

BLOG LOVE

CHAPTER 1 : Write to me!

Monday July 11th – 15.39

by Junko

I'm writing this blog in the Double Decker Internet Café in London. The café is in a tall, old, red London bus next to my language school. I love it. It's very British.

I'm from Tokyo but I'm living in the UK for three months. I'm learning English here. My name's Junko. This is me. I've got black hair, dark eyes, glasses and a big smile.

Please write to me at my blog.
Goodbye for today!



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Thursday July 14th – 15.42

by Junko

Internet, I'm telling you about my life in England because you're my only friend here.

I'm living with Mr and Mrs Lacey. Mr Lacey works in a cinema. Mrs Lacey is a policewoman. They always ask me the same thing: 'How are you today?'

'OK,' I answer.

I ask about London, but Mr Lacey says, 'Let's talk this evening. I'm going to work now. Goodbye, Junko. Have a good day!'

In the evenings, I say hello to Mr Lacey. But he says, 'I'm very, very tired. A terrible day at the cinema! I'm going to bed now. Goodnight.'

Sometimes I feel very lonely.

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Tuesday July 19th – 15.56

by Junko

Hello, Internet, you're not my only friend in England!!

In the street next to the internet café, a girl says to me, 'You're Japanese. I know your face from language school. I'm Sonya. I'm from Slovakia. What's your name?'

'I'm Junko. Junko Nagai.'

Sonya has dark hair and green eyes and expensive jeans. 'I love Japan!' she says.

'Do you know Japan?' I ask.
'I know Japanese mobile phones. They're my favourite.'
We look at my mobile.



'That's cool. I want one too. Have you got a boyfriend in England?'

'No.'

'Which boys do you like in school? I like Silvio. His clothes are from Sergio Tacchini. I like English boys too. They drive cool cars and they've got great mobile phones. Have you got a car? My father's buying me a Passat, but I want a Mercedes ...'

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Thursday July 21st – 15.15

by Junko

50 of us from school are in Oxford. It's an hour from London on the train.

Oxford is famous because lots of students live here. Sonya is very happy. 'Oxford students have lots of money,' she says.

But I'm not happy. Sonya isn't talking to me today. She's always with Silvio.

Silvio's from Italy. He has short, dark hair, exciting eyes and clothes from Sergio Tacchini. His English is very bad.

We go to some important buildings in Oxford. But Sonya doesn't look at the buildings. She only looks at Silvio, and Silvio only looks at her. They don't want me there with them.



I'm writing this in an internet café in Oxford. Are Sonya and Silvio in love? What can I say to them on the train to London?

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Saturday July 23rd – 10.46

by Junko

It's Saturday morning. Sonya is shopping in Oxford Street with Silvio, not with me. The Laceys are working. Saturday is a big day at the cinema, and at the police station.

There are only two people in the Double Decker Internet Café, me and the owner – and 30 computers. The owner's name is Jeff. He's old – maybe 25. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Maybe he reads this blog.

He asks me, 'Do you like my café?'

'Very, very much,' I say.

He smiles and touches my hand.

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