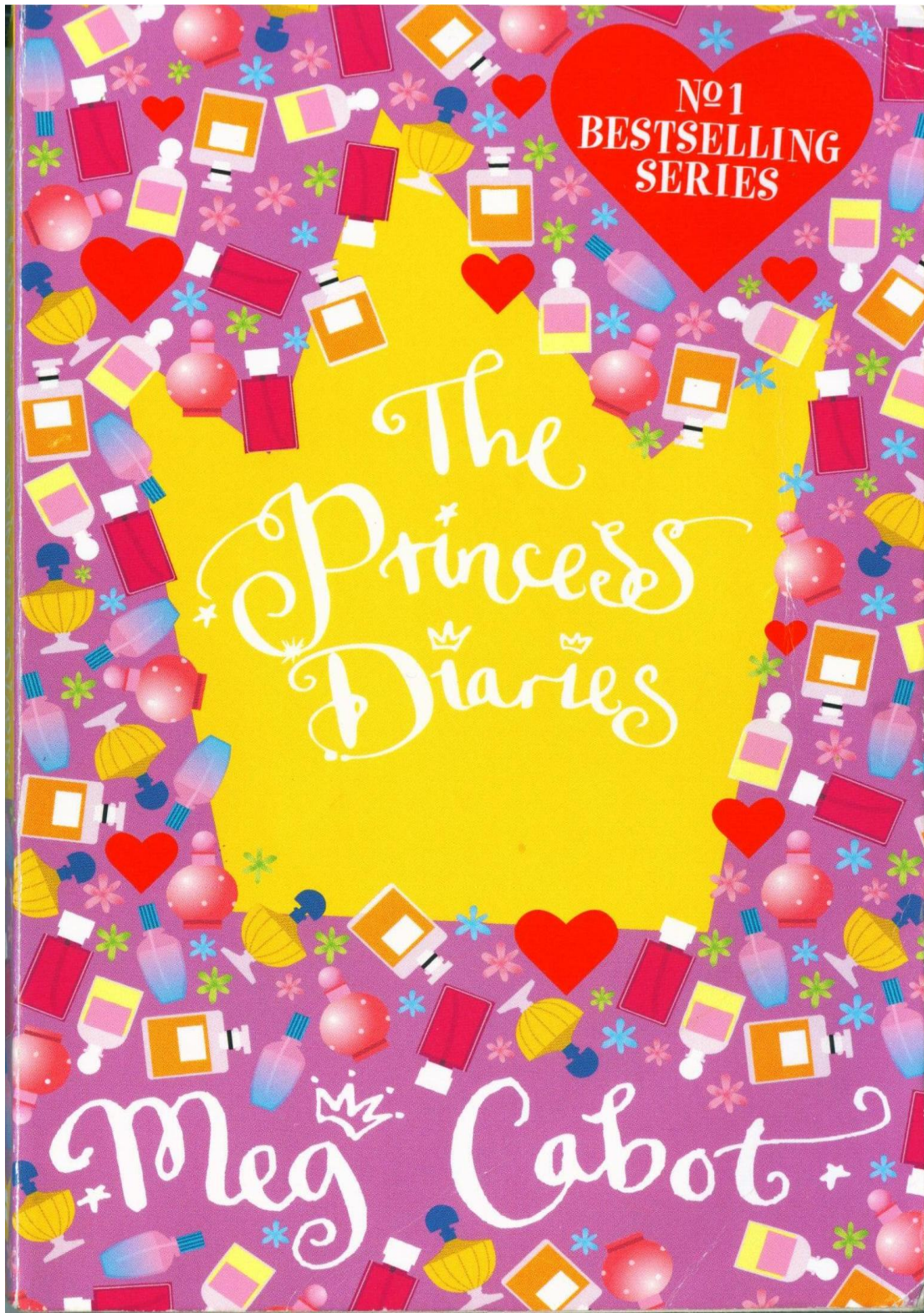


## APPENDIX 1

### Data of “The Princess Diaries” Novel



## Tuesday, September 23

Sometimes it seems like all I ever do is lie.

My mom thinks I'm repressing my feelings about this. I say to her, 'No, Mom, I'm not. I think it's really neat. As long as you're happy, I'm happy.'

Mom says, 'I don't think you're being honest with me.'

Then she hands me this book. She tells me she wants me to write down my feelings in this book, since, she says, I obviously don't feel I can talk about them with her.

She wants me to write down my feelings? OK, I'll write down my feelings:

I CAN'T BELIEVE SHE'S DOING THIS TO ME!

Like everybody doesn't *already* think I'm a freak. I'm practically the biggest freak in the entire school. I mean, let's face it: I'm five foot nine, flat-chested, and a freshman. How much *more* of a freak could I be?

If people at school find out about this, I'm dead. That's it. Dead.

*Oh, God, if you really do exist, please don't let them find out about this.*

There are four million people in Manhattan, right? That makes about two million of them guys. So out of TWO MILLION guys, she has to go out with Mr Gianini. She can't go out with some guy I don't know. She can't go out with some guy she met at D'Agostino's or wherever. Oh, no.

She has to go out with my Algebra teacher.

Thanks, Mom. Thanks a whole lot.

## Wednesday, September 24, Fifth Period

Lilly's like, 'Mr Gianini's cool.'

Yeah, right. He's cool if you're Lilly Moscovitz. He's cool if you're good at Algebra, like Lilly Moscovitz. He's not so cool if you're flunking Algebra, like me.

He's not so cool if he makes you stay after school EVERY SINGLE SOLITARY DAY from 2:30 to 3:30 to practise the FOIL method when you could be hanging out with all your friends. He's not so cool if he calls your mother in for a parent/teacher conference to talk about how you're flunking Algebra, then ASKS HER OUT.

And he's not so cool if he's sticking his tongue in your mom's mouth.

Not that I've actually seen them do this. They haven't even been on their first date yet. And I don't think my mom would let a guy put his tongue in her mouth on the first date.

At least, I hope not.

I saw Josh Richter stick his tongue in Lana Weinberger's mouth last week. I had this totally close-up view of it, since they were leaning up against Josh's locker, which is right next to mine. It kind of grossed me out.

Though I can't say I'd mind if Josh Richter kissed *me* like that. The other day Lilly and I were at Bigelow's picking up some alpha hydroxy for Lilly's mom, and I noticed Josh waiting at the check-out counter. He saw me and he actually sort of smiled and said, 'Hey.'

He was buying Drakkar Noir, a men's cologne. I got a free sample of it from the salesgirl. Now I can smell Josh whenever I want to, in the privacy of my own home.

Lilly says Josh's synapses were probably misfiring that day, due to heatstroke or something. She said he probably thought I looked familiar, but couldn't place my face

without the cement block walls of Albert Einstein High behind me. Why else, she asked, would the most popular senior in high school say hey to me, Mia Thermopolis, a lowly freshman?

But I know it wasn't heatstroke. The truth is, when he's away from Lana and all his jock friends, Josh is a totally different person. The kind of person who doesn't care if a girl is flat-chested or wears size eight shoes. The kind of person who can see beyond all that, into the depths of a girl's soul. I know because when I looked into his eyes that day at Bigelow's, I saw the deeply sensitive person inside him, struggling to get out.

Lilly says I have an overactive imagination and a pathological need to invent drama in my life. She says the fact that I'm so upset about my mom and Mr G is a classic example.

'If you're that upset about it, just *tell* your mom,' Lilly says. '*Tell* her you don't want her going out with him. I don't understand you, Mia. You're always going around, lying about how you feel. Why don't you just assert yourself for a change? Your feelings have worth, you know.'

Oh, right. Like I'm going to bum my mom out like that. She's so totally happy about this date, it's enough to make me want to throw up. She goes around *cooking* all the time. I'm not even kidding. She made pasta for the first time last night in, like, months. I had already opened the Suzie's Chinese take-out menu, and she says, 'Oh, no cold sesame noodles tonight, honey. I made pasta.'

Pasta! My mom made *pasta*!

She even observed my rights as a vegetarian and didn't put any meatballs in the sauce.

I don't understand any of this.



### Things To Do:

1. Buy cat litter.
2. Finish FOIL worksheet for Mr G.
3. Stop telling Lilly everything.
4. Go to Pearl Paint: get soft lead pencils, spray mount, canvas stretchers (for Mom).
5. World Civ. report on Iceland (5 pages, double space).
6. Stop thinking so much about Josh Richter.
7. Drop off laundry.
8. October rent (make sure Mom has deposited Dad's cheque!!!).
9. Be more assertive.
10. Measure chest.

### Thursday, September 25

In Algebra today all I could think about was how Mr Gianini might put his tongue in my mom's mouth tomorrow night during their date. I just sat there, staring at him. He asked me a really easy question – I swear, he saves all the easy ones for me, like he doesn't want me to feel left out, or something – and I totally didn't even hear it. I was like, 'What?'

Then Lana Weinberger made that sound she always makes and leaned over to me so that all her blonde hair swished onto my desk. I got hit by this giant wave of perfume, and then Lana hissed in this really mean voice: 'FREAK.'

Only she said it like it had more than one syllable. Like it was spelled FUR-REEK.

How come nice people like Princess Diana get killed in car wrecks, but mean people like Lana never do? I don't understand what Josh Richter sees in her. I mean, yeah, she's pretty. But she's so *mean*. Doesn't he *notice*?

Maybe Lana is nice to Josh, though. *I'd* sure be nice to Josh. He is totally the best-looking boy in Albert Einstein High School. A lot of the boys look totally geeky in our school's uniform, which for boys is grey trousers, white shirt, and black sweater, long-sleeved or vest. Not Josh, though. He looks like a model in his uniform. I am not kidding.

Anyway. Today I noticed that Mr Gianini's nostrils stick out A LOT. Why would you want to go out with a guy whose nostrils stick out so much? I asked Lilly this at lunch and she said, 'I've never noticed his nostrils before. Are you gonna eat that dumpling?'

Lilly says I need to stop obsessing. She says I'm taking my anxiety over the fact that this is only our first month in high school and I already have an F in something, and



But anyway, Mrs Hill never checks to see what we're doing in G & T, which is probably good, since mostly what we're all doing is figuring out ways to lock the new Russian kid, who's supposedly this musical genius, in the supply closet, so we don't have to listen to any more Stravinsky on his stupid violin.

But don't think that just because Michael and I are united in our front against Boris Pelkowski and his violin that he'd keep quiet about my mom and Mr G.

What Michael kept saying was, 'What'll you do for me, huh, Thermopolis? What'll you do for me?'

But there's nothing I can do for Michael Moscovitz. I can't offer to do his homework, or anything. Michael is a senior (just like Josh Richter). Michael has gotten all straight As his entire life (just like Josh Richter). Michael will probably go to Yale or Harvard next year (just like Josh Richter).

What could I do for someone like that?

Not that Michael's perfect, or anything. Unlike Josh Richter, Michael is not on the crew team. Michael isn't even on the debate team. Michael does not believe in organized sports, or organized religion, or organized anything, for that matter. Instead, Michael spends almost all of his time in his room. I once asked Lilly what he does in there, and she said she and her parents employ a 'don't ask, don't tell' policy with Michael. They won't ask if he won't tell.

I bet he's in there making a bomb. Maybe he'll blow up Albert Einstein High School as a senior prank.

Occasionally Michael comes out of his room and makes sarcastic comments. Sometimes when he does this he is not wearing a shirt. Even though he does not believe in organized sports, I have noticed that Michael has a really nice chest. His stomach muscles are extremely well-defined.

I have never mentioned this to Lilly.

transferring it to anxiety about Mr Gianini and my mom. She says this is called displacement.

It sort of sucks when your best friend's parents are psychoanalysts.

Today after school the Drs Moscovitz were totally trying to analyse me. I mean, Lilly and I were just sitting there playing Boggle. And every five minutes it was like, 'Girls, do you want some Snapple? Girls, there's a very interesting squid documentary on the Discovery channel. And by the way, Mia, how do you feel about your mother starting to date your Algebra teacher?'

I said, 'I feel fine about it.'

Why can't I be more assertive?

But what if Lilly's parents run into my mom at Jefferson Market, or something? If I told them the truth, they'd definitely tell her. I don't want my mom to know how weird I feel about this, not when she's so happy about it.

The worst part was that Lilly's older brother Michael overheard the whole thing. He immediately started laughing his head off, even though I don't see anything funny about it.

He went, 'Your mom is dating Frank Gianini? Ha! Ha! Ha!'

So great. Now Lilly's brother Michael knows.

So then I had to start begging him not to tell anybody. He's in 5th period Gifted and Talented class with me and Lilly, which is the biggest joke of a class, because Mrs Hill, who's in charge of the G & T programme at Albert Einstein's, doesn't care what we do, as long as we don't make too much noise. She hates it when she has to come out of the teachers' lounge, which is right across the hall from the G & T room, to yell at us.

Anyway, Michael is supposed to use 5th period to work on his online webzine, *Crackhead*. I'm supposed to use it for catching up on my Algebra homework.

## Friday, September 26

### Lilly Moscovitz's List of Hottest Guys

(compiled during World Civ., with commentary by Mia Thermopolis)

1. *Josh Richter* (agree – six feet of unadulterated hotness. Blond hair, often falling into his clear blue eyes, and that sweet, sleepy smile. Only drawback: he has the bad taste to date Lana Weinberger.)
2. *Boris Pelkowski* (strongly disagree. Just because he played his stupid violin at Carnegie Hall when he was twelve does not make him hot. Plus he tucks his school sweater into his trousers, instead of wearing it out, like a normal person.)
3. *Pierce Brosnan, best James Bond ever* (disagree – I liked Timothy Dalton better.)
4. *Daniel Day Lewis* in Last of the Mohicans (agree – Stay alive, no matter what occurs.)
5. *Prince William of England* (duh)
6. *Leonardo in Titanic* (As if! That is so 1998.)
7. *Mr Wheaton, the crew coach* (hot, but taken. Seen opening the door to the teachers' lounge for Mademoiselle Klein.)
8. *That guy in that jeans ad on that giant billboard in Times Square* (totally agree. Who IS that guy? They should give him his own TV series.)
9. *Dr Quinn, Medicine Woman's boyfriend* (whatever happened to him? He was hot!)
10. *Joshua Bell, the violinist* (totally agree. It would be so cool to date a musician – just not Boris Pelkowski.)

Anyway, I guess Michael got tired of me offering to do stuff like walk his sheltie, Pavlov, and take his mom's empty Tab cans back to Gristedes for the deposit money, which is his weekly chore. Because in the end, Michael just said, in this disgusted voice, 'Forget it, OK, Thermopolis?' and went back into his room.

I asked Lilly why he was so mad, and she said because he'd been sexually harassing me, but I didn't notice.

How embarrassing! Supposing Josh Richter starts sexually harassing me some day (I wish) and I don't notice? God, I'm so stupid sometimes.

Anyway, Lilly said not to worry about Michael telling his friends at school about my mom and Mr G, since Michael has no friends. Then Lilly wanted to know why I cared about Mr Gianini's nostrils sticking out so much, since I'm not the one who has to look at them, my mom is.

And I said, Excuse me, I have to look at them from 9:55 to 10:55 and from 2:30 to 3:30 EVERY SINGLE DAY, except Saturdays and Sundays and national holidays and the summer. If I don't flunk, that is, and have to go to summer school.

And if they get married, then I'll have to look at them EVERY SINGLE DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, MAJOR HOLIDAYS INCLUDED.

Define set: collection of objects element or member; belongs to a set

A = (Gilligan, Skipper, Mary Ann)  
rule specifies each element

A = {x:x is one of the castaways on Gilligan's Island}

## Later on Friday

I was measuring my chest and totally not thinking about the fact that my mom was out with my Algebra teacher when my dad called. I don't know why, but I lied and told him Mom was at her studio. Which is so weird, because obviously, Dad knows Mom dates. But for some reason, I just couldn't tell him about Mr Gianini.

This afternoon during my mandatory review session with Mr Gianini I was sitting there practising the FOIL method (first, outside, inside, last; first, outside, inside, last – Oh my God, when am I ever going to have to actually use the FOIL method in real life? WHEN???) and all of a sudden Mr Gianini said, 'Mia, I hope you don't feel, well, uncomfortable about my seeing your mother socially.'

Only for some reason for a second I thought he said SEXUALLY, not socially. And then I could feel my face getting totally hot. I mean like BURNING. And I said, 'Oh, no, Mr Gianini, it doesn't bother me at all.'

And Mr Gianini said, 'Because if it bothers you, we can talk about it.'

I guess he must have figured out I was lying, since my face was so red.

But all I said was, 'Really, it doesn't bother me. I mean, it bothers me a LITTLE, but really, I'm fine with it. I mean, it's just a date, right? Why get upset about one measly date?'

That was when Mr Gianini said, 'Well, Mia, I don't know if it's going to be one measly date. I really like your mother.'

And then, I don't even know how, but all of a sudden I heard myself saying, 'Well, you better. Because if you do anything to make her cry, I'll kick your butt.'

Oh my God! I can't even believe I said the word butt to a teacher! My face got even REDDER after that, which I

wouldn't have thought possible. Why is it that the only time I can tell the truth is when it's guaranteed to get me into trouble?

But I guess I *am* feeling sort of weird about the whole thing. Maybe Lilly's parents were right.

Mr Gianini, though, was totally cool. He smiled in this funny way and said, 'I have no intention of making your mother cry, but if I ever do, you have my permission to kick my butt.'

So that was OK, sort of.

Anyway, Dad sounded really weird on the phone. But then again, he always does. Transatlantic phone calls suck because I can hear the ocean swishing around in the background and it makes me all nervous, like the fish are listening, or something. Plus Dad didn't even want to talk to me. He wanted to talk to Mom. I suppose somebody died, and he wants Mom to break it to me gently.

Maybe it was Grandmere. Hmmm . . .

My breasts have grown exactly *none* since last summer. Mom was totally wrong. I did *not* have a growth spurt when I turned fourteen, like she did. I will probably *never* have a growth spurt, at least not on my chest. I only have growth spurts UP, not OUT. I am now the tallest girl in my class.

Now if anybody asks me to the Cultural Diversity Dance next month (yeah, right) I won't be able to wear a strapless dress, because there isn't anything on my chest to hold it up.



## Saturday, September 27

I was asleep when my mom got home from her date last night (I stayed up as late as I could, because I wanted to know what happened, but I guess all that measuring wore me out), so I didn't get to ask her how it went until this morning when I went out into the kitchen to feed Fat Louie. Mom was up already, which was weird, because usually she sleeps later than me, and I'm a teenager, I'm supposed to be the one sleeping all the time.

But Mom's been depressed ever since her last boyfriend turned out to be a Republican.

Anyway, she was in there, humming in a happy way and making pancakes. I nearly died of shock to see her actually cooking something so early in the morning, let alone something vegetarian.

Of course she had a fabulous time. They went to dinner at Monte's (not too shabby, Mr G!) and then walked around the West Village and went to some bar and sat outside in the back garden until nearly two in the morning, just talking. I kind of tried to find out if there'd been any kissing, particularly of the tongue-in-mouth variety, but my mom just smiled and looked all embarrassed.

OK. Gross.

They're going out again this week.

I guess I don't mind, if it makes her this happy.

Today Lilly is shooting a spoof of the movie *The Blair Witch Project* for her TV show, *Lilly Tells It Like It Is*. *The Blair Witch Project* is about some kids who go out into the woods to find a witch, and end up disappearing. All that's found of them is film footage and some piles of sticks. Only instead of *The Blair Witch Project*, Lilly's version is called *The Green Witch Project*. Lilly intends to take a hand-held camera down to

Washington Square Park and film the tourists who come up to us and ask if we know how to get to Green Witch Village (it's actually Greenwich Village – you're not supposed to pronounce the *w* in Greenwich. But people from out of town always say it wrong).

Anyway, as tourists come up and ask us which way to Green Witch Village, we are supposed to start screaming and run away in terror. All that will be left of us by the end, Lilly says, is a little pile of Metrocards. Lilly says after the show is aired, no one will ever think of Metrocards the same way.

I said it was too bad we don't have a real witch. I thought we could get Lana Weinberger to play her, but Lilly said that would be typecasting. Plus then we'd have to put up with Lana all day, and nobody would want that. Like she'd even show up, considering how she thinks we're the most unpopular girls in the whole school. She probably wouldn't want to tarnish her reputation by being seen with us.

Then again, she's so vain, she'd probably jump at the chance to be on TV, even if it is only a public access channel.

After filming was over for the day, we saw the Blind Guy crossing Bleecker. He had a new victim, this totally innocent German tourist who had no idea that the nice blind man she was helping to cross the street was going to feel her up as soon as they got to the other side, then pretend like he hadn't done it on purpose.

Just my luck, the only guy who's ever felt me up (not that there's anything to feel) was BLIND.

Lilly says she's going to report the Blind Guy to the 6th Precinct. Like they would care. They've got more important things to worry about. Like catching murderers.

### Things To Do:

1. Get cat litter.
2. Make sure Mom sent out rent cheque.
3. Stop lying.
4. Proposal for English paper.
5. Pick up laundry.
6. Stop thinking about Josh Richter.

### Sunday, September 28

My dad called again today, and this time, Mom really *was* at her studio, so I didn't feel so bad about lying last night, and not telling him about Mr Gianini. He sounded all weird on the phone again so finally I was like, 'Dad, is Grandmere dead?' and he got all startled and said, 'No, Mia, why would you think that?'

And I told him it was because he sounded so weird, and he was all, 'I don't sound weird,' which was a lie, because he DID sound weird. But I decided to let it drop and I talked to him about Iceland, because we're studying Iceland in World Civ. Iceland has the world's highest literacy rate, because there's nothing to do there but read. They also have these natural hot springs, and everybody goes swimming in them. Once, the opera came to Iceland, and every show was sold out and something like 98 per cent of the population attended. Everybody knew all the words to the opera and went around singing it all day.

I would like to live in Iceland some day. It sounds like a fun place. Much more fun than Manhattan, where people sometimes spit at you for no reason.

But Dad didn't seem all that impressed by Iceland. I suppose by comparison, Iceland does make every other country look sucky. The country Dad lives in is pretty small, though. I would think if the opera went there, about 80 per cent of the population would attend, which would certainly be something to be proud of.

I only shared this information with him because he is a politician, and I thought it might give him some ideas about how to make things better in Genovia, where he lives. But I guess Genovia doesn't need to be better. Genovia's number one import is tourists. I know this because I had to do a fact

## Monday, September 29, G & T

Today I watched Mr Gianini very closely for signs that he might not have had as good a time on his date with my mom as my mom did. He seemed to be in a really good mood, though. During class, while we were working on the quadratic formula (what happened to FOIL? I was just starting to get the hang of it, and all of a sudden there's some NEW thing: No *wonder* I'm flunking!), he asked if anybody had gone out for a part in the fall musical, *My Fair Lady*.

Then later he said, in the way he does when he gets excited about something, 'You know who would be a good Eliza Dolittle? Mia, I think you would.'

I thought I would totally die. I know Mr Gianini was only trying to be nice – I mean, he is dating my mom, after all – but he was SO far off: first of all, because of course they already held auditions, and even if I could've gone out for a part (which I couldn't, because I'm flunking Algebra, hello, Mr Gianini, remember?) I NEVER would've gotten one, let alone the LEAD. I can't sing. I can barely even *talk*.

Even Lana Weinberger, who always got the lead in junior high, didn't get the lead. It went to some senior girl. Lana plays a maid, a spectator at the Ascot Races, and a Cockney hooker. Lilly is House Manager. Her job is to flick the lights on and off at the end of intermission.

I was so freaked out by what Mr Gianini said, I couldn't even *say* anything. I just sat there and felt myself turning all red. Maybe that was why later, when Lilly and I went by my locker at lunch, Lana, who was there waiting for Josh, was all, 'Oh, hello, *Amelia*,' in her snottiest voice, even though nobody has called me Amelia (except Grandmere) since kindergarten, when I asked everybody not to.

Then, as I bent over to get my money out of my

sheet on every country in Europe in the seventh grade, and Genovia was right up there with Disneyland as far as income from the tourist trade is concerned. That's probably why people in Genovia don't have to pay taxes: the government already has enough money. This is called a principality. The only other one is Monaco. My dad says we have a lot of cousins in Monaco, but so far I haven't met any of them, not even at Grandmere's.

I suggested to Dad that next summer, instead of spending it with him and Grandmere at Grandmere's chateau in France, we go to Iceland. We'd have to leave Grandmere at Miragnac, of course. She'd hate Iceland. She hates any place where you can't order up a decent Sidecar, which is her favourite drink, twenty-four hours a day.

All Dad said was, 'We'll talk about that some other time, and hung up.'

Mom is so right about him.

Absolute value: the distance that a given number is from zero on a number line . . . always a positive



backpack, Lana must have got a good look down my blouse, because all of a sudden she goes, 'Oh, how sweet. I see we still can't fit into a bra. Might I suggest Band-Aids?'

I would have hauled off and slugged her – well, probably not: the Drs Moscovitz say I have issues about confrontation – if Josh Richter hadn't walked up AT THAT VERY MOMENT. I knew he totally heard, but all he said was, 'Can I get by here?' to Lilly, since she was blocking his path to his locker.

I was ready to go slinking down to the cafeteria and forget the whole thing – God, that's all I need, my lack of chest pointed out *right in front* of Josh Richter! – but Lilly couldn't leave well enough alone. She got all red in the face and said to Lana, 'Why don't you do us all a favour and go curl up some place and die, Weinberger?'

Well, nobody tells Lana Weinberger to go curl up some place and die. I mean, nobody. Not if they don't want their name written up all over the walls of the Girls' Room. Not that this would be such a heinous thing – I mean, no boys are going to see it in the Girls' Room – but I sort of like keeping my name off walls, for the most part.

But Lilly doesn't care about things like that. I mean, she's short and sort of round and kind of resembles a pug, but she totally doesn't care how she looks. I mean, she has her own TV show, and guys call in all the time and say how ugly they think she is, and ask her to lift her shirt up (*she* isn't flat-chested. She wears a C-cup already) and she just laughs and laughs.

Lilly isn't afraid of anything.

So when Lana Weinberger started in on her for telling her to curl up and die, Lilly just blinked up at her and was like, 'Bite me.'

The whole thing would have escalated into this giant girl °

fight – Lilly has seen every single episode of *Xena, Warrior Princess*, and can kick-box like nobody's business – if Josh Richter hadn't slammed his locker door closed and said, 'I'm outta here,' in a disgusted voice. That was when Lana just dropped it like a hot potato and scooted after him, going, 'Josh, wait up. Wait up, Josh!'

Lilly and I just stood there looking at each other like we couldn't believe it. I still can't. Who *are* these people, and why do I have to be incarcerated with them on a daily basis?

### Homework:

Algebra: Problems 1–12, pg. 79

English: Proposal

World Civ: questions at end of Chapter 4

G & T: none

French: use *avoir* in neg. sentence, rd. lessons one to three, *pas de plus*

Biology: none

B = (x:x is an integer)

D = (2,3,4)

4ED

5ED

E = (x:x is an integer greater than 4 but less than 258)

## Tuesday, September 30

Something really weird just happened. I got home from school, and my mom was there (she's usually at her studio all day during the week). She had this funny look on her face, and then she went, 'I have to talk to you.'

She wasn't humming any more, and she hadn't cooked anything, so I knew it was serious.

I was kind of hoping Grandmere was dead, but I knew it had to be much worse than that, and I was worried something had happened to Fat Louie, like he'd swallowed another sock. The last time he did that, the vet charged us \$1,000 to remove the sock from his small intestines, and he walked around with a funny look on his face for about a month.

Fat Louie, I mean. Not the vet.

But it turned it wasn't about my cat, it was about my dad. The reason my dad kept on calling was because he wanted to tell us that he just found out, because of his cancer, that he can't have any more kids.

Cancer is a scary thing. Fortunately, the kind of cancer my dad had was pretty curable. They just had to cut off the cancerous part, and then he had to have chemo, and after a year, so far, the cancer hasn't come back.

Unfortunately, the part they had to cut off was . . .

Ew, I don't even like writing it.

His *testicle*.

GROSS!

It turns out that when they cut off one of your testicles, and then give you chemo, you have, like, a really strong chance of becoming sterile. Which is what my dad just found out he is.

Mom says he's really bummed out. She says we have to be

very understanding of him right now, because men have needs, and one of them is the need to feel progenitively omnipotent.

What I don't get is, what's the big deal? What does he need more kids for? He already has me! Sure, I only see him summers and at Christmastime, but that's enough, right? I mean, he's pretty busy, running Genovia. It's no joke, trying to make a whole country, even one that's only a mile long, run smoothly. The only other things he has time for besides me are his girlfriends. He's always got some new girlfriend slinking around. He brings them with him when we go to Grandmere's place in France in the summer. They always drool all over the pools and the stables and the waterfall and the twenty-seven bedrooms and the ballroom and the vineyard and the farm and the airstrip.

And then he dumps them a week later.

I didn't know he wanted to *marry* one of them, and have kids.

I mean, he never married my mom. My mom says that's because at the time, she rejected the bourgeois mores of a society that didn't even accept women as equals to men and refused to recognize her rights as an individual.

I kind of always thought that maybe my dad just never asked her.

Anyway, my mom says Dad is flying here to New York tomorrow to talk to me about this. I don't know *why*. I mean, it doesn't have anything to do with *me*. But when I went to my mom, 'Why does Dad have to fly all the way over here to talk to me about how he can't have kids?' she got this funny look on her face, and started to say something, and then she stopped.

Then she just said, 'You'll have to ask your father.'

This is bad. My mom only says 'Ask your father' when I

want to know something she doesn't feel like telling me, like why people sometimes kill their own babies and how come Americans eat so much red meat and read so much less than the people of Iceland. *Conter, 1994*

Note to self: Look up the words *progenitive*, *omnipotent*, and

*mores*

distributive law

$$5x + 5y - 5$$

$$5(x + y - 1)$$

Distribute WHAT??? FIND OUT BEFORE QUIZ!!!

## Wednesday, October 1

My dad's here. Well, not here in the loft. He's staying at the Plaza, as usual. I'm supposed to go see him tomorrow, after he's 'rested'. My dad rests a lot, now that he's had cancer. He stopped playing polo too. But I think that's because one time a horse stepped on him.

Anyway, I hate the Plaza. Last time my dad stayed there, they wouldn't let me in to see him because I was wearing shorts. The lady who owns the place was there, they said, and she doesn't like to see people in cut-offs in the lobby of her fancy hotel. I had to call my dad from a house phone, and ask him to bring down a pair of trousers. He just told me to put the concierge on the phone, and the next thing you know, everybody was apologizing to me like crazy. They gave me this big basket filled with fruit and chocolate. It was cool. I didn't want the fruit, though, so I gave it to a homeless man I saw on the subway on my way back down to the Village. I don't think the homeless man wanted the fruit either, since he threw it all in the gutter, and just kept the basket to use as a hat.

I told Lilly about what my dad said, about not being able to have kids, and she said that was very telling. She said it revealed that my dad still has unresolved issues with his parents, and I said, 'Well, duh. Grandmere is a *huge* pain in the ass.'

Lilly said she couldn't comment on the veracity of that statement, since she'd never met my grandmother. I've been asking if I could invite Lilly to Miragnac for, like, years, but Grandmere always says no. She says young people give her migraines.

Lilly says maybe my dad is afraid of losing his youth, which many men equate with losing their virility. I really



## Thursday, October 2, Ladies' Room at the Plaza Hotel

Well.

I guess now I know why my dad is so concerned about not being able to have more kids.

BECAUSE HE'S A PRINCE!!!

Geez! How long did they think they could keep something like *that* from me?

Although, come to think of it, they managed for a pretty long time. I mean, I've BEEN to Genovia. Miragnac, where I go every summer, and also most Christmases, is the name of my grandmother's house in France. It is actually on the border of France, right near Genovia, which is between France and Italy. I've been going to Miragnac ever since I was born. Never with my mother, though. Only with my dad. My mom and dad have never lived together. Unlike a lot of kids I know, who sit around wishing their parents would get back together after they get divorced, I'm perfectly happy with this arrangement. My parents broke up before I was ever born, although they have always been pretty friendly to one another. Except when my dad is being moody, that is, or my mom is being a flake, which she can be, sometimes. Things would majorly suck, I think, if they lived together.

Anyway, Genovia is where my grandmother takes me to shop for clothes at the end of every summer, when she's sick of looking at my overalls. But nobody ever mentioned anything about my dad being a PRINCE.

Come to think of it, I did that fact sheet on Genovia two years ago, and I copied down the name of the royal family, which is Renaldo. But even then I didn't connect it with my

*dad*. I mean, I know his name is Philippe Renaldo. But the name of the Prince of Genovia was listed in the encyclopedia I used as Artur Christoff Philippe Gerard Grimaldi Renaldo.

And that picture of him must have been totally old. Dad hasn't had any hair since before I was born (so when he had chemo, you couldn't even tell, since he was practically bald anyway). The picture of the Prince of Genovia showed someone with A LOT of hair, sideburns, and a moustache too.

I guess I can see now how Mom might have gone for him, back when she was in college. He was something of a hottie.

But a PRINCE? Of a whole COUNTRY? I mean, I knew he was in politics, and of course I knew he had money – how many kids at my school have summer homes in France? Martha's Vineyard, maybe, but not *France* – but a PRINCE?

So what I want to know is, if my dad's a prince, how come I have to learn Algebra?

I mean, seriously.

I don't think it was such a good idea for Dad to tell me he was a prince in the Palm Court at the Plaza. First of all, we almost had a repeat performance of the shorts incident: the doorman wouldn't even let me in at first. He said, 'No minors unaccompanied by an adult', which totally blows that whole *Home Alone II* movie, right?

And I was all, 'But I'm supposed to meet my dad—'

'No minors,' the doorman said again, 'unaccompanied by an adult.'

This seemed totally unfair. I wasn't even wearing shorts. I was wearing my uniform from Albert Einstein's. I mean, pleated skirt, knee socks, the whole thing. OK, maybe I was

think they should move Lilly up a grade, but she says she likes being a freshman. She says this way, she has four whole years to make observations on the adolescent condition in post-Cold War America.

The 3rd power of  $x$  is called cube of  $x$  – negative numbers have no sq root

### Starting today I will:

1. Be nice to everyone, whether I like him/her or not.
2. Stop lying all the time about my feelings.
3. Stop forgetting my Algebra notebook.
4. Keep my comments to myself.
5. Stop writing my Algebra notes in my journal.

### Notes from G & T

Lilly – I can't stand this. When is she going to go back to the teachers' lounge?

*Maybe never. I heard they were shampooing the carpet today. God, he is so CUTE.*

Who's cute?

**BORIS!**

He isn't cute. He's gross. Look what he did to his sweater. Why does he DO that?

*You're so narrow-minded.*

I am NOT narrow-minded. But someone should tell him that in America, we don't tuck in our sweaters.

*Well, maybe in Russia they do.*

But this isn't Russia. Also, someone should tell him to learn a new song. If I have to hear that requiem for dead King Whoever *one* more time . . .

*You're just jealous, because Boris is a musical genius, and you're flunking Algebra.*

Lilly, just because I am flunking Algebra does NOT mean I'm stupid.

*OK, OK. What is wrong with you today?*

**NOTHING!!!!!!**

slope: slope of a line denoted  $m$  is  $m = \frac{y_2 - y_1}{x_2 - x_1}$

Find equation of line with slope = 2

Find the degree of slope to Mr G's nostrils

wearing Doc Martens, but come on! I practically WAS that kid Eloise, and she supposedly ruled the Plaza.

Finally, after standing there for, like, half an hour, saying, 'But my dad . . . but my dad . . . but my dad . . .', the concierge came over and asked, 'Just who is your father, young lady?'

As soon as I said his name, they let me in. I realize now that's because even THEY knew he was a prince. But his own daughter, his own daughter nobody tells!

Dad was waiting at a table. High tea at the Plaza is supposed to be this very big deal. You should *see* all the German tourists snapping pictures of themselves eating chocolate chip scones. Anyway, I used to get a kick out of it when I was a little girl, and since my dad refuses to believe fourteen is not little any more, we still meet there when he's in town. Oh, we go other places too. Like we always go to see *Beauty and the Beast*, my all-time favourite Broadway musical, I don't care what Lilly says about Walt Disney and his misogynistic undertones. I've seen it seven times.

So has my dad. His favourite part is when the dancing forks come out.

Anyway, we're sitting there drinking tea and he starts telling me in this very serious voice that he's the Prince of Genovia, and then this terrible thing happens:

I get the hiccups.

This only happens when I drink something hot and then eat bread. I don't know why. It had never happened at the Plaza before, but all of a sudden, my dad is like, 'Mia, I want you to know the truth. I think you're old enough now, and the fact is, now that I can't have any more children, this will have a tremendous impact on your life, and it's only fair I tell you. I am the Prince of Genovia.'

And I was all, 'Really, Dad?' *Hiccup.*

'Your mother has always felt very strongly that there wasn't any reason for you to know, and I agreed with her. I had a very . . . well, *unsatisfactory* childhood—'

He's not kidding. Life with Grandmere couldn't have been any *pique-nique*. *Hiccup.*

'I agreed with your mother that a palace is no place to raise a child.' Then he started muttering to himself, which he always does whenever I tell him I'm a vegetarian, or the subject of Mom comes up. 'Of course, at the time I didn't think she intended to raise you in a *bohemian artist's loft* in *Greenwich Village*, but I will admit that it doesn't seem to have done you any harm. In fact, I think growing up in New York City instilled you with a healthy amount of scepticism about the human race at large—'

*Hiccup.* And he had never even *met* Lana Weinberger.

'—which is something I didn't gain until college, and I believe is partly responsible for the fact that I have such a difficult time establishing close interpersonal relationships with women . . .'

*Hiccup.*

'What I'm trying to say is, your mother and I thought by not telling you, we were doing you a favour. The fact was, we never envisioned that an occasion might arise in which you might succeed to the throne. I was only twenty-five when you were born. I felt certain I would meet another woman, marry her, and have more children. But now, unfortunately, that will never be. So, the fact is, you, Mia, are the heir to the throne of Genovia.'

I hiccuped again. This was getting embarrassing. These weren't little lady-like hiccups, either. They were huge, and I made my whole body go springing up out of my chair, like I was some kind of five-foot-nine frog. They were loud too. I mean *really* loud. The German tourists kept looking over,



all giggly and stuff. I knew what my dad was saying was super-serious, but I couldn't help it, I just kept hiccuping! I tried holding my breath and counting to thirty – I only got to ten before I hiccuped again. I put a sugar cube on my tongue and let it dissolve. No go. I even tried to scare myself, thinking about my mom and Mr Gianini French kissing – even *that* didn't work.

Finally, my dad was like, 'Mia? Mia, are you listening? Have you heard a word I said?'

I said, 'Dad, can I be excused for a minute?'

He looked sort of pained, like his stomach hurt him, and he slumped back in his chair in this defeated way, but he said, 'Go ahead', and gave me five dollars to give to the washroom attendant, which I of course put in my pocket. Five bucks for the washroom attendant! Geez, my whole allowance is ten bucks a week!

I don't know if you've ever been to the Ladies' Room at the Plaza, but it's like totally the nicest one in Manhattan. It's all pink and there are mirrors and little couches everywhere, in case you look at yourself and feel the urge to faint from your beauty or something. Anyway, I banged in there, hiccuping like a maniac, and all these women in these fancy hairdos looked up, annoyed at the interruption. I guess I made them mess up their lip-liner, or something.

I went into one of the stalls, each of which, besides a toilet, has its own private sink with a huge mirror and a dressing table, with a little stool with tassels hanging off it. I sat on the stool and concentrated on not hiccuping any more. Instead, I concentrated on what my dad had said:

He's the Prince of Genovia.

A lot of things are beginning to make sense now. Like how when I fly to France, I just walk onto the plane from the terminal, but when I get there, I'm escorted off the plane

before everyone else and get taken away by limo to meet my dad at Miragnac.

I always thought that was because he had Frequent Flyer privileges.

I guess it's because he's a prince.

And then there's that fact that whenever Grandmere takes me shopping in Genovia, she always takes me either before the stores are officially open, or after they are officially closed. She calls ahead to ensure we will be let in, and no one has ever said no. In Manhattan, if my mother had tried to do this, the clerks at the Gap would have fallen over from laughing so hard.

And when I'm at Miragnac, I notice that we never go out to eat anywhere. We always have our meals there, or sometimes we go to the neighbouring chateau, Mirabeau, which is owned by these nasty British people who have a lot of snotty kids who say things like, 'That's rot', to one another. One of the younger girls, Nicole, is sort of my friend, but then one night she told me this story about how she was Frenching a boy and I didn't know what Frenching was. I was only eleven at the time, which is no excuse, because so was she. I just thought Frenching was some weird British thing, like toad-in-the-hole, or air raids, or something. So then I mentioned it at the dinner table in front of Nicole's parents, and after that, all those kids stopped talking to me.

I wonder if the Brits know that my dad is the Prince of Genovia. I bet they do. God, they must have thought I was mentally retarded, or something.

Most people have never heard of Genovia. I know when we had to do our fact sheets, none of the other kids ever had. Neither had my mother, she says, before she met my dad. Nobody famous ever came from there. Nobody who was born there ever invented anything, or wrote anything, or

### Later on Thursday, Penguin House, Central Park Zoo

I'm so freaked out I can barely write, plus people keep bumping my elbow, and it's dark in here, but whatever. I have to get this down exactly the way it happened. Otherwise, when I wake up tomorrow, I might think it was just a nightmare.

But it wasn't a nightmare. It was REAL.

I'm not going to tell anybody, not even Lilly. Lilly would NOT understand. NOBODY would understand. Because nobody I know has ever been in this situation before. Nobody ever went to bed one night as one person, and then woke up the next morning to find out that she was somebody completely different.

When I got back to our table after hiccuping in the Ladies' Room at the Plaza, I saw that the German tourists had been replaced by some Japanese tourists. This was an improvement. They were much quieter. My dad was on his mobile phone when I sat back down. He was talking to my mom, I realized right away. He had on the expression he only wears when he is talking to her. He was saying, 'Yes, I told her. No, she doesn't seem upset.' He looked at me. 'Are you upset?'

I said, 'No', because I wasn't upset – not THEN.

He said, into the phone, 'She says no.' He listened for a minute, then he looked at me again. 'Do you want your mother to come up here and help to explain things?'

I shook my head. 'No. She has to finish that mixed media piece for the Kelly Tate gallery. They want it by next Tuesday.'

My dad repeated this to my mom. I heard her grumble

became a movie star. A lot of Genovians, like my grandpa, fought against the Nazis in World War II, but other than that, they aren't really known for anything.

Still, people who *have* heard of Genovia like to go there, because it's so beautiful. It's very sunny nearly all the time, with the snow-capped Alps in the background, and the crystal blue Mediterranean in front of it. It has a lot of hills, some of which are as steep as the ones in San Francisco, and most of which have olive trees growing on them. The main export of Genovia, I remember from my fact sheet, is olive oil, the really expensive kind my mom says only to use for salad dressing.

There's a palace there too. It's kind of famous because they filmed a movie there, once, a movie about the three Musketeers. I've never been inside, but we've driven by it before, me and Grandmere. It's got all these turrets and flying buttresses and stuff.

Funny how Grandmere never mentioned having *lived* there all those times we drove past it.

My hiccups are gone. I think it's safe to go back to the Palm Court.

I'm going to give the washroom attendant a dollar, even though she didn't attend me.

Hey, I can afford it: my dad's a prince!

back. She is always very grumbly when I remind her that she has paintings due by a certain time. My mom likes to work when the muses move her. Since my dad pays most of our bills, this is not usually a problem, but it is not a very responsible way for an adult to behave, even if she is an artist. I swear, if I ever met my mom's muses, I'd give 'em such swift kicks in the toga, they wouldn't know what hit them.

Finally my dad hung up and then he looked at me. 'Better?' he asked.

So I guess he had noticed the hiccups after all. 'Better,' I said.

'Do you really understand what I'm telling you, Mia?'

I nodded. 'You are the Prince of Genovia.'

'Yes . . . ' he said, like there was more.

I didn't know what else to say. So I tried, 'Grandpere was the Prince of Genovia before you?'

He said, 'Yes . . . '

'So Grandmere is . . . what?'

'The Dowager Princess.'

I winced. Ew. That explained a whole lot about Grandmere.

Dad could tell he had me stumped. He kept on looking at me all hopeful-like. Finally, after I tried just smiling at him innocently for a while, and that didn't work, I slumped over and said, 'OK. What?'

He looked disappointed. 'Mia, don't you know?'

I had my head on the table. You aren't supposed to do that at the Plaza, but I hadn't noticed Ivana Trump looking our way. 'No . . . ' I said. 'I guess not. Know what?'

'You're not Mia Thermopolis any more, honey,' he said. Because I was born out of wedlock, and my mom doesn't believe in what she calls the cult of the patriarchy, she gave me her last name, instead of my dad's.

I raised my head at that. 'I'm not?' I said, blinking a few times. 'Then who am I?'

And he went, kind of sadly, 'You're Amelia Mignonette Grimaldi Thermopolis Renaldo, Princess of Genovia.'

OK.

WHAT? A PRINCESS?? ME???

Yeah. Right.

This is how NOT a princess I am. I am so NOT a princess that when my dad started telling me that I was one, I totally started crying. I could see my reflection in this big gold mirror across the room, and my face had gotten all splotchy, like it does in PE whenever we play dodge ball and I get hit. I looked at my face in that big mirror and I was like, *This* is the face of a princess?

You should see what I look like. You never saw anyone who looked LESS like a princess than I do. I mean, I have really bad hair, that isn't curly or straight, it's sort of triangular, so I have to wear it really short or I look like a Yield sign. And it isn't blonde or brunette, it's in the middle, the sort of colour they call mouse brown, or dishwater blonde. Attractive, huh? And I have a really big mouth and no breasts and feet that look like skis. Lilly says my only attractive feature is my eyes, which are grey, but right then they were all squinty and red-looking, since I was trying not to cry.

I mean, princesses don't cry, right?

Then my dad reached out and started patting my hand. OK, I love my dad, but he just has no clue. He kept saying how sorry he was. I couldn't say anything in reply, because I was afraid if I talked I'd cry harder. He kept on saying how it wasn't that bad, that I'd like living at the palace in Genovia with him, and that I could come back to visit my little friends as often as I wanted.

That's when I lost it.

Not only am I a princess, but I have to MOVE???

I stopped crying almost right away. Because then I got mad. Really mad. I don't get mad all that often, because of my fear of confrontation and all, but when I *do* get mad, look out.

'I am NOT moving to Genovia,' I said, in this really loud voice. I know it was loud, because all the Japanese tourists turned around and looked at me, and then started whispering to one another.

My dad looked kind of shocked. The last time I yelled at him had been years ago, when he agreed with Grandmere that I ought to eat some foie gras. I don't care if it is a delicacy in France: I'm not eating anything that once walked around and quacked.

'But, Mia,' my dad said, in his Now-Let's-Be-Reasonable voice. 'I thought you understood—'

'All I understand,' I said, 'is that you *lied* to me my whole life. Why should I come live with *you*?'

I realize this was a completely teen prime-time drama kind of thing to say, and I'm sorry to say that I followed it up with some pretty teen drama queen kind of behaviour. I stood up real fast, knocking my big gold chair over, and rushed out of there, nearly bowling over the snobby doorman.

I think my dad tried to chase me, but I can run pretty fast when I want to. Mr Wheeton is always trying to get me to go out for track, but that's, like, such a joke, because I hate running for no reason. A letter on a stupid jacket is no reason to run, as far as I'm concerned.

Anyway, I ran down the street, past the stupid touristy horse and carriages, past the big fountain with the gold statues in it, past all the traffic outside of FAO Schwartz, right into Central Park, where it was getting kind of dark and cold

and spooky and stuff, but I didn't care. Nobody was going to attack me, because I was this five-foot-nine girl running in combat boots, with a big backpack with bumper stickers on it that said stuff like *Support Greenpeace* and *I Brake For Animals*. Nobody messes with a girl in combat boots, particularly when she's also a vegetarian.

After a while I got tired of running, and then I tried to figure out where I could go, since I wasn't ready to go home yet. I knew I couldn't go to Lilly's. She is vehemently opposed to any form of government that is not by the people, exercised either directly or through elected representatives. She's always said that when sovereignty is vested in a single person whose right to rule is hereditary, the principles of social equality and respect for the individual within a community are irrevocably lost. This is why today, real power has passed from reigning monarchs to constitutional assemblies, making royals such as Queen Elizabeth mere symbols of national unity.

At least, that's what she said in her oral report in World Civ. the other day.

And I guess I kind of agree with Lilly, especially when you consider the whole part about how we as a country struggled for independence from the yoke of servitude to our British oppressors — but my dad isn't like that. Yeah, he plays polo and all, but he would never dream of subjecting anyone to taxation without representation.

Still, I was pretty sure the fact that the people of Genovia don't have to pay taxes wasn't going to make any difference to Lilly.

I knew the first thing my dad would do was call Mom, and she'd be all worried. I hate making my mom worry. Even though she can be very irresponsible at times, it's only with things like bills and the groceries. She's never irresponsible

about *me*. Like, I have friends whose parents don't even remember sometimes to give them subway fare. I have friends who tell their parents they're going to So-and-So's apartment, and then instead they go out drinking, and their parents never find out, because they don't even check with the other kid's parents.

My mom's not like that. She ALWAYS checks.

So I knew it wasn't fair to run off like that, and make her worry. I didn't care much then about what my dad thought. I was pretty much hating him by then. But I just had to be alone for a little while. I mean, it takes some getting used to, finding out you're a princess. I guess some girls might like it, but not me. I've never been good at girly stuff, you know, like putting on make-up and wearing pantyhose and stuff. I mean, I can *do* it, if I have to, but I'd rather not.

*Much* rather not.

Anyway, I don't know how, but my feet sort of knew where they were going, and before I knew it, I was at the zoo.

I love the Central Park Zoo. I always have, since I was a little kid. It's way better than the Bronx Zoo, because it's really small and cosy, and the animals are much friendlier, especially the seals and the polar bears. I love polar bears. At the Central Park Zoo, they have this one polar bear, and all he does all day long is the backstroke. I swear! He was on the news once, because this animal psychologist was worried he was under too much stress. It must suck to have people looking at you all day. But then they bought him some toys, and after that, he was all right. He just kicks back in his enclosure – they don't have cages at the Central Park Zoo, they have enclosures – and watches you watching him. Sometimes he holds a ball while he does it. I love that bear.

So after I forked over a couple of dollars to get in – that's

the other good thing about the zoo: it's cheap – I paid a little call on the polar bear. He appeared to be doing fine. Much better than I was, at the moment. I mean, *his* dad hadn't told him he was the heir to the throne of anywhere. I wondered where that polar bear had come from. I hoped he was from Iceland.

After a while it got too crowded at the polar bear enclosure, so then I went into the penguin house. It smells kind of bad in here, but it's fun. There are these windows that look underwater, so you can see the penguins swimming around, sliding on the rocks and having a good penguin time. Little kids put their hands on the glass, and when a penguin swims towards them, they start screaming. It totally cracks me up. There's a bench you can sit on too, and that's where I'm sitting now, writing this. You get used to the smell after a while. I guess you can get used to anything.

Oh my God, I can't believe I just wrote that! I will NEVER get used to being Princess Amelia Renaldo! I don't even know who that is! It sounds like the name of some stupid line of make-up, or of somebody from a Disney movie who's been missing and just recovered her memory, or something.

What am I going to do? I CAN'T move to Genovia, I just CAN'T!! Who would look after Fat Louie? My mom can't. She forgets to feed *herself*, let alone a *CAT*.

I'm sure they won't let me have a cat in the palace. At least, not a cat like Louie, who weighs twenty-five pounds and eats socks. He'd scare all the ladies-in-waiting.

Oh, God. *What am I going to do?*

If Lana Weinberger finds out about this, I'm dead.



### Even later on Thursday

Of course, I couldn't hide out in the penguin house for ever. Eventually, they flicked the lights, and said the zoo was closing. I put my journal away and filed out with everybody else. I grabbed a downtown bus and went home, where I was sure I was going to get it BIG-TIME from my mom.

What I didn't count on was getting it from BOTH my parents at the same time. This was a first.

'Where have you been, young lady?' my mom wanted to know. She was sitting at the kitchen table with my dad, the telephone between them.

My dad said, at the exact same time, 'We were worried sick!'

I thought I was in for the grounding of a lifetime, but all they wanted to know was whether I was all right. I assured them that I was, and apologized for going all Jennifer Love Hewitt on them. I just needed to be alone, I said.

I was really worried they'd start in on me, but they totally didn't. My mom did try to make me eat some Ramen, but I wouldn't, because it was beef-flavoured. And then my dad offered to send his driver to Nobu to pick up some blackened sea bass, but I was like, 'Really, Dad, I just want to go to bed.' Then my mom started feeling my head and stuff, thinking I was sick. This nearly made me start crying again. I guess my dad recognized my expression from the Plaza, since all of a sudden he was like, 'Helen, just leave her alone.'

To my surprise, she did. And so I went into my bathroom and closed the door and took a long, hot bath, then got into my favourite pyjamas, the cool red flannel ones, found Fat Louie where he was trying to hide under the futon couch (he doesn't like my dad so much), and went to bed.

Before I fell asleep, I could hear my dad talking to my mom in the kitchen for a long, long time. His voice was rumbling, like thunder. It sort of reminded me of Captain Picard's voice, on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*.

My dad actually has a lot in common with Captain Picard. You know, he's white and bald and has to rule over a small populace.

Except that Captain Picard always makes everything OK by the end of the episode, and I sincerely doubt everything will be OK for me.

### Friday, October 3 - Homeroom

Today when I woke up, the pigeons that live on the fire escape outside my window were cooing away (Fat Louie was on the windowsill – well, as much of him that could fit on the windowsill, anyway – watching them), and the sun was shining, and I actually got up on time, and didn't hit the snooze button seven-thousand times. I took a shower and didn't cut my legs shaving them, found a fairly unwrinkled blouse at the bottom of my closet, and even got my hair to look sort of halfway passable. I was in a good mood. It was Friday. Friday is my favourite day, besides Saturday and Sunday. Fridays always mean two days – two glorious, relaxing days – of NO Algebra are coming my way.

And then I walked out into the kitchen, and there was all this pink light coming down through the skylight right on my mom, who was wearing her best kimono and making French toast using Egg Beaters instead of real eggs, even though I'm no longer ovo-lacto since I realized eggs aren't fertilized so they could never have been baby chicks anyway.

And I was all set to thank her for thinking of me, and then I heard this rustle.

And there was my DAD sitting at the dining room table (well, really it's just a table, since we don't have a dining room, but whatever), reading The *New York Times* and wearing a suit.

A *suit*. At seven o'clock in the morning.

And then I remembered. I couldn't believe I'd forgotten it:

I'm a *princess*.

Oh my God. Everything good about my day just went right out the window after that.

As soon as he saw me, my dad was all, 'Ah, Mia.'

I knew I was in for it. He only says *Ah, Mia* when he's about to give me a big lecture.

He folded his paper all carefully and laid it down. My dad always folds papers carefully, making the edges all neat. My mom never does this. She usually crumples the pages up and leaves them, out of order, on the futon couch, or next to the toilet. This kind of thing drives my father insane and is probably the real reason why they never got married.

My mom, I saw, had set the table with our best K-Mart plates, the ones with the blue stripes on them, and the green plastic cactus-shaped margarita glasses from Ikea. She had even put a bunch of fake sunflowers in the middle of the table in a yellow vase. She had done all that to cheer me up, I know, and she'd probably gotten up really early to do it too. But instead of cheering me up, it just made me sadder.

Because I bet they don't use green plastic cactus-shaped margarita glasses for breakfast at the palace in Genovia.

'We need to talk, Mia,' my dad said. This is how his worst lectures always start. Except this time, he looked at me kind of funny before he started. 'What's wrong with your hair?'

I put my hand up to my head. 'Why?' I thought my hair looked good, for a change.

'Nothing is wrong with her hair, Philippe,' my mom said. She usually tries to ward off my dad's lectures, if she can. 'Come and sit down, Mia, and have some breakfast. I even heated up the syrup for the French toast, the way you like it.'

I appreciated this gesture on my mom's part. I really did. But I was *not* going to sit down and talk about my future in Genovia. I mean, come on. So I was all, 'Uh, I'd love to, really, but I gotta go. I have a test in World Civ. today, and I promised Lilly I'd meet her to go over our notes together—'

'Sit down.'

Boy, my dad can really sound like a starship captain in the Federation when he wants to.

I sat. My mom shovelled some French toast on my plate. I poured syrup over it and took a bite, just to be polite. It tasted like cardboard.

'Mia,' my mom said. She was still trying to ward off my dad's lecture. 'I know how upset you must be about all of this. But really, it isn't as bad as you're making it out to be.'

Oh, right. All of a sudden you tell me I'm a princess, and I'm supposed to be happy about it?

'I mean,' my mom went on, 'most girls would probably be delighted to find out their father is a prince!'

No girls I know. Actually, that's not true. Lana Weinberger would probably *love* to be a princess. In fact, she already thinks she is one.

Just think of all the lovely things you could have if you went to live in Genovia.' My mom's face totally lit up as she started listing the lovely things I could have if I went to live in Genovia, but her voice sounded strange, as if she were playing a mom on TV or something. 'Like a car! You know how impractical it is to have a car here in the city. But in Genovia, when you turn sixteen, I'm sure Dad will buy you a—'

I pointed out that there are enough problems with pollution in Europe without my contributing to it. Diesel emissions are one of the largest contributors to the destruction of the ozone layer.

'But you've always wanted a horse, haven't you? Well, in Genovia, you could have one. A nice grey one, with spots on its back—'

That hurt.

'Mom,' I said, my eyes all filling up with tears. I

completely couldn't help it. Suddenly, I was bawling all over again. 'What are you *doing*? Do you *want* me to go live with Dad? Is that it? Are you tired of me, or something? Do you want me to go live with Dad so you and Mr Gianini can . . . can . . .'

I couldn't go on, because I started crying so hard. But by then my mom was crying too. She jumped up out of her chair and came around the end of the table and started hugging me, saying, 'Oh, no, honey! How could you think something like that?' She had stopped sounding like a TV mom. 'I just want what's best for you!'

'As do I,' my dad said, looking annoyed. He had folded his arms across his chest and was leaning back in his chair, watching us in an irritated way.

'Well, what's best for me is to stay right here and finish high school,' I told him. 'And then I'm going to join Greenpeace and help save the whales.'

My dad looked even *more* irritated at that. 'You are *not* joining Greenpeace,' he said.

'I am too,' I said. It was totally hard to talk, because I was crying and all, but I told him, 'I'm going to go Iceland to save the baby seals too.'

'You most certainly are not.' My dad didn't just look annoyed. Now he looked mad. 'You are going to go to college. Vassar, I think. Maybe Sarah Lawrence.'

That made me cry even more.

But before I could say anything, my mom held up a hand and was like, 'Philippe, don't. We aren't accomplishing anything here. Mia has to get to school, anyway. She's already late—'

I started looking around for my backpack and coat real fast. 'Yeah,' I said. 'I gotta renew my Metro card.'

My dad made this weird French noise he makes

sometimes. It's halfway between a snort and sigh. It kind of sounds like, *Pfuit!* Then he said, 'Lars will drive you.'

I told my dad that this was unnecessary, since I meet Lilly at Astor Place every day, where we catch the uptown 6 train together.

'Lars can pick up your little friend too.'

I looked at my mom. She was looking at my dad. Lars is my dad's driver. He goes everywhere my dad goes. For as long as I've known my dad – OK, my whole life – he's always had a driver, usually a big beefy guy who used to work for the president of Israel, or somebody like that.

Now that I think about it, of course I realize these guys aren't really drivers at all, but bodyguards.

Duh.

OK, so the last thing I wanted was for my dad's bodyguard to drive me to school. How would I ever explain it to Lilly? *Oh, don't mind him, Lilly. He's just my dad's chauffeur.* Yeah, right. The only person at Albert Einstein High School who gets dropped off by a chauffeur is this totally rich Saudi Arabian girl named Tina Hakim Baba whose dad owns some big oil company, and everybody makes fun of her because her parents are all worried she'll get kidnapped between 75th and Madison, where our school is, and 75th and Fifth, where she lives. She even has a bodyguard who follows her around from class to class and talks on a walkie-talkie to the chauffeur. This seems a little extreme, if you ask me.

But Dad was totally rigid on the driver thing. It's like now that I'm an official princess, there's all this concern for my welfare. Yesterday, when I was Mia Thermopolis, it was perfectly OK for me to ride the subway. Today, now that I'm Princess Amelia, forget it.

Well, whatever. It didn't seem worth arguing over. I mean, there are way worse things I have to worry about.

Like which country am I going to be living in in the near future.

As I was leaving – my dad made Lars come up to the loft to walk me down to the car. It was totally embarrassing – I overheard my dad say to my mom, 'All right, Helen. Who's this Gianini fellow Mia was talking about?'

Oops.

$ab = a + b$   
 solve for b  
 $ab - b = a$   
 $b(a - 1) = a$   
 $b = \frac{a}{a - 1}$

## More Friday, Algebra

Lilly could tell right away something was up.

Oh, she swallowed the whole story I fed her about Lars: 'Oh, my dad's in town, and he's got this driver, and you know ...'

But I couldn't tell her about the princess thing. I mean, all I kept thinking about was how disgusted Lilly sounded during that part in her oral report when she mentioned how Christian monarchs used to consider themselves appointed agents of divine will and thus were responsible not to the people they governed but to God alone, even though my dad hardly ever even goes to church, except when Grandmere makes him.

Lilly believed me about Lars, but she was still all over me with the crying thing. She was like, 'Why are your eyes so red and squinty? You've been crying. Why were you crying? Did something happen? What happened? Did you get another F in something?'

I just shrugged and tried to look out the passenger window at the uninspiring view of the East Village crack-houses, which we had to drive by to get to the FDR. 'It's nothing,' I said. 'PMS.'

'It is not PMS. You had your period last week. I remember because you borrowed a pad from me after PE, and then you ate two whole packs of Yodels at lunch.' Sometimes I wish Lilly's memory wasn't so good. 'So spill. Did Louie eat another sock?'

First of all, it was, like, totally embarrassing to discuss my menstrual cycle in front of my dad's bodyguard. I mean, Lars was kind of a hottie. He was concentrating really hard on driving though, and I don't know if he could hear us in the front seat, but it was embarrassing, just the same.

'It's nothing,' I whispered. 'Just my dad. *You know*.'

'Oh,' Lilly said, in her normal voice. Have I mentioned that Lilly's normal voice is really loud? 'You mean the infertility thing? Is he still bummed out about that? Gawd, does he ever need to self-actualize.'

Lilly then went on to describe something she called the Jungian tree of self-actualization. She says my dad is way on the bottom branches, and he won't be able to reach the top of the thing until he accepts himself as he is and stops obsessing over his inability to sire more offspring.

I guess that's part of my problem. I'm way at the bottom of the self-actualization tree. Like, underneath the roots of it, practically.

But now that I'm sitting here in Algebra, things don't seem so bad, really. I mean, I thought about it all through Homeroom, and I finally realized something:

They can't *make* me be princess.

They really can't. I mean, this is America, for crying out loud. Here, you can be anything you want to be. At least, that's what Mrs Holland was always telling us last year, when we studied US History. So, if I can be whatever I want to be, I can *not* be a princess. Nobody can *make* me be a princess, not even my dad, if I don't want to be one. Right?

So when I get home tonight, I'll just tell my dad thanks, but no thanks. I'll just be plain old Mia for now.

Geez. Mr Gianini just called on me, and I totally had no idea what he was talking about, because of course I was writing in this book instead of paying attention. My face feels like it's on fire. Lana is laughing her head off, of course. She is such a cow.

What does he keep picking on *me* for, anyway? He should know by now that I don't know the quadratic formula from



a hole in the ground. He's only picking on me because of my mom. He wants to make it look as if he's treating me the same as everybody else in the class.

Well, I'm *not* the same as everybody else in the class.

What do I need to know Algebra for, anyway? They don't use Algebra in Greenpeace.

And you can bet you don't need it if you're a princess. So however things turn out, I'm covered.  
Cool.

## Really late on Friday. Lilly Moscovitz's bedroom

OK, so I blew off Mr Gianini's help session after school. I *know* I shouldn't have. Believe me, Lilly let me know I shouldn't have. I know he has these help sessions just for people like me, who are flunking. I know he does it in his own spare time, and doesn't even get paid overtime for it or anything. But if I won't ever need Algebra in any foreseeable future career, why do I need to go?

I asked Lilly if it would be OK if I spent the night at her house tonight and she said only if I promised to stop acting like such a head case.

I promised, even though I don't think I'm acting like a head case.

But when I called my mom from the payphone outside school to ask her if it was OK if I stayed overnight at the Moscovitzes, she was all, 'Um, actually, Mia, your father was really hoping that when you got home tonight, we could have another talk.'

Oh, great.

I told my mom that although there was nothing I wanted to do more than have another talk, I was very concerned about Lilly, whose stalker was recently released from Bellevue again. Ever since Lilly started her cable access TV show, this guy named Norman has been calling in, asking her to take off her shoes. According to the Drs Moscovitz, Norman is a fetishist. His fixation is feet, in particular Lilly's feet. He sends stuff to her care of the show, CDs and stuffed animals and things like that, and writes that there'll be more where that came from, if Lilly would just take her shoes off on air. So what Lilly does is, she takes her shoes off, all right,

solve  $x = a + aby$  for  $y$

$$x - a = aby$$

$$\frac{x - a}{ab} = \frac{aby}{ab}$$

$$\frac{x - a}{ab} = y$$

$$y = \frac{x - a}{ab}$$

$$y = \frac{x - a}{ab}$$

but then she throws a blanket over her legs and kicks her feet around under it and goes, 'Look, Norman, you freak! I took my shoes off! Thanks for the CDs, sucker!'

This angered Norman so much that he started wandering around the Village, looking for Lilly. Everyone knows Lilly lives in the Village, since we filmed a very popular episode where Lilly borrowed the pricing gun from Grand Union and stood on the corner of Bleecker and La Guardia and told all the European tourists wandering around NoHo that if they wore a Grand Union price sticker on their foreheads, they could get a free latte from Dean & DeLuca (a surprising amount of them believed her).

Anyway, one day a few weeks ago, Norman the foot fetishist found us in the park, and started chasing us around, waving twenty dollar bills and trying to get us to take off our shoes. This was very entertaining, and hardly scary at all, especially because we just ran right up to the command post on Washington Square South and Thompson Street, where the 6th Precinct has been parking this enormous trailer so they can secretly spy on the drug dealers. We told the police that this weird guy was trying to assault us, and you should have seen it: about twenty undercover guys jumped on Norman (even a guy I thought was an old homeless man asleep on a bench) and dragged him, screaming, off to the mental ward!

I always have such a good time with Lilly.

Anyway, Lilly's parents told her Norman just got out of Bellevue, and that if she sees him, she's not to torment him any more, because he's just a poor obsessive-compulsive, with possible schizophrenic tendencies.

Lilly's devoting tomorrow's show to her feet. She's going to model every single pair of shoes she owns, but not once show her bare feet. She hopes that this will drive Norman

over the edge, and he'll do something weirder than ever, like get a gun and shoot at us.

I'm not scared, though. Norman has kind of thick glasses, and I bet he couldn't actually hit anything, even with a machine-gun, which even a lunatic like Norman is allowed to buy in this country thanks to our totally unrestrictive gun laws, which Michael Moscovitz says in his webzine will ultimately result in the demise of democracy as we know it.

My mom was totally not buying this, though. She was all, 'Mia, I appreciate the fact that you want to help your friend through this difficult period with her stalker, but I really think you have more pressing responsibilities here at home.'

And I was all, 'What responsibilities?' thinking she was talking about the litter box, which I had totally cleaned two days ago.

And she was like, 'Responsibility towards your father and me.'

I just about lost it right there. Responsibilities? Responsibilities? *She's* telling *me* about responsibilities? When is the last time it ever occurred to *her* to drop the laundry off, let alone pick it up again? When is the last time *she* remembered to buy Q-Tips or toilet paper or milk?

And did she ever happen to think to mention, in all of my fourteen years, that I might possibly end up being the Princess of Genovia someday???

*She* thinks she needs to tell *me* about my responsibilities? HA!!!!

I nearly hung up on her. But Lilly was sort of standing nearby, practising her house manager duties by switching on and off the lights in the school lobby. Since I had promised not to act like a head case, and hanging up on my mother would definitely fall into the head case category, I said in this really patient voice, 'Don't worry, Mom, I won't forget to

### Saturday, October 4 – early, still Lilly's place

Why do I always have such a good time when I spend the night at Lilly's? I mean, it's not like they've got stuff that I don't have. In fact, my mom and I have better stuff: the Moscovitizes only get a couple of movie channels, and because I took advantage of the last Time Warner Cable bonus offer, we have all of them, Cinemax and HBO and Showtime, for the low, low rate of \$19.99 per month.

Plus we have way better people to spy on through our windows, like Ronnie, who used to be a Ronald but is now called Ronette, and who has a lot of big fancy parties, and that skinny German couple who wear black all the time, even in summer, and never pull down their blinds. On Fifth Avenue, where the Moscovitizes live, there's *nobody* good to look at: just other rich psychoanalysts and their children. Let me tell you, you don't see anything good through *their* windows.

But it's like every time I spend the night here, even if all Lilly and I do is hang out in the kitchen, eating macaroons left over from Rosh Hashana, I have such a great time. Maybe that's because Maya, the Moscovitizes' Dominican maid, never forgets to buy orange juice, and she always remembers that I don't like the pulpy kind, and sometimes, if she knows I'm staying over, she'll pick up a vegetable lasagna from Balducci's, instead of a meat one, especially for me, like she did last night.

Or maybe it's because I never find mouldy old containers of anything in the Moscovitizes' refrigerator: Maya throws away anything that's even one day past its expiry date. Even sour cream that still has the protective plastic around the lid. Even cans of Tab.

And the Drs Moscovitz never forget to pay the electricity

stop at Genovese on my way home tomorrow and pick up new vacuum cleaner bags.'

And then I hung up.

### Homework:

Algebra: Problems 1–12, pg. 119

English: Proposal

World Civ.: questions at end of Chapter 4

G & T: none

French: use avoir in neg. sentence, rd. lessons one to three,

pas de plus

Biology: none

bill: Con Ed has never once shut down *their* power in the middle of a *Star Trek* movie marathon. And Lilly's mom, she always talks about normal stuff, like what a great deal she got on Calvin Klein pantyhose at Bergdorf's.

Not that I don't love my mom or anything. I totally do. I just wish she could be more of a mom, and less of an artist.

And I wish my dad could be more like Lilly's dad, who always wants to make me an omelette, because he thinks I'm too skinny, and who walks around in his old college sweatpants when he doesn't have to go to his office to analyse anybody.

Dr Moscovitz would *never* wear a suit at seven in the morning.

Not that I don't love my dad. I do, I guess. I just don't understand how he could let something like this happen. He's usually so organized. *How could he have let himself become a prince?*

I just don't understand it.

The best thing, I guess, about going to Lilly's is that while I'm there, I don't even have to think about things like how I'm flunking Algebra or how I'm the heir to the throne of a small European principality. I can just relax and enjoy some real home-made Pop 'N Fresh Cinnamon Buns and watch Pavlov, Michael's sheltie, try to herd Maya back into the kitchen every time she tries to comes out.

Last night was *totally* fun. The Drs Moscovitz were out – they had to go to a benefit at the Puck Building for the homosexual children of survivors of the Holocaust – so Lilly and I made this huge vat of popcorn smothered in butter and climbed into her parents' giant canopy bed and watched all the James Bond movies in a row. We were able to definitively determine that Pierce Brosnan was the skinniest James Bond, Sean Connery the hairiest, and Roger

Moore the most tanned. None of the James Bonds took their shirts off enough for us to decide who had the best chest, but I think probably Timothy Dalton.

I like chest hair. I think.

It was sort of ironic that while I was trying to decide this, Lilly's brother came into the room. He had a shirt on, though. He looked kind of annoyed. He said my dad was on the phone. My dad was all mad because he'd been trying to get through for hours, only Michael was on the internet answering fanmail for his webzine, *Crackhead*, so he kept getting a busy signal.

I must have looked like I was going to throw up or something, because after a minute, Michael said, 'OK, don't worry about it, Thermopolis. I'll tell him you and Lilly already went to bed,' which is a lie my mother would never believe, but must have gone over pretty well with my dad, since Michael came back and reported that my dad had apologized for calling so late (it was only eleven) and that he'd speak to me in the morning.

Great. I can't wait.

I guess I must have still looked like I was going to throw up, because Michael called his dog and made him get into bed with us, even though pets aren't allowed in the Drs Moscovitzes' room. Pavlov crawled into my lap and started licking my face, which he'll only do to people he really trusts. Then Michael sat down to watch the movies with us, and in the interest of science, Lilly asked him which Bond girls were most attractive to him, the blondes who always needed James Bond to rescue them or the brunettes who were always pulling guns on him, and Michael said he couldn't resist a girl with a weapon, which got us started on his two favourite TV shows of all time, *Xena, Warrior Princess* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

So then not really in the interest of science, but more out of plain curiosity, I asked Michael if it was the end of the world and he had to repopulate the planet but he could only choose one life mate, who would it be, Xena or Buffy?

After telling me how weird I was for thinking of something like that, Michael chose Buffy, and then Lilly asked me if I had to choose between Harrison Ford or George Clooney, who would it be, and I said Harrison Ford even though he's so old, but the Harrison Ford from *Indiana Jones*, not *Star Wars*, and then Lilly said she'd choose Harrison Ford as Jack Ryan in those Tom Clancy movies, and then Michael goes, 'Who would you choose, Harrison Ford or Leonardo di Caprio?' and we both chose Harrison Ford because Leonardo is so passé, and then he went, 'Who would you choose, Harrison Ford or Josh Richter?' and Lilly said Harrison Ford, because he used to be a carpenter and if it was the end of the world, he could build her a house, but I said Josh Richter, because he'd live longer – Harrison is like SIXTY – and be able to give me a hand with the kids.

Then Michael started saying all this totally unfair stuff about Josh Richter, like how in the face of nuclear armageddon he'd probably show cowardice, but Lilly said fear of new things is not an accurate measure of one's potential for growth, with which I agreed. Then Michael said we were both idiots if we thought Josh Richter would ever give us so much as the time of day, that he only liked girls like Lana Weinberger who put out, to which Lilly responded that she would put out for Josh Richter if he was able to meet certain conditions, like bathing beforehand in an anti-bacterial solution, and wearing three condoms coated in spermicidal fluid during the act, in case one broke and one slipped off.

Then Michael asked me if I would put out for Josh Richter, and I had to think about it for a minute. Losing

your virginity is a really big step, and you have to do it with the right person, or else you could be screwed up for the rest of your life, like the women in Dr. Moscovitz's *Over Forty* and *Still Single* group, which meets every other Tuesday. So after I'd thought about it, I said I would put out for Josh Richter, but only if:

1. We'd been dating for at least a year.
2. He pledged his undying love to me.
3. He took me to see *Beauty and the Beast* on Broadway and didn't make fun of it.

Michael said the first two sounded all right, but if the third one was an example of the kind of boyfriend I expected to get, I'd be a virgin for a long, long time. He said he didn't know anyone with an ounce of testosterone who could watch *Beauty and the Beast* on Broadway without projectile vomiting. But he's wrong, because my dad definitely has testosterone – at least one testicle full – and he's never projectile vomited at the show.

Then Lilly asked Michael who he would choose if he had to, me or Lana Weinberger, and he said, 'Mia, of course,' but I'm sure he was just saying that because I was right there in the room and he didn't want to dis me to my face.

I wish Lilly wouldn't do things like that.

But she kept on doing it, wanting to know who Michael would choose, me or Madonna, or me or Buffy the Vampire Slayer (he chose me over Madonna, but Buffy won, hands down, over me).

And then Lilly wanted to know who I would choose, Michael or Josh Richter. I pretended to be seriously thinking about it, when to my total relief the Drs. Moscovitz came home and started yelling at us for letting Pavlov in their room and eating popcorn in their bed.

So then later after Lilly and I had cleaned up all the



## Later on Saturday

The whole way home from Lilly's I worried about what my mom and dad were going to say when I got home. I had never disobeyed them before. I mean, really never.

Well, OK, there was that one time Lilly and Shameeka and Ling Su and I went to see that Christian Slater movie, but we ended up going to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* instead, and I forgot to call until after the movie, which ended at, like, 2:30 in the morning and we were in Times Square and didn't have enough money left between us for a cab.

But that was just that one time! And I totally learned a lesson from it, without my mom having to ground me or anything. Not that she would ever do something like that – ground me, I mean. Who would go to the cash machine to get money for take-out if I were grounded?

But my dad's another story. He is totally rigid in the discipline department. My mom says that's because Grandmere used to punish him when he was a little boy by locking him into this one really scary room in their house.

Now that I think about it, the house my dad grew up in was probably the castle, and that scary room was probably the dungeon.

Geez, no wonder my dad does every single thing Grandmere says.

Anyway, when my dad gets mad at me, he *really* gets mad. Like the time I wouldn't go to church with Grandmere, because I refused to pray to a god who would allow rainforests to be destroyed in order to make grazing room for cows who would later become Quarter Pounders for the ignorant masses who worship that symbol of all that is evil, Ronald McDonald. Not only did my dad tell me that if I

popcorn and gone back to her room, she asked me again who I would choose, Josh Richter or her brother, and I had to say Josh Richter, because Josh Richter is the hottest boy in our whole school, maybe the whole world, and I am completely and totally in love with him, and not just because of the way his blond hair sometimes falls into his eyes when he's bent over, looking for stuff in his locker, but because I know that behind that jock-facade he maintains, he is a deeply sensitive and caring person. I could tell by the way he said Hey to me that day in Bigelow's.

But I couldn't help thinking if it *really* were the end of the world, it might be better to be with Michael, even if he isn't so hot, because at least he makes me laugh. I think at the end of the world, a sense of humour would be important.

Plus, of course, Michael looks really good without a shirt. And if it really was the end of the world, Lilly would be dead, so she'd never know her brother and I were procreating!

I'd *never* want Lilly to know that I feel that way about her brother. She'd think it was weird.

Weirder even than me turning out to be the Princess of Genovia.

didn't go to church, he'd wear out my behind, he wouldn't let me read Michael's webzine, *Crackhead*, again! He refused to let me go online again for the rest of the summer. He crushed my modem with a magnum of Chateaufneuf du Pape.

Talk about reactionary!

So I was totally worried about what he was going to do when I got home from Lilly's. I tried to hang out at the Moscovitzes as long as possible: I loaded the breakfast dishes in the dishwasher for Maya, since she was busy writing a letter to her congressman asking him to please do something about her son Manuel, who was wrongfully imprisoned ten years ago for supporting a revolution in their country. I walked Pavlov, since Michael had to go to an astrophysics lecture at Columbia. I even unclogged the jets in the Drs Moscovitzes' Jacuzzi – boy, does Lilly's dad shed a lot.

Then Lilly had to go and announce that it was time to shoot the one-hour special episode of her show, the one dedicated to her feet. Only it turned out the Drs Moscovitz had not left, like we thought they had, for their rolling sessions – which is like massage, only more expensive. They totally overheard and told me that I had to go home while they analysed Lilly about her need to taunt her sex-crazed stalker.

Here's the thing:

I am generally a very good daughter. I mean it. I don't smoke. I don't do drugs. I haven't given birth at any proms. I am completely trustworthy, and I do my homework most of the time. Except for one lousy F in a class that will be of no use to me whatsoever in my future life, I'm doing pretty well.

And then they had to spring the princess thing on me.

I decided on my way home that if my dad tried to punish

me, I was going to call Judge Judy, the family court judge who has her own show on Channel 4. He'd really be sorry if he landed on Judge Judy because of this. She'd let him have it, boy, let me tell you. People trying to make other people be princesses when they don't want to be? Judge Judy wouldn't stand for any of it. She'd probably award me five thousand dollars just for the mental anguish I've been put through.

Of course, when I got home, it turned out I didn't have to call Judge Judy at all.

My mom hadn't gone to her studio, which she does every Saturday without fail. She was sitting there waiting for me to come home, reading old copies of the subscription she got me to *Seventeen* magazine, before she realized I was too flat-chested to ever be asked out on a date, so all the information provided in that particular periodical was worthless to me.

Then there was my dad, who was sitting in the exact same spot as he'd been when I'd left the day before; only this time he was reading the *Sunday Times*, even though it was Saturday, and Mom and I have this rule that you can't start reading the Sunday sections until Sunday. To my surprise, he wasn't wearing a suit. Today he had on a sweater – cashmere, no doubt given to him by one of his many girlfriends – and corduroy trousers.

When I walked in, he folded the paper all carefully, put it down, and gave me this long, intent look, like Captain Picard right before he starts going on to Ryker about the Prime Directive. Then he goes, 'We need to talk.'

I immediately started in about how it wasn't like I hadn't told them where I was, and how I just needed a little time away to think about things, and how I'd been really careful and hadn't taken the subway or anything, and my dad just went, 'I know.'

Just like that. *I know.* He completely gave in without a fight.

*My dad.*

I looked at my mom to see if she'd noticed that he'd lost his mind. And then she did the craziest thing. She put the magazine down and came over and hugged me and said, 'We're so sorry, baby.'

*Hello?* These are my *parents*? Did the body snatchers come while I was gone and replace my parents with pod people? Because that was the only way I could think of that my parents would be so reasonable.

Then my dad goes, 'We understand the stress that this has brought you, Mia, and we want you to know that we'll do everything in our power to try to make this transition as smooth for you as possible.'

Then my dad asked me if I knew what a compromise was, and I said, yes, of course, I'm not in, like, the third grade any more, so he pulled out this piece of paper, and on it, we all drafted what my mom calls the 'Thermopolis-Renaldo Compromise. It goes like this:

*I, the undersigned, Arthur Christoff Phillipe Gerard Grimaldi Renaldo, agree that my sole offspring and heir, Amelia Mignonette Grimaldi Thermopolis Renaldo, may finish out her high school tenure at Albert Einstein School For Boys (made co-educational circa 1975) without interruption, save for Christmas and summer breaks, which she will spend without complaint in the country of Genovia.*

I asked if that meant no more summers at Miragnac, and he said yes. I couldn't believe it. Christmas and summer, free of Grandmere? That would be like going to the dentist, only instead of having cavities filled, I'd just get to read *Teen People* and suck up a lot of laughing gas! I was so happy, I hugged him right there. But unfortunately, it turned out there was more to the agreement.

*I, the undersigned, Amelia Mignonette Grimaldi Thermopolis Renaldo, agree to fulfil the duties of heir to Arthur Christoff Phillipe Gerard Grimaldi Renaldo, prince of Genovia, and all that such a role entails, including but not exclusive to, assuming the throne upon the latter's demise, and attending functions of state at which the presence of said heir is deemed essential.*

All of that sounded pretty good to me, except the last part. Functions of state? What were they?

My dad got all vague. 'Oh, you know. Attending the funerals of world leaders, opening balls, that sort of thing.'

Hello? Funerals? Balls? Whatever happened to smashing bottles of champagne against ocean liners, and going to Hollywood premieres, and that kind of thing?

'Well,' my dad said. 'Hollywood premieres aren't really all they're pegged up to be. Flashbulbs going off in your face, that kind of thing. Terribly unpleasant.'

Yeah, but *funerals*? *Balls*? I don't even know how to put on lip-liner, let alone curtsy . . .

'Oh, that's all right,' my dad said, putting the cap back on his pen. 'Grandmere will take care of that.'

Yeah, right. What can *she* do? She's in France!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

## Saturday night

I can't even believe what a loser I am. I mean, Saturday night, alone with my DAD!

He actually tried to talk me into going to see *Beauty and the Beast*, like he felt sorry for me, because I didn't have a date!

I finally had to say, 'Look, Dad, I am not a child any more. Even the Prince of Genovia can't get tickets to a Disney show at last-minute notice on a Saturday night.'

He was just feeling left out, because Mom had taken off on another date with Mr Gianini. She wanted to cancel on him, given all the upheaval that has occurred in my life over the past twenty-four hours, but I totally made her go, because I could see her lips getting smaller and smaller, the more time she spent with Dad. Mom's lips only get small when she's trying to keep herself from saying something, and I think what she wanted to say to my dad was, '*Get out! Go back to your hotel! You're paying six hundred dollars a night for that suite! Can't you go stay in it?*'

My dad drives my mom completely insane, because he's always going around, digging her bank statements out from the big salad bowl where she throws all our mail, and trying to tell her how much she would save in interest if she would just transfer funds out of her checking account and into a Roth IRA.

So even though she felt like she should stay home, I knew if she did, she'd explode, so I said go, please go, and that Dad and I would discuss what it's like to govern a small principality in today's economic market. Only when Mom came out in her datewear – which included this totally hot black mini-dress from Victoria's Secret (my mom hates shopping, so she buys all her clothes from catalogues while she's soaking in the tub after a long day of painting) – my dad started

to choke on this ice cube. I guess he had never seen my mom in a mini-dress before – back in college, when they were going out, all she ever wore were overalls, like me – because he drank down his scotch and soda really fast and then said, 'That's what you're wearing?', which made my mom go, 'What's wrong with it?' and look at herself all worriedly in the mirror.

She looked totally fine; in fact, she looked much better than she usually did, which I guess was the problem. I mean, it sounds weird to admit, but my mom can be a total Betty when she puts her mind to it. I can only *wish* that someday I'll be as pretty as my mom. I mean, *she* doesn't have Yield sign hair or a flat chest or size eight shoes. She is way hot, as far as moms go.

Then the buzzer rang and Mom ran out because she didn't want Mr Gianini to come up and meet her ex, the Prince of Genovia. Which was understandable, since he was still choking, and looked sort of funny. I mean, he looked like a red-faced bald man in a cashmere sweater, coughing up a lung. I mean, I would have been embarrassed to admit I had ever had sex with him, if I were her.

Anyway, it was good for me that she didn't buzz him up, because I didn't want Mr Gianini asking me in front of my parents why I hadn't gone to his review session on Friday.

So then after they were gone, I tried to show my dad how much better suited I am for life in Manhattan than in Genovia by ordering some really excellent food. I got us an insalata caprese, ravioli al funghetto, and a pizza margherita, all for under twenty bucks, but I swear, my dad wasn't a bit impressed! He just poured himself another scotch and soda and turned on the TV. He didn't even notice when Fat Louie sat down next to him. He started

petting him like it was nothing. And my dad claims to be *allergic* to cats.

And then, to top it all off, he didn't even want to talk about Genovia. All he wanted to do was watch sports. I'm not kidding. Sports. We have seventy-seven channels, and all he would watch were the ones showing men in uniforms, chasing after a little ball. Forget the Dirty Harry movie marathon. Forget Pop Up Videos. He just turned on the sports channel and stared at it, and when I happened to mention that Mom and I usually watch whatever is on HBO on Saturday nights, he just turned up the volume!!!

What a baby.

And you think that's bad? You should have seen him when the food got here. He made Lars frisk the delivery man before he would let me buzz him up! Can you believe it? I had to give Antonio a whole extra dollar to make up for the indignity of it all. And then my dad sat down and ate, without saying a word, until, after another scotch and soda, he fell asleep, right on the futon, with Fat Louie on his lap!

I guess being a prince and having had testicular cancer can really make a person think he's something special. I mean, God forbid he should share some quality time with his only daughter, the heir to his throne.

So here I am again, home on a Saturday night. Not that I'm ever NOT home on a Saturday night, except when I'm with Lilly. Why am I so unpopular? I mean, I know I look weird and stuff, but I really try to be nice to people, you know? I mean, you'd think people would value me as a human being and invite me to their parties just because they like my company. It's not MY fault my hair sticks out the way it does, any more than it's Lilly's fault her face looks sort of squished.

I tried to call Lilly a zillion times, but her phone was busy, which meant Michael was probably home, working on his 'zine. The Moscovitzes are trying to have a second line installed so that people who call them can actually get through once in a while, but the phone company says it doesn't have any more 212 numbers to give out. Lilly's mom says she refuses to have two separate area codes in the same apartment, and that if she can't have 212, she'll just buy a beeper. Besides, Michael will be leaving for college next fall, and then their phone problems will be solved.

I really wanted to talk to Lilly. I mean, I haven't told her anything about the princess thing, and I'm not going to, *ever*, but sometimes even without telling her what's bothering me, talking to Lilly makes me feel better. Maybe it's just knowing that somebody else my age is also stuck at home on a Saturday night. I mean, most of the other girls in our class date. Even Shameeka has started dating. She's been quite popular since she developed breasts over the summer. True, her curfew is ten o'clock, even on weekends, and she has to introduce her date to her mom and dad, and her date has to provide a detailed itinerary of exactly where they're going and what they'll be doing, besides showing two pieces of photo ID for Mr Taylor to Xerox before he'll let Shameeka go out of the house with him.

But still, she's *dating*. Somebody *asked her out*.

Nobody has ever asked me out.

It was pretty boring, watching my dad snore, even though it was fairly comical the way Fat Louie kept glancing at him, all annoyed, every time he inhaled. I had already seen all the Dirty Harry movies, and there was nothing else on. I decided to try instant messaging Michael, telling him I really needed to talk to Lilly, and would he please go off-line so I could call her.



But Michael can be a total jerk sometimes. I printed out a copy of our conversation. Here it is:

CrackKing: What do you want, Thermopolis?

>

FtLouie: I want to talk to Lilly. Please go off-line so I can call her.

>

CrackKing: What do you want to talk to her about?

>

FtLouie: None of your business. Just go off-line, please. You can't hog all the lines of communication to yourself. It isn't fair.

>

CrackKing: No one ever said life was fair, Thermopolis. What are you doing home, anyway? What's the matter? Dreamboy didn't call?

>

FtLouie: Who's Dreamboy?

>

CrackKing: You know, your post-nuclear armageddon life mate of choice, Josh Richter.

Lilly told him! I can't believe she told him! I'm going to kill her.

FtLouie: WOULD YOU PLEASE GO OFF-LINE SO I CAN CALL LILLY???

>

CrackKing: What's the matter, Thermopolis? Did I strike a nerve?

I logged off. He can be such a jerk sometimes.

But then about five minutes later the phone rang, and it was Lilly. So I guess even though Michael's a jerk, he can be a nice jerk, when he wants to be.

Lilly's very upset about how her parents are violating her First Amendment right to free speech by not letting her tape the episode of her show dedicated to her feet. She is going to call the ACLU as soon as it opens on Monday morning. Without her parents' financial support, which they have currently revoked, *Lilly Tells It Like It Is* cannot go on. It costs about \$200 per episode, if you include the cost of tape and all. Public access is only accessible to people with cash.

Lilly was so upset, I didn't feel like yelling at her about telling Michael that I chose Josh. Now that I think about it, it's probably just better that way.

My life is a convoluted web of lies.

## APPENDIX 2

### The Analysis Results of Types of Implicature in “The Princess Diaries” Novel by Meg Cabot

No	Implicature Expression	Type of The Implicature		Amount
		Conventional	Conversational	
1	“No, Mom, I’m not, I think it’s really neat. <i>As long as you’re happy, I’m happy.</i> (Wed, Sept 23)		1	1
2	She made pasta for the first time last night in, like, months. (Wed, Sept 24)	1		1
3	How come nice people like Princess Diana get killed in car wrecks, but mean people like Lana never do? (Thu, Sept 25)	1		1
4	Michael will probably go to Yale or Harvard next year (Thu, Sept 25)	1		1
5	I feel find about it. (Thu, Sept 25)		1	1
6	Oh, no, Mr Gianini, <i>it doesn’t bother me at all.</i> (Fri, Sept 26)		1	1

7	Well, you better. Baccuse <i>if you do anything to make her cry,</i> <i>I'll kick your butt</i> (Fri, Sept 26)	1	1
8	She was in there, <i>humming in a happy way</i> and making pancakes. <i>I nearly died shock to see her actually cooking</i> <i>something so early in the morning.</i> (Sat, Sept 27)	1	1
9	I said it was too bad we don't have a real witch. <i>I thought we</i> <i>could get Lana Weinberger to play her.</i> (Sat, Sept 27)	1	1
10	Then we'd have to put up with Lana all day, and nobody would want that. (Sat, Sept 27)	1	1
11	She probably wouldn't want to tarnish her reputation by being seen with us. (Sat, Sept 27)	1	
12	I NEVER would've gotten one, let alone LEAD. I can't sing. I can't barely even talk.. (Mon, Sept 29)	1	1
13	You know who would be a good Eliza Dolittle? Mia, I think you would (Mon, Sept 29)	1	1

14	Oh, how sweet. I see we still can't fit into a bra. Might I guest Band-Aids? (Mon, Sept 29)	1	1
15	I'm outta here (Mon, Sept 29)	1	1
16	Josh, wait up. Wait up, Josh! (Mon, Sept 29)	1	1
17	You'll have to ask your father (Tue, Sept 30)	1	1
18	<i>My dad rests a lot, now that he's had cancer.</i> (Wed, Oct 1)	1	1
19	She says young people give her migrains. (Wed, Oct 1)	1	1
20	I guess i know <i>why my dad is so concerned about not being able to have more kids. BECAUSE HE'S A PRINCE!!!</i> (Thu, Oct 2)	1	1
21	Dad hasn't had any hair, since before I was born, so <i>when he had chemo</i> , you couldn't even tell, <i>since he was practically bald anyway.</i> (Thu, Oct 2)	1	1
22	I tried <i>holding my breath and counting to thirty-</i> I only got ten before i hiccuped again. I even <i>tried to scare myself</i> , thinking	1	1

	about my mom and Mr Gianini. (Thu, Oct 2)		
23	I just walk onto the plane from terminal, but when i get there, I'm escorted off the plane before everyone else and get taken away by limo to meet my dad at Miragnac. (Thu, Oct 2)	1	1
24	She always takes me either before the stores are officially open, or after they are officially closed. She calls ahead to ensure we will be let in, and no one has ever said no. (Thu, Oct 2)	1	1
25	This is <i>how NOT princess I am</i> . I looked my face in the big mirror and I was like, <i>this is the face of the princess?(Later on Thu)</i>	1	1
26	<i>You'll never saw anyone who looked LESS like a princess than i have. (Later on Thu)</i>	1	1
27	<i>My mom is not like that. She ALWAYS checks. (Later on Thu)</i>	1	1



28	<i>Dad, can I be excused for a minute?</i> (Later on Thu)	1	1
29	Go ahead. (Later on Thu)	1	1
30	<i>She has to finish that mixed media piece for the Kelly Tate</i> <i>galery. They want it by next Tuesday.</i> (Later on Thu)	1	1
31	<i>I'm NOT moving to Genovia.</i> (Later on Thu)	1	1
32	<i>Really, Dad, I just want to go to bed.</i> (Later on Thu)	1	1
33	<i>Helen, just leave her alone.</i> (Later on Thu)	1	1
34	<i>"just think of all the lovely things you could have if you went</i> <i>to live in Genovia"</i> (Fri, Oct 3)	1	1
35	It's like now that I'm an official princess, there's all this concern for my welfare. (Fri, oct 3)	1	1
36	Uh, I'd love to, really, but I gotta go. I have a test in World Civ. Today, and I promise Lilly I'd meet her to go over our notes together (Fri, Oct 3)	1	1

37	Sit down! (Fri, Oct 3)	1	1
38	Mom, what are you doing? <i>Do you want me to go live with Dad? Are you tired of me? (Fri, Oct 3)</i>	1	1
39	PMS (More Fri)	1	1
40	Don't worry Mom, I won't forget to stop at Genovese on my way home tomorrow and pick up new vacuum cleaner bags (Really Late on Fri)	1	1
41	I don't smoke. I don't do drugs. I haven't given at any proms. (Sat, Oct 4)	1	1
42	Ok, don't worry about it, Thermopolis. <i>I'll tell him you and Lilly already went to bed. (Sat, Oct 4)</i>	1	1
43	What's wrong with it? (Sat Night)	1	1
44	<i>None of your business.</i> Just go off-line, please. You can't hog all the lines of communication to yourself. It isn't fair. (Sat Night)	1	1

45	What's the matter, Thermopolis? <i>Did I strike nerve? (Sat Night)</i>		1	1
	Total	21	24	45
	Percentage	46,7 %	53,3 %	100 %

### APPENDIX 3

#### The Analysis Results of the Realization of the Implicature

#### In “The Princess Diaries” Novel by Meg Cabot

No	Implicature Expression	Type of The Implicature					Interpretation	Realization	Amt
		Conven	Conversational						
			1	2	3	4			
1	“No, Mom, I’m not, I think it’s really neat. <i>As long as you’re happy, I’m happy.</i> (Wed, Sept 23)				1		Mia invokes the maxim of manner by saying “as long as you’re happy, I’m happy”, although she was completely not happy if her mother dating Algebra teacher.	Mia’s mother thinks that she’s repressing her feeling about her mom dating her Algebra teacher, Mia said so to her mother, when in fact her heart says “I CAN’T BELIEVE SHE’S DOING THIS TO ME!”	1
2	She made pasta for the first time last night in, like, months. (Wed, Sept 24)	1					Mia tells about the unusual thing was her mother does if she is being in love. The conventional meaning is people who are in love will be more diligent than usual	Mia’s mother totally happy about her date, she goes around and cooking all the time. It was the realization that mother really are in love	1
3	How come nice people like Princess Diana get killed in car wrecks, but mean people like Lana never do? (Thu,	1					Lana is cruel and likes to insult others situation, the conventional meaning is a good people are usually die sooner than an evil.	Mia thought about her mother’s dating last night then Lana look her weird face and say FREAK to Mia and like it was spelled FUR-REEK	1

	Sept 25)								
4	Michael will probably go to Yale or Harvard next year (Thu, Sept 25)	1					Mia mentions top universities “or” top universities. The conventional meaning is a clever person is probably can get a study in a top universities.	Mia thought that Michael asks Mia like mocks “What’ll you do for me, huh?” , then Mia just feels there’s nothing she can’t do anything to him. Michael gotten all straight as his entire life.	1
5	I feel find about it. (Thu, Sept 25)					1	Mia’s mother invokes maxim of relation, because she’s understand what does Mia’s meant.	Mia says things that are not in accordance with his heart, he said that he was fine when in fact he was not fine if her mother dating her Algebra teacher.	1
6	Oh, no, Mr Gianini, <i>it doesn’t bother me at all</i> . (Fri, Sept 26)		1				Mia invokes a Maxim of Quantity, as a basis for interpreting the utterance. When Mr Gianini hopes Mia don’t fell uncomfortable seeing her mother dating with Mr Gianini, and she just said it doesn’t bother me at all	Mr.gianini asked mia personally in a classroom to Mia about how does she feels when he was dating her mother	1
7	Well, you better. Baccuse <i>if you do anything to make her cry, I’ll kick your butt</i> (Fri, Sept 26)					1	Mia assumed to be following the cooperative principle, she was invokes the third rules of the maxim of manner because she just straightforward	Mia invoke that statement bravely when no one in that class except her and her teacher.	1



							avoid unnecessary proximity by “if you do anything to make her cry, I’ll kick your butt” to her teacher.		
8	She was in there, <i>humming in a happy way</i> and making pancakes. <i>I nearly died shock to see her actually cooking something so early in the morning. (Sat, Sept 27)</i>	1					Mia tells that her mother is “humming a happy way” , this is a very convention thing to do when someone are in love. I nearly died shock” this is a conventional implicature too because someone must be get surprised with something they never see before.	Mia’s mother are a lazy, and doesn’t like to singing even humming a happy way but then suddenly she's doing it, that's why Mia surprised and invoke that conventional implicature	1
9	I said it was too bad we don’t have a real witch. <i>I thought we could get Lana Weinberger to play her. (Sat, Sept 27)</i>	1					Lana was really likes to insult others situation, the convention utterance means that, Lana will be able to act as a witch.	Mia suddenly thinking about who deserves to play witch in a school drama, but only the one who deserve just Lana, it because Lana wais really bad woman as witch	1
10	Then we’d have to put up with Lana all day, and nobody would want that. (Sat, Sept 27)	1					Because Lana was really likes to insult other situation “nobody would want that” means no one will comfort having a long time with a cruel person”	But Mia think again if Lana got that role then they have to frequently together with Lana and learn the role with Mia and her friends. Mia and her friends do not want that happen because she	1

							would only insult Mia.	
11	She probably wouldn't want to tarnish her reputation by being seen with us. ( <i>Sat, Sept 27</i> )	1				Besides nasty, Lana is a very arrogant person, she just wants to hang out with her circle, so the convention utterance is Lana wouldn't destroy her reputation by getting a relationship with the geeky people like Mia and her friends	Mia thought that Lana would never want to gather together with Mia and her friends because Lana is the arrogant and evil then surely impossible Lana would break her reputation.	1
12	I NEVER would've gotten one, let alone LEAD. I can't sing. I can't barely even talk.. ( <i>Mon, Sept 29</i> )	1				Mia was a student that cannot sing, can't barely even talk, so a conventional implication is someone who "can't singing and can't barely even talk" like Mia will never get a leading role.	Because of Mia can't sing also can't barely even talk, the leading role will never come to her.	1
13	You know who would be a good Eliza Dolittle? Mia, I think you would ( <i>Mon, Sept 29</i> )			1		The context is in a class, Mr. Gianini asks students, Mr Gianini used a conversational implies by saying "Mia, I think you would do" he tried to be nice with her because of he likes her mother even everybody knew Mia was not worth of that role.	The realization is Mr.Gianini mocks Mia to play the lead role, because of he just want Mia to be nice with him, thye realization is Mr.Gianini loves her mother.	1
14	Oh, how sweet. I see we still can't fit into a bra. Might I			1		Lana insulting Mia that her breast have not grown, but	In a fact Lana was just want to mocks Mia,	1

	guest Band-Aids? (Mon, Sept 29)						doesn't express it directly. She invokes a maxim of quality. The sentence "might I guest Band-Aids" create the implicature of sense contrast.	when Mia bow down and her breast is seen by Lana.	
15	I'm outta here (Mon, Sept 29)					1	Josh Ritcher and Lana Wenberger invokes a Maxim of Relations, because Josh doesn't want to hear Lana insulting Mia by said "I'm outta here"	After Lana insulting Mia, Lilly got angry, and Josh doesn't want to she his girlfriend fighting with another student.	1
16	Josh, wait up. Wait up, Josh! (Mon, Sept 29)					1	Lana understand what does it means, Josh get angry, Lana stop argue and chase Josh by invoke a maxim of relation	After Josh said that interpretation, Lana runs to him immediatelly, because she just understand that Josh got angry.	1
17	You'll have to ask your father (Tue, Sept 30)					1	The context is Mia asks Mom, but Mom doesn't want to tells about that things. Mom invokes a maxim of quality in conversational implies by saying this sentence because she doesn't want to tell Mia directly	The realization is Mia's mother doesn't want to tell Mia about the big news that Mia is a Princess.	1
18	<i>My dad rests a lot, now that he's had cancer.</i> (Wed, Oct 1)	1					Mia' father was have a cancer. Because disease are compatible with have a lot of rests, so because of	Mia just get the realization that her father was having an illness and she realize that her father	1

							that cancer, Mia's father have to rests a lot.	was really need to have a lot of rests.	
19	She says young people give her migrains. (Wed, Oct 1)	1					She was refers to Mia's Grandmere. The convention implicates is the older people do not like a fuss. The context is Mia is not allowed to bring her friend along on vacation together with Grandmere.	The realization is Mia always want to invites Lilly to go to Miragnac, but her Grandmere always says no.	1
20	I guess i know <i>why my dad is so concerned about not being able to have more kids.</i> <i>BECAUSE HE'S A PRINCE!!! (Thu, Oct 2)</i>	1					Because A prince must be have a children, Mia's father would get dizzy when he cannot have children, the conventional implies that he must be confused who will inherit the throne of the kingdom, especially his mother had become a widow since his father died.	Mia has just knew that her father was a Prince, but not being able to have more kids. The realization is he must be confused who will inherit the throne of the kingdom.	1
21	Dad hasn't had any hair, since before I was born, so <i>when he had chemo</i> , you couldn't even tell, <i>since he was practically bald anyway.</i> <i>(Thu, Oct 2)</i>	1					Mia's father was run a chemotheraphy, because he has a cancer, the convention meaning is the people who are already running the chemo will suffer a hair loss, even being bald.	The realization is Mia's father got chemotheraphy and being bald practically.	1

22	I tried <i>holding my breath and counting to thirty</i> - I only got ten before i hiccuped again. I even <i>tried to scare myself</i> , thinking about my mom and Mr Gianini. (Thu, Oct 2)	1					Mia get hiccups when she shocked to know that his father was a prince. The conventional interpretation is the common things that we have know to stop hiccups.	The fact is Mia get hiccuped when she get shocked if she listened something and the realization is so nontemporal if someone get hiccuped, they'll do something like Mia does.	1
23	I just walk onto the plane from terminal, but when i get there, I'm escorted off the plane before everyone else and get taken away by limo to meet my dad at Miragnac. (Thu, Oct 2)	1					Mia tells everything she got but she doesn't realize it yet. The conventional interpretation are all things we've know about the services that commonly received a princess or a royal family.	All Mia says is all things she got when she go somewhere or she do something. All things she got is for her welfare, that's the realization of this conventional implicature.	1
24	She always takes me either before the stores are officially open, or after they are officially closed. She calls ahead to ensure we will be let in, and no one has ever said no. (Thu, Oct 2)	1					Mia invokes that people who have power can do whatever and whenever without anyone forbid. The conventional interpretation of the sentence "no one has ever said no" create the implicature of a sense of contrast	The realization is Mia and her Grandmere always go to the mall or stores before it officially open or after they closed. The convention is noboy can say no to the royal family.	1
25	This is <i>how NOT princess I</i>	1					Mia was very ugly. The	Mia just look at the	1



	<i>am. I looked my face in the big mirror and I was like, this is the face of the princess?(Later on Thu)</i>						interpretation shows that how very unsuitable Mia referred to be a princess. This is very nontemporer because a princess is definitely to be beautiful outside.	mirror and realized that very unsuitable she is to be a Princess. The convention of this realization is a Princess must be have a beautiful face and flawless.	
26	<i>You'll never saw anyone who looked LESS like a princess than i have. (Later on Thu)</i>	1					Mia is referred to be a princess. This is very nontemporal because a princess is definitely to be beautiful and flawless.	Mia still insulting herself by saying that things.	1
27	<i>My mom is not like that. She ALWAYS checks. (Later on Thu)</i>	1					Mia's mom doesn't like the other mom whose not too concerned about where their children will go. So, the conventional interpretation of the sentence "she always checks" create the conventional implicature of a sense of contrast.	The realization is when Mia tried to escaped from the rality she just knew, she realized that her mother always know if she was lie or no.	1
28	<i>Dad, can I be excused for a minute? (Later on Thu)</i>					1	Mia tried to escape from the reality she just listen from his father. The conversational interpretation that shows Maxim of Relation,	The realization is Mia avoid to coontinue the conversation with her father about the reality she just listened.	1
29	<i>Go ahead. (Later on Thu)</i>					1	Father invoke maxim of relation because he was understand what does	The father was understand that Mia shocked to hear that	1

							Mia's meant and says "go ahead"	reality and just let her go.	
30	<i>She has to finish that mixed media piece for the Kelly Tate galery. They want it by next Tuesday. (Later on Thu)</i>		1				Mia shows Maxim of Quantity, because is the truth that her mother doesn't need to come, she has to finish her job.	The fathet want Mia's mother to come to explain it slowly, but Mia avoid her mother by saying that reality about what she has to do to her job.	1
31	<i>I'm NOT moving to Genovia. (Later on Thu)</i>			1			This interpretation shows Maxim of Quality because surprisingly that Mia is a Princess of Genovia, but she doesn't want to move and stay on Genovia	Mia got angry and tell it immediatelly because she does'nt want to be a Princess.	1
32	<i>Really, Dad, I just want to go to bed. (Later on Thu)</i>			1			When Mia arrived home, she just wanted to avoid her parents, because she's not ready yet to accept the fact that she is a princess, but she doesn't show it by saying the Maxim of Quality.	The father tried to talk to Mia once more but Mia doesn't want to listen, so that she says so.	1
33	<i>Helen, just leave her alone. (Later on Thu)</i>					1	Daddy was understand what does Mia's meant, by invoke the Maxim of Relation	Father was understand that Mia was really shocked and hold Mia's mother to keep Mia stay in a living room.	1
34	<i>"just think of all the lovely things you could have if you</i>	1					Mia's mother wants Mia to be a princess and go to Genovia, she tried to make	Mia still doesn't want to be a princess but her mother try to say about	1

	<i>went to live in Genovia” (Fri, Oct 3)</i>					Mia imagine about what would she earn if she will be a princess of Genovia, This is a conventional because a princess are usually have a lot of lovely things.	all the lovely things. The realization is a Princess always have the lovely things.	
35	It’s like now that I’m an official princess, there’s all this concern for my welfare. (Fri, oct 3)	1				The conventional implies in this sentence, means the welfare is very important and so convention for a princess even for all royal family.	Mia want to go to the school, but father wants Mia to be keep until arrived school.	1
36	Uh, I’d love to, really, but I gotta go. I have a test in World Civ. Today, and I promise Lilly I’d meet her to go over our notes together (Fri, Oct 3)			1		Mia tried to escape from her parents conversation in that morning. Mia invokes the maxim of quality in her interpretation.	Mia tried to avoid smoothly by saying that reality.	1
37	Sit down! (Fri, Oct 3)				1	Daddy was understand Mia’s meant by invokes the maxim of relation in his statement “Sit down” firmly.	The father got angry because Mia always like that, always tried to escaped from the conversation.	1
38	Mom, what are you doing? <i>Do you want me to go live with Dad? Are you tired of</i>			1		The conversational implicature is in Mia’s statement that’s the maxim of quality. Mia are still not	The mother told about all the lovely things she’ll get. But Mia expects it different and said so.	1

	<i>me? (Fri, Oct 3)</i>						thinking to stay in Genovia as a Princess, but she doesn't tell it directly.		
39	PMS (More Fri)			1			Mia doesn't want show her problem from Lilly by showing a conversational implicature and invoke a maxim of quality that she is in her period to Lilly.	Lilly wants to know about what happened to Mia, but Mia doesn't want to tell Lilly.	1
40	Don't worry Mom, I won't forget to stop at Genovese on my way home tomorrow and pick up new vacuum cleaner bags (Really Late on Fri)			1			Mia doesn't want to show Lilly what does she talking about with her mother, by showing Maxim of Quantity "I won't forget to stop at Genovese on my way home tomorrow and pick up new vacuum cleaner bags" and her mother understand what does Mia's meant, then she hung up the phone.	The mother was in the phone and asks Mia to come back home and having a conversation with them again, but the realization is Mia doesn't want Lilly to know her problem by said it so.	1
41	I don't smoke. I don't do drugs. I haven't given at any proms. (Sat, Oct 4)	1					The conventional implicature can see from the interpretation of the word "don't" and 'haven't' create the convention of a sense of contrast. Mia claims that she is generally a very good daughter	Mia claimed that she is a very good daughter by sais that reality.	1
42	Ok, don't worry about it,			1			Mia doesn't tell anything	The father was called	1

	Thermopolis. <i>I'll tell him you and Lilly already went to bed. (Sat, Oct 4)</i>						to Michael, just show her reject face, she doesn't want to accept the telephone. Michael understand and says that conversational implicature, invokes the Maxim of Quality	Mia to Lilly's phone. But Mia doesn't want to accept and Michael was understand.	
43	What's wrong with it? (Sat Night)					1	Mia's mother invoke the Maxim of Relation, that's create the conversational implicature of a sense of contrast	Mia's mother wearing a sexy victoria secret's dress, the father was shocked. The realization is mother was confused and said so.	1
44	<i>None of your business.</i> Just go off-line, please. You can't hog all the lines of communication to yourself. It isn't fair. (Sat Night)					1	Mia doesn't want to tell to Michael what does she want to talk to Lilly, "None of your business" create the conversational implicature of sense of contrast.	Michael was so really likes to use the phone celular for internet access. The realization is Mia got angry because she wants to call Lilly	1
45	What's the matter, Thermopolis? <i>Did I strike nerve?</i> (Sat Night)					1	Michael actually just want to have some joke with Mia, "did I strike nerve" it's ridicule at Mia because he has said before about Mia's life mate of choice on the armagedon.	The realization is Michael mocks Mia by tells about the boy Mia's like even on the armagedon mate choice.	1
			4	8	3	9			

Total	21	24			45
Percentage	46, 7 %	53, 3 %			100 %

Note:

1 = Maxim of Quantity

2 = Maxim of Quality

3 = Maxim of Manner

4 = Maxim of Relation