

## TUESDAY 1ST JANUARY

Apparently I'm a grumpy old git. I must be, because someone bought me this diary in the office Secret Santa. It has the words 'Grumpy Old Git' on the cover, alongside a picture of a scowling man.



## TIM COLLINS

At first I wondered if someone had given it to me by mistake. Even if I were to accept I was grumpy, I'd have a problem with the 'old' bit. How can I be over the hill already? I wasn't even old enough to be a proper punk, though I did wear a safety pin through my school tie and I spat on Trevor Chalkley once. But everyone spat on Trevor Chalkley. It doesn't really count.

You know what I would have bought for me? A copy of *Home Alone*. Why not? Everyone knows about Sarah leaving. Might as well joke about it.

Anyway, I got this diary, so I suppose I should make an effort to use it. I'm not expecting much to happen to me, but at least I've completed the first page. Who knows? I might actually stick with it. There's a first time for everything.



### WEDNESDAY 2ND JANUARY

I don't want to be a grumpy old git. It's not that I think there's anything wrong with being dour, I just don't want to fit a demographic. I'm going to prove whoever bought me this diary wrong by remaining cheerful and upbeat

## DIARY OF A GRUMPY OLD GIT

for a whole year. It can't be difficult. The years are going by so fast now that it hardly seems like a challenge at all.

I'm going to start thinking about pleasant things right now.

### **The innocent laughter of children.**

There. No arguing with that. Although when I think back to childhood, the sort of things we were laughing about weren't really that innocent. For example, we used to wipe the blackboard eraser on the front of Trevor Chalkley's trousers and call him 'Chalky Balls'. I can remember giggling a lot over that one. So next time you hear the echo of distant playground laughter, remember that it's probably directed at some lonely child who smells of milk.

### **A basket full of fluffy kittens.**

Aww, just look at them. Aren't they cute? Although they only evolved to look cute so we'd feed them and they wouldn't have to hunt. We give them food, we give them warmth, we give them shelter and in return they show us their anuses whenever we try and stroke them. Basket of kittens? Basket of rude, manipulative, freeloading bastards, more like.

TIM COLLINS

**A beautiful sunrise.**

Yep, just look at that lovely sun. The same sun that will one day explode, farting out waves of gas that will consume and destroy the earth. In the meantime, it peeks above the horizon like a leering psychopath. *I'm going to destroy you one day*, it says. *But for now I'll let you live.*

