

3.48 p.m. Monday 25 December

Merry Christmas!!!

Um. So. Hello?

I think you're supposed to be all "Tada! Welcome to ME!" in your first post. But I have met me and I am not really the "Tada!" type, so pff.

Anyway, lookie! I have a ULife blog now, woo, etc etc. I picked the name because you say the first bit kind of like Sarah, plus it is that witch in that film of that book. I always wanted to be Goth really. (Stop laughing now. Black is slimming, k?)

New blog exists because new laptop also exists, yay! Knew Dad would not stuff up this year, so poo to Mum and her blah blah don't expect too much. She has been a bit insane all day, actually. Who cares if the sprouts are all mushy, woman? Like either of us is going to eat them. But she really liked her scarf and the calendar-thing I made and got all sort of weepy cos I'd made it, which was all sweet. (Too much sherry, probs.)

So, I have stuffed my face and done thank-you phone calls and learned wi-fi (wi-fi is hard. Or I am stupid. What was so bad about wires anyway?) and now I'm going to sit on the sofa and eat lard

and watch telly even though it's all old films and stuff. IT IS TRADITION.

Um. Feel like I should say "goodbye" now or something, even though probably no one will read this but me. And maybe Kym. Hello, Kym!

Wow. I am amazingly lame.

2.22 p.m. Friday 29 December | **grrrrrr**

Well, that sucked. Mr Shiny New Laptop lasted one whole day before going BOOM and there being smoke and explosions coming out of it. (Well, OK, not really, but you get the idea.) And it turns out that Dad got it through work (cos of VAT or something, which according to Mum makes him mean and evil) so we couldn't just take it back to PC World or whatever. So I was stuck with no laptop and him on the doorstep going "It's not my fault" and Mum going "It is so your fault GROWL ARGH" and me going "NOOOOOOOOO" in my bedroom with NO LAPTOP.

Christmas: season of shouting and explosions. Big Woo.

But Dad took it away and did some kind of magical mending thing and now the Shiny New Laptop is shiny again. Yay for techno!Dad. And so there shall be blogging.

Except I have done nothing except play on the internet and watch dvds and eat all the Maltesers out of the Celebrations box. Blah. I am going to be a bus by January. A bus with zits and bad teeth.

OK, I am SUCH a spoon. I was so thinking “OMG Kym hates on me woe woe cry” and posting mentalist replies on your front page and you thought I was some stalker. OOPS.

I am still kookygirl_x on MSN and AIM and all the others but on here I am serafina67. This is my proper grown-up blog for REAL friends, for documentaring my proper grown-up life, just as soon as I start having one. All the interesting/beautiful/non-zombie-librarian-type people are supposed to have a ULife now, they said so on Newsround. :P (Please to not be pointing out that I am not one of the interesting/beautiful people, k?)

This means New Blog Resolutions! (Yes it is a day early I know SHUSH.) Because serafina67 is the sort of person who Makes Plans and Is Decisive and Achieves Things, and I am her.

- Resolution #1: Be brilliant and interesting and completely totally honest on here, daily
- Resolution #2: Make new friends due to the brilliant interestingness
- Resolution #3: No more “Incidents”
- Resolution #4: Make my sad mummy a happy mummy
- Resolution #5: Find way to not puke at mention of evil almost-StepMonster in time for wedding
- Resolution #6: Forgive Dad and, like, talk to him and stuff
- Resolution #7: Shrink self to less lardtastic size
- Resolution #8: Become boyfriended to prove unlardiness
- Resolution #9: BE HAPPY AGAIN BY APRIL 22nd

Um. This is going to be the most outstandingly pathetic ULife of them all.

I am totally serious about that last one though. I downloaded a countdown thingy and everything so now I am stuck with it. I will do Resolutions #1–#8 and that will magically add up to make Resolution #9 happen, in a sort of breaking the rules of maths kind of way. And then I will transform into a tiny smiling head. Woo!



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 113 days

Anyway, now you know I am just me and not a stalker, lollykymys.
OR SO YOU THINK, MWAHAHAHAHA ...

COMMENTS

lolbabe

UR so retarded! I was like WTF?

What is April 22nd? Thought yr birthday is in Feb?

serafina67

I know! I am the hopelessest. April 22nd = one year since The Incident. :(

lolbabe

lol, sry! R we allowed to talk about it now then?

Andandand U know Sasha and Naima and

Jaden and everyone read mine? so they can totally

work out who you are like I did? so U might maybe want to Whisper this?

serafina67

Resolution #1: completely honest blahblahblah. And anyway everyone knows I was a bit, um, mental last year.

Whisper = wha?

lolbabe

UR such a n00b! Whisper = so only your Top Friends can read it? It is in like security settings or one of those? But maybe that is not honest blahblahblah? lol

serafina67

noob?

serafina67

Ha ha, just looked it up on Wikipedia. I am like the definition of newbieness. The newbiest newbie of them all.

5.2 p.m. Sunday 31 December | **heeeeeeeelp!**

OMG. Total. Clothing. Crisis.

My bedroom now has all the clothes I have ever owned on the floor, which I have tried on about seventeen times in all kinds of different combinations (pants on head and everything) and NOTHING LOOKS NICE. Esp the pants on head. Conclusion of this not-very-scientific experiment = the not-looking-niceness is probably not down to the clothes but the Thing that is inside them. :(And I have to leave in like an hour because Mum has a pity-invitation to some Old People Playing Monopoly Party at Francesca's parents' house, so she is taking me and Kym there and we have to walk from there WITH FRANCESCA to Sam Dawson's Actual Party, which is sort of awkward and weird and ... gah. WHY DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT I AM MAYBE NOT FRIENDS WITH THE

SAME PEOPLE AS WHEN I WAS LIKE TWELVE, MOTHER?

cries

I know I only started on the Resolutions thing yesterday, but can I be Shrunk and Boyfriended and have Happy-Without-Me-Having-To-Do-Stuff Mother now please? I promise to be good later?

Being on the internet whining about not having enough time to get ready is really helping, obv. DUH.

I am blaming the Baby Jesus for this. If he hadn't been born I would not have eaten four mince pies for breakfast this morning. BAD BABY JESUS.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 112 days

10.55 a.m. Monday 1 January | **partaaaaay**

OMG. Suckingest night of my entire life.

So Kym came over looking TOTALLY AMAZING and did my eyeliner for me so that I looked FAINTLY LESS CACK. And Mum was all "Don't you two look grown up" which obv means "omg slutbags" in the language of Parent. I was waiting for her to go "Here are some frilly ballgowns for you to put on top just for when we go to Francesca's so no one will think I am an irresponsible single-mother-type-person" only we were running late, and apparently Being Late is worse than Bringing Your Slutbag Daughter And Friend Briefly To A Party. (Also she does not have any frilly ballgowns, unless she is a leading a sekrit double life

involving frock-wearing, which is unlikely since what with me having no life at all we are spending lots of mother/daughter time on the sofa eating Doritos.)

So she drove us to Francesca's and made us get out so we could "say hello to everyone", even though the everyone was like all Francesca's grans and stuff, arg. Only when we got in there Francesca's dad was throwing this huge fit in the kitchen, because Francesca had told him that Sam Dawson is in Year 13 and there would be alcohol at the party. Well, duh. It is New Year's Eve, ppl?

So her dad was all "Did you know about this?" to my mum, who was all "Um ... no, not at all, gosh, I am shocked" etc, which is total bollards because she had just not even asked me about it which means she kind of knew. And he said Francesca couldn't go, so then Mum said I couldn't go, and then they said that Kym couldn't go, and Kym was like "Nuh-uh, you are so not MY parents" so they said they would ring her parents, so Kym was all "What am I, FIVE?" but she had told her parents she would be at my house all night so omg.

So we had to stay at their old people's party which was basically Cocktails With The Undead. Plus my mum. Francesca's mum and dad actually danced, in the middle of their living room. MY EYES, MY EYES! And they made Francesca play the violin like it was a sort of concert, with her sister playing the piano at the same time and everyone just standing there STARING, and she went all red, and Kym kept making me giggle and I had to run and hide in the loo and Francesca probably thinks I was laughing at her when I really wasn't, because in Year 8 Mum made me do piano and so I totally know how completely woes-makingly grim it is to have to try to make music come out of some bits of wood when there are people watching and waiting for you to stuff up.

And then Francesca's dad gave us each a glass of

champagne at midnight. WTF?

It was not totally rubbishness. Francesca's sister let us go up to her room to hide, and she played us tunes and stole all the good pizza for us (which I ate all of OMG FAIL). And at midnight we had to go downstairs and even though Mum was just in the next room she texted me "you look beautiful happy new year love you Mum x" which was quite yay and I texted back, and then I texted Dad to say HNY and he texted back "HNY love Dad" which was also quite yayish I suppose. (OBSERVE MY FORGIVINGNESS! I AM GROWING AS A PERSON etc.) And then Kym got a load of texts from other people going HNY and I realized we were saying hello to a whole new year on a green sofa covered in flaky pastry from miniature quiches, being kissed by someone else's grans and listening to Banging Party Hits 1922.

If the rest of this year is going to be like this, I am going to bed and not coming out again ever.

Oh, and Mum totally drunk-drove us home. Yay for responsible adult role models.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 111 days.

COMMENTS

lolbabe

OMG U typed everything? I told everyone we went to my uncle's and got mashed lol!

Andandand what was Francesca wearing?

serafina67

I KNOW! I was expecting her to be in a frilly ballgown for reals cos when we were friends in Year 9 her mum used to

buy her all this total mingwear. But she looked sort of nice and non-dorky and everything.

Soz about everything messing up. And for telling everyone about our retarded social lives.

lolbabe

LOL I was meaning she still minged?

serafina67

LOL oops!

patchworkboy

You didn't miss anything. Dawson's was busted up by the neighbours phoning the fuzz at 11 because the music was so loud.

serafina67

PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAATCH! It is you right? OMG you got raided. That is hardcore. Who was there? You were there! How come you were there? I thought you would think Sam Dawson was a townie.

patchworkboy

Sam Dawson is a townie. A townie with a house party and some free booze. And a load of policemen, as it turned out.

You type like a crackhead, by the way.

Picspam at my place. [Clicky clicky!](#)

1.46 p.m. Monday 1 January | **whine**

OK, am really bummed now. Not only did we not go to the

amazingest party ever (although thank god cos from patchworkboy's pics I think Sasha was wearing my skirt and her bum is a LOT smaller than mine), but now there is apparently the after-party clean-up party tonight. And where will I be? Stuck here with rellies. We have to go and pick them up and then go for a walk to NOWHERE AT ALL and then turn around and come back again, because apparently that is what families do on New Year's Day. I HAVE NO IDEA. But Mum is all pleady and says she will tie me to her ankles rather than deal with the grandparents on her own. Er, they are YOUR PARENTS, woman? That is quite strange. Although also fair, what with them being crumbly and boring. And ARGH RESOLUTIONS so I sort of have to be Magic Sera, Glowly Princess of Lovelyania, to hold Slumpy Mum-Queen's hand.

Maybe one day I will be in my own kitchen bribing Serafina Jr to stay when my mental rentals come to visit. Except my rentals would have to be TALKING for that to happen. (Plus, you know, birth. Urgh.)

She says, "There will be other parties, sera, durrrr," only the next thing will be the thing at J's next weekend and even if I was invited I will be at Dad's. When I will have to be Princess Sera all over again. Which will be quite confusing for him what with Evil Witch Sera of Betchistan usually being the one who comes to stay.

Grr. I am NOT going to spend the whole of this year in some kind of social black hole where all I ever do is hear about the cool stuff that happened at the bandstand while I was sitting here in my bedroom revising and looking at wallpaper with balloons on chosen by whatever colour-blind eight-year-old freakling lived in this grotpit before me. I am NOT actually a sadarse with no life. I am just made to look like one by my parentals.

Which is quite sadarsed, now I think about it.

Um.



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 111 days.

11.22 a.m. Wednesday 3 January | **gah**

So I have already failed on the “daily” bit of my Resolutions so far. And the being brilliant and interesting thing. SURPRISE! But I have been ~~bored and lonely omg Kym where are you?~~ inspired with writing OTHER THINGS which sort of counts. I have decided to write a Very Thrilling Novel. That way at least I will have a fictional social life to pass the time.

It is about a girl called Anemone Kitson, who has auburn hair and emerald green eyes, and she is sort of a mermaid kind of person (only without having to wear a bra made of shells, ow), who fights crime/rescues drowning people/other things which I will explain when I have thought of them, with her best friend, Krystal, who is a detective (and has legs and everything). Word count: 206.

UPDATED: Actually her name is Juniper Gold and her eyes are blue. And she is not a mermaid, she is a girl made out of electricity who just makes herself look like a girl, and she can control anything electrical. Not, like, toasters. I mean like reading information off laptops and listening to people’s mobile phones. And she is a spy and has Adventures with Krystal (who is a spy as well), and a boyfriend who has to eat loads of doughnuts so he is well insulated enough to give her hugs, but they can’t snog or he will DIE. Word count: 323.

UPDATED: Maybe she isn't made of electricity, maybe she is just made of the internet. And she is a nurse. And all the doctors think she's really clever even though actually she just looks stuff up inside her head, and only Krystal knows the truth. It will be called *Zinnia Zmith: Googlenurse*. Word count: 0.

UPDATED: I think maybe I will write a short story instead of a VTN. :(



HAPPINESS DEADLINE: 109 days

COMMENTS

lolbabe

Ew @ fat donut boyfriend! UR so wierd and dorky, lol!

serafina67

This is what happens when you are not here! I go weird and dorky and REALLY BORED. Srsly, where are youuu?

lolbabe

Grounded still? Everyone are hanging out at Sasha's place though?

serafina67

I am sort of not talking to her. And I would feel ooky going on my own. Anyway now I am busy writing *The Flame-Winged Girl*. Word count: 401. Go me!