

SEPTEMBER

The end of the world

Tuesday, September 13

Sometimes I feel completely alone in the world. I have nothing in common with anybody, except Kat, my best friend. But since we had a fight about something stupid, we're not talking to each other.

Well, there's my mother (she is downstairs in the kitchen, making spaghetti sauce, and it smells greeeeeat!), but I can't really always tell her everything, and sometimes she really bugs me. Like now for instance. I'm being punished because I said something stupid at school. No big deal. Really. But my math teacher (in whose class I committed my "crime") told the principal who told my mother and bang, I'm being punished. Personally, I don't think we should even be punished at fourteen. There should be a law so that parents can't punish us after say, eleven. But what a drag, there is no such law! My mother decided to punish me by not letting me watch *One Tree Hill* tonight. And I can't watch the reruns this week, or even tape it! My mother said that at worst, I could watch the DVD next year. But next year is just no good! It just isn't the same watching a DVD and I won't be able to talk about the show at school tomorrow! Honestly, I don't deserve to be punished. All I did was make a teensy weensy joke about something my math teacher said. She, my math teacher that is, has been a real pain in the ass since the beginning of the year. She really is too much! No kidding! Like, we just sit down in class and she starts yelling at us that we'll never get anywhere if we don't use her stu-dy me-thod.

Her stu-dy meth-od:

Ms. Jocelyne Gagnon, my math teacher, teaches while telling us what we have to underline with which colour and how many lines we have to skip. So she would say: “The volume of a solid is the amount of space – underline ‘amount of space’ twice in green – that the solid takes up. Skip a line, then leave a two-centimetre margin.”

Today in class, she yelled, “YOU HAVE TO FOLLOW MY STU-DY ME-THOD OR YOU’RE GOING TO MISS THE BOAT FOR THE PROVINCIAL EXAMS.”

And I said, “We’ll take the train.”

Some kids laughed under their breath and she said, “You think that’s funny?”

There was an awkward pause. I mean a major awkward pause (underline the word “major” twice in red). Then she told me to go to the principal’s office. I hate going to the principal’s office since it’s the type of thing that really embarrasses me. Because, when I go to the principal’s office for something I’ve done wrong, I can’t finish a sentence without crying.

Example:

Dennis Martin (he’s the principal): Why are you here?

Me: Because I did something thaaaaaaa-aaaa.... (You can’t understand the rest of the sentence because I’m sobbing, sniffing, snorting, or trying to squeak out words. You get the idea.)

So, like I said, really embarrassing.

Anyway, so I went to the principal’s office. Mr. Martin understood my joke despite my performance (he even looked like he was going to laugh, though I don’t know if it’s because of my bawling or my joke), and then called my mother who ended up deciding to stop me from watching *One Tree Hill*. How frustrating is that?!

If she stopped me from eating spaghetti, I would have been hungry, but I would have survived. But, now she's torturing me! OK, so I'm exaggerating just a bit! But it's true that she made me eat soap! Except that she really didn't mean to: she mixed up the bottle of chocolate sauce with the bottle of dishwashing liquid (don't ask me how). We laughed so hard that day, and to get even, I made her eat some too! She pretended it was really good!

5:00 p.m.

My mother's yelling that supper's ready.

Actually, I'm pretty hungry, so I'm glad that she didn't make me skip dinner as punishment.

— I'm cooomiiiiiiiiing! I'm cooomiiiiiiiiing!

See, she really bugs me sometimes!

8:34 p.m.

My mother doesn't remember anything about the chocolate sauce/dish soap story at all! Can you believe it? It's one of my best childhood memories and she can't even remember it! How can you forget about eating soap? But I thought that since she has such a bad memory, maybe she would forget about my punishment too! So I tried to watch *One Tree Hill*, but she didn't forget! (Grrr) So much for my mother's selective memory!

9:00 p.m.

I'm in my room looking for something to do. In fact, I want to make a wish so I was waiting for a falling star, but that takes too long. There is also the 11th minute of the 11th hour, but it's 9:00 o'clock and I'll definitely be asleep by the time 11 o'clock rolls around, and I don't want to wait until almost noon

tomorrow. I also tried really hard to find a ladybug, but no luck. So, according to what I know about wishes, either I can say the same thing at the same time as someone else, or I can pray. So, since I'm alone, I guess I know what I gotta do.

Dear God, (or whatever your name is- we learned about You in school, but also about lots of other religions, so I don't want to insult You if You aren't the same religion that I think You are), I don't talk to you often, because I'm not really religious. But tonight I would like to ask for something from a wish specialist, and You're the only one I could think of. Do I need to tell you my name? I mean, it must be confusing to receive all sorts of anonymous requests and really hard to know where to perform Your "miracles." Can you still perform miracles? Can you do anything cooler than, let's say, changing water into wine? Because these days, there are all sorts of magicians who can do really amazing things. Sure, I know that they're tricks and not "miracles," but when it comes to You, no one knows very much about Your mysterious ways. By the way, You lost a bit of credibility when the "Big Bang" got the credit for creating the universe instead of You. Um, I didn't mean to insult You by saying that. I don't want our relationship to get off to a bad start because I have tons of things to ask you. And socially, sometimes I'm a bit awkward because I talk too much. OK, focus. I need to identify myself, well, my name is Aurélie Laflamme. By the way, I'm not baptised. Can I talk to you anyway?

1) I would like to ask that nothing important happen in One Tree Hill tonight, because I don't want to miss out on anything and get mixed up in the plot. Well, really, this is optional; it's only a warm-up wish.

2) I would really like to make up with my friend Katryne Demers, please please please. We had a fight the other day and I am really sorry. It was about something completely stupid, and I miss her.

3) If my mother could make more money and work less, that would be really great!

4) And could You make chocolate chip cookies healthy and not fattening? That would be amazing! Then my mother would let me eat more than three cookies per meal so I wouldn't have to hide to eat the other ones!

5) And finally, if at all possible, I would really like it if you could tell my father that I miss him and that I love him.

9:12 p.m.

My mother came in my room and saw me crying. She said that she had no idea that *One Tree Hill* was so important to me. She admitted taping it for me. I wasn't crying about that, but I didn't want to talk to her about my father, because it hurts her. She doesn't like to talk about him. She also admitted that she liked my joke and that she said so to Dennis Martin, who also said he found it funny. But he still wants to meet with my mother. She promised to defend me, saying "After all, you didn't steal anything!" I took the *One Tree Hill* cassette and then gave my mother a big hug. I hugged her so hard in fact that she ended up saying, "Be careful, I can't breathe!" and gently pushed me away.

Then, before she closed my bedroom door, she said that she vaguely remembered something about the dish soap incident.