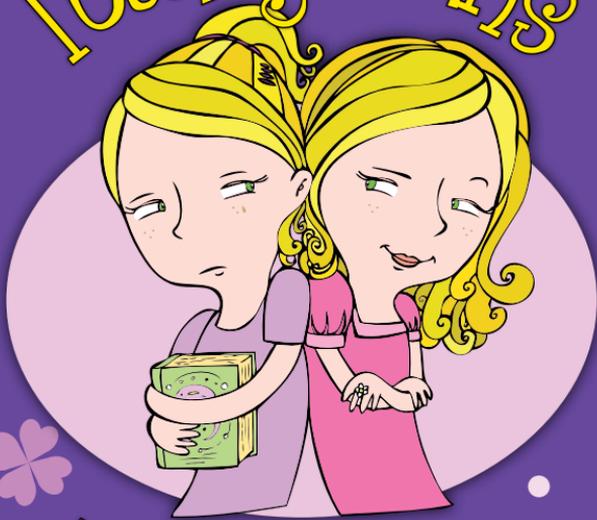


# Totally Twins



## Musical Mayhem



The fabulous Diary  
of Persephone Pinchgut

Author  
Aleesah Darlison

Illustrator  
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## Musical Mayhem

The fabulous Diary  
of Persephone Pinchgut



**Author**  
Aleesah Darlison

**Illustrator**  
Serena Geddes

Sunday 7 february. 12:22 pm.

On my bed.



Hi, and welcome to the sometimes-cool, sometimes-crazy world of Persephone River Pinchgut. (That's me!)

This is my first ever entry in my first ever personal diary. Totally brilliant, huh? Plus, I'm writing with a brand new purple gel pen, which is so silky smooth!





**BTW** (by the way), Mum and Portia don't know I've started a diary so this is **TOP SECRET**. If they did know, they'd snoop for sure, especially Portia. I've never kept a secret from her before. Why? Because she's my identical, twin sister.

I thought that seeing as how I'm nearly eleven,

and getting older and more mature by the second, that maybe I should start doing things - well, a thing - on my own. I'm 'testing the water', as Gran would say. So, keeping a diary should be one thing I can do on my own. Well, that's the plan. So, here goes.



## TEN TOTALLY TERRIFIC THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ME

1. My birthday is May 29.
2. My star sign is Gemini: the twins. Spooky coincidence or what?
3. I'm in Year Five at Heartfield Heights Primary School.
4. My favourite things are hanging out with my friends, swimming, collecting stationery (including gel pens, of course) and reading awesome books.
5. My favourite food is cheese and lettuce sandwiches (on white bread), followed closely by chocolate.



6. My two best friends in the whole world are Caitlin and Jolie.
7. My number one pet hate is being compared to Portia all the time! Yawn.
8. My favourite colour is purple.
9. My favourite room in the house is my bedroom - or at least my clean side of it, but definitely not Portia's messy side.
10. When I grow up, I'm going to be an archaeologist in Egypt. Not only do I find all things Egyptian totally fascinating, I love the idea of digging up ancient jewels that haven't been seen by human eyes for thousands of years.



Uh-oh, Mum's calling me for lunch. We're having vegetarian lasagne (one of Mum's better-tasting meals). **TTYL** (talk to you later).

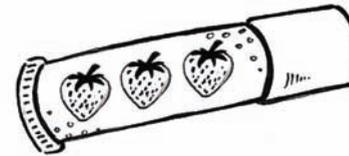


**Sunday 7 February. 1:04 pm.**

Hiding on the front porch while Mum and Portia do the washing up.



Phew, that was close! I had to sit on my diary while Portia came running around the corner like a maniac looking for her strawberry lip gloss.



Well, I've given you the run-down on me. Here's the goss on my family situation. I live with my mum, Skye, and my twin sister, Portia. Portia's middle name is Flame. I'm River, she's Flame: water and fire. Get it? I think Mum was trying to be clever when she named us.

## MY MUM

Mum has always been into totally out-there things. When she was pregnant with Portia and me she was into Greek mythology and Shakespeare. That's what I'm guessing anyway. Why else would she name me after the Goddess of the Underworld and Portia after the heroine in Shakespeare's play, *The Merchant of Venice*? According to Mum, Shakespeare is the greatest playwright of all time. I have my doubts.

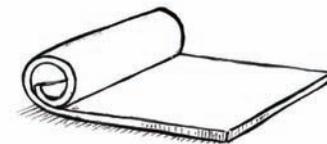


Last year, Mum was into reiki, which is a way of healing people by touching them with your hands, and iridology, which is studying the patterns and colours of someone's eyes to

determine if they are healthy or not.

Before that, she was into feng shui, which is a Chinese way of organising your home for harmony and positive energy (whatever that means). You wouldn't think our house was feng shui. It's totally messy because Mum and Portia leave their stuff everywhere, but Mum has spent ages ensuring we have perfect chi. It will bring us good fortune any day now, or so Mum says.

At the top of mum's current list are yoga and laughter therapy. She teaches classes for both in our living room so we usually have stacks of people here. All her students adore her. The problem is, Mum is often so busy with her alternative therapies that Portia and I barely get to see her.



## MY DAD

Dad is very different to Mum. He is not into the 'alternative lifestyle'. He is totally conventional and (don't tell him I said this) totally unadventurous. The most adventurous thing he has ever done is move to England - and that was two years ago after his split with Mum!



At first, he wasn't planning on moving there. He only went to 'sort himself out' and 'reconnect with family'. Dad's family is originally from England so he wanted to trace his family tree. Apparently, when people get oldish like Dad, that's what they do. You know, they try to work out where they've come from so they can figure

out where they're going to.

Anyway, when Dad got to England he found several well-decayed ancestors, a new life and a new wife, so he stayed.

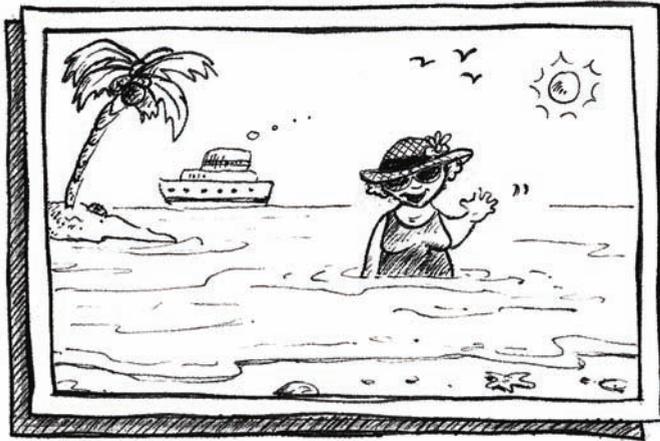
Dad doesn't phone much because it's too expensive. Portia and I have tried talking to him on Facebook and email, but he doesn't write often enough for a proper conversation. I want to get Skype so we can talk via video, but we'd have to buy a camera because our computer is so old that it doesn't have a built-in one. Mum refuses to do that because it costs money. She can be stingy sometimes.

## MY GRAN

Speaking of elderly things, my gran is really cool and not like most other grannies because she doesn't cook, she doesn't knit and she can't

stand cats. Instead, she's into bungee jumping and cycling and swimming in the surf, even in the middle of winter. Brrrr!!!! Her skin is ultra-brown and wrinkly and Mum is always telling her to be sun smart, but it never sinks in. Gran does exactly what she wants to do.

Gran's a travel writer so she is away a lot. She's actually holidaying in the Maldives at the moment, researching her next travel book. Lucky thing!



## MY TWIN SISTER, PORTIA

Now we come to Portia, my twin - not my clone like some people say. Obviously, though, because we are identical she does look like me. We have the same sunshine-and-honey hair down past our shoulders with soft curls at the back (which Portia is forever flicking about); the same 'crystal-green cat's eyes,' as Mum calls them; and the same pointy elbows and skinny fingers.

Except for a teardrop-shaped mole on my left cheek, we look exactly the same. Oh, and most of the time I wear my hair in a ponytail (with four bobby pins on either side so nothing escapes), while Portia wears hers out. She says it's more flattering like that. I just find a ponytail tidier.

On the inside, though, we're totally different.

For instance, we never agree on things like keeping our room tidy, or what clothes to buy so we can share them, or what sort of cake we like best. (I like chocolate, Portia likes vanilla.)

That's why Mum calls us 'polar opposites', and why Portia calls me winter and herself summer. 'You're dark and serious,' she always says, 'while I'm airy and light.'

I tell her, 'Whatever.' But I think she has a point.



Monday 8 February. 3:45 pm.

My bedroom.



**DISASTER** has struck and you're so totally not going to believe what's happened. It's so incredibly bad I don't know what to do.

Okay, so are you ready for it?

This can't be happening. Deep breath. Here goes.

Our class has to perform an end-of-term musical!

That's right, a musical. Honestly, I'd rather use a public toilet or public shower without thongs. Why? Because I have zilcheroonie singing ability. I'm totally without tune. The very thought of singing in front of a real, live audience with all those eyes on me makes me shake like a skinny-minnie greyhound on a windy day.