



write much Nobody has noticed I haven't caten my breakfast.

2 p.m. ... Perhaps when I'm famous and my diary is discovered people will understand the tornent of being a 13 -year-old undiscovered intellectual.

6 p.m. Pandora! My lost love! New I will never stroke your treacle hair! (Although my blue felt tip is still at your disposal.)

Adrian Mole's painfully honest diary is a hilarious spots-and-all glimpse into the troubled life of a teenage 'misunderstood intellectual' . .

'I not only wept, I howled and hooted and had to get up and walk around the room and wipe my eyes so that I could go on reading'





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