

The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13 3/4

by Sue Townsend (1982)

The author and the novel

Sue Townsend was born in 1946 in Leicester, and has written various plays and dramas for the BBC. **The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole** was an instant success when it was published in 1982. Adrian Mole is a



teenage boy who keeps a diary recording daily events in his life concerning himself, his family and his friends. There have been various sequels, the most recent being **The Cappuccino Years**, all written in diary form.

About the extract

This diary entry describes the Royal Wedding of Prince Charles to Lady Diana Spencer in 1981 and what Adrian's family did on that day. There was a great deal of interest in the wedding and most people watched it on television.

Discussion

- ⊃ Is there a royal family in your country? Did you use to have one? Do magazines have photos and articles about them, and/or about the British royal family?
- Has there been a wedding in your country recently of a famous person such as a film star, a well-known sports person or a pop singer? Was there a lot of coverage in the newspapers and on TV?

Wednesday July 29th ROYAL WEDDING DAY!!!! How proud I am to be English! Foreigners must be as sick as pigs!

We truly lead the world when it comes to pageantry! I must admit to having tears in my eyes when I saw all the cockneys cheering heartily all the rich, well-dressed, famous people going by in carriages and Rolls Royces.

Grandma and Bert Baxter came to our house to watch the wedding because we have got a twenty-four-inch colour. They got on all right at first but then Bert remembered he was a communist and started saying anti-royalist things like 'the idle rich' and 'parasites', so grandma sent him back to the Singh's colour portable.

Prince Charles looked quite handsome in spite of his ears. His brother is dead good-looking; it's a shame they couldn't have swapped heads just 15 for the day. Lady Diana melted my heartstrings in her dirty white dress. She even helped an old man up the aisle. I thought it was very kind of her considering it was her wedding day. Loads of dead famous people were there. Nancy Reagan, Spike Milligan, Mark Phillips, etc., etc. The Queen looked a bit jealous. I expect it was because people weren't looking at her for a change.

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The Prince had remembered to take the price ticket off his shoes. So that was one worry off my mind.

When the Prince and Di exchanged rings my grandma started to cry. She hadn't brought her handkerchief so I went upstairs to get the spare 25 toilet roll. When I came downstairs they were married. So I missed the Historic moment of their marriage!

I made a cup of tea during all the boring musical interval, but I was back in time to see that Kiwi woman singing. She has certainly got a good pair of lungs on her.

Grandma and I were just settling down to watch the happy couple's triumphant ride back to the palace when there was a loud banging on the front door. We ignored it so my father was forced to get out of bed and open the door. Bert and Mr and Mrs Singh and all the little Singhs came in asking for sanctuary. Their telly had broken down! My grandma tightened her lips, she is not keen on foreign people. My father let them all in, and then took grandma home in the car. The Singhs and Bert gathered round

the television talking in Hindi.

Mrs Singh handed round some little cornish pasties. I ate one of them and had to drink a gallon of water. I thought my mouth had caught fire! They were not cornish pasties.

We watched television until the happy couple left Victoria Station on a very strange-looking train. Bert said it was only strange-looking because it was clean.

Mrs O'Leary came in and asked if she could borrow our old chairs for the street party. In my father's absence I agreed and helped to carry them out on to the pavement. Our street looked dead weird without cars and with flags and bunting flapping about.

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Mrs O'Leary and Mrs Singh swept the street clean. Then we all helped to put the tables and chairs out into the middle of the road. The women did all the work, the men stood around on the pavement drinking too much and making jokes about Royal Nuptials.

Mr Singh put his stereo speakers out of his lounge windows and we listened to a Des O'Connor LP whilst we set the tables with sandwiches,

- jam tarts, sausage rolls and sausages on sticks. Then everyone in our street was given a funny hat by Mrs O'Leary and we sat down to eat. At the end of the tea Mr Singh made a speech about how great it was to be British. Everyone cheered and sang 'Land of Hope and Glory'. But only Mr Singh knew all the words. Then my father came back with four party packs of
- ⁶⁰ light ale and two dozen paper cups, and soon everyone was acting in an undignified manner.

679 words *The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13 3/4* by Sue Townsend. This edition Arrow 1982, pages 104-106.

Glossary

pageantry (line 5): impressive ceremonies
cockneys (line 6): working-class Londoners
parasites (line 12): a creature or person who lives on others
dead (line 15): informal adjective meaning very

aisle (line 17): a passage between rows of seats in a church

Kiwi woman (line 29): the famous opera singer from New Zealand, Kiri te Kanawa

sanctuary (line 35): a safe place
cornish pasties (line 39): pastry filled with meat and vegetables
Nuptials (line 52): weddings
Des O'Connor LP (line 54): a long-playing record by a famous British entertainer
light ale (line 60): beer







Discussion

Do you keep a diary yourself, or do you know anyone who does? If so, what sorts of thing do you/they like to record in it?

⊃ If you became famous, would you be happy for your diary to be published? Why/why not?

Writing

Imagine you are someone like a famous film star (e.g. Nicole Kidman or Tom Cruise) a pop singer (e.g. Madonna) or a footballer (e.g. David Beckham). Think about what a typical week might be like, and write diary entries for two or three days. Write about 200-250 words.