom. Jean was dared to buy them in HCR and being the cooler that she is, she did and bought 12 Durex - 3.75.

On Friday night, I went to Louise's gaff until 10:25 without permission. The parents didn't notice me gone. Dave, Steve, Paddy and Finny were there. Latchy was getting off with Ciara, Steve with Louise, Jean with Jimmy Simmons and Finny with Corri. Everyone except Finny and Corri are going out together. Jean and Jimmy since Saturday week last and Ciara and Latchy since Friday week last. Paddy and Carol are still going out.

On Saturday night, I was in Louise's house and I had 2 glasses of vodka with Lucozade sport and tangerine. I was a bit merry! I had great fun though. Finny, Paddy, Ger and Lenny went to Conn but Steve stayed with Louise. We were watching Robin Hood - Prince of Thieves until it was turned over to Channel 18 - it is so perverse and disgusting. Went home at 11:25pm (with permission).

Today, around 3:45pm I went for a walk before trying to start studying. I was on the Ballinlough Road, past Somerton Park when Finny came up to me on his bike. He said "Hi, Mairead". "Hi, Finny." "I was just at the shop buying some fags when I saw you and decided to come up. I said "Thanks very much" (still walking). I saw Jean, Louise and Ciara coming towards us from "Driccies" I was a bit disappointed.

Finny said that Steve was down at the corner of Somerton Park so we went back towards there. The 3 of them had been looking for Steve and gang. Louise went home on Finn's bike to try to find missing naggon bottle which I had told her was under Yamaha in sitting-room. Steve came before Louise returned and was going to to in but waited for her.

Around 4:25pm, we headed back for Shrewsbury. I was talking solely to Finny on way back while Ciara and Jean were walking behind in one coat and Louise in front alone. I found out that they used own a video library and have The Doors, The Outsiders, Stand By Me and more. He said I could borrow them if I liked. Sound! At my gate, I said "I'll see ya" and he said "Bye, Mairead". I said "G'luck".

Yes, you guessed it I'm crazy for Finny again! I've forgotten about Dave.

Lenny got off with Alison at Conn. Johanna's still crazy about him - God knows why - he's got a shit personality. Jean was staying in Louise's all weekend.

Tuesday, 28th January, 1992 (8pm approx.)

Dear Diary,

I am in really weird form today. I guess I am kind of depressed and Aileen didn't help earlier by telling me that my spots are really bad and I should get something done about them. It was just not the right time to say it. I know my spots are bad but it is my fault – I am eating too much sweets and chocolates. From now on, I vow to not eat anything between meals.

I am feeling strange – placid. I don't feel like shouting and I don't feel like crying. I just feel like thinking and dreaming in a type of trance. My stomach feels weird.

Last night, I had enormous leakage. The pad kind of squashed up and I was on my side and all the blood leaked onto my shorts and practically saturated them. It was a bit of a bollocksy start to the day.

I haven't started studying yet. In fact, I haven't yet done my homework today. I have hardly anything. I'm not in the mood for studying. Probably, everyone in the class is revising at the moment, busily stuck into their books! Sick!

I haven't seen Finny since Sunday. I am infatuated with him. The others said to me yesterday that they saw him in the morning. When they called him, he turned, looked and maybe said "Hi" but kept marching ahead which was unusual for him as he normally stops and talks. Of course dreamer Mairead fantasised hoping it was because I wasn't there. That's a bit unreal and hardly likely but I'd like to think it anyway. I would just love to be going with someone. We saw Lenny when we were walking home yesterday. Johanna's totally crazy about him. Everyone hates Jean, except maybe Louise and Ciara. I am not sure if she is using Lousie or if it is vice versa.

Ciara asked me to lend her my book on Paul Cezanne which I had offered to Ciara. I couldn't refuse as she (Ciara) called up for it. I feel like a piece of me has lost its independence. I don't trust Jean. I think that my Dad's book will come back with graffiti all over it or in thousands of little pieces.

I am reading lately a lot about drink and drugs and it is frightening. I don't understand one thing. It says that a child over the age of 15 is allowed to be served in an off licence although nowhere else but how come you have to be over 21 to get served in O'Donovans or Galvins? Maybe a new law has been introduced since it was published three years ago or so. I vow not to drink or get drunk more than once a month so this weekend, I will not drink. It is a reason for getting fat and it causes destruction of beauty and I would like to keep on to the bit of beauty I have underneath all my spots.

Bye for now,

Mairead

PS This book is almost finished! Sob! Sob!

All the people I have feelings for so far in 1992 – after 28 days!

Dave O'Reilly

Finbarr Jeffers

Darra Murphy – but I have to/want to get him out of my system. I must try to hate him.

Bye yet again,

Mairead

PS Budget Day tomorrow – hardly any coverage because of RTE strikes

Saturday, 1st February, 1992 (22:44)

Dear Diary,

Today is Saint Bridget's Day, Dad's birthday and the anniversary of Edel's mother's death. We didn't make any St Bridget's crosses yesterday as Dessie forgot to tell us to bring in the reeds. I did absolutely nothing for Dad's birthday – not even to try to be nice to him. Edel was a bit cranky in school lately and thinking over it, I guess it's her way of dealing with her Mum's anniversary. She is probably very sad and finds it hard to deal with even after 3 years.

The Pre's are on the 26th and I have yet to start my revision. I'm beginning to feel guilty now and I will probably knuckle down to the studying soon. I'm not going out at weekends anymore. I got pissed last night again and I came in at 10:30pm – No problems – Dad was at the Monkstown AGM.

Anyway, Steve and gang – (Willy, Paddy, Finny, Lenny and Dave) are really pissing me off. Their only priority is drink and drugs. Well Fuck them! (Finny and Dave aren't as dependent as the others).

I'm really sensitive and easily roused lately – it's probably because of the exams creeping up on me. Yesterday, I had my first physical fight in ages. No punches were thrown but there was a lot of pushing and shoving. Y'see I came home from our cup match and let in the cat. Donal shortly afterwards decided to put out the cat as it annoys him when he's eating. For fucks sake! Anyway, I wouldn't let Donal put him out – who says what he says goes anyhow? So we had a big scuffle at the door. I was furious with him. He put the cat out and I went out to get it. He was closing the door behind me when I put my foot to it and we had another tussle. Then I was a bit upset and went into the garage locking myself inside. I just stood in the middle of the room when I heard the little farts shouting and tantalising Georgina Lynch. They were saying in a mocking tone "Georgina, Georgina" until it became a jeering chant. I was furious at those spoiled brats, opened the garage door, stormed up to them and blew my top off. I said "Shut the fuck up, will you? Just shut the fuck up". They all turned their attention to

me. I said “Who the hell do ye think ye are? People can say things about ye as well. You’re nothing but spoiled pratts”. They said something childish like Whooh! or cursed or something. I was thrilled with myself and when I went back into the garage I just stood there stunned at what I had just done. I detest intensely mobs of any kind. They are nothing but cowards who come together, thinking they’re it and suddenly develop courage in a big group. That makes me sick! When Georgina returned from the shop, they started up again but I didn’t mind as much as it was more for my benefit this time rather than hers.

When I came in from the garage, my dinner was out in the utility. I charged into the kitchen, shouted at Donal and threw water over him and then he threw a knife at me. I was demented with anger. That was the end of our fight when Donal ran out of the kitchen.

To be continued in my new notebook diary i.e. my other stories are to be cont. in next diary.