



DAGS

GILLIAN

All right. I'm going to admit something I never thought I'd admit to anyone ever. I've got a crush on Adam. Head over heels. uncontrollable passion, etcetera. Unrequited passion, of course. Now I know this sounds like I'm throwing away everything I've said so far. And I guess I am. I know every girl at school except Monica is in love with him. I know he'd never go for a dag like me. I know it's hopeless. I know all that. But I can't help it. Just thinking he might look at me, my heart starts pounding like mad. And then I worry about whether he can tell my heart's going crazy, and I have to act really cool. This crush - it's like a disease. Do you know - oh, I'm almost too embarrassed to admit this - Adam misses the bus sometimes. 'Cos he's chatting up some girl or something. And do you know what I do? I get off the bus after one stop and walk back to school, so I can hang round the bus stop hoping he'll turn up. Just so I can ride on the same bus with him. Isn't that the most pathetic thing you've ever heard? I'm crazy. I can lie here for hours thinking about him. Writing these movies in my head where Adam and me are the stars. I try to imagine how he'd notice me and fall hopelessly in love with me and all that. Like, one of my favourites is that the bus breaks down one day in this remote place and there we are stranded together. He discovers that I was this really fascinating woman all along. Far more interesting than all those silly girls at school. But - I say that I can't bear to be just another notch on his belt. So Adam has to beg me to go out with him. Grovel almost. That's a pretty over-the-top version.