Warning, the character in this diary is an extreme liar

Dear Diary

Today I started the day by reminding everyone that it was *not* opposite dayand that we *shouldn't*buy more cornflakes. "Mum I'm going to school now," I shouted up the stairs while making myself comfy on the sofa.

This *was* the best choice I could have made as it meant Mrs Bottomley-Blunt had yet another reason to yell at me. Uhh its sooooo boring when she does that as I've done like, almost nothing. Except for when I told her that there was a goat in the toilets so I could steal her rubber that smells of cherries. And also when I claimed to have chicken pox by painting red spots on my face so I could go home and watch YouTube.

Anyway, today was somewhat normal, Literacy was about Vikings (they had a god of pranking and lying which are my two fav things) and maths was about "Fabulous Fractions" more like Mega-Medival torture. In PE we are working on gymnastics and Harvey Barlow fractured his elbow which caused such a distraction that everyone was allowed home early.

Sorry, have to go because Mum is yelling at me to get downstairs so they can start the movie.

Goodbye!