KATE-Y BABUSHKA SECRET DIARIES

2005 - 2011

Saturday 1 January 2005

Bertie up early thinking it was Christmas again (that's the 8th time this week!). I sang him 'December Will Be Magic Again' (Bongo version) and he soon left me alone. EMI phoned to wish me Happy New Year and asked me when the new album's coming out. In their dreams!!

Thursday 24 February 2005

Just heard a song on the radio that sounds like one of mine. A group called The Futurists or something. Cheeky feckers. How dare they! Got in touch with my lawyer. They will pay for this intrusion of my privacy and integrity. Who do they think they are?

Sunday 27 February 2005

Futurists single is Top 10 – I love it. Wrote a song about numbers to celebrate, and baked some pie.

Tuesday 24 May 2005

Been really busy. Heard some birds singing in the park, and got inspired – reckon I could make a 40-minute piece based solely on it. Bertie ruined the mood by spilling a pot of honey over a street artist's painting. I said I'd pay for the damage. He said I should record a new album. What the feck does he know?

Wednesday 25 May 2005

Recorded a new album. It's very good and will probably be a double if I can convince EMI to fork out for the packaging, maybe it could be in something unique like a washing powder box or something with a splishy sploshy feel to it.

Thursday 26 May 2005

When EMI finished cheering, they agreed to a double album. Their exact words were – "We don't care if it's 10 minutes of you scraping jelly off your formica, just release a bloody record." They have no soul.

Friday 27 May 2005

Almost decided on final running order. I think Prelude can come before Prologue after all. Though not sure where Aerial Tal should come. Or if to include the song about coming at the Q awards. Oh, it's tough being an artiste.

Friday 27 May 2005 – later

Need to change the title of the song about the washing machine – 'Mrs Mopp Does The Washing' doesn't have a very romantic ring to it. Going to call it 'Tabs Are Better Than Powder – Discuss'

Friday 27 May 2005 – later still

Danny p1ssed himself when I told him that title. Changing it to 'Suds'.

Friday 27 May 2005 – even later

Still not happy with that title. I asked my cleaner, Mrs Bartolozzi, if she could think of anything. She just smiled indulgently and said, 'Move your feet so I can vac under the piano, love.' She's no help.

Friday 27 May 2005 – much later

Have written a song about Bertie. It just has to go on the album. It's about 18 minutes long, but should fit, as the album's a bit short, only having 3 tracks so far.

Friday 27 May 2005 – a bit later

Saw a lovely Sunset today. Wish I could find some inspiration for a song about a sun setting .

Friday 27 May 2005 – that night

It's finished. And I've even done a video for the first single – I do appear in it, but only in a big coat, which should cover the fact I'm no longer a teenager, which I may have forgotten to mention to anyone.

Saturday 28 May 2005

A day off, but I'm on a creative roll, so it shouldn't be long before I am writing again.

Sunday 6 November 2005

EMI rang to remind me the album's out tomorrow, and that I haven't done anything about it. "Oh, just bung a few posters up in London and any other random city," I tell them. So they do. Decide to take a few months off.

Thursday 4 May 2006

They won't let me have any peace. Not only is everyone crying out for another single (what was wrong with the last one?!!), I've now heard there's a get-together of 6 of my fans in London – will send Del along to suss them out, what with me being scared of them and everything. I mean, they might try to hug or kiss me.

Sunday 7 May 2006

Del escaped relatively unscathed. Said he was pounced upon by an American lesbian with a thumping heart, and someone who looked like Stevie Nicks before the drugs. Apparently they were all asking about new singles, tours and music. What do these people want? Blood?

Monday 8 May 2006

Gave blood today.

Tuesday 30 May 2006

Someone is asking for my diary to be posted on an internet forum. Why does anyone think I am interesting enough to have anything to write about? Spent the day recording a new single and arranging some tour dates. Introduced Bertie to his baby sisters….

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13 June

Bertie came home from school with a violin – he wants to learn how to play it. Who does he think he is, Nigel Bloody Kennedy?

14 June

Rang Nigel Kennedy – he's coming round to teach me to play the violin so I can teach Bertie. Nigel makes it look so simple – who'd 've thought you play it under your chin?

15 June

Wrote a new song today – it's called Violin. Danny reminded me I'd already written one called that in 1922. Went to bingo. Won £50 and nicked a pen.

17 June

Someone calling themselves my friend at EMI rang and asked what the next single's going to be. I politely reminded them I've already released 5 singles from Aerial, so I think that's quite sufficient.

20 June

Apparently the singles were never released because I forgot to tell anyone. Honestly, do I have to do everything? I'd made all those videos for them and recorded all those B-sides too! Oh well, I'll make sure they never see the light of day now. Exhausted. Went to bed.

3 July

Got up. Had a bath. Drank tea.

4 July

Went shopping. Bought a new hat with a feather in it. God knows when I'll get to wear it.

10 July

Trevor, the church photographer, popped round and asked if he could take some photos of me in something new and chic. I said, I've got just the thing, and popped my new hat on. I heard him say something about hairbrushing to his assistant but I thought her hair looked fine.

30 July

Very quiet birthday. Went to Glastonbury and took pictures of my bum for the forum.

Most of August

Bertie's driving me mad – I've written a follow-up song for him. "Bloody bloody bloody summer holidays. They go on forever. He has a week off, then another week off. Then he has another week off. Roll on September."

Most of August (later)

Very happy to see 'Back to School' stuff in Woolies. Mind you, I'm saving a bomb on petrol money for the school run. Which is just as well, as I broke Nigel's violin last night and may need to replace it. Unless I can just gaffa it back together. I love gaffa. Imagine being suspended in it. (That's Danny shouting - 'You've already written one called that'. He's such a know-all.)

1 September

Del came round, having promised some random people we would be doing new projects in September. Yes, I gently reminded him, school projects for Bertie's class. So, we did some papier mache heads and made people out of straws. Bertie will love them.

2 September

Bertie hates them.

3 September

Q rang to ask for an interview. I told him to stop calling me Bush. He said he wasn't THAT Q. Agreed to be asked questions for their 20th issue, or something. One embarrassing moment arose when they asked what I thought of Tori Amos. As Tori had just that minute popped round to borrow the piano, I went a bit quiet. I hope people don't read too much into it.

7 September

G arrived. Funny, had a feeling he was on his way.

7 September. Later.

Oh, it wasn't G, it was H. He's not been the same since Steps split. We did some line dancing and gossiped about Lisa Scott-Lee. It was great fun.

7 September. Later still.

Had to Google to find out who Lisa Scott-Lee was. Then had to Google to find out who Steps were. And then who H is. Then got Bertie to tell me what Google was. I'm exhausted now.

14 September

Mark Radcliffe rang – that's the 300th time this year! I only ever agreed to meet him in the first place cos I thought he was gay.

29 September

Saw the new issue of Q today – I didn't realise I looked that bad!

29 September. Later.

Danny pointed out that wasn't me on the cover, it was Keith Richards. What the feck's he doing on my front cover, the wrinkly old tw*t?

29 September. Later.

Been to every frigging newsagent in (PLACE I LIVE DELETED IN CASE OF LOSING MY ANONYMITY) – loads of Dido and U-flaming-2 to be had, but can't get one of me for love or anger. Don't tell me my fans have come out of hiding again and bought them all?!!

29 September. Later.

Have phoned Q and ordered a copy. They're charging me £4.99 for the privilege? Don't they know who I am?

29 September. In bed.

Q rang back and apologised for charging me. They didn't know who I was.

30 September.

Hopped on a plane to Glasgow and pretended to be Lucy Bundy performing Kate Bush performing as Fake Bush. It fooled most of them, but one bright allyspark saw through it, and nearly gave the game away by making me sing something post 1985. No chance.

1 October

Exhausted. But decided to write some new songs today. I'm determined not to leave it 12 years. I mean, it's not as if I have anything else to do. Hang on, there's a bit of wallpaper coming away in the study.

2 October

Started redecorating the entire house today. Hoping it will inspire me to write quicker if the place looks nice.

3 October

Place looks a tip. No inspiration. Went to bed.

10 October

Antony popped round for tea – he forget to bring his Johnsons, but it was still nice to see him. Sang a duet until the dog keeled over in agony.

14 October

It's nearly Christmas, so EMI are asking about a Compilation album. I said I'd think about it.

14 October. 3 seconds later.

Thought about it – it's a crap idea. Sounded like someone shooting themselves as I put the phone down.

15 October

Visited the forum. It's a nice place. Perhaps I'll get someone to pop over to Haworth to see them all. I wonder what Del's doing that day….

Fri 20 October

Bertie home from school with the news he's off for a week! Just as I was planning time in the studio to demo all the new songs I've written. Typical. The songs will have to wait - need to spend quality time with my son.

Sat 21 October

If I spend one more minute with that boy of mine, I will go mad. Hiked up Top Withens the long way. Fecking exhausted! Nobody there but a few old people - surely these aren't my fans?

Sat 21 October (in the pub)

Well, apparently someone got the date wrong, and the forum hike is NEXT Saturday. Rang Danny and b*llocked him. Sat in a 'public house' and chatted with a few of the locals. Gave them each one of my Billie Holiday sculptures I carry round with me. They were so grateful they donated them to a local charity.

Sun 22 October

Got lost getting back from Haworth. Spent the night on a wuthering hill top, listening to the wind carrying me away and calling out my name - given me loads of inspiration for a song.

Mon 23 October

Danny says there's already a song called 'Wind Beneath my Wings.'

Tues 24 October

Ian T21's birthday. Phoned him up and spent a good hour laughing and gossiping with him. But he's sworn to secrecy about it.

Weds 25 October

Just checked my website - apparently I'm 'overwhelmed' at being nominated for 2 Brits. Doesn't say whether I won one or not.

Thurs 26 October

Didn't win one because I was too 'overwhelmed' to go and collect it in person. Have these people never heard of the postal service?

Fri 27 October

Didn't win the Freddie Mercury prize. Didn't even get fecking nominated. Fecking furious. Took the afternoon off.

Later

Who the feckitty feck feck are the Inarticulate Monkeys? What have they ever done to deserve an award?

Later still

Got Bertie to download the Arctic Monkeys album. Fecking love it, well deserved. Think I'll do a cover version of Mardy Bum on my next album.

Sat 28 October

Thoroughly Modern Millais' Birthday - have a great day, sir! Thanks for your continued support, and stop sending me your old y-fronts.

Sat 28 October, later

The real day of the hike. Far too exhausted to go again. Besides, those conservatory walls won't grout themselves...

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10 December 2006

Got absolutely drenched. Been mopping up outside after a weir collapsed. Hope nobody finds out, or I may have to foot the bill.

11 December

How bloody much?

12 December

Seriously need to think about raising some money and quickly. Danny suggested a new Greatest Hits, but I think the Car Boot sale in the church grounds on Sunday will be fine.

17 December

Made £6.40 at the car boot – and that was only by selling the signed photo of me and Russell Harty. I'd forgotten he'd signed it.

25 December

Having a quiet Christmas. Just me, Danny, Bertie and the local fire brigade, water inspectors and conservationists. They're still on weir-watch. Bertie keeps singing 'Weir Off To Sue The Wizard' – he thinks he's so funny.

1 January 2007

Thought I'd try and come up with some New Year Resolutions –

1. To make a new album every 12 months instead of every 12 years

2. To be a better forum member, and not just post about me, me, me.

3. To visit the chatroom and see what people really think about me.

4. To encourage Danny to play his guitar more

5. To take some new photos

6. To never live anywhere near a weir ever again.

7. To have a quiet year.

I can't see any of those being too difficult

2 January

Already failed at number 1, Danny reminding me it's over 12 months since the last album. I've written 2 new songs today, though. One is called 'Love a Duck' and is about all the feathered creatures the cat keeps bringing home, and the other is about not doing very much at all, called 'It's Going To Be A Quiet Year For Me ,Me, Me.' Oh, there goes resolution number 2….

4 January

Popped into the forum chatroom today, to find people don't just talk about me!! On my forum! It's not on! They were discussing Newcastle trips, London trips, Glastonbury trips – even visiting some godforsaken place called Mossley. I asked Danny if we could go along, but he was working on a 10-minute guitar solo. Sounds amazing.

11 January

Danny 's 10-minute guitar solo sounds less amazing now it lasts 3 and a half hours.

5 February

Still having a quiet year, except for Danny's guitar solos, which are driving me up the fecking wall.

12 February

Bored today so updated my website. Took 3 seconds.

13 February

Got an invite to The Brits tomorrow night. It was addressed to Kate Moss, but still…. Very excited! Wonder what I've won!!!

14 February

Won nothing, not even a fecking raffle prize. Had to listen to Oasis – whoever they are. Very noisy.

23 February

God, this year is quiet.

24 February

Excitement today, as there's a photo of me in The Times. The usual. I really ought to get some new ones done. If only I wasn't having a quiet year…

1 March

Raining. Stayed in and tickled the ivories. Wish I had the rest of the elephant to go with them.

8 March

Still quiet. Perhaps it wasn't such a good idea to have this as the only resolution I had a hope in hell of keeping.

9 March

Some nancy boy from Placebo rang up and asked what I thought of their version of Running Up That Hill. I pretended I'd heard it, and told them I loved it, and could they please hurry up and release it as a single, and make me some money, 'cos I am still paying for that damn weir.

9 March – Later

Bertie downloaded Placebo's Running Up That Hill. What have they done to my masterpiece? Talk about plodding along lethargically up nothing more than a little mound…. Still, ker-ching, or what?!

23 March

Chiropodist 11am.

Dentist 2pm.

Synchronised Swimming 6pm.

Yet still I get accused of doing nothing. (And I bloody missed Jeremy Kyle. Hope Danny taped it.)

1 April

Played a brilliant April Fool joke. Rang EMI and told them the new album was ready! Backfired a bit when they sent me the bill for all the publicity, press releases, artwork, news reports, advertising, studio space, interviews and promotion they'd planned, plus the hospital bill for the heart attacks suffered at senior level, not to mention the collapse of the shares I have in myself. Still, it was funny at the time.

16 April

Stylus magazine rang and asked if they could induct me into their Hall of Fame. I asked if I had to do anything? They said, an interview and photo shoot would be nice. I laughed and reminded them it was April, and I never do anything in April. Or May. And June's always a bit dodgy. Still, I was flattered, so decided to take it easy.

25 April

Someone's had my last packet of pork scratchings. Fuming!

1 May

Lovely sunny day – feel a song coming on.

1 May – Later

No, it was just wind. It's been such a quiet year….

2010

1st January.

New Year. New me. This is going to be a remarkable year, I can feel it. For a start, I have decided to write a diary again! Last year, of course, I was busy nearly finishing writing half the tune of a new song which I may put on an album, if I ever release one. What's more, my Christmas message on the website was so well received, I have decided to start updating it more regularly. As long as it doesn't suddenly start snowing, that is, because the snow always stops me being creative and I can't get to my recording studio at the bottom of the garden or my office down the corridor if it starts to snow. So, please, please, please, let there be NO snow this year at all.

2nd January

It's snowing. Stayed in and played with Bertie. Those games I made up when I should have been working on a new album will keep us entertained for hours.

30 minutes later.

Bored with the games now. Wish I had a piano in here so I could write some new songs or sing some of my old ones.

3rd January.

Still snowing. We're all trapped, but have plenty of food, drink and chocolate to keep us going.

3rd January. Later.

Who ate all the bloody chocolate? The situation is now critical.

4th January.

Sent Bertie out in the snow blizzard for chocolate. I wrapped him up in a warm coat and the hat and gloves I knitted him when I should have been working on a new album. I gave them to him for Christmas in case it snowed and we ran out of chocolate and I had to send him out for some. Good thinking, K.B.!

5th January.

Snowing worse than ever. Bertie's been gone a long time. I wish I'd given him that communication device I invented when I should have been working on a new album. And some shoes.

6th January.

Twelfth Night. Took down Christmas. Wish Bertie was here. I am sure he's toasty warm somewhere, but he'd best not be eating MY chocolate.

13th January.

Bertie finally turned up today with Del in tow. They've spent the last week making an album together. Del Abertie. More importantly, I have chocolate. And I have now managed to leave the house. I can get on with my new album at last.

14th January.

Too cold to write music. Need to do something to keep warm. Have taken up snow shovelling.

15th January.

Fecking hate snow. I've dreamed up 50 words for it and none of them are nice! Why oh why did I apply for the job as town snow shoveller?

16th January.

Snow has gone. I am now out of work.

4th February.

Bertie introduced me to Facebook today. I am determined not to get obsessed with it.

27th February.

Finally off Facebook after 23 days of hell. I am never using a computer again.

28th February.

Shopped online at Asda. They're delivering at 4.30.

2nd March

Still waiting for my Asda shop to arrive. It's not my fault they can't find me – I can't just give my address out to anyone, you know! You'd think 'Kate Bush, Near the Weir, England, My Lionheart' would be fine. But, no. Not so 'super' after all, are you, Mr Market?

5th March

Went online and cancelled my Asda order. Those beetroot and black pudding entrees will be ruined by now!

13th March

Lots of phone calls today – something about a new vinyl edition of one of my more popular albums from the 80s. I couldn't be bothered saying no. At least they haven't asked about a 'Best Of' for awhile.

14th March

EMI just rang to ask about a 'Best Of' as they're scrapped for cash and could do with a quick moneyspinner. I told them I'd have a think about it.

15th March

EMI rang to ask me if I've thought about it. I have. There'll be a new 'Best Of' with my name on it out in time for Christmas!

16th March

They meant the best of MY songs – I thought they just meant my favourite obscure Irish folk tunes from the 50s. They can bog off.

23rd April.

Did something patriotic today. Ate a bag of mini Mars Bars. A large bag. God, those things are TINY, aren't they?

5th May

Came across an old song today. "Don't Let the Sunshine In". Recorded in 1892 before the gramophone had been invented. It sounds awfully like me, and I mean 'awfully'.

6th May

Re-recorded 'Don't Let the Sunshine In' for the new album, which should be out later this year. Or next. Provided we don't get a coalition government.

7th May

Oh, sh1t.

18th June.

Come on, England!! An England win in the World Cup could be just the spur I need to get on with the new album.

19th June.

God, England are cr*p.

18th August.

On holiday with Danny, Bertie, Elton, Sir Paul, Simon, Cheryl, Louis, Dannii, Kylie, Victoria, David, Brad, Angelina, Charles, Camilla and Gaga. God, Bertie doesn't half know some famous people. But, have to say, Pontin's isn't what it was.

19th August.

Upset Lady Gaga. But at least I know how to make her angry. Poke her face. (Bertie told me that one.)

1st September

Had a girlie night in. Just me, Tori, Siouxsie, and Florence. I told Florence not to bring her machine so she was in a bit of a grump. We did girlie things like watch Twilight and talk about boys. Well, they talked about boys, I just listened. I wonder if the Forum is still up and running.

2nd September

Del's just told me the Forum is still up and running! I mean, what on earth do they have to talk about? Whether I still smoke? Or what jumpers I wear? THEY DON'T!!!!

3rd September

Just about to have a sneaky look at the Forum. Hopefully they'll be nothing disturbing and I won't get too depressed.

Half an hour later

I'm really depressed.

3 hours later

I never want to read another internet forum ever! Some people have NO boundaries! I'm just glad I don't obsess over anyone like some of them do over me!!

9th October.

The first of this year's X Factor Live Shows with sexy Dermot O'Leary. My weekend starts here. I wonder if they'll ask me to be on it one week. Just so I can meet Dermot.

10th October

Simon Cowell rang to ask me to be on X Factor. I said I'd think about it. As if I have to think about it!!!! And no, I'm not obsessed with Dermot - just because I go on his forum and start threads like 'Do you think Dermot is fit?' and 'Does Dermot wear slippers when he's in the house?' doesn't make me obsessed at all.

11th October.

Rang Simon Cowell. Tried to get through to Dermot but they said he was busy. Anyway, said I'd go on as long as I didn't have to sing, judge, mentor or offer advice. So, I've got a seat in the audience next week with Bertie. So excited! Will finally meet my Dermot.

16th October.

Full of a cold, can't go to X Factor. Gutted. Bertie went with Brooklyn, Romeo, Britney, Leona, Alexandra, Astin from JLS, Olly, Plan B, Stacey Solomon, Ant and Dec, Bruce Forsyth and Lee Majors. I know! You should see his mobile phone bill!

27th October

Just back from Elton John's husband's birthday party. Boy George was there and said he would be trending all about me on Twitter. I am sure the poor boy's on drugs – he just talks nonsense words.

28th October.

I am all over Twitter. How trendy.

30th November

Started thinking about a Christmas message for the website today. Must write it before it starts snowing and I get holed up again.

1st December.

Bloody snow. See you next year… Or the year after that…

January 1st 2011

Happy New Year, dear diary. Think this year will be a quiet one. Can't feel the old creative juices are going to start flowing any time soon.

January 2nd

Felt the old creative juices flowing. That was a surprise. Think I'll make a quick start on some new songs, maybe get them recorded really quickly, and just bung them out on an album in the next couple of months. What could go wrong?

January 3rd

Just listened to an album of mine called The Red Shoes. I'm sure it'd sound better in analogue. And I really want to re-record some of those songs. Especially the one about the red shoes, whatever that's called.

January 4th

May re-record The Sensual World album while I'm at it. That wasn't much good either.

January 5th

And that This Woman's Work box set needs some attention.

January 7th

Have decided to concentrate on 2 albums, and I randomly picked The Sensual World and The Red Shoes, using Bertie's darts.

January 9th

Thought I'd write some new lyrics for one of my songs, tried to get in touch with James Joyce as he's got a bit of a way with words and soliloquy's and stuff. He's dead, but his estate isn't. Apparently, I can copy Molly Bloom's speech from a book called Ulysses word for word as long as I don't put in the bit where she says yes.

January 10th

Bertie's bought an autotune vocoder thingy. He says it's funny but I think it just makes his voice sound really annoying.

January 11th

Bertie insisted on recording an annoying new chorus for Deeper Understanding using his autotune vocoder thingy. I'll be b*ggered if THAT'S going on the new album.

January 16th

Re-recorded Moments of Pleasure today and took the sad bits out and made it longer. That'll teach them to say my songs are sentimental and go on too long. Put in a bit of some random men humming – that'll pad the album out nicely.

January 18th

Bad cold today. Overdosed on Lemsip and now feel a little tipsy. Started slurring my words too. Recorded Rubberband Girl and drank lots of water.

January 23rd

Think I'll call the album 'Rehash'. Or 'Money for old rope'.

January 24th

Asked that nice lady Trio to re-record their vocals for the new album, but apparently they're still waiting to be paid for the last work they did for me, so I put the phone down on their interpreter. Rang Mica Paris – she's not had a Top 10 hit since 1988, so will be at a loose end and will work for peanuts.

January 25th

Mica came in to sing and ate all the peanuts.

January 30th

The album is almost finished, but I'll tell everyone it took ages as usual. This making an album lark is a piece of cake when you've already written the songs and recorded them. Had a piece of cake to celebrate.

February 3rd

Don't want Bertie to think his mum's an old fart so I'm determined to keep up with the current music scene. Just bought the new albums by The Moody Blues, Procol Harum, and Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich.

February 12th

Someone's dancing to Wuthering Heights on the telly. In a red dress. And it looks like a man. I rang the BBC to complain but they told me it was for charity so I had to pretend I was pleased and just leave a message.

February 15th

Started to design some artwork for the album. I'm thinking of dressing a naked black man up in a fish's head and getting Bertie to reuse his school Halloween costume from last year. That old sock was a great success. Any old photo will be OK really as long as I don't have to show my face.

February 16th

John's insisting we take at least 3 photos of my face with loads of make-up on for publicity: one in a huge frill, one as Boy George, and one as Helena Bonham Carter in Planet of the Apes. I also want one of me as a mad director, and maybe one in a pink leotard for a laugh. I might not show anyone that last one.

February 17th

The new album's now called Director's Put Her Foot In It and is 2 and a half hours long. Edited a couple of tracks down to 18 minutes, but Del says they're still too long. What does he know?

February 18th

The tracks are too long. We ran out of analogue tape.

February 23rd

Re-recorded Moments of Pleasure again and didn't leave enough room to name check everyone. Don't suppose people will notice. Got it down to 12 minutes at least.

March 4th

The album is ready and I have decided to do some interviews at my house, in my living room, in my dressing gown and slippers, with my hair in curlers and the dog on guard. Nobody's going to accuse me of being a weird reclusive control freak this time!

March 6th

Started to make a video for Deeper Understanding today. Asked that guy from Harry Potter to be in it. Unfortunately Alan Rickman wasn't available so had to get that beardy giant one. I didn't recognise him when he turned up! He's only gone and shaved his beard and is nowhere near as big as he looks in the films, so I've had to throw out all the oversized furniture we had made especially and now the room looks empty.

March 7th

Working on the video. I need to do it as cheaply as possible because Robbie's costing me a fortune in sausage rolls, so I asked someone to contact Yvette Fielding to be in it and Danny's barber. I think they may have misheard. It looks like they've got that bloke who was prancing about as me on the telly a while back instead.

March 8th

Still working on the video. Blew a big bubblegum bubble on Robbie Coltrane's face today, but it'll look dead good when the effects are added.

March 9th

Added the effects. It looks sh1t.

March 10th

Still working on the bloody video. Bored now, so got a clown in to cheer us all up. He insisted on being in it. I mean, how ridiculous! What's a clown got to do with anything? But don't worry, I'll cut him out of the final edit. If I remember.

March 11th

How much longer can this video take to make? It's not as if anything happens in it!

March 14th

Frances Barber came to see me with her contract today. Apparently it was for 1 day's filming and she's been here all week pointing, laughing and turning away. I told her it'll be worth it because the video will get her loads of attention as she's in it so much.

March 15th

Just taken most of Frances's bits out of the video. I don't think she'll be too upset.

March 16th

Frances went up the wall. Packed her bags and stormed out, taking the 2 actors playing her sons with her. Luckily, the camera was rolling.

March 17th

Almost finished the video. Just the last 4 minutes to do. Why the feck did I make this song so fecking long?

March 18th

Got sick of making the video, so Bertie's taken over. I'm sure he'll do a good job.

March 19th

Just watched Bertie's finished video. I'm in shock. Just as well it probably won't get shown anywhere.

March 20th

Ken Bruce has just been on. I'd forgotten I'd applied for Popmaster.

March 21st

Got 3 out of 30 on Popmaster. Couldn't remember the title of any of my singles.

April 1st

It's all go at Bush Towers. I've not been this busy since the in laws came for Christmas Dinner and I had to show them where the washing machine was. And the oven.

April 5th

Have applied for Deal or No Deal. £250,000 would be very welcome right now. Just to pay Robbie's food bill and give something to Frances, Noel and the clown so they won't sue me.

April 6th

Apparently, Deal or No Deal won't film at my house, so I've told them I can't appear.

April 25th

Just done a stream of interviews and I'm exhausted. Apparently I've said something about a tour and a new album. Bugg*r.

April 26th

Started a new album. Already written 3 songs about chocolate. And 1 about a computer taking over your life. May re-record a few of my old songs for it. That was dead easy.

May 5th

Local elections today. Stood outside the polling stations conducting exit interviews. “Who’s on the left? Who’s on the right?” I shrieked in my shriekiest voice. Del was there to record it all. I do wish he’d stop following me around.

May 6th

Lazy day. Did eff all.

May 13th

Just asked Lady Gaga for her new album. Bertie’s so excited and started shouting out about little monsters and showing me his claws. Apparently he was born that way.

Monday May 16th

Something’s supposed to be happening today. Can’t for the life of me think what. Oh yes, taking the penguin to the vet’s.

May 17th

Apparently I’m number one in the midweek chart. How lovely. Had to ask Bertie what the midweek chart was.

May 21st

It’s the end of the world today. Typical. And I was just about to announce a tour. Best not, in case all that rehearsal goes to waste.

May 22nd

The world didn’t end. Might tour – depends if I’m number one or not. I’ll just wait for the chart rundown.

May 22nd Later

Who the feck is Adele? The tour’s off.

May 23rd

Just finished the new album. I’m knackered. At least they won’t want any interviews this time…

June 1st 2011

Bloomin’ heating’s gone off again at Bush Towers and it’s freezing. Why don’t we ever get a decent summer in this country? It feels so cold. Like ice. Or snow. Or flippin’ schazzenfloppinganglebrainlywheeze or something.

June 2nd

Wrote 3 songs today about snow. One's called Snow, one's called Snowing, and one's called Get Out Of My House It's B!oody Freezing, When Are We Going To Get The Boiler Fixed? Dan asked if I had any thoughts for the theme of the next album. I threw a snowball at him I'd made out of an old Ray Stevens single, which gave me an idea.

June 3rd

Dan says I can't do a whole album about streaking. I'll have to rethink the track 50 Words for Having No Clothes On.

June 7th

Elton John called round. Apparently he's been snowed in all winter and is looking for someone to duet with. I was so pleased he asked me but I couldn't think of anyone.

June 10th

Wrote a 3 hour song about having sex with a snowman. Even I'm a little bit worried what people will think about this one. And what exactly the carrot is for.

June 17th

Starting to get a bit warmer now. Thank feck. There was a pool of water and a carrot by the Aga. Still, he melted happy.

June 20th

Bertie's designed some Christmas cards to sell on my website. Great, now I'll have to make a Christmas album so I can use them as merchandise.

June 21st

Bertie made a Christmassy mug in pottery today. It cost £4.99 to post home to me.

June 22nd

Bertie came in dressed as a Yeti. That young man is wild. And getting on my t!ts with his obsession about Christmas.

June 23rd

Started my Christmas album today. Not that I'll be bringing it out any time soon, as I've just checked and found out I've already released one album this decade.

July 1st

Apparently I once said something about bringing 2 albums out in a year. I must have drunk a lot of tea that day. But then a light bulb went off in my head. It's about time we used energy saving ones. Those exploding light bulbs are fecking dangerous.

July 17th

Got Bertie to record some vocals for a song I've written about a teardrop falling from the face of a clown. 'Sing higher', I yelled to him. 'Higher. Higher.' That's the window in the study gone for a burton.

July 18th

Dan says I can't have an album of 7 long songs. None of them would be hits. "Oh, like that monster hit single, Deeper Understanding, which couldn't even trouble the Top 75?" I say, before remembering I don't care about chart positions.

August 15th

Completely the wrong weather to be putting the finishing touches to an album about snow. It's sweltering, and we're wilting in the heat. I took all my clothes off as I was so hot, and everyone did lots of overtime that day.

August 16th

Got a chill from recording with no clothes on. But the cool floorboards felt nice against my dirty little feet, might stop wearing shoes sometime in the future. Went to bed.

September 14th

Got up when him off the telly came round. I'm sure I asked for Martin Fry. 'The Look of Love' was always one of my favourite records. Anyway, the title track to '6 Words for Snow' is coming on a treat, and is nice and short.

September 15th

How many b!oody words for snow does this man know? He was only supposed to come up with a handful. Have to change the title of the album now. Will have to let the record company know.

September 16th

Who the hell are the Fish People?

September 17th

Whoever they are, they sound nice, and dead helpful. But even I would worry about something being 7 songs set against a backdrop of snow. WTF? (As Berties and his mates text.)

October 3rd

The nights are drawing in. The album is finished. We've run out of cocoa. At least I don't have to do any publicity for this album.

October 4th

Started doing publicity for the album. Wrapped some of the dog's blankets round me and shivered a bit. I hope nobody thinks these blankets are fur.

October 5th

Took a photo of me where you can only see my eyes and lips. I'm not wearing any pants, but don't tell anyone.

October 6th

Del told everyone I wasn't wearing any pants in the picture, and then got upset because everyone commented on something he meant just to be a secret on Facebook, Twitter and the 10 O'Clock News.

October 7th

Jools Holland rang to ask if I'd like to appear on his show. I bit the bullet and said yes.

October 8th

I now have bullet poisoning and can't be on the show. Damn! Was looking forward to the publicity and the duet with Florence. From Magic Roundabout.

November 1st

The new album is coming out this month. I've tried to pick a day with a quiet release schedule.

November 2nd

B!oody typical. Rihanna, One Direction, Westlife, Nickelback, Lady Gaga, Michael Jackson, Seal, The Saturdays and Now 80 are all releasing albums on the same day. Rang them all to ask if they'd swap dates. Everyone said no, except Michael Jackson who said he was in the middle of watching some trial on TV.

November 14th

The album is streaming online. I haven't a clue what that means, but it sounds very modern. Listened to the radiogram all day, but couldn't hear it.

November 21st

The album is officially released. Except in America, Ireland, Europe and anywhere they have computers, where it's already available. Was lined up for This Morning, The One Show and The Only Way is Essex, but my burka got a hole in it, so had to turn them down. I'm sure the album will still make the Top 3.

November 27th

What number?!!! Furious. Oh yeh, I keep forgetting I don't care about chart positions. I'll pretend I'm happy. As long as it doesn't drop too much the second week.

December 4th

B0ll0cks.

December 25th

Merry Christmas, me. Not made any mince pies this year. Been too busy cleaning up all the horse manure everyone's bought me, and getting on with a load of new songs. Want to record them before Bertie's voice breaks or I'll have to have a rethink.

December 26th

Bertie's voice has broken. Where did I put those scissors?

December 31st

3 albums next year? Oh, go on then...



Thanks to IanT21 for writing the original text, some of which has been removed or edited slightly (for obvious reasons).