

**The Absolutely Unofficial and Secret Diary of Adrian Mole, aged 30 => week of 13-April-97 (published 20-April-97)**

**Sunday, 13-April-1997**

It's now one week, since we arrived to Portugal. Things have been running OK, except for yesterday's sad episode. On the other hand, the fine isn't that expensive. Pandora only needs 1 work hour to pay for my lack of attention! According to my arithmetic, it suffices me to travel without ticket another 67 trips, in order to recover the lost money. Because I usually travel on metro 4 times a day, I should return to financial advantage even before the end of the month. Eh eh.

Here in Portugal, just like everywhere else in Europe, the movie theaters have gone Star Wars crazy, thanks to George Lucas' trilogy remastering, retouching and redistributing! Our evening program consisted on a movie session at the Monumental Cinemas and a calm walk back home.

A homeless boy who begs around Monumental, made a joke out of my large pants. I didn't comment, but it took some strength to not refer him that, despite being 30 years old, I still don't have a job and I live on the expense and kindness of my lovely wife. I suppose all the intellectuals have to face this kind of unkindness.

I later investigated the offended jeans and the only thing I noticed was the several marks across the legs. My grandmother offered me them, when I was 13. After that I grew up a LOT, until I was 16. I guess that period messed up with the tissue. Ah! - One of the advantages in living in Portugal is that I feel I have a normal height.

Our TV nights aren't that fun anymore. I am dead sick of soccer!

After dinner, Pandora and I slept together on the sofa. We only woke up at 3 am, with the Portuguese anthem... «às armas» («to the weapons»). We went to bed, but the bed had no sheets and a small verbal conflict burst, ending up with the scheduling of some domestic affairs to myself.

**Monday, 14-April**

It's now 11 o'clock and I am alone. Pandora went to a meeting, where it shall be decided her district of representation. She believes she will get Lisbon, as long as Carl Parmenter doesn't apply. In our reception

lunch, Carl confessed he was about to rejoin his ex-wife, hence it's probable he is to return to England.

I am kind of blocked. I can't write. In order to find an occupation, I cleaned the whole house, washed the dishes and made the bed. I can't watch TV. It gives me nausea. Portuguese talk too fast and decent english language programmes can only be found from 08:00 PM.

I went to the Monumental Shopping center, where yesterday I had found a nice library. I took Pan's credit card and spent a little more than I should have. It happens that Sónia, from the gymnastic classes, works there. I bought a special edition of "Lord of the Rings", that Sónia kept reserved for a very special customer. I also bought some autobiographies and pocket books. I said goodbye to Sónia, promising that Pandora and me would be present at the Wednesday class. I found her goodbye sentence most intriguing: "Adrian, I'll wear a comfortable t-shirt"...

Pandora is now INSURANCE STAR's district representative at Santarém! It seems that Parmenter called his ex-wife, who is Scottish, "Loch Ness monster".

## Tuesday, 15-April

We woke up damn late, almost at noon. Some flesh-oriented contacts lit the fire, again, in our relationship. We ate loads of fruits for lunch, paying attention to Pan's pregnancy. Pandora's body is as beautiful as ever; I believe I go blind sometimes, not appreciating it as much as I should.

During the afternoon, we visited the zoo. In order to find the zoo's entrance, it sufficed to follow a urine smell! There are some felines whose urine has such an intense odor, that it can be sensed miles away! The other animals, disturbed with such territorial affirmation, go urinating too.

Pandora took loads of time "talking to" and touching some small monkeys. When she was about to leave, one the apes grabbed her hair and wouldn't let go! I solved the problem using the scissors in my swiss army hand-knife, cutting some superfluous hairs out of Pan's head. Pandora found those hairs very representative and she cried.

The "teleférico" cruise over the zoo was also somewhat disturbed by a 10 minutes lasting electrical problem.

By night, we browsed some pictures and descriptions of houses at Santarém. We must face the fact that when Pan's pregnancy license ends, her job will not be where we now live.

### **Wednesday, 16-April**

Pandora and I went out for a haircut and to do some shopping.

Before lunch, in our way home, I was feeling proud of my loose clothes and my hair abundance. Many portuguese are bold at my age!

The gymnastics class was great. The women did some "dilatation" exercises, whose efficacy I doubt. I said "hello" to Sónia, but tried hard to ignore some corporal movements of her. I don't get it! - I spent decades of absolute sexual abstinence and now that I have a serious compromise with Pandora, this voluptuous portuguese girl comes in to mess my fantasies!

### **Thursday, 17-April**

Today, we were to visit the CCB ("Cultural Center at Belem"), but the day was so hot, that we ended up searching for blue-flag beaches in a 30 miles radius. The most interesting is "Guincho". Its a windy beach, where many young people go for wind-and-water-sports and some other adventurous persons, like ourselves, go bathing in very cold water, despite the warm temperature outside (and our british blood).

### **Friday, 18-April**

Today I am a little red. My back hurts; so do my legs. Pandora is fine. She says she resisted thanks to her lotion, "factor 20".

At the gymnastics class, Sónia and Sónia commented our healthy color. We scheduled a beach & sun day together. Pan was very excited about the whole idea, but I am confused, since I ignore how much I can resist the hypnotism of Sónia's body. Next Sunday I will find out.

### **Saturday, 19-April**

Cinema. 00:00 session. We contributed, again, to the prodigious financial success of the "Star Wars" trilogy.

Back home, still in science fiction, and despite the hours, I went to play "X-Wing vs Tie Fighter", that my grandmother sent me from England. Now that I am away, the oldest of the Mole has a videogames addiction! In the last "Battle Arena Toshiden" local championship, granny won against the youngest of the Kent's clan, brother of Barry Kent, the infamous and very rich poet, who once was nothing more than a hooligan!