

Monday

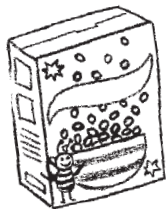
I'm writing this entry in secret. I have to keep my diary under my desk, on my lap, so Mr. Bacon can't see. I've decided this diary might be a good idea after all. I don't know if it's helping me to "process my feelings" but, now I don't have Rachel to talk to, my diary is like my new best friend.

Mr. Bacon is teaching us geography.

(YAWN.)

He's telling us how mountains are made. *Why?* No one's ever going to make one. Where would they put it?

It's horrible being at school without Rachel. Darren's sitting next to me instead. There's playground grit under the desk from his football feet



and he smells like cornflakes. I'm trying to ignore him, but he keeps sniffing.

Mr. Bacon is drawing a volcano on the whiteboard, firing burning rocks into the air. I hope that the mountain near Rachel's house isn't a volcano. I'd better write to her and warn her to check there's nothing coming out of the top.

I wonder if Mr. Bacon is married. He

doesn't wear a wedding ring. I guess it's hard finding someone who wants to become Mrs. Bacon. It's not exactly a normal name. Unless she has a worse name, like Miss Sandwich. 😊 That would be brilliant! Their kids would be Bacon-Sandwiches!

List of Funny Names

Chris P Bacon

Russell Sprout

Justin Time

Stan Still

Hazel Nut

Rob Banks

Jed I Knight

Neil—