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Lists

When I found out, the first thing I did was type *100 things to do before you die* into Google.

The internet is, like, wow! How do those Google people make their thingy whizz about the world in mega-swoosh style before sending ME, Dylan Mint, all this big-eye info? No one could answer that question – I know this for a fact because I've Googled it myself, six times, and there is nada on it. Nothing that I understand anyway. Frustrating or what?

But here's the thing, which is capital letters FRUSTRATING: I was super disappointed with the info Google swooshed me because there were too many things on the list that I didn't want to do.

Ever.

Who wants to *write the story of your life*?

Or *ride a camel in the desert?*

Or *go to the shops in your pyjamas?*

I mean, who wants to do *that?*

Not me, that's who.

The three most bonkers things on the list were:

1. *Skydive naked with a video camera strapped to your head.*
2. *Dive into a swimming pool full of beans.*
3. *Have sex with your boyfriend or girlfriend on a train.*

All of them meant taking your clobber off and there was No Way, José I'd take my kit off so everyone could gawk at my willy. Number three was the one I really didn't get: surely a bed would be a comfier place to do the dirty. *And* there would be millions of people on a train – going to work or going on a shopping spree – so it wouldn't be a private moment.

I think whoever made up the list didn't have the foggiest idea about cacking it. The info Google sent me was too Dire Straits so I used my initiative and decided to do my own list. Special just to me. Not 100 things though – that was far too many and there was no way on this earth I'd get through them all. Not in my state – are you mental? No, I'd settle for 3: the magic number *and* my number on the Drumhill Special School football team. For boys. (The team, not the school.)

Oh shizenhowzen!

I lied. Not a biggie but a lie is a lie is a lie.

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When I found out, the *real* first thing I did was cling to Mum and wipe her tears from my face. She left my cheek all salty and yucky. I've never understood why mums do that. Amir told me that his mum does that too when people shout 'Paki' or 'nig-nog' at them in the street. But Paki and nig-nog are opposites so there's No Way, José Amir and his mum can be both. I told him that, so I did. I also told him people who scream evil words like that have some brain-cell malnutrition and will probably end up living off benefits or working in the garden section of B&Q or collecting trolleys at Lidl.

Amir is my best bud. He knows all about me. I know all about him too. He goes to Drumhill for his mental problems, which are too many to mention, but let's just say he does a lot of staring into blank spaces and making bonkers noises. He also has a wee bit of a stut-stut-stutter. He's a nut-nut-nutter though, in a good way. We have a secret pact not to call each other any of those evil names other people call us. Especially the ones we hate. The ones that make our throats have lumps in them the size of a gobstopper. We sort of look after each other because that's what best buds do, isn't it? We're each other's homeboy even though Amir's real home

is, like, on the other side of the world. But even if he had to go back there we would still be best buds because we have a telepathic brain thing going on.

We haven't had any man chat about who will be his new best bud when I'm away. Some things we don't chat about. Whose mum cries the most? We do talk about that. It used to be his.

Oh shizenhowzen again!

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When I found out, one of the first real things I did was feel for my wee stone and rub it through my thumb and fingers. It's more like a green piece of glass really. But it's dead smooth and soooooo green that from a distance people might think it's a precious emerald gem. But people never get to lay their peepers on my green stone because it always stays in my left pocket. To me it is a precious emerald gem. Green is sort of like my best bud number two. I know it doesn't chat but it keeps me safe and soothes the old napper when things get hairy canary. But Amir is my best *human* bud.

I thought I might let Amir do some of the things on my list.