

LOVE
IS
FOR
LOSERS



WIBKE BRUEGGEMANN

MACMILLAN



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For Brittain, Luci, and Sophie.

MONDAY 1 JANUARY

#HAPPYNEWYEARTOME

Did you know that you can marry yourself? How strange/
brilliant is that?

It's called 'sologamy', and here's why it's such a good idea:

- The only person you need to actually, like, answer to or tolerate is you.
- No one is ever going to leave you, disappoint you or hurt you.
- We all die alone anyway.

The reason I'm considering sologamy at this point in my life is not because I was secretly hoping to marry Polly one day (euw!), but because the sudden and rather unexpected end of our friendship is teaching me all sorts of vital life lessons. And never let it be said that I'm not a fast learner.

For as long as I can remember, it's been Phoebe and Polly, Polly and Phoebe – the two Ps in a pod.

Neither of us existed without the other – BFFs since birth.

And suddenly, *ding dong*, Big Ben strikes midnight, and Tristan Can't-Even-Ride-A-Bicycle Murphy pops the reality-altering question: Polly, will you be my girlfriend? And just like that, I've been literally erased from Polly's brain.

I'm not even angry about Polly losing her mind. I'm angry about being angry, because I knew (and I did know) it would come to this.

I knew that when she was like: 'Let's all go to Embankment

and see the fireworks.’ What she actually meant was: ‘Please, Phoebe, can you come along so that it isn’t obvious I’m asking Tristan on an actual date, even though I basically am, because all I actually want is to be alone with him so that we can take whatever it is we’re doing to the “next level”.’

Bleugh!

I never should have gone.

Polly didn’t even wish me a Happy New Year.

Possibly because she couldn’t see me at that point, because the moment the Thames erupted into the meteor-shower-like fireworks extravaganza that must have cost the taxpayer millions, all that existed for her was Tristan’s mouth.

And you know how in films, kisses are always really hot and gorgeous (mainly because the people are hot and gorgeous)? Well, Tristan looked like he was trying to swallow Polly’s entire head.

I was literally sick in my mouth.

Good thing was, though, that I fought my way back to the Tube station as millions of people stood glued to the spot looking the other way, which meant that, apart from the driver, I was the only person on the District line at 0.08 a.m.

I’m at Kate’s until tomorrow because Mum’s at work attending a Syria crisis meeting, and when I let myself in, Kate was like: ‘What happened to you?’

Me: Polly’s got a boyfriend now, so she didn’t need me to stay out.

Kate: I was going to pick you up from the station.

Me: I walked.
Kate: You should've called me.
Me: I didn't.
Kate: Wrong answer.
Me: Sorry. And sorry.
Kate: Better text Polly to say you're home safe.
Me: She doesn't care.
Kate: Text her.
Me: I'm going to bed.
Kate: Happy New Year, Phoebe. I love you. Text Polly.

I'm so not texting her.

2.05 a.m.

Polly just called me from the District line.

She was like: 'I didn't realize you'd gone.'

And then she was like: 'Tristan this, Tristan that, Tristan says hi, OMG, Tristan and I are so happy.'

And I was like: 'Who is this? Can you get Polly, please?'

What happens to people when they fall in love?

It's like their brain short-circuits. Like they've had a stroke.

It's been the shittiest NYE in fifteen years.

It's been even more shit than last year when Polly puked in my lap after too many Apple Sourz.

3.30 a.m.

I just researched sologamy a bit more, and even though it is a brilliant idea, the people who've done it look like proper dicks.

P.S. Polly still hasn't wished me a Happy New Year.

P.P.S. I think people turn crazy the moment they turn sixteen. Polly was literally normal until her birthday in November.

P.P.P.S. I swear I'm not going to fall victim to love when I turn sixteen, if it's the last thing I do . . . or should that be 'don't do'?

TUESDAY 2 JANUARY #THEHAPPYNEWYEARCONTINUES

There are 7 billion people in the world.

That's 7 thousand million. So why, oh why, does my mother think *she* has to be the one helping out whenever there's a major catastrophe?

This is how it always goes down: