

Adventures of a Wimpy Werewolf

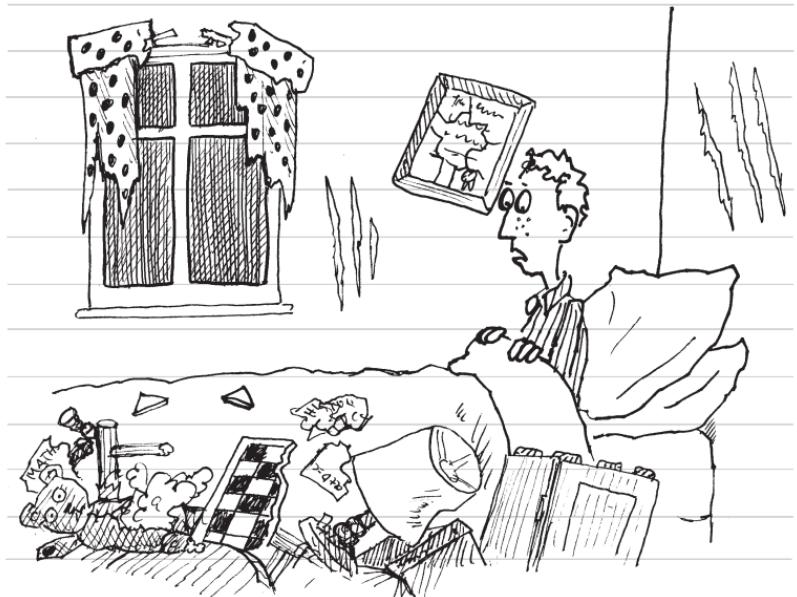
Monday 9TH April

It's five in the morning and I've just woken up to find my bedroom trashed. My bookshelf is overturned, my games are scattered all over the floor, and my revision notes are in shreds.

It must have been a burglar. What if they're still in the house?

I should go and fight them. I should dish out some vigilante justice.

On second thoughts, I think I'll just wait here a little bit first.



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This is weird. I've just been downstairs and found that nothing was damaged. No windows were broken, no locks were forced and nothing was missing.

I think I did the damage myself. What other explanation can there be?



I've worked it out now. I must be a sleepwalker. Oh God, why is this happening now, so soon before my exams? Okay, I need to calm down. I'm sure this was a one-off incident brought on by revision stress. School starts again today. I need to forget about it.



This morning I strolled into school as though nothing had happened. I'm not the sort of weirdo who trashes their room in the night, I told myself. I'm a fifteen-year-old with excellent grades predicted in my exams, who has earned the respect of my peers.

As I walked through the school gates, Tyson from my class shouted: 'Gingernut!'



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Okay, that bit about the respect of my peers isn't entirely true. But it should be. I'm a prefect and I'm president and founding member of both the chess club and the debating club. And yet my immature schoolmates insist on hurling abuse about the colour of my hair.

We have a tradition at our school where everyone puts their hands around their necks and shouts 'Choke!' if you don't reply to an insult quickly enough. To avoid this, I've prepared a number of comebacks:

Them: 'Oi! Carrot top!'

Me: 'Actually the top of a carrot is green, not orange.'

Them: 'You've been drinking too much Sunny Delight.'

Me: 'Sugary drinks don't affect hair colour, although they can cause acne and obesity, so perhaps you're the one who's been drinking them.'

Them: 'Is Ron Weasley your mum?'

Me: 'No. Is Hagrid yours?'

Soon none of this will matter. My ignorant schoolmates will fail their exams and head for the nearest dole office, while I'll go on to sixth-form college, university and a glorious career in politics. And my first act will be to make teasing someone about their hair colour an official hate crime.