

Totally Twins



Tropical Trouble



The fabulous Diary
of Persephone Pinchgut

Author
Aleesah Darlison

Illustrator
Serena Geddes

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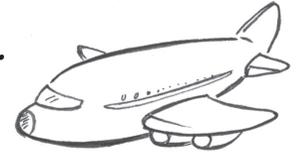
The fabulous Diary
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Monday 19 April. 1:15 pm.
On my first ever plane flight.



Ah, I love the smell of blank paper in the afternoon! This is my third fabulous diary and it's totally brand new. I started keeping a diary a few months back so I could have something for myself.

I have an identical twin sister, Portia, who is only two minutes older than me - although she thinks she's so much cooler and more mature. She and I usually share **EVERYTHING**. Sometimes we even get mistaken for each other because we look so similar.

But I got this idea that keeping a diary would be one thing I could do on my own. I love my diary because it's where I write my innermost secret thoughts, dreams

and hopes. It's also where I record the fun things that happen to me.

Anyhow, if you're reading this - which you most definitely should be, as long as you're not Portia - then you're reading my first exciting entry. I have a whole book to fill and I intend to make this diary as fabulously unforgettable as the last two. But this new diary isn't just any diary.

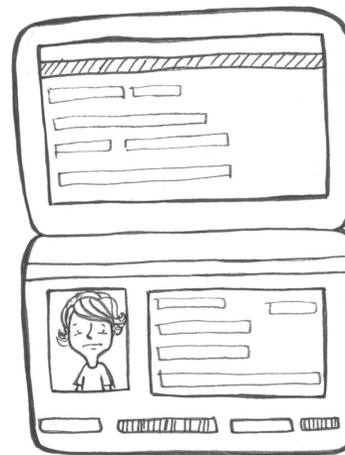
It's a **TRAVEL** diary.

Why, you ask?

Because I'm travelling, of course!

For the first time ever I'm flying on a plane: overseas. Literally, I'm flying over the ocean right now. How cool is that? I even have a passport, although you don't want to see the photo of me in it because when I had it taken I wasn't allowed to smile. Apparently, it's the law for passport

photos. A rule against smiling seems wrong to me.



Anyhow, before I get on my 'soapbox', as Gran would say, I'd better fill you in on what's happening.

A few weeks ago Gran promised to take Portia and me to Fiji for the school holidays. Thankfully she kept her promise so now we're winging our way towards two whole weeks in **PARADISE**.

We're staying at a posh hotel. It's called

the Coconut Cove Resort. Pure bliss!

Gran is a travel writer so she goes on loads of holidays then writes reviews and reports about them, which then get published in newspapers and books. She's famous in a way, although people usually don't recognise her face, only her name, which is Lucille Tench. You may have heard of her.

Gran isn't like other grandmothers who like lavender and lace and cats. She likes bungy jumping and skydiving and jetskiing instead. She's quite adventurous.

Although Gran goes on many holidays for her job, this is the first time she has ever taken Portia and me with her. She says we're now at an 'easy' age so apparently we're a breeze to look after.

I'm not sure Portia is at an easy age, or

ever will be. She's high maintenance if you ask me, but I wasn't going to disagree with Gran. Not if it cost me two weeks in Fiji.

So, we're flying over the beautiful blue ocean and I couldn't be happier: except for one minor detail.



We have had to bring our totally annoying seven-year-old next-door neighbour, Dillon Pickleton, aka Dill Pickle, with us.

Oh no, you say!

Oh yes, I say.

This could be a crushing blow to the

enjoyment of our holiday, but I'm trying not to let it get to me. Even though I'm sitting beside Dill right now and he's kicking the seat in front of him in a most annoying way. If it wasn't for the fact that the person sitting in the seat in front of him is Portia, I would tell him to stop kicking it.

I think I will let Portia deal with this one. At the moment, she's giving him the evil eye as she peers through the seats. Dill hasn't noticed, but it's only a matter of time before Portia explodes. Luckily the flight to Fiji is only four hours. I don't know how much of sitting beside Dill in a confined space anyone can handle.

Now he needs to go to the toilet and is clambering over me into the aisle. Gran told me to take him so he doesn't get lost or frightened.

'It's only up the end of the aisle,' I said.

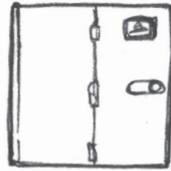
She wasn't buying it.

'It's his first time on a plane and he's only seven. Go with him.'

I wanted to argue that it was my first time on a plane, too, but I decided it would be quicker if I just took him.

Back soon. I still have heaps to tell you.

Monday 19 April. 2:48 pm.
Still on the plane.



That took longer than it should have.

First, Dill and I couldn't work out how to open the folding toilet door. It took us ages and Dill was absolutely busting to go. I don't know why little kids hold on until the last moment. It often leads to accidents!

We were rattling the door and banging it and kicking it until finally one of the air hostesses came to sort us out. She was pretty with perfectly white teeth and long, red fingernails and her hair slicked back into a smooth bun.

She smiled and pointed to the red sign above the door that said
'OCCUPIED'

She explained that meant someone was in there. Then she pointed to another toilet behind us and said it was vacant and we could use it. Of course, that door opened easily and Dill slipped inside.

Because he took for-absolutely-ever, I was left standing in the aisle and the man who had been in the toilet while we were banging on the door finally came out. He looked grumpy, and when he spotted me I went bright red like I was guilty or something, which I guess I was. The guy, who looked a bit like a rock star, wore black jeans, a black shirt and had long, red hair and tattoos, grumbled and shook his head as he said, 'Typical kid.'

Luckily, I got distracted when I saw inside the toilet as the man walked away, otherwise I might have 'developed a

complex', as Gran would say. I decided to have a look. Dill was taking forever, so what could it hurt?

I locked myself in and checked out every tiny compartment. Then I pressed the toilet button. I squealed when it made a deafening **WHOOSHING** noise because I thought I'd done something wrong and that I might get sucked down the tube.

As I burst out of my toilet, Dill burst out of his. He was as white as a ghost and his eyes were bulging.



'What's wrong?' I asked.

'The toilet made the loudest noise. I thought I was going to be sucked down it or something,' he said.

'Don't be silly. What a typical kid thing to say!'

Dill, who still looked frightened, said, 'Perse-Portia, can you hold my hand? Just until we get back to our seats?'

Dill often calls Portia and me 'Perse-Portia' because he can't tell us apart. Not that he's the only one.

Rolling my eyes and sighing, I took Dill's hand and led him back to our seats.

Now here I am again, writing furiously.

Once we reach the resort I will be 'making myself scarce', as Gran would say, so Dill can't follow me. I refuse to babysit him the entire holiday, although I'm sure

that's what Mum would want me to do.

Actually, the only reason Dill has come with us is because of Mum. She thought she was doing something kind, you know the 'good Samaritan' thing, by suggesting to Mr and Mrs Pickleton that they send Dill to Fiji for two weeks. She said they needed a break.

Mr Pickleton is a real-life hero because he's a fireman. He works shifts, so sometimes he has to go to work in the middle of the night!



Mum thinks this isn't good for the health of Mr and Mrs Pickleton's relationship

(whatever that means), so she offered to send Dill with us.

For some reason, Mr and Mrs P jumped at the chance for **ALONE TIME**, so we're stuck with Dill and I bet they are having a wonderful break.

Hey, the meal tray has arrived. Must eat. I'll write later.