

Totally Twins



Model Mania



The fabulous Diary
of Persephone Pinchgut

Author
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Sunday 21 March. 7:43 am.

Cosy in bed.



Yes, I know it's Sunday morning and impossibly early, but I can't sleep. I bought this new diary yesterday and I've been dying to write in it. So many fresh, white pages to fill!

So here's the scoop. I'm Persephone River Pinchgut and this is my second ever personal diary. My first diary started out **TOP SECRET** because I didn't want my twin sister, Portia, snooping. She eventually found out about it anyway – but promised not to snoop - so my diarising is now out in the open.



Portia and I are identical twins. We're in year five at Heartfield Heights Primary School. We're ten: very nearly eleven. I'd like to think I'm the more mature and sensible twin, but Portia would probably say that I'm just too serious and a worry-wart.

We live with our mum, Skye, who is into weird and unusual things. When she was pregnant with Portia and me, she was into Greek mythology and Shakespeare. That's why she named me after the Goddess of the Underworld and Portia after the heroine in that old bearded guy's (Shakespeare) play, *The Merchant of Venice*.

At the moment, Mum is into yoga and laughter therapy. She teaches classes for both out of our lounge room. Usually we have stacks of people over here stretching

and groaning, 'ommming' and 'ahhhing', or giggling their heads off. Strange, I know, but that's the way it is.



Our dad, Pickford, moved to England two years ago after he split up with Mum. He's remarried. His new wife is Eleanor Elizabeth Krankston. Her initials are **E.E.K.** so Portia and I call her **EEK!** (Teehee.)

My gran, who visits sometimes, travels a lot because she's a travel writer. She is totally cool. She bungy jumps, cycles and

swims in the ocean. Even in winter. Brrr!

As for Portia - my evil twin (only joking!) - she obviously looks like me because we're identical. Same yellow hair, same crystal-green 'cat's eyes', as Mum calls them, same pointy elbows and skinny fingers. The only difference is that I have a teardrop-shaped mole on my left cheek and Portia doesn't. I call it a beauty spot. Portia calls it a smudge. I think she's jealous because she wants a beauty spot of her own.

Portia is so into girly things, like ballet and fashion and anything pink or glittery. I prefer Egyptian archaeology, swimming, reading and diary writing. See, I am more sensible.

Portia always wears her hair out and flicks it around everywhere. I wear my hair in a ponytail with four bobby pins on either

side so nothing escapes. I like my hair tidy because I'm a neat person. Portia likes her hair 'flowing', as she calls it. I think that's because she's a rather messy person. If you could see our room right now (we have to share) you'd see it's true.



So even though Portia and I look the same, we think differently. Often that leads to problems.

FIVE FABULOUS THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT ME

1. My birthday is 29 May.
2. My star sign is Gemini: the twins.
Spooky coincidence or what?
3. My favourite colour is purple.
4. My secret ambition is to learn to surf.
5. My secret fear is SHARKS (because of a movie I once saw), so achieving my secret ambition in point four may take a while!

Sunday 21 March. 1:57 pm.

On the back porch, soaking up the sun.



I'm totally full! I have just finished lunch (creamy pumpkin risotto), which was **YUMMY**. Mr Divine came over; Mum always tries to impress him with her cooking. Although she's a vegetarian, she does have a good repertoire of excellent meals. When she doesn't burn them, that is.

BTW (by the way), Mr Divine is Mum's art teacher from college (she's into **ABSTRACT** painting). Ever since Mr Divine helped Mum with her art exhibition - which was a huge success - they have been spending time together. One day they might become boyfriend and girlfriend, but for now they're 'taking things slowly'. Whatever

that means.

Mr Divine is kind and handsome, even for an elderly person of thirty-something. He's tall with sparkly, green eyes, springy, brown hair and a goatee.



While I don't mind Mr Divine, Portia doesn't like him at all. She can't help herself and mentions Dad every time Mr Divine is around. I suspect he knows Portia doesn't like him because he brought a fashion magazine over for her today to 'butter her

up,' as Gran would say. He brought a book on Ancient Egypt for me. He doesn't need to butter me up though. As long as he's nice to Mum, I'm happy.

I didn't have the heart to tell Mr Divine I already had the Egyptian book. Mum knew I did though, and shot me a look that said, 'Please don't say anything.' So I smiled and said, 'Thanks. I love books on Ancient Egypt,' which earned me a secret wink from Mum. Cool!

Despite how she feels about Mr Divine, Portia loved the magazine he gave her. When she spotted this advertisement for a modelling agency in it, she asked Mum if she could register with them, because apparently all she's ever wanted was to be a model. At least this week anyway.

Mum frowned and said she was sure

there was something more worthwhile Portia could aspire to, like being a doctor or a social worker. Portia rolled her eyes and snorted.

'That is so not what I want to be,' she told Mum. 'I won't get rich or famous if I'm a doctor or social worker.'

Then she practically begged Mum to call the modelling agency, saying, 'Pretty please!' over and over.

'We'll see,' Mum relented, after a while. Portia and I knew she'd won. A 'we'll see' from Mum means it's only a matter of time before it's a 'yes'.

Knowing precisely when to quit, Portia flashed me a **SECRET SIGNAL** that said 'Told you so,' then flounced out of the room.

FIVE THINGS I WOULD DO IF I WAS RICH AND FAMOUS

1. Have foot massages every day.
2. Hire a housekeeper to tidy up after Mum and Portia so I'd never have to trip over their mess again.
3. Make Dad visit more often by picking him up in my private jet. I'd even let EEK! come.
4. Buy a super-sized tub of honeycomb crunch ice-cream with purple sprinkles on top from Iggy's Ice-creamery: EVERY DAY. Then eat the lot.
5. Build my own house (Mum and Portia could still live with me) in the shape of an Egyptian pyramid. How cool would that be?