

# Marty's Diary

## **June 12th**

My dad remarried yesterday. He married Linda Fleming. She says she's pleased to have gained not just a husband, but a daughter too. But I know she's lying. She never talks to me if she can help it.

And she's always hanging around and never giving me and Dad time on our own. Linda's never been married before and she doesn't seem to have many friends except for her younger sister, Paula, who lives in Waco. She's always writing letters. How Jane Austen is that? Nobody writes letters in this day and age. She's even had letterhead printed. *From The Desk of Linda Richmond.* I think she's

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been presumptuous. I mean, she arranged that before they were even married.

They got married at the courthouse on Ridgeway Street and it was a pathetic ceremony. Not like the photos of Mom and Dad at their wedding. This time there was nobody extra except us and Auntie Wedgie, my dad's sister, and Uncle Bill, her husband. She's not really named Wedgie, but everybody calls her that. Auntie Wedgie is okay. I don't think she likes Linda either.

Just before we went off to the courthouse, Linda asked me if I wanted to borrow some of her eyeshadow. She's always trying to pretend we're best friends, but I said no. I don't want to borrow her germy eyeshadow, and besides it was a horrible color.

When Mom got married she had pink roses, and there were some pink roses in the courthouse yesterday. My throat felt prickly when I saw them because I thought of Mom. But anyway, Mom probably wouldn't care because she's happy living in Mexico with her new husband, Juan. They've got a baby

now and he's nearly six months old. It seems funny to have a little brother who's a baby. His name's Xavier. But I'm cool about Mom being there.

Then we went to have a reception at the Happy Duck. Linda raised her eyebrows when Dad gave me a taste of his champagne because she said 16 was too young to be drinking. Honestly, I think she lives in the dark ages sometimes. The reception was okay I suppose, but Linda shouldn't think me and her are going to be best friends or anything. Dad looked a bit stupid if you ask me, the way he was touching Linda all the time.

### **June 20th**

I was doing my homework today for Miss Hammond when Linda came in and asked me what it was about. It's really boring and I don't think she would understand it, so I said I could manage. Then she said she would do my colors with Color Me Beautiful. I want to find out if I am a winter or spring or whatever, but I said no. I bet Linda's a spring. My mom's