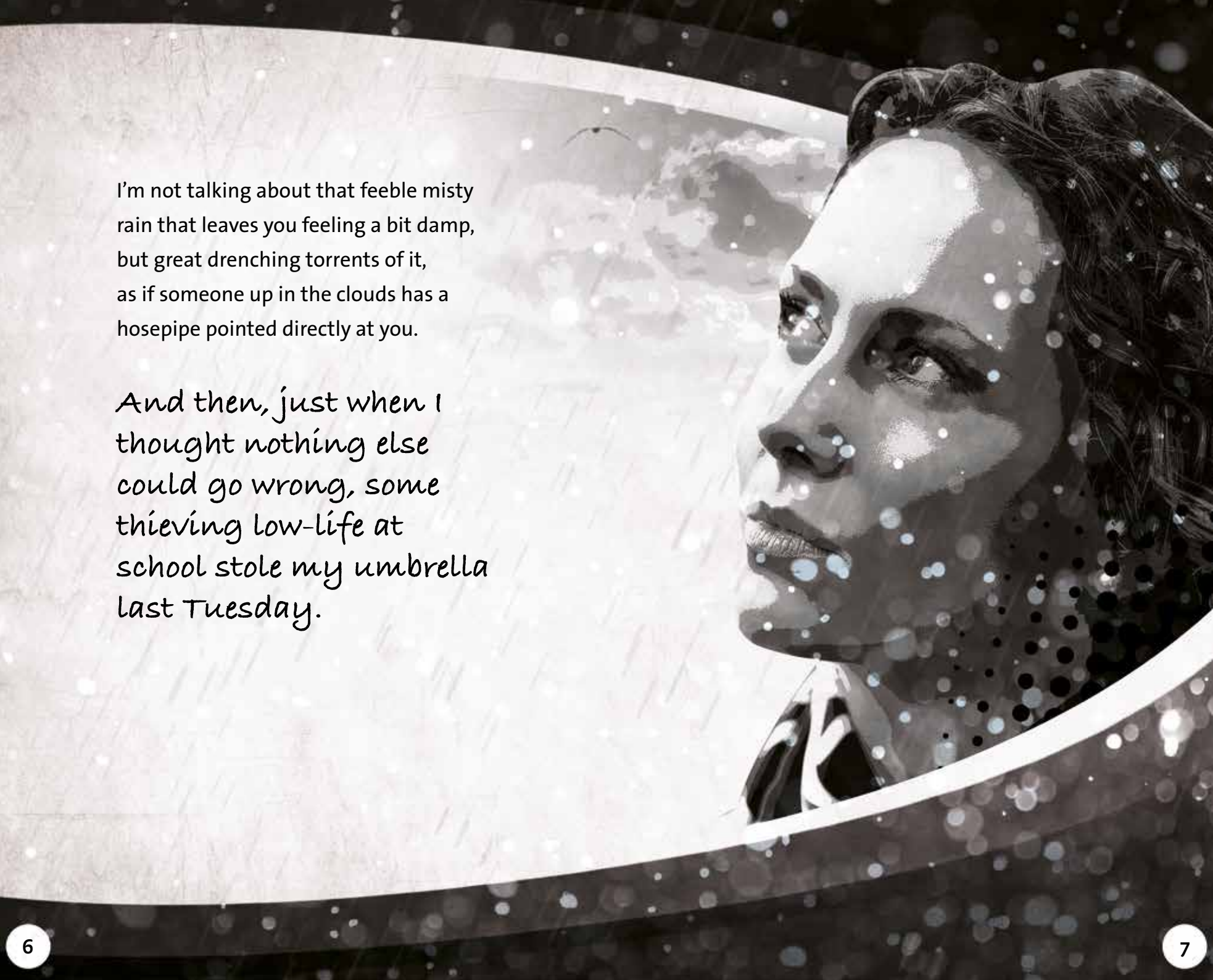


March should be a good month for me: it's the start of Spring and it's the month of my birthday. This year, however, March was turning out to be pretty horrible. Not only had I lost the lovely silver necklace my auntie gave me for my birthday when the clasp broke, but I'd also had a fight with my best friend Katie. On top of that, it wouldn't stop raining.



I'm not talking about that feeble misty
rain that leaves you feeling a bit damp,
but great drenching torrents of it,
as if someone up in the clouds has a
hosepipe pointed directly at you.

*And then, just when I
thought nothing else
could go wrong, some
thieving low-life at
school stole my umbrella
last Tuesday.*

I looked **everywhere**.

I even went to see if it had been handed in as lost property, but in the end I had to leave for home without it. Normally, Katie would have shared her broly with me but we weren't speaking. Not since the Darren incident.





I've gone over and over it in my mind, but I still don't understand what went wrong. Katie and I had been best friends forever.

We shared all our secrets, and she'd never once mentioned that she fancied Darren.

I'd never even seen her looking at him.