Kate-y Babushka's Secret Diary 2012 - 2014

8th January 2012

Woke up covered in bone meal and worrying about the new album. Then I remembered I made 2 last year – one a load of out-takes and one about sleet – so I don't have to make another one for ages. Even if I get bored.

9th January

Got bored. Started a new album. It was all going well until Bertie came home with a bad school report and loads of attitude. Need to spend time staying in and being a mum.

February

Stayed in, being a mum.

March

Stayed in, being a mum.

April

Stayed in, being a mum. I could get used to this. I may never go out again.

1st May

Went out. Apparently I've won an award on the South Bank of somewhere. There was a right posh do. We just sat at the back and ate chips. Then an old Welsh miner said my name and I had to go and collect a bit of glass. I hadn't brushed my hair or anything. I was dead nervous, but at least I didn't say anything about 'come'. Some people stood up, but it was a long evening so they probably needed to stretch their legs. Was fairly happy, but don't really know what it means.

2nd May

Bertie says it means I beat 2 other singers. In your face, Adele and PJ Harvey!

3rd May

Polished my award. I wonder if I can get some others if I release more albums. Started tinkering at the piano.

4th May

Finished tinkering. Wish I could still play the bloody thing. I may take up a new instrument. Like the trumpet.

5th May

Was casually watching Saturday night telly when someone started singing one of my songs. Bo Peep Bruce or something. I got Bertie to look her up on the Internet. She's not going to be a threat any time soon but I sent her a good luck message to be on the safe side. Then I checked my bank balance for the extra royalties. Ker-ching!

18th May

Went on the forum. Hardly any of the old faces there, and one young newbie who seems to know more about what I'm doing than I do!! Anyway, asked what had happened to the old lot. Apparently, there was a bit of a fall out, then something happened in a chatroom, then something else happened at Haworth, then there was a full moon, and then everyone just went mad. Blimey.

19th May

Went in the forum chat room and gave it a good clean. The tumbleweed looked nice.

13th June

It's my birthday next month and so far I haven't caught Danny or Bertie whispering about what they might be getting me. So I dropped a few hints:

Dear whoever finds this – for my birthday this year, I would like:

- A pony
- A new house
- Someone to mend the fence at the back
- Trumpet lessons
- Piano lessons
- Singing lessons
- A few more awards, maybe a CBE or something
- Another pony in case I don't like the first one
- Is that fence fixed yet?
- A surprise party, and please invite Elton John, Stephen Fry and Rihanna, whoever she is.
- Oh, and Dave Gilmour, if he's not busy
- And Tony Blair, if he's still Prime Minister.
- And the Dalai Lama
- And get some nibbles. Twiglets are my favourites.

I would like ALL these things please, not just some of them.

30th July

It's my birthday and I got nothing off the list. Nothing. Livid doesn't come into it. Sulked all day, then banged out a song on my new trumpet.

30th July later

Bertie and Danny have bought me a surprise house to stop me playing the trumpet. And it's filled with all the people I wanted and 2 ponies. Found out I don't like Twiglets after all. And apparently Tony Blair isn't PM anymore. Who knew?

3rd August

Enjoying the Olympics. At least I can just sit back and enjoy them.

4th August

Sh1t. I promised to do a new song for the Olympics. Bertie says why not just remix one of my old ones? I knew there was a reason I have a son. Made one of my old songs a bit longer, put more drums on, sang it at a lower pitch, and grabbed a passing Jude Law off the street and filmed him for the video. Sat back and waited for my invite to the Closing Ceremony.

5th August

Still waiting for my invite.

6th August

Still waiting for my invite.

7th August

Still waiting. This is getting silly now. They MUST want me there.

8th August

Still waiting

9th August

Nothing.

10th August

Nope

11th August

No. Well then, they're not getting the video either.

12th August

Watched the Closing Ceremony and expected at least a look-a-likey to appear. No, just a load of old blocks and some projection. And a few hundred dancers. Right, that's it. Never going out again.

19th August

Number 6 in the charts. Going out to celebrate.

20th August

Just got off the phone to Big Boy. I don't know who he is, but I wish he'd get a proper name and leave me alone.

24th October

A quiet day. Went to Tesco and ran over a pigeon. That's tea sorted.

1st November

Didn't win the Freddie Mercury Music Award Prize Thingy. Bertie says it's not surprising I didn't win as I wasn't even nominated. But stranger things have happened.

2nd November

A strange thing has happened. Woke up to find a Mercury Music Award in my room. I knew I'd win it. In your face, whoever the hell you other artists are. Even Bertie hadn't heard of half of them, and he knows his music shizzle.

15th December

Big Boy has been on again. For the last time, I'm not collaborating!

16th December

Collaborated with Big Boi. He's brilliant. I told him not to tell anyone about it, until after it's released. Or even later.

17th December

Sold my best fur hat in some charity auction. Hope we don't have snow, my ears will be freezing.

18th December

My ears are freezing!

29th December

I've got a CBE! Oh god, never expected that, even though it was on my birthday wish list. I hope I don't have to go out of the house to collect it!

30th December

Although I won't let this CBE change me, it really is something when one's own servants, son and husband don't treat one with the respect one deserves. I can't believe I still have to make my own cocoa.

1st January 2013

Another year. Determined to do more with this one. I really want to fill it with exciting and lovely things.

31st December 2013

Where the hell did that year go? All I did was draw some balloons for a magazine cover, watch another wannabe singer murder one of my songs on a reality TV show and meet the Queen. It's not like I did any live dates or anything.

31st December (later)

I may do some live dates. That'd sh1t everyone up. I told Danny and he started laughing and Bertie said something about flying pigs.

31st December (later still)

Watched snowflakes flying around outside. One of them looked just like a pig…

1st January 2014

Woke up feeling a bit meh. I ask Bertie if I should do some live shows. He says 'no', he's got his exams coming up. So that's that decided.

2nd January

Realise Bertie hasn't got any exams at all, so I ask him again if I should do some live shows. He just says 'no thanks'. Teenagers, eh? No sense of adventure.

3rd January

'Bertie', I say, while correcting his homework, 'are you sure it wouldn't be fun do some live shows?'

> 'No, definitely not', he says, and gets back to his singing lessons. (What a waste of money they are!)

4th January

'Bertie, shall I do some live shows? And sense the tone!'

> 'OK mum. Now will you get off me, please?"

Great! At last I'm persuaded to do some live shows.

4th January

I'm doing some live shows.
SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!! I must be mad.

5th January

I am officially mad. One of Bertie's friends, Mark Radcliffe, came round as I was sitting in the corner of the kitchen rocking from side to side muttering 'live shows – live shows' over and over. I don't think he sussed anything unusual.

5th January (even later)

I’m doing some live shows. SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT. Bet I can’t sleep tonight.

6th January

Slept like a log. Even though I’m not sure what songs to do yet.

7th January (the early hours)

“Bertie”, I say, “what songs shall I do?”

> “All of them”

“OK, love.”

7th January (a bit later)

“Won’t that be a long concert?”

> “Nothing from the first 4 albums then.”

“Right”

> “And nothing from that one with Hitler and Grandad.”

“Right”

> “And that last album was a bit boring, wasn’t it?”

“So, just from 3 of my albums then?”

> “Yeh, but not much from 1 of them.”

“OK”

> “You like that one about running, and the one about Elvis Costello isn’t bad. Do those and a few others. Maybe all one side of an album so you don’t have to think about the running order.”

“Good idea.”

> “And put some Ding Dongs in. People like Ding Dongs.”

“Great.”

So, that’s the set list sorted.

8th January

Bertie says I need to call the show something. He was thinking 'Bertie & Friends' but I'm not convinced. Told him I'll sleep on it and come up with something f*cking awesome before the dawn.

9th January

Come up with a brilliant name for the show: "F*cking Awesome".

10th January

Look round a couple of venues. One's a dump and the other's a palace. Buckingham Palace. My good friend, Helen Mirren, wasn't in, but I spoke to one of her slaves, who seemed a little confused as to why I would want to hold a concert there. "Saves me touring," I say, "plus I can pop home on the tube each night and the wallpaper's nice." There was no need to set the corgis on me.

11th January

Returned to the dump. Suppose with a lick of paint, some mood lighting and a complete refurbishment, it'll do. Nobody will be interested anyway. I'll only be on a couple of nights.

3rd February

Been told loads of people are interested and to do 15 nights. Who do they think I am? Kylie F*cking Minogue? I'm never going to sell out 15 nights.

27th March

Sell out 15 nights and add another 7. It's going to kill me. Whose idea was this? I blame bloody Bertie.

31st May

Had a quiet couple of months, eating and planning a holiday. September is a nice time to get away. Glad Bertie talked me out of doing any live shows. Can you imagine?

1st June

Just been told the live dates are in September and I agreed to them. That's put a dampener on any holiday plans. Apparently, I need to rehearse and think about lights. Do I have to do everything??? I'll have a think.

4th June

Had a think. Nothing too complicated, I say, just a representation of the North Sea, a few huge paintings that change colour, a house that rocks from side to side, 5 backing singers but one slightly out of time with the others, a helicopter sweeping down into the audience, and someone turning into a bird. Bertie says why don't I sit at the piano and sing a couple of songs about coral and ivy? He'll be telling me to do it in bare feet next.

17th June

Decide to do it in bare feet. And have asked renowned amateur theatre director Adrian Mole to help with the theatrics. And the cast. And the scenery. And the costumes. And the lights. And if he could find a few musicians. And some cake. But I don't want him to think he's taking over. After all, this is MY show.

3rd July

Went to rehearsal today. Everyone seems to know what they're doing so I only stayed 10 minutes and wished them luck.

4th July

Apparently, people are expecting me to be in the bloody thing. I thought it was just going to be some singers doing my songs, a few dancers dressed as fish, and a showcase for Bertie! Checked my diary and crossed out the planned new album, Best of DVD, TV special and world cruise. Need to do some serious rehearsing.

5th July

Did some serious rehearsing. Sang two of my favourite songs – the one about Bertie and Like a Virgin. Turns out we're not doing either of those and I didn't even write one of them.

6th July

This week I am spending 3 days under water for absolutely no reason other than to catch a cold. Is it too late to do all The Dreaming instead?

9th July

Decide to do all The Dreaming instead. Except Sat In Your Lap. Danny says people will expect at least one hit. I told him, they should have released Suspended In Gaffa like I wanted, and go back to rehearsing the bit in the show where a swallow turns into a plane at night and carries me off to Ireland.

11th July

The Dreaming isn't working. Apparently we're over budget on silver Buddhas and Yankee hash, and the band aren't happy changing into mules. I ditch the whole concept and sulk. Next there'll be telling me I can't have rolls of gaffa tape plummeting from the ceiling and a bunch of kangaroos banging against van bonnets.

12th July

Apparently, I can't. Will have to make do with a few top quality musicians. Wonder what Genesis are up to.

13th July

As I want full control of this show, I start thinking about the merchandise. Make a few mugs in my private kiln, hand-paint a scene that makes no sense but I'll just print 250 and charge a fortune for them, and iron some feathers on to a t-shirt. Nobody will want to buy the bloody things anyway.

14th July

Just realised how much this show is going to cost! Cancelled the 500 individually themed blackbirds turning to dust at the end of Sunset, and told Danny he'll have to stay at home and look after the dog. We can't afford a sitter.

15th July

Today the caterers told me the hospitality hampers only cost £1.50 to put together, so I've told them to look for cheaper plonk. Ker-bloody-ching!

16th July

Choose 24 songs to do for the encore.

17th July

The encore is now longer than the show, so just doing 2 songs. One at the piano and one about a yo-yo. Some older people in the audience might remember that one, so if I forget the words, they can sing along.

17th August

This sh!t got real. We open in a few days and nothing's ready! Bertie's voice has finally broken, which means I'll have to write him a new song really quickly, so it might not be any good; the fish people's fish heads are just fish bones so there won't be time to put any fish flesh on them; that bloody wooden puppet is getting on everyone's t*ts and is very close to being part of a big new bonfire scene I'm planning; and the brass band medley of Wuthering Heights, Breathing and Ken just doesn't work. Plus, the scene change took 3 hours so I'll have to put something in to fill the time. Maybe ask a writer. What's Agatha Christie up to?

20th August

Want to connect with the audience and have everyone looking directly at me, so have banned cameras, phones and blind people. It's an intimate space, slightly smaller than my front room, and I want people to notice everything, especially how good I am. The cannon should wake the buggers up, and the bit where they carry me to the ladies' loo in a chariot will be a nice rest.

24th August

Did a run through for some family and friends. I don't know whose family and friends they were, but they seemed to like it. I told them to keep quiet and not spoil any surprises, but most of them fell asleep as the show overran by 7 hours and I forgot to sing any hits.

25th August

Made a few adjustments to the show. Bertie's Shakespeare monologues and songs from Les Miserables have all been cut. There are only 2 trees dropping on to the stage instead of a forest. I'm now doing Knees Up Mother Brown in the opening section. And Sky of Honey finishes with me just turning into a bird rather than the entire band being airlifted to the ceiling by Dynamo the Magician and then carried off by planets on sticks.

26th August

Opening night! Thought I'd be a bit nervous and wouldn't sleep well, but I only got up to be sick 5 times and to go to the toilet twice.

26th August (10am)

Got there early and took a selfie outside the venue. Danny wants one to prove I'm actually there.

26th August (2pm)

Had a quick warm up with the band. Lonnie Donegan sounds really good on the skiffle, and percussionist Mino Cinelu is awesome. I think he used to be in the Bay City Rollers.

26th August (7pm)

Just had a quick look out front. Some people have turned up after all. And I'm sure that's Lily Allen taking a photo. She can feck off. What have I said?

26th August (7.44pm)

There's a minute to go and I'm getting a little concerned where the rest of the band are.

26th August (7.46pm)

Apparently, my watch is slow and they're on stage waiting for me. I thought I recognised the beginning of Lily. Better get this over with then.

26th August (8.20pm)

Just tweeted that the show is going well as I get changed into my life jacket. Luckily nobody knows my Twitter name. Or follows me.

26th August (8.45pm)

This sketch goes on far too long.

26th August (9.10pm)

Just been carried off stage by a load of creepy fish people. Must remember the words to The Morning Fog. I always cry at that bit.

26th August (9.25pm)

It's the interval. Seems to be going well. And I've only smoked 70 cigarettes so holding it together OK.

26th August (10pm)

Bertie's big number. Proud mum. (Might cut this tomorrow.)

26th August (10.31pm)

That tree missed me by inches! Piano's f*cked though.

26th August (10.40pm)

Very quiet when I was singing Robbie Williams' Angels. Think everyone's nodded off.

26th August (10.59pm)

That was AMAZING! Never had an experience liked it. Everyone was clapping and cheering and nobody took any pictures. And I remembered all the words. And the tunes. Even to the songs I didn't know (the one about Joni Mitchell, something about a bird). And I didn't bump into anyone. And the scenery didn't break down, or any door fall off, or lights fail to come on. I don't care what anyone says. I rock. Still, glad it's over.

26th August (11.05pm)

What do you mean, I have to do it all again tomorrow and 20 more times after that? I'm bloody knackered!!

27th August

Not reading any newspapers. I don't mind what they think of the show; I just don't want to read any spoilers.

28th August

Apparently, I don't do Wuthering Heights. What a rip off. Ha!

31st August

I've almost broken some record and have 11 albums in the Top 50. I have no idea what this means but really want to find the people who have had more.

31st August (later)

Bloody Elvis and The Beatles. But where are they now, eh? Eh?

2nd September

Get up early and go to Snap Galleries. Supposed to be some sort of photo exhibition but all I could see was a load of mirrors. Bought a book and a very nice Italian man signed it for me. Will have to buy another now that isn't defaced.

2nd September (later)

Sat writing my diary in Starbucks and joined by two lovely men from a little village called Manchester. One of them, tall and bald, kept distracting me while the other, short and bald, seemed to be taking some pictures. I hope they weren't of my diary. People will never believe this sh!t. Especially as I write it a month in advance,

3rd September

Up all night trying to stop my house crumbling into the sea. Jammed a Mars Bar into the lighting rig so I could have an early night. Some clever sod managed to fix it and we had to do the whole show anyway. And we over-ran, which meant I had to put an extra 50p in the parking meter. This show is costing me a fortune. Still, rescued the Mars Bar, so it's not all bad news.

6th September

Took all the costumes home to wash. The blackbird wings wouldn't fit in the tumble dryer, so I had to peg out. Then spent ages trying to get Bertie's dirty shirty clean.

10th September

Can't believe all the celebrities coming to see how brilliant I am: Paul McCartney from Wings, Andrew Lloyd Webber from Evita, Ant and Dec from the telly, Monty from the Forum (apparently 11 times so far, which is good going as we've only done 10 shows). Sexy Daniel Craig turned up, so I put an extra seat in the front row for him. Not very sexy Elton John came without a ticket, so I made him stand at the side. Still not heard anything from Rolf, mind.

11th September

He's where? The dirty bugger!

12th September

So-called celebrities who have asked for free tickets include Bob Dylan, Bob Geldof, Bob Marley, Bob the Builder, and God. I told them to join the standby queue. Cheeky sods.

13th September

The shows seem to be going down well. At least people will leave me alone now.

14th September

What do you mean, they want a DVD? Bloody hell, are people never happy?

16th/17th September

Get a few cameras in and point them in the general direction of the stage. That'll make everyone think there's going to be a DVD release and then I'll say I'm cancelling it because I'm not happy with the quality. Worked last time.

20th September

Can't believe I'm missing Strictly cos of this bloody show.

23rd September

Who decided on 22 dates? Next time I'm doing a maximum of 3.

24th September

What do I mean, next time? What bloody next time? Took everyone out after the show for a slap up meal at Nando's.

26th September

Bit of a faux pas with the electrics. Bertie wanted to charge his new bendy iPhone and I wanted my heated rollers on. We both plugged in the same time and BOOM! Big power cut, everyone panicking, couldn't even see if any celebs were in. Disaster. Did the show and finished late. Good job it's Saturday tomorrow.

27th September

Saturday. Called a full band rehearsal at 8am. Last night, there was definitely a semitone clash between me and one of the band at some point during Prologue. These things have to be right.

29th September

Get a letter off a pub called The Swan asking if I can do a few more dates as their bar profits have been phenomenal. Apparently someone called Martin Parker is responsible. Perhaps I'll go in before tomorrow's show and try their burgers.

30th September

Decide not to go to the Swan, as people might start talking to me. Send Danny to Tesco for 20 Silk Cut and house insurance. He comes back with thousands of Q magazines. That'll make sure nobody gets a copy.

1st October

It's the last night. Bought a few presents and wrapped them up. I like having something to open after the show.

1st October (later)

Everyone's getting a bit emotional. Even the puppet cried in rehearsal.

1st October (later)

Think I managed to thank everyone. Over and over. Many, many times.

1st October (later still)

Bit of a late one. Decided to do an extra encore. Most of the audience thought I'd finished and had gone home. Honestly, Moments of Pleasure, Never Be Mine and Shoedance never sounded better. Ask the cleaners. And the people taking down the set.

2nd October

On Ebay all day trying to flog a load of bird masks and fish heads. No takers.

3rd October

Woke up feeling a bit meh.

What to do next….



Thanks to IanT21 for the very, very funny text, and Ellie for expressing ‘this madness and love’ through her artwork.