

Dear Bob

Chapter One: a freaky start

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A freaky start

Fri 17 Sept

Dear Bob

Arrggghhhhh!! Just come round after v freaky dream – scared the pants off me (not that tend to wear undergarments in... sorry, too much info, swipe that).

Dream took me to youth group, where Jim (leader) was giving farewell chat (was deserting us to work for Geriatric Goats for God Ltd in Uganda, or whatever). He began like this:

‘God isn’t real...’

In true dream-like fashion the church hall began to sway – everything drifting into slow motion. Wanted to scream/cry/hide.

He went on to apologise for ‘misleading’ us over the past couple of years (hey – no probs Jim). Said he’d changed his mind about Uganda – was now off to spend year at ‘New-Holistic-Enlightening-Centre’ to ‘find himself’.

Am having MAJOR freak-out. Like... think of it from my angle, Bob – there I was... the (almost) perfect Cn (Christian) girl (woman?) knowing exactly what (whom) I believed in (God) and what it meant for me in my life... church, lots of Cn pals, reading Bible every day (almost), knowing all Matt’s songs off by heart (Redman)... even the guitar cords, and don’t even PLAY the thing (amazing what you pick up being a page-turner)... and then, in a matter of seconds, someone I’d respected big time announces is all off coz:

‘God isn’t real’

in a dream! A stupid, insignificant dream (prob due to over-heating in sleep, due to dodgy radiator that can’t suss out... always have nightmares when get too hot and sweaty... or is it that always get hot and sweaty due to nightmares...? hmmm...).

8:22 pm Not that am sweaty person in general, please note.

8:30 pm Apart from when do extreme amounts of aerobic exercise... which (fortunately) is about as often as bother to have eyebrows ‘tidied’ (never).

Dear Bob

Sat 18 Sept

5:47 am

Dear Bob,

No, is not insignificant (the dream).

Arrgghhh... brain hurts now as used multi-syllabic words before breakfast... nooooooo... did it again! How come am even up at this time of... day/night?

Has sunk in deep: Jim... Mr Ace-Cn,
Mr Happy-to-lead-the-worship,
Mr Moving-in-the-gifts,
Mr Cool-youth-group-leader...
denied the existence of God,
albeit (good word) in a dream.

Has caused me to doubt/question/pace up and down (doesn't take long in here... am convinced humans were never designed to live in such TEENY spaces).

Not sure what's going on – am v messed up. HELP! Need emotional (and spiritual?) 1st aid.

Am lost.

8:45 am Just had ½ packet Pringles for breakfast (SC&Onion).
Great. Now lost... AND obese.

Sun 19 Sept

3:32 pm

Dear Bob

Another freaky dream last night. Not as profound as last one tho. This time was Pooh (Winnie the) in story where he gets stuck in entrance to Rabbit's den coz he's eaten too much honey. Except in MY case, Pooh (me) had eaten too many Pringles.

Was stuck tight, buttocks wedged in den and head poking out in the sun... a multitude of friends/family gathered around and started lecturing me (Pooh) on dangers of eating too many Pringles. But THEY were munching away on pack after pack (of varying flavours).

'Give them up Judith darling,' said Mum in ghost (+ball+chain) like voice. 'You'll only get addicted and have to be delivered from the Spirit of... the Pringle...' she sang whilst stuffing a large handful (SC&O) down her own gob.

Arrgggghhhhh! Felt a billion times fatter.

Couldn't even pray for comfort in hour of need as not sure what to think about God.

Tweenies usually does the trick when am blue (for a bunch of pre-schoolers, their sense of harmony is pretty fab)... it's on now... but failing to turn me into a less depressing colour.

Last day of Freshers' Week today. Shame. Has been v cool. Quite forgotten am here to study... 3 years of Freshers' Weeks would surely be more fun.

Mon 20 Sept

6:12 pm

Dear Bob

1st ever lecture today. Should you learn details, you'd spontaneously combust (love that phrase!) due to boredom overload, so won't share them.

Really did have high expectations re lectures. They always sounded so grown-up... much more sophisticated than 'lessons'. Are nothing to write home about tho (saying that, included all details in last email to Mum, who'll find them riveting, no doubt).

Got quite distracted (not unusual) thinking how it would be real cool to BE a Tweenie. As in someone who prances around in loud costume and solves moral dilemmas in under 20 mins.

Would be Fizz... or Jake... tho Milo's quite fun... not Bella for sure... who'd want to be THAT bossy cow? Wonder what they get paid... perhaps will enquire if whole degree thing doesn't work out.

Don't ask why I chose psychology - am not too sure of reason. Need psycho-analysis/counselling/general help myself at the mo. To be honest, am scared.

11:45 pm Actually, not Fizz, as doubt could get voice to go that high... unless in extreme pain... like in style of having legs waxed...

Dear Bob

Wed 22 Sept

10:13 pm

Dear Bob

Just seen *Silence of the Lambs* with Libs (someone she knows got it out on video) – did NOT contribute in a positive way to current state of mind. (Libs = Liberty Young, lives: floor above me, studying: psychology, same as me, but she's good at it, status: single, and non-Cn.)

Always been scared of scary stuff, like scary films. You know, the ones with baddies, killing, torture, war, torture...

esp torture.

Was always me who was convinced (on fairly regular basis) there was evil burglar downstairs in early hours of morning. Would wake up Mum – send her down to check. Reasons for this:

- 1] *Waking Dad would take all night, and most of following day, and*
- 2] *one glimpse of Mum in flowery 70s nightie would scare Mr Burglar away, pronto... trust me.*

Was me who spent hours surfing net for info re nuclear bombs/biological warfare, and after effects, so would know what to do (esp since 9/11).

But pre-JimDream, could talk to God about such stuff, and read a multitude of comforting verses to regain 'my peace'. Could chat with Jim – have him pray for me... but has all vanished now... down drain like manky washing-up water.

Bit of a bummer this should happen in 1st week of uni.

Things aren't exactly going to plan.

Thur 23 Sept

2 pm

Dear Bob

Just back from another yawnyawn lecture. Interesting bit: watching Prof Carr's wig slip further and further backwards off head each time he got over-excited (which he did A LOT). Was willing it to fall off altogether... for him to be revealed for baldie that he is, but twas not to be.

11:32 pm Just been for drink at Fir and Ferret with Libs. Told her what

was on mind re dream and God and all that. Her reply:

'Jude honey... stop farting around with all this God crap... come and have some FUN... hick... live the life... go on the pull... get wrecked... hey babe, it works for me... hick!'

(After 4 pints Dry Blackthorn – I was counting.)

It does too (work for her). She seems happy with who she is and with life, yet has no faith in God to account for it.

Lost her just after last orders – she went up for ANOTHER pint Dry B (how DOES she do it... my legs and brain go jelly-like after just 1). Went looking for her after a bit. Found her chatting to this guy... well, eating his ear. He looked all smug and slimy AND blew smoke directly in my face. Left without her.

Haven't heard her come back yet. Guess she'll be out for few more hours... if she comes back at all tonight.

Mum wouldn't approve of Libs. Can hear her now:

'Darling, you mustn't spend too much time with...

with the...

those who...

NON-Christians.

They might lead you astray.'

Lead me astray from WHAT? To WHAT? Huh.

Is it poss that I'd never really believed in God in the 1st place?

Yeah, course I'd believed in God... well, think so... hmmm. Maybe. Probably. Oh... sorry... goodnight.

12:07 am Can't sleep. Getting quite cross (understatement of the millennium) with several people, all at once. Going to invent some emails to help me... errr... organise my thoughts (vent my anger)...

To: ma&pa@cityofboredom.com

Subject: Brainwashing

Mum & Dad why did you brainwash me into becoming a Cn, and not let me decide for myself?

To: jim@indrivingseat.com

Subject: Dictating

Jim why did you dictate my feelings and beliefs to me, without letting me stop to

Dear Bob

think it all through?

To: homechurch@wackyland.com

Subject: HUH?

Pastor Vic all that leaping up and down
and speaking in tongues and stuff you
encouraged me to participate in what was
that all about? God? Me? The church?
Loonies Anonymous?

To: libs@wildchild.com

Subject: Chucking up & chucking in

Libs why are you expecting me to chuck it
all in and follow you in your quest for
lads and liquor? How do you expect me to
cope with more than 1 Dry B per evening?

To: profcarr@baldiesanon.com

Subject: Lack of hair

Yo Prof why do you wear that stupid wig?
Why do you get excited about the selfish
gene theory? NO ONE gets excited about
that. Get some help mate.

Am going to eat just 1 Pringle (BBQ) for medicinal purposes (to induce
sleep)...

12:15am Well, maybe just a couple more, now tube's been opened...

V v late! Almost asleep when sudden extreme banging at door... twas
Libs, who'd clearly been leaning v hard on door, coz when I opened it she
fell right into me, mumbling,

'Shooo-d... wassupshooodbabe... wannasleepienowshood... nightie
nightie... hick... shooooood!' etc.

Steered her in direction of HER room – tucked her in her bed, as she
slipped into a blessed state of unconsciousness.

Honestly... should charge for such a service.

Fri 24 Sept

10:32 am

Dear Bob

Questions:

1] *Who broke into room last night and finished off ALL BBQ Pringles? Couldn't POSSIBLY have been moi.*

2] *WHY are curtains waterproof? Remind me of Nat's w proof sheet under his regular one, in case he pees in his sleep (Nat = my nephew, he's 2).*

3] *Do they think we're gonna PEE on said curtains? Guess Libs might find it a tad hard to locate loo after trillionth Dry B, but even SHE would prob avoid curtains.*

Just gonna check what wrote to you last night.

Ah, yeah, sorry bout that. Feel guilty now. Do actually love parents v much, and Jim and Libs (tho only known her a week)... but hold fast to feelings re Prof Carr.

Ought to be starting essay today:

'To what extent can evolutionary theories account for human behaviour?

Critically discuss with reference to Darwin's theory of evolution by natural selection and Dawkins' selfish gene theory.'

But will leave til tomorrow, when 'peeing on curtains' query has eased off a bit.

Hope Libs has elephant-sized hangover today and feels v guilty about last night... but doubt this to be the case. Do her parents even KNOW what she's like? (One thing have noticed – she never talks about her parents... always changes the subject... odd.)

Have banned myself from Pringles.

Felt like huuuuuuuge BBQ monster, all day.

Mon 27 Sept

3:40 pm

Dear Bob

1st ever driving lesson just over. A snippet for you:

Him: Now, Miss Singleton, I actually just requested that you turn left at the next junction. Do you mind telling me what your indicator lights are currently suggesting to the surrounding traffic?

Me (in head): Yes I do mind, you stupid snotty instructor-guy who insists Christian names are obsolete.

ME (out loud): Errr... oh, yeah, right, I'll just change it to... there we go.

Dear Bob

(Head): Why didn't you just SAY I was indicating the wrong way, like any normal human being?

Him: That's better. We don't want any nasty accidents now do we?

Me: Nooooo, we don't.

(Head): How OLD do you take me for – 5? Don't patronise me you old git!

(Swearing was not part of upbringing, and is not part of my nature, but generously allow myself to use certain semi-swear/slang words... 'git' is one of them.)

He has a tendency to tap his pencil on his clipboard – does it every time he tells me off. Guess is sort of threat... 'You do that one more time Miss Singleton and I'll ram this pencil up your nose... REALLY HARD.' (Or could just be nervous habit.)

Not sure if I was cut out to drive. Never even seen *Top Gear*.

So here's me – 18, still a virgin (this is no lie) and have never even experienced *Top Gear*... is this normal?

6:03 pm Haven't had any Pringles all day – am cured, hurrah!

Might just pop to kitchen tho, to see what other snack can devour – a healthy fat-and-calorie-free one if at all poss... like juicy lettuce leaf/stick of crispy crunchy celery...

6:14 pm Arrrrggghhhhhhh!! Entered kitchen and some guys were sat around table, tucking into PRINGLES (Cheese&Onion/S&Vinegar). Don't they KNOW it's my weakness? Can't they see how HIPPO-like those things are making me every time see/smell them? They offered me some – couldn't refuse – would have looked odd, and want to 'fit in' as much as poss. (Had to go for C&O... even tho they make breath sim to that of d instructor, who has stilton breath, they are surely far better than nasty old S&V.)

Not sure who I was trying to kid... don't even HAVE above mentioned green salad-type food-stuffs in my cupboard, that is white, and has a lock (in case that is in any way relevant).

Also... MISS... SINGLETON... LOVES... PRINGLES!!

There. Said it. Feel better now.

10:56 Yeah, tis an unfortunate surname to own... feel free to have a chuckle at my expense... everyone else does. Was bad enough already, but made 3 million times worse when old Bridget Jones showed up and decided it was

the name belonging to ALL those who were without partners. Have considered changing my name to something more sexy, like Law (get it?!) or Halliwell (as in Geri). Course, if you turn up in the not too distant future, and we tie the knot, will be rid of it forever, AND won't be single... hurrah! Huh... ought to sue Ms Jones for damages.

Hmmmmm, there's an idea... will rally round all those in country who share my surname, and start class action suit against her... yeah... that's a comforting thought... might help me sleep tonight. (Lib's HorrorMovie-Pal is doing law, and I read one of her textbooks during worst bits of *Silence of the Lambs*... thus my unlikely knowledge of such things as 'class action suits'.)

Tue 28 Sept

10:47 pm

Dear Bob

Didn't do much today.

Listened to Libs drone on about bloke she went out with last night:

'He was soooooooooo DULL. Duller than dull, like the dullest person you could imagine... like duller than Carol Vorderman.'

Couldn't help thinking twas ME who was by far dullest person on planet... I blame the 'borrrrrrrring' genes inherited from Ma&Pa... can't even roll my tongue! Why is she hanging around with ME?

What's WRONG with Carol anyway?

'He kept on and on about his BEEEP Audi TT convertible – how it does 0 to 60 in 6.5 seconds... who cares? Not ME babe, that's for sure... he didn't even PAY for my BEEEP Big Mac... I had to cough up myself!'

A tough cookie she sure is... a feminist she is not.

Felt it was a good time to tell her about my longing/yearning/deep-rooted desire for a bloke. She seemed vaguely interested, so explained how was after more than just ANY old bloke, but one of the marrying sort. Can hear myself now...

Me: Ummm... I just wanna find Mr Right. Mr Divinely-chosen-just-for-Jude Right. I long to tell 'him'... well, what's on my mind – my deepest thoughts. Not just that though... all the stupid mundane stuff too, like what really pees me off, and what my fave food is, and... yeah... so I've

Dear Bob

started writing to him, sort of like a diary I guess, but just for him.

Libs: Uh-huh? And then, when you finally meet your hubbie-to-be, you'll lock him in a cell and force him to READ all these BEEEEP letters, filled with your deep thoughts, your boring thoughts... and your dietary requirements?!

She always makes my plans look feeble. It's a special gifting she has. If she belonged to my home-church she'd be known as 'the girl blessed with the gift of discouragement'.

Wed 29 Sept

11:23 am

Dear Bob

Am really hoping you're into food shopping in a big way, as think have just made 1st and last visit to local Tesco:

TillGirl 'Keri': (*Sounding bored with her job, and life in general.*) That'll be twenty-two pounds fifty-nine please.

Me: (*Panicking as had planned to spend £5 on extra/yummy food a week – max.*) Errr... really?

Keri: (*Wondering what possessed the Planet Dork to let me out for the day.*) Yeah, really.

Me: Ummm... but I thought that... twenty-two fifty-nine? You don't mean FIVE fifty-nine do you... per chance?

Keri: (*Now super-unimpressed.*) NO, I don't. Look at your receipt if you like, it's all there.

Me: Oh, no, it's OK... I'm sure you're right...

Keri: (*Getting pee-ed off.*) Yeah, people generally think so, as a rule.

Me: Well, can I pay by Visa card then, as I don't have that much cash?

Keri: (*Relieved we were getting somewhere at last.*) Yes. Do you want cashback?

Me: Huh?

Keri: (*Back to Planet-Dork-type-thinking.*) It's a debit card... DO-YOU WANT-CASHBACK?!

Me: Urrr... no, probably not. (*Made mental note to ask Libs what 'cashback' was.*)

Keri: And do you have a clubcard?

Me: (*Help - more foreign Tesco-ese.*) Well, no... should I? Do I need one? How much are they?

Keri: *(Taking pity at this point, fortunately.)* Errrrrrr... no worries – but ask at Customer Services if you want one.

Me: Oh, yeah, thanks, I will. *(A Mount Everest-sized lie... was going to LEG IT out of there as soon as was through.)*

Bob, please don't write me off as hideously immature and useless. Is just that had only ever used my Visa card a couple of times before, and knew NOTHING about cashback, and as for a clubcard... Mum always shopped at Asda, and never took me (as never wanted to go... surprise surprise) so tis not my fault, honest. Ah well... it can only get easier. Can't it? Please say yes.

Felt a bit panicked re Keri. (Why not 'Kerry'? what's so evil about the letter Y all of a sudden?) Made me worry again about coping in big wide world (of uni). Hadn't thought it'd be a doddle, but then had initially been thinking that God and his angels would be looking out pour moi, stopping my feet trampling on stones, or whatever that bit in Psalm 91 says (know you'll have good Bible knowledge, Bob, so won't insult you by looking it up to put in correct verse).

9:14 pm Or WILL you have any knowledge of the Bible at all? Here's me, doubting my faith, when am weirdly still assuming you will hold the Super-Cn-of-the-decade award... hmmm. But, if...

God isn't real (Arrrgghhhh... there it is again!),

then his angels are about as real as Santa (come on – a big boy like you should know he's your Dad + 2 cushions + cotton-wool beard, by now)... so how am I gonna cope with things even HARDER than shopping in Tesco, like drugs and errr... other dangerous stuff people say happens at uni?

Oh Bob – come and take me away from all this... soon.

Fri 1 Oct

8:42 pm

Dear Bob

Another smelly d lesson today.

Times told, 'The mirror is your friend!' – 7

Times told to turn one way and managed to indicate the other – 4

Times told, 'Miss Singleton, what does the speedometer say?' – 5

Dear Bob

Times thought that if speedometer could 'say' anything it would be a darn sight MORE interesting than StiltonBreath – 3,000,000

Doesn't he know he's dealing with someone who got 33 out of 35 for their theory test? (Passed it today – whoo-hoo!)

In case you were wondering, was being chastised for driving too slow, not too fast. Thing is, if have to drive past a granny walking on pavement, can't help but imagine her suddenly deciding to leap into road, shopping trolley and all... so automatically slow down, just in case.

My emergency stops could currently be described as maybe-will-just-bring-the-car-to-a-gradual-halt stops.

So tis clearly safer for me to drive slowly, but StiltonBreath can't see it that way... insists I do 30 in 30 zone, not 20. If EVERYONE drove at 20, world would be a safer place... fewer horrible accidents, tho might take ages to travel long distances... motorway would become car park... hmmm-mm...

As pavements fairly chocka with people (inc aforementioned grannies) sense is only right to go slowly. The one who mings of stilton doesn't care about people like I do – obviously not a Cn.

But then am I really a...

and there I go again.

Sat 2 Oct

11:34 pm

Dear Bob

CU today (why is on Sat when I will be at parties etc?). Twas 'an introductory informal drink' at F&Ferret... is called BURP (Bymouth Uni Revival Plan – whoever christened it that needs SERIOUS help).

Know what you're thinking Bob: 'Why is she going to that, when she's not even sure he's really there (God)?' Thing is, knew 1st question all pals back home would ask, after: 'How's the talent?' (or 'How often does your room get cleaned?' from Mum) would be: 'How's the CU?'

Could hardly say, 'Dunno, don't go... not sure I believe in all that any more.'

Had got to know quite a few of them in Freshers' Week – about 100 of them

in total... 100 WHAT? Cns? Believers? Losers? Nutters? Hmmm. Anyway, am pretending to be one of them until suss it out (life, God etc). Shouldn't be too difficult... have been one pretty much all my life, til now.

Had heard so much about CUs from student friends, so had really looked forward to going, being in the centre of things, and even... wait for it... getting on the committee... the ultimate goal for every Cn student... well, it was in my case. Huh.

They're a mixed bunch. At CU at old school, we were all sort of from the same mould... same type of church (raving charismatic) same style of clothes, same taste in music etc. But here... didn't know you could get Cn chess-playing geeks, Cn goths with multiple piercings, Cn hippies, Cn designer-clothes freaks...

Oh yeah... REALLY hot bloke at BURP called Reuben. Is in a class all of his own. V cool, like at least as cool as naked chef (watched every show and not even HINT of nakedness... shame).

Is just my type... long blonde hair (tied back in ponytail, but in manly-stud fashion, as opposed to girlie-Barbie). Sort of hippy/surfer dresser, bound to be fab Cn... perfect... Reuben... If he doesn't turn out to be you, will edit this bit, if you see what I mean (Reuben that is, not old Jamie). Reuben... the man who saved his bro from death... Reuben... come and save me from my miserable eternal state of being a Singleton. Hmmmmmm... R...E...U...B...E...N...

Mon 4 Oct

8:46 pm

Dear Bob

Hmmmm... how shall I describe myself? Well, picture this (just in case we meet over internet and I have to email these letters to you, and only actually meet you on day of wedding, or something bizarre like that).

5 ft, 6.

Female-star-of-Friends-style figure.

Long brown curly-ish hair, shampoo-ad-style.

A cute face, dead symmetrical.

Not a blackhead in sight.

OK, the girl you are picturing... is my sister... and I look NOTHING like her.

Dear Bob

Actually, people say we do look alike, so I smile and say, 'Oh, do you think so?' then add under my breath, 'Yeah, right, if I was slimmer, taller, prettier, had great hair and no zits and all, we'd be twins for sure.'

Anyway, am thinking about my sister because visited her today (she's about 20 mins away on bus). She is pregnant.

Remind me not to get pregnant, or at least not to be seen in PUBLIC when am pregnant – couldn't cope with feeling/looking any huger than already am (size 14/height 5 ft, ½ inch)... in case that means anything to you, or you thought I had trouble squeezing into lifts.

Abby reminds me of Monica off *Friends*, lost in Obsessive-Compulsive Disorderland. Don't get me wrong, do love her, in a sisterly sort of way, but find it difficult to be HER sister.

Was pondering on this thought earlier today, as watched Nat use a yellow crayon to add Laa-Laa to the lounge wallpaper design. Recalled once overhearing Mum say to her: 'Abigail, you're a clever girl... you can do ANYTHING you put your mind to.' She's never said that to me.

Laa-Laa clones were appearing all over the wall when Abby came in the lounge, shrieked (in a controlled fashion) and set to work on their elimination. No wonder she never asks me to babysit.

Oh, she's also married to a perfect guy – Amos. They're one of those couples that you assume were matched at birth – Abby n Amos. Like Romeo n Juliet (without the tragic ending of course) or Posh n Becks (would kill to look like Posh). Went to their church once (Abby and Amos's, not Posh and Becks's) and it was instantly clear that they were loved by all, as was Nat. The perfect family. The perfect Cn family. Huh.

He is Kenyan... she met him over there when she was... oh, enuf of them... got to go, meeting Libs@F&Ferret at 9 pm, which now observe was 9 whole minutes ago!

Tue 5 Oct

9:38 am

Bob

Just had hour long shower. Bliss! (Room is en-suite – whoo-hoo!) Feeling the need to make the most of new freedom... at home, showers involved setting timer for 10 mins!

Got d lesson later – at least one of us will smell fresh!

10:15 am Oh. Just remembered. A weird and disturbing thing occurred during yesterday's visit to Abby's. Was using upstairs loo, as downstairs loo occupied by Nat, who is coming to terms with using the toilet instead of the potty (aren't you glad you get all these details?!) and overheard phone convo of Amos's:

'Hi – it's me... how's you? Uh-huh... no, I haven't told her yet... it's not the right time... I know I said I would... sorry... *(Pause.)* Not sure, maybe... maybe next week... Look, *(Voice raised slightly.)* look Kate *(Voice lowered again, don't think he wanted to be heard from downstairs.)* this means a lot to me – it's got to be done right, my life won't be the same again, give me TIME to... no... yes... no... uh-huh... OK... yeah... I know... yeah... OK. Must go – dinner's ready... yeah... bye.'

He's quite a hot guy really, for a bro-in-law. He and Abby could well model together on the front of *Happy Clappy Families* or some such yet-to-be-published magazine. But he's NOT kind of guy to mess around with other women. No doubt he prays loads, loves every man/woman/crawling insect... knows the Bible so well you'd think he was involved with the editing in some former life (not that believe in former lives... do I?).

Hmmmm. A bit worrying. Perhaps is nothing though. Yeah, like Kate could be... err... his... long lost identical twin sister... and... she has just come to this country... but he can't tell Abby coz... coz... she would be freaked out by it... and he doesn't want this to upset her as she's pregnant... and...

Hmmm... OD'ing on *Hollyoaks* has polluted my mind – many apologies.

Wed 6 Oct

12:04 pm

Bob

Do you ever feel that no one understands you? Am feeling like this right now. Maybe this is reason am writing all this to you, in this bizarre probably-need-to-see-shrink-rather-than-become-one way.

Right, am going to stop waffling and start essay... RIGHT NOW!

12:15 pm Well, got as far as lining up books on bed, all THIRTEEN of them... how on earth am I gonna SKIM through that lot and extract exact

Dear Bob

info needed? Come back A levels... all is forgiven.

Anyhow, just been distracted by another thought...

In the past, have seen pals 'lose their faith' due to something dramatic in their lives (death in family, getting ill themselves, whatever). Had sometimes wondered if something like that would do the same to me, but doubted it. Held fast to the many (many many) books that tell the story of Cns who find an even deeper faith through tragedy. But never thought that something as stupid as a DREAM would knock me so hard. Suddenly feel more lost than before.

On that bright note, will leave you alone and go WRITE THAT ESSAY!

4:46 pm OK... know what you're thinking... the slacker hasn't done a single thing re essay... well that's where you'd be wrong, my dear Bob... had written all of 29 words... (errrrr, including title) when Libs materialised. Decided to share above 'lost' feelings with her... big mistake. She laughed in a way that enabled her to shower me with the Big Mac she was in the process of consuming, and congratulated me on my discovery that each and every one of us is 'well-lost'.

She practically lives on Big Macs... if the diet of personkind was reduced to only Big Macs and Dry Bs, she'd be a happy bunny.

6:03 pm Am beginning to think the Big-Mac-gal might just be right. Are we ALL lost? IS God real?

If he's not, then what are we here for anyway? To enjoy ourselves and have a laf? Maybe. Why not do whatever pleases ME, instead of what I feel I OUGHT to do? Wow... never had such non-Cn thoughts.

Have notched up a good few hours over several years at church, 'serving', 'doing', 'helping' for no money (and often no thanks whatsoever). Was ready to start that all over again here, at BURP... but not sure if can be arsed now (sorry, correct spelling of 'arsed' currently unknown...).

So is it OK now to go out with/sleep with guys – a whole ARMY of Bobs, and some Marks, Grahams and Jons – just for fun...?

Please reply: 'Whoooah there Jude... this is getting WAY out of control!' Thing is, do I care enough about God (or the possibility of him existing) or myself, or others, to stay all squeaky-clean and... boring?

Are you following all this?

Will probably edit out such trash before you read this, but will leave in for

now – getting all my thoughts down is kinda helping... and, to date, you're a good listener.

Now, where are my Pringles?