**Epic Love and Pop Songs**

I'm really average is basically what I am trying to say, I really, really am just that teenage girl you all know and won't sit next to on the back of the bus. That one. Music too loud brap brap I don't care, feet up on the seat, likes to link arms, laughs at everything and thinks 'you're well fit' is the best chat-up line ever. I'm her.

I live with my mum, cos well, that's the way it's always been, but my dad lives round the corner, with Auntie Cheryl who is both my aunt and my stepmum. Jezza Kyle ain't seen nuthin yet. Get me a double-page spread in *Take a Break.*

But no really it's fine. As my mum would say 'no really everyone I think you'll find IT'S FINE'. And then she chews on some more HRT and puts a nicotine patch on her nipple.

I think I'm what's pushing Mum over the edge at the moment to be honest.

Her blood pressure is well high and you can hear her teeth gnashing together in her sleep from my room. Except when she's like, crying.

I think it's because I'm pregnant.

Ta-dah.

I love a reveal don't you?

Trust me I'm not trying to be a bit-part in *Hollyoaks* it just sort of happened and then you think, 'well why not eh?' A little thing, round here, could be fun. I thought Mum would be more excited, she's always going on about me growing up and having nothing to live for blah blah, so now we both have something to live for – don't we?

I thought it was a great plan, but she was, well she was… I think it's cos I couldn't tell her who the father was. Sorry, but it's a secret – I might not even tell you guys.