

# Confessions Of A Cardiff School Girl

By Heledd Bianchi

## School

God, I've got a right stinkin' headache today. Couldn't sleep at all last night. I kept tossing and turning. One minute I was too hot then too cold, stressing about my moch exams. Got Chemistry this morning then Physics this afternoon. Shiiiiit. Haven't done f all revision. Miss Edwards always tells us the answers so we don't have to use our brains at all. She's such a crazy head. I've gotta say, I'm more fascinated by her dress sense than I am by her theories. I love her guts man; how she chooses to dress her dark tanned tights with white ankle socks strapped into dull brown sandals. I don't dig Science but I dig her. Ah yes turn up the stereo. "Because it's true love, you're the one I'm dreaming of, you're heart fits me like a glove, and it's gonna be true blue, baby I LOVE YOU." Yes, Warren Shepphard I love you. Madonna, you rock.

Can't wait for the Summer holidays now. Mum's taking me and my Sister to Alcudia in Majorca. Our Uncle's got an apartment there. It's well lush. It's gotta Swimming pool, a bar, pool table and they have Happy Hour every night. It's gonna be shit hot. Yei. The nightlife's amazing over there. The bouncers will let us in no sweat. Right I better get my arse into gear. Folders, books, have to try and cram some last minute revision on the bus.

"Lisa, porridge ready" (Mum whailes)

"Bleugh"

Best get it down my kneck just to help me concentrate, I guess.

"Alright Bluey"

"Alright Drive"

The school bus driver calls me Bluey because I love to wear blue. I have a royal blue donkey jacket and a cotton turquoise school bag. You'd think I'd had enough blue in my school uniform, what with my powderblue polo shirt, navy blue cardigan and skirt, but oh no; not me. It reminds me of water, which I absolutely love in all its form.

I love drinking water as it cleanses me right out and I'm a complete and utter swimaholic. I usually swim a hundred lengths every morning before school. I go to the early bird session between six and seven at the Wales Institute of Sport, Sophia Gardens. It's wicked because only a handful of people go there in the morning and they go to swim, not to chat, so they don't get in my way. Touch wood, I haven't come across any bombheads yet; you know the ones I mean? They love to show off by swimming the most powerful stroke of all, the butterfly, and they don't do it gracefully either. They scoop you under their tidal wave, then it takes you double time to recover back to the surface. Then there's the other type who can't seem to figure out that you've got to swim anti-clockwise in the Swimming lane, not clockwise. That's when you get a lot of head clanging!

Oh my God, oh my God, it's Wayne Shephard. He's such a dream. I can feel myself blush as I quickly shuffle along to the back row on the top deck of the bus so that he doesn't see how red I am. My best friend, Laura Willcox is on the bus. She likes him too. Typical, always the way! Mind you, we do have a right laugh and we can whisper as loud as we want about him because he always has his headphones on. He asked me out once. I said alright. Our relationship lasted all of two weeks but we never went anywhere. We just had a snog on the bus. After we finished I heard him ask Tanya Dixon out in registration class and she said yes. I was gutted. I don't know if they've kissed yet. I'm well gutted. We only snogged once. We didn't even go to the next level. What has she got that I ain't. Well, I suppose she aint got no spots and her tits are bigger. I'm more of an ass girl. I should know coz enough boys 'ave pinched it in school.

"Hey Spotty"

Micky Metal Mouth called out in the front row.

"Why've you got so many spots. Haven't you heard of soap?"

"Piss Off Micky. Go take your head for a shit" Laura hollered back.

Fair play, Laura always jumps to my defence. She's got a right gob on her. I'm so pissed off with my spots man. I've been clearisiling them every night since I was eleven and I'm now fifteen. Hasn't made a blind bit of difference. I've been nagging my Mum for ages to let me go on the yasmin pill. It's meant to be used as a contraception but the Doc says it could help clear my skin. She's worried about all the side effects I might suffer. As soon as I'm sixteen I'm gonna sort it out because life is hell like this. Mind you, fair do's, she's only just getting over me getting my tattoo done of a dagger piercing through a heart. Got it done at Doc Graham's Tattoo Studio in Riverside. I convinced her it was only going to be a semi-permanent one. Five months on and it's still going strong! I can't believe Doc never asked for ID. I just told him I was eighteen and he believed me. Laura came too. We were really dolled up mind. Laura got a tattoo of a swallow. They both look class. All the girls in

our class are well shocked and it's gone down well with the boys. We're getting loads more attention now. We're the first girls in the school to get tattoos done. Not even the girls in the sixth form have one.

Me and Laura sat with the sixth form boys in the back row on the bus; all nodding their heads to the tunes blaring out of their headphones. Patrick Donovan who's camp as f\*\*\*\* was screeching 'Take on Me' by Aha well out of tune. Ah, bless him. He's fourteen going on forty. He's such an old lady. He's so desperate to star in the West End. He'd better start getting some singing lessons. I mean, he's half way there. I can imagine him all glitzed up, and boy he can strut his stuff on the dance floor. He just needs to start singing in tune.

"Shut Up Patrick. Windows cost money!" Shouted Jessie, one of the fifth form girls.

Love him. I wouldn't be so mean. I know what it's liked to be picked on. I don't do nasty. I try and get on with everybody. Right, I'd better get some work done. Oh my God, Wayne's just turned round and winked at me. I think I've just died and gone to heaven. I can't possibly focus on my formulas now. Shit, I've got to just try. Hopefully something will sink in.

## The Weekend

It's been such a long week. Whoever invented exams needs to be shot. Yei, it's the weekend!

Turn up the music. 'We ain't ever gonna be respectable' Mel and Kim are wicked. Me and Laura made up this really cool rap; well we've done the chorus. We just need to work on some verses and some pumpin' moves then we're on a roll. We've called ourselves Fish 'n Chip like the rap duo Salt 'n Peppa. I'm Fish and she's Chip. The rap goes a little something like this.

"My name's Fish, my name's Chip.

We like to mix it up a little bit

We're gonna boogie on down to this hip hop sound

We're gonna spin you around our merry go round.....yeah, let's play.

We're rapping now, we're rapping for fun, we're you're rap, we're you're number one, So listen now to our great rap before it's time for us to leave you now.

So ciao.

