

The Mind Diary of Lola

By Erushi-Hime

Submitted: March 26, 2006

Updated: March 26, 2006

Just a mind diary of one of my characters, Lola Felicity. I know it's not fanart, but bear with me... if you can be bothered to read it, thanks. It's fun to write...

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Erushi-Hime/30658/The-Mind-Diary-of-Lola>

Chapter 1 - Lola's Life

2

1 - Lola's Life

The Mind Diary of Lola Redrina Felicity

Name: Lola Felicity

Age: 14

You May Dream

Why does life suck? I can't figure out why I got level 4a on that last English test... I must be better than that! English is my life; it means so much to me. So why couldn't I do it?

My family keeps telling me not to be so worried about it, because I'll improve. Obviously, they say. So how come at fourteen, when I've got the same mentality I'll probably have at nineteen, it doesn't make a difference? I sometimes hate the way my family thinks. It's like *they* have no mentality sometimes. I was set on becoming a famous poet, like Shakespeare, or a famous author like JK Rowling, blockbusting

book shelves with my masterpieces, but now I just think I won't bother. What's the point, when you get 4a in the English test? You can't exactly write something and then go up to the publishers and say, hey, you do know I got 4a in one of my old English tests??

What's the point?

I'd really better stop thinking like this. Nobody likes a moody teenager. Which I am, so I guess they'll just have to deal with it. I mean, if you're planning to have a kid you can't expect them to be a baby all the time. They would have to be prepared for this moment.

It's weird, I never thought I'd reach this stage in life, being all moody and liking make-up... at eleven, I was this podgy kid saying that I'd never like make-up and I'd never smoke (I don't anyway... why would you want to go around with yellow teeth and smelling like an old carpet?), but now I'm this moody thing...it's depressing to think of it like that sometimes. But hell, I don't know anymore.

Oh help, how skinny am I?? I didn't even realize. I must have that high metabolism thing that fat people really envy, like my friend Rena, who's a little plump and is forever moaning at how lucky I am and why can't she be like me and not put on 600 calories just by eating a little kit-kat... and so on. She certainly goes on and on. I'd better fill up my tummy and go downstairs to forage for food.

No such luck. Just went downstairs to check and there's not so much as a smear of butter, a few crumbs and a packet of crisps. Help me; I think I'm withering away like my Dad's attempted tomato plant last year...

Oh joy! Just heard the door open and the rustling of bags. It's mum with half a ton of shopping. I guess I'll go down there and help and then pig out... Help, then pig. Always the way.

I skipped downstairs joyfully, happy that my ravenousness was going to be conquered. Then nearly fell flat on my face. It's not nice falling down the stairs. Especially not on your face. I'm already self-conscious enough; I don't need a squashed bruised face to go in my life.

Mum heard the huge bang that I caused and asked if I was all right. Well no, obviously, but Mum can't take the hint like that. Then she offered me a teacake and some grapes and a hot chocolate and I didn't think she was so bad after all.

Ohhhh, what bliss. I love having a full tummy. Much better than feeling like a molding corpse which has arisen from the grave and been deprived of food for about 300 years.

It's Friday, thank god. I love Friday nights. I just feel that everything is restful and nice. I love that feeling.

We're all to watch Charlie's Angels Full Throttle tonight, one of my favourite movies. I just love the fact that it's so fun and stupid, and never gets boring. That's how a movie should be, in my opinion. We're going to have Ovaltine (bliss...) and chocolate biscuits (More bliss...) what heaven. Sugar should rule supreme. And Cocoa beans.

In the mean time, I think I'll go on my computer and chat to some of my friends, if they come online, which they don't usually do...

But what a surprise! Both Rena *and* Sophia are online.

I asked if they were both ok. They said yeah, fine, and how was I? I said I was fine. They asked what I was up to. I said nothing. They said oh right. I asked them what they were up to. They said never mind. I said ok then.

What kind of conversation is this?? Peoples brains are really fizzing away these days. It's like the world is slowly wearing away, and peoples minds are going with it. But will I stand for this dissolving of our beloved planet?? Of course I won't. I shall be one of the many who want to stay shining in their own world, not relying on the help of others, flying towards their dreams and sitting on the blissful cloud of it. That's me. Lola Redrina Felicity, Dream Flyer. I may dream. You may dream.

I thought I'd change my online name to that. It sounds cool and it might be encouraging to some dimwits out there. Just to prove my exact point, Rena asked:

What's your name about? Dream about what?

I'll tell you one thing I dream about, missy. You having a bloody brain.

After that, I just said goodbye really quickly and logged off. I might start looking for more friends when I go back on Monday, or break up with them, just going around by myself, with myself. Friends with myself. That's nice, or make up an imaginary friend. Though if I start putting my arms around thin air and waving in the field and yelling BOB! People might start to think I've gone a bit senile already...

What can I do to pass the time now? I know! I'll make up poems. Haikus! We did those in English in Year 7. They were fun, because they're so ridiculously simple and random. Let's make a start, shall we?

Lola dreams of stuff

Nice things that only she likes

And would like to see

That one was slightly pointless. How about making a more pretty, inspirational one?

The blossoms fly in

The cool quiet nice night air

I smile and sit

God, no wonder I got 4a in English. Except that test wasn't on Haikus. My god.

Lola is really

Crap at English and Haikus

And should not write more

There. I'll stop now. Except Haikus and English are like cocaine and Kate Moss for me. Addictive.

Imagine what it would be like to be a model? I'd have no chance, of course. I mean, I'm quite pretty and have quite well proportioned face and I'm slim, but I'm not slim and tall, I'm slim and short, and I couldn't stand it anyway. How could it be fun, having a load of poofy idiots lispng at you to "turn that way, darling" and "look sexy! I wanna see sexxxxxxyyyyy!" and "Put some OOMPH into it babe!" It would just be like, go away! And it's incredibly pressurizing too. My life is in my mind, not be body and face. Though with a 4a grade, I can't imagine I'll be going that far...

No, I have to be positive! How am I going to reach my dream cloud thinking like that? I'll go to the library tomorrow and start revising on English, and see how that goes. If I keep it up, I might be able to achieve 6a, like Sophia did! It's so not fair, Sophia isn't even interested in anything to do with English, yet she's just good at it. Why is it have to be so that anything you desperately want in this world you have to work for??

But then again, I'm quite good at art, getting 6c for my art project, when Rena really wants to be able to draw and paint but just can't do it. It's quite funny actually, in a horrible way, watching her draw a cartoon

face and seeing it up as a circle with two dots and an upside down bracket. Oh, the time when I watched her try to draw a fully grown man in our anatomy project was the most hilarious...

Anyway, I had to start working hard to achieve what I wanted. It was the only way to do it. To the library tomorrow!!

First things first. Charlie's Angels is on now. Time to watch!

I do love that movie. It's so fun and... wait, I already said that. Oh well.

I'm probably going to go to bed at about 3 in the morning, like I always do on Fridays. I can't stay up late in the week or I'll never get up. I secretly stayed up once, maybe until about 2am, and then went to sleep, but when I tried to wake up it felt like someone had pasted concrete on my eyes. Not a pretty experience or sight. Not that I could use my sight when that happened.

Oh god. I'm ready to tear all my long prized brunette hair due to my stupid, stupid friends. They're driving me right up the wall. Something they're really good at.

Well, I guess Sophia isn't so bad, she's not annoying, she's just so *boring*. I've been really nice to her lately, since her parents divorced, really *really* nice. But she just talks about...well nothing. She just sits there, and only concentrates when we're going work or when we have to revise for a test. When we're online all she says is, "hi" and "brb"... be right back. What does she do when she says she'll, be right back anyway? Homework? What's the point of going online then?

Anyway, Rena phoned me up on Saturday night, just as I was settling down to a lovely plate of chicken and noodles and apple juice. I answered like a deadpan zombie. She wasn't fazed, and went straight onto burbling how extremely annoyed she was with Meg, this girl in our class who's always trying to take the attention. Rena could be incredibly hot-headed and stubborn. I sighed and held the phone at arms length. I must have dozed off because there was a pause at the end of the phone and then Rena frantically going, "Are you still there, Lola? Oi!" So I had to start talking to her again.

"Hmm.... Yeah, I know."

"And she just never stops barging in, you know, and it really ticks me off."

"Maybe just ignore her or talk to her about it." I murmured, trying to give her some advice. With no such luck.

"Hmm, but you know how she always comes up to us and she like, practically *demand*s to be in the

conversation and I'm just like, *well excuse me*, you wouldn't like it if I did that to you!"

She was stuttering this all at utter speed, almost spitting out the words. Her phone must be seriously covered in angry saliva by now.

"Yeah I know..." I mumbled. Before she could start again and before my beloved chicken got cold, I quickly gabbled, "Yeah I know, she's really horrible Rena, yeah, but I've got to go now because I've got dinner coming." Without letting her draw breath, I jabbed the end call button and slammed the phone back on the receiver.

"God, she doesn't half go on." I gasped to Mum, flopping down onto the soft sofa.

"Oh well, just don't talk to her then." Mum said, as if it were that easy.

"I can't just ignore her, Mum. It's not as easy as all that..." I said, and then shoved a huge dollop of noodles in my mouth. Great, it was still warm.

"Careful Lola, you'll get a bad stomach ache." Mum said, taking her drink back to the kitchen.

A stomach ache is better than having Rena talking at million miles an hour at you on the phone though.

WHAT A SURPRISE I GOT AT SCHOOL! It was amazing. I shuffled into the school gates, utterly bored and annoyed at everything. The bell had just gone when I walked into the grounds. Just in time.

I hurried up to my form room, followed by some other boys in my class, also hurrying. I stepped in, and saw a girl sitting at our table with Rena and Sophia, who were both looking a bit fazed. I realized that I must of too.

She was very pretty. Well I thought so anyway. She had long, past shoulder length liquorice black hair with a dead straight fringe covering her eyebrows, and big sky blue eyes and a perfect oval white face. She smiled at me slightly when I walked in. She looked a bit like me in a funny sort of way. If I put on a black wig, white powder on my face and blue contact lenses, we might look like twins. She had the same type of build and shape as me too.

I sat down beside her, almost totally ignoring Rena and Sophia.

"Hi, are you new? What's your name?" I asked her.

"Melissa." She answered.

Wow, I love the name Melissa. I told her so. She giggled in appreciation.

"Thanks. What's yours?"

“Lola.” I said. I don't want to boast, but I do actually really like my name. I guess my Mum and Dad have good taste after all.

“That's a really nice name too!” said Melissa. “We have really cool names.”

He both laughed delicately. Rena and Sophia both looked a bit green and out of it. I couldn't be bothered to include them. After all, why did they have to be so boring and annoying? Melissa looked much more fun.

“What's your first lesson?” I asked, reaching for her school planner.

“Errr... maths, I think. I suck at it though.” She said.

“I don't. Well I sort of do. But I'll help you if you want.” I said.

“Would you? I'm not joking; I actually *really* suck at it. I need to get better. If you could help me then that would be great!” She burred, her pale face flushing bright pink, like a china doll. For some reason, I looked at her eyelashes. They were all in line, thick and inky black. Almost perfect.

“It's fine, I will help you. Are you good at English?”

“Oh yeah, I sort of. I got 7c in my old school.”

I gasped. *7c!!!* That was a higher grade than Sophia had! Maybe she could help me? I wondered if she was in my English class. I hoped she was.

“Are you in my English class?” I looked at her planner. “Yes, you are!! YAY!”

She wondered why I was getting so excited. I blushed.

“Well, I'm really bad at English, so maybe you could help me too?” I asked nervously. She grinned.

“Of course! We'll both help each other. That will be so cool.” We both giggled together. Talking to her just felt great. I could actually talk to her about things. Speaking of people who can't talk about things, Rena and Sophia were just looking like someone had wiped all their emotions away. They looked so out of it that I thought they would disappear into a hole in cyberspace. Serves them right.

But to my surprise, Rena actually opened her big fat mouth.

“Shall we all go to the field today?” She asked, deliberately putting us in the position that we couldn't say no as to not hurt her feelings. We hesitated, as Rena's eyes gleamed in power. But I was totally sick of her. I could hear Quincy Jones's *Ironsides* Theme playing in my head, and I saw red.

“No, I think I'll show Melissa around today.” I said defiantly. My voice must have been as hard as a brick, because Rena backed down. She replied in a little mouse voice, “Ok. Me and Sophia will then.”

Ha. I'd got the better of her. Now Melissa and I could be friends, without stupid interruptions. When the bell went for first lesson, Melissa and I started talking.

"Was that your friend?" she asked.

"Yeah, well, she was, but she really annoyed me. They both did, and I'd much rather be friends with you." I paused, realising how stupid I must've sounded. "Well, you're much cooler than they are."

She giggled. "Thank you! You are too. Are we friends then?"

"Yep!" I said firmly.

We both giggled again. We were definitely friends all right.

I can't believe it. I've had such a fun day. Now that makes a change.

In maths, I helped Melissa with her algebra sheet slowly until she understood it, then helped her on the questions. She really was bad at maths, but it doesn't matter. You should have seen her story opening! It was so brilliant. When I read it, my jaw dropped and I went a shade of emerald green. I must have looked really awkward because Melissa asked if I was ok. I said it was her story opening that was more than ok. I can't believe she can actually write like that. Her 7c was well deserved.

Another thing is that Melissa is so funny. She really has a sense of humour and doesn't care when I'm random. I can say anything and she won't be completely fazed like Rena Sophia. Speaking of which, they took the hint and cleared off, arm in arm. To hell with them. As if I need them anyway now that I've got Melissa.

I should really try and make more friends, but I can't be bothered. It's better to have lots, but I never do well in a group. I'm always left out. One time I tried hanging out with all the Goths at the shopping centre, spraying pink streaks in my hair and wearing a My Chemical Romance hoodie that I borrowed off my sister's friend. It was no use. All they talked about was slitting their wrists and how they'd like to kill their dads by making voodoo living dead dolls (or something like that...) of them and sticking needles in it slowly... that was all I heard. I just stood there with my mouth open, and scooted off sharpish. What's the point in being that depressed? I mean, if you've got a really good reason then fine, but a load of them were probably making it up.

The weirdest thing happened this evening. I discovered a new talent. I got bored and went upstairs to my room to draw. Suddenly, without even realizing it (until now, obviously), I had drawn this *amazing* picture. It was a random girl, sitting staring up at the sky in her dreaminess. It was amazing, looking at it and trying to work out what she was thinking. I might pursue a career as an artist. We're choosing our GCSE's soon, and I might pick Leisure and Tourism (Out of L&T and ICT... ICT sucks. The people at Microsoft must all be robots)... Erm... I can't think. I haven't really made up my mind yet. Melissa has. She wants to do Leisure and Tourism, a music course at some college, and drama. I haven't seen her acting yet but I will tomorrow. I'm glad that she already really knows what she wants in life. I do know, but I'm just not very good at what I want to do. Not fair...

Oh well. I can't force myself to be good at things.

I got up this morning feeling groggy and my throat hurt. As I sat up after my alarm went off, I staggered and clutched my head. It thumped, like someone knocking at it with a sledgehammer. Not a nice feeling. I must have a fever or something. I don't know why though. Hold on, come to think of it, I have been walking home in the cold, blustery rain. Darn it! I hate rain. It makes my hair frizz too, then I have to have a mega straightening session, running the straighteners down one long strand of hair about 70 times....

Anyway, I want to go to school because I want to see Melissa. It's only her second day and I don't want to leave her on her own. Plus, I want to see how she acts in Drama.

Oh my god, I feel awful. My head feels like it has weights attached. I pad downstairs and fix myself some breakfast, just a small bowl as I don't really feel that hungry.

Oh help, I think I ate too much. I'm going to be sick...

No I'm not. That was a scary moment. I don't like scary moments... I think I can get up now. I just wasted 2 minutes breathing and getting my muscles to work.

I went upstairs to wash and put on my make-up. My mum has this nice shimmer face thing, and it usually works and looks lovely, but combined with my hot sweaty face it looks like I've been left out in the Sahara desert.

I don't bother with my make-up today. I look really unfinished and bland, like a cake which hasn't been iced or decorated. Who cares? I don't want to make myself faint.

Mum just got up and felt my forehead. She gasped and asked me if I felt all right. I wanted to go, "OF COURSE NOT!!" But I couldn't summon the energy. Instead I just lisped, "I want to go to school because of the new girl Melissa..." and Mum raised an eyebrow and said ok, if I really felt up to it... but told me to come home if I felt really bad.

I did feel really bad, right there and then, but I couldn't tell her that because she would make me stay home. And I *had* to see Melissa.

Going outdoors was a complete nightmare. As soon as I stepped outside, the wind rushed at me like a typhoon. Oh why God, oh why do you make me suffer so?? Silly God. If he cares about us and created

us and loves us so much, why does he/she/it make war and natural disasters and anger and jealousy and so on exist? It doesn't make sense. And people pledge their entire lives to him/her/it... Well for goodness sake, you don't have to spend your whole life thanking him/her/it. I can't imagine that's why he/she/it created us. Was he(and so on) a bit lonely or something?

Anyway, I'm being a bit blasphemous... but religious people have to respect our beliefs as much as we respect theirs. After all, religion is mostly the cause of War and suffering...

Anyway, I braved the hurricane to school, though it wasn't worth it. Melissa wasn't there!! I can't believe it. I braved crossing the line between life and death to get here, and she's not even here herself! I suppose I can't blame her though. She might have a problem.

I couldn't just rush back out again, so I had to sit through the whole of form almost at dying point. Rena asked me why I looked like a tortured soul, and I replied, "That's because I am..." then I retreated to the world of sleep. Suddenly, my form tutor interrupted me and said, "If you're feeling the need to rest, Lola, why don't you go home? You look a bit on the dying side."

Bless her. She has no idea. I just mumbled again, "Because I am being tortured, Miss. I feel completely rubbish..."

"Well, go down to the office then. If you're feeling that bad you won't be able to concentrate, will you? So off you go, scoot." She waved her hand.

"Thanks miss. I'll try and do my best to scoot..." I murmured as I left the room.

I made to the office, sweaty and gasping for air. The office lady raised an eyebrow and asked me what was wrong.

Do I have to spell it out??? She can see what's bloody wrong with me! Blind old bat. I felt like screaming this in her face but I would have got excluded. Instead I just mumbled the same old stuff like, "As you can see miss, I look and feel totally and utterly ill and I've got to go home before I collapse."

You'll never guess what she said!! "Come on now, you should be able to just make the first lesson."

I CANNOT BELIEVE IT. I was nearly dead, and she was saying that?? I felt like stamping on her or worse, puking on her. Then I'd point and scream, "SHOULD HAVE SENT ME HOME, RETARD!!" But I obviously couldn't. I was going home, and that was that. I said:

"I'm sorry miss, but even walking slowly makes me nearly die. And if I don't go home and get a chance to get better I might not be able to come to school for the whole week."

That showed her. Shrivelling hag. What if I died because she didn't send me home, and everyone came to my funeral and she saw my coffin, then what would she think?? But when *she* dies I'll just laugh and say, "Now you can't kill anymore children."

So she reluctantly phoned up my Mum, who I heard saying that I should be sent home immediately. So she stupid witch sent me out, and I set out on the horrific journey home.

The wind was still howling like Hurricane Katrina, almost ripping me apart just like it did to the houses. I sympathise entirely with those poor people. Nature is not a kind thing.

I finally made it home, collapsing on the sofa. Mum rushed to me and took off my shoes and removed my school bag, fetched my pyjamas and tucked me up on the sofa.