

Llahsram Llij



The Diaree  
of Rosie B



Diary 1 - The Inventorator

TOP SECRET  
DO NOT LOOK IN HERE OR  
SCARY THINGS WILL HAPPEN

Property of Rosetta S Biggenham  
Everdene School, Winton, Hampshire,  
England, UK. The World

## Introduction by Jane Blonde

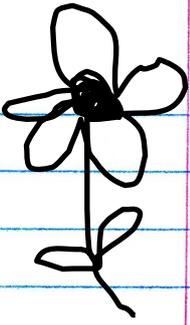
Dear friend,

When I woke up on that particular birthday, the one after I'd gone back in time and de-Spied everyone I knew and loved, I really didn't know what to expect. Would I still be a spylet? Would my family be anything like the whacky bunch of spies they'd grown to be? Would I still have a cat that loved water and hated mice?

But the most important question of all, the one I hardly dared to ask even when everything else turned out to be ... well, just fine, although a little bit unusual, was:

Would I still have a G-Mamma?

Would that crazy lady, rapping SPI:KE, model of all terrible fashion mistakes in the entire world EVER, and guardian of the magic gadgets room (her Spylab) ... would she have disappeared for all time to come, and some that had already past? After all, she was de-Spied at the same time as all the others. I could hardly bear to think about it.



But then she turned up at the door, larger than life – even larger, in fact, as she was wearing an octopus outfit. She sang me a song. She led me along. Oops, now I'm rhyming like her.

And when I asked her later, "But how did you manage to become G-Mamma after all that? Weren't you zapped by the De-Spies-U?" she smiled as only G-Mamma can (ie through a mouth crammed full with doughnuts) and told me: "It's all in here, Janey Baby. It's all in the goody-looky bookies."

There was a pile of dusty exercise books, tied together in a parcel like old love letters you'd find in an attic, and each one was headed up with the same carefully penned title: *The Diaree of Rosie B.*

They explained everything. Everything. You know what I mean.

So now you can read them too. Consider it your briefing, Agent. Do not tell anybody what you find within these pages.

You should probably make like G-Mamma and eat each book  
after you've read it.

Until we SPI again, my friend...

Janey Brown, aka Jane Blonde

xx.

November 21<sup>st</sup>

I didn't know I was going to start a diary today. I was going to start a diet today, and only eat grapefruit until lunchtime and boiled eggs until supper, and then just fresh air for supper ... but I say that every morning before I see the breakfast tray that Aunt Daisy has laid out for me, and then I trough the lot - grapefruit all sticky with sugar and the boiled eggs there and then with about forty two toasty soldiers and drink heaps of milk and scoff down a bit of my packed lunch too. Well, a growing girl must eat.

But a diary? No nonny nonny no. Because that would be a bit like work, wouldn't it? Like writing and thinking and sticking my pencil in my plaits and remembering, and I'm pretty useless at all that sort of stuff, if I'm honest.

But then today was prettttttty darn weird, so I thought I'd better, you know, make a record of it. Can't tell anyone about it, so I'm just going to shove it all down here and then I'll read it again tomorrow morning or sometime, and I'll see if any of it makes sense. Besides, it's an hour until supper and I've got to

do something to keep me busy otherwise I will devour my desk.

Starving. Completely starving like a norfan. Food. No. Won't think about supper ...

Here goes then. Weird things that happened today:

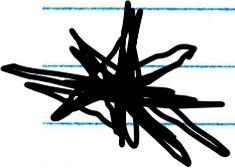


## NUMBER ONE WEIRD THING.

We had the school fashion show. I was compere (because Head Boyo had just vanished on the most important day of the term) but just after the music started something went all funny, as in 'wrong'. And this was really, really funny, like we we'd all been gassed. I sort of woke up, and half the audience was on the floor, and most of the models, and all the blinkin' outfits that I'd spent blinkin' hours making were hanging about in shreds like those curtains made of ribbons that people put in their kitchen doorways. And Geneva was gawping at this new boy who's Snooty Solomon's brother, I think, while Snooty Solomon was taking no notice at all because he was too busy gawping at Maisie Halliday, and honestly, it was disgusting. We weren't just

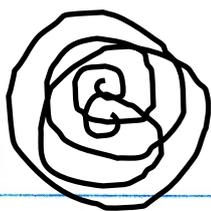
gassed, we were LOVE-GASSED. Everyone's got it bad.

Everyone. Well, not me, but just wait ...



## NUMBER 2 WEIRD THING

I seem to have stopped stammering. Now, see, that is a sentence that I would have taken me about a month to get out before, and I'd have sp-sp-spat down my chin a hundred times before I'd got to the end of the sentence. I s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s seem to have st-st-st-st-st-st-st-stopped st-st-st-st-st-st-st-st-st-st stammering, like that. Only now I can just say it. I'm saying it to myself now, in a v. posh Queeney way like Victoria telling her courtiers: "We are not amused". I know you can't hear me but trust me, I'm telling the absolute truth. "Ay seem to hev stopped stemmering. Now, servant, chop orf Solomon's head for looking at me funny." It's perfect. Perfect. I might have struggled with that word too, but out it p-pops, just like that. Perfect.



### NUMBER 3 WEIRD THING

This is the weirdest one of all. Gosh, I don't even know if I can write it down.

No. Can't.

Oh, be strong, Rosie. Tell the little diary the horrible truth.

Okay, here goes.

I think Jakobi Delacroix got loopy-love-gassed as well (even though I didn't even see him at the Fashion Show so I don't know where his gassing might have taken place), because I'm pretty sure he ... ahem ... I'm pretty pretty sure he ... ooo, maybe my stammer hasn't gone away after all ... I'm pretttttttttt sure ... Oh, come ON, Rosie!

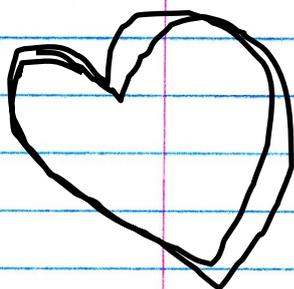
Okay, crossing my fingers and squeezing my eyes shut and blurting it out really fast —

# JAKOBI DELACROIX

F

AN

CIES



ME.

Signs of fancyingness - he couldn't keep his eyes off me, he told me he wants to walk to school with me tomorrow, and every time he caught my eye again after that, he grinned so hard I thought his ears might burst off.

There. It's out. Phew. And yes, while I can understand a little why he might fancy me - I did come to from the Love-everybody-Loopy-gas in a **FANTASTIC** outfit with purple pantaloons and hair like a mermaid - there are many, many reasons why it is not allowed for Jakobi D to f-fancy me. For Jakobi D to fancy me. Oh. That's got rhythm. For Jakobi D to fancy me; to fancy me, his Rosie B. It's the Diavree of Rosie B ...

Oh soz. Got carried away there, rhyming and singing. Better make this a POP QUIZ.

DJ TYPE PERSON: Rosie Biggenham, look at the screen please, this question is for you. Is the reason Jakobi Delacroix cannot fancy you:

A

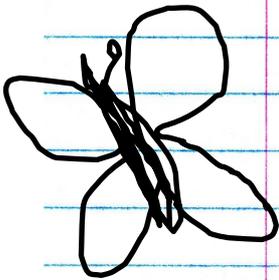
Because he is  
Head Boy

B

Because he is more  
than 3 yrs older

C

Because he is  
sort of your brother



ME: Well, Mr DJ Type Person, the answer is ... all three!

DJ TYPE PERSON: That's right! Fifty million and twelve points for you!

So, as I said, weirdy weirdio day. I need food to think it through. Then after that will try on my new jeans. No! Must try on new jeans first as there's no way they'll go on afterwards. But ... oh, the dilemmas of a young model and fashion designer and creature of gorgeousness who is also a norfan. I can't leave supper to go cold; just think of all the kids who live in a norfanage and never get fed. Coming, Aunt Daisy!