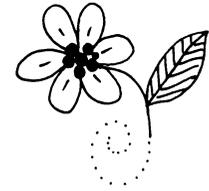


Saturday the
24th of September

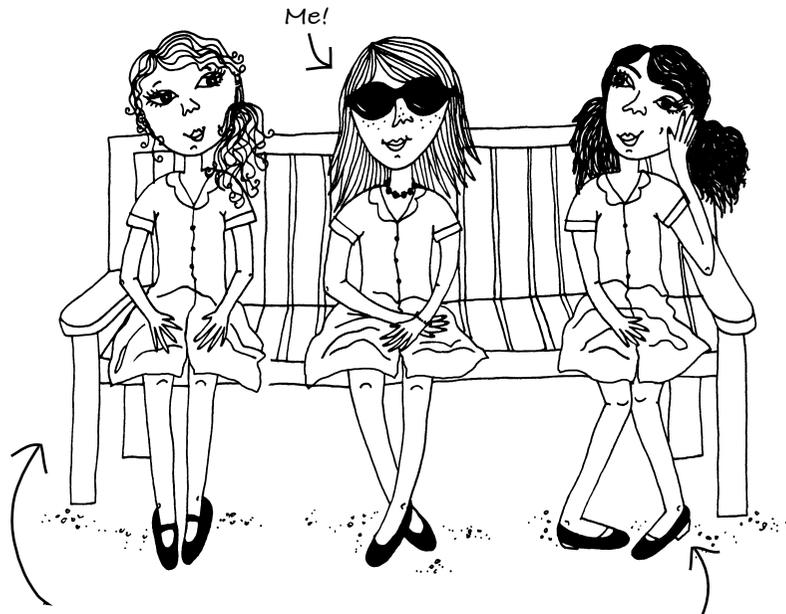


Hi girls! It's Lucy Jessica Hartley here with another totally fab and *utterly shushingly* secret journal. Not much has been happening since we went back to school, but luckily I have just had the most amazing *Creative Inspiration* and my life is about to become massively Interesting with a capital "I" and "Exciting" with a capital E.

But before I reveal my *Creative Inspiration*, I will quickly catch you up on what's been going on in my life for the past few weeks. Sadly my fab tan from the summer (which I mainly got when me, Jules and Tilda went on holiday together!) has almost gone and I am nearly back to looking pastily English instead of from somewhere like LA where everyone is constantly brown. It's still a bit hot sometimes at school and if the sun does come out at break we all sit in a row on some of the



benches with our legs sticking out, to try and get some more tan before it's too late, like:



Tilda's second name is Van der Zwan because of her dad being Dutch. Her mum is English but she died when Tilda was little. (Poor T!)

Jules's proper name is Julietta Garcia Perez Benedicionatorio, but no one calls her that 'cos it would take too long, especially if it was an emergency

Er, what else has been happening since I wrote my last journal? Well, virtually *nada*, as Jules would say 'cos of her Spanishness. I have worn in



my new uniform stuff so it doesn't look as geeky and Back To School any more. And of course, I am still ☆ 13 ☆ which I became over the summer and which is *teen-tastic!*

And that is literally IT apart from the usual of eating, sleeping, watching *Friends* on E4 and arguing with Alex (I'm sure you know who he is by now – i.e. my little bro, who is 90% annoying but actually 10% okayish). Lately we have been mostly arguing about whose turn it is to sit in the front seat on the way to school and whether we are getting a cat or a dog. (I am saying cat and he is saying dog – and Mum is saying, “You're not having a pet, there's enough hard work and mess round here as it is!”)

Please don't think from reading that bit that my mum is this mega-grumpy pet-stingy-pants, 'cos she is actually really nice. She just has loads to do because of having to bring me and Alex up as a single parent since Dad **CRUELLY ABANDONED** us, erm, about 8 months, 9 months...oh wow,



I have just worked out it was a whole year ago. I never thought I'd feel better about it, especially when Mum and Dad were doing their thing of arguing all the time, but I don't mind so much now, 'cos they are getting on better and me and Alex get to see Dad a lot anyway 'cos he lives in town (with his brother, our Uncle Ken, in this manky flat that smells of curry and feet – yurgh!).

Actually I feel a bit strange writing how Dad **CRUELLY ABANDONED** us in capital letters now. I used to write it all the time, but now it seems a bit like I am being mean to him when he had to leave because of being really unhappy. Oh course, he is still a big idiot for not working it out with Mum or trying to make any effort *whatsoever*, but somehow it doesn't feel as bad now. In fact I might go back and cross out what I just wrote in capitals, but actually then I would have a big smudge in my lovely new journal, so maybe not.

Oh, yes, I have suddenly remembered the reason why I was starting a new journal in the first



place! Oh, dear, I am so bad at going off the point (or maybe I am good at it!).

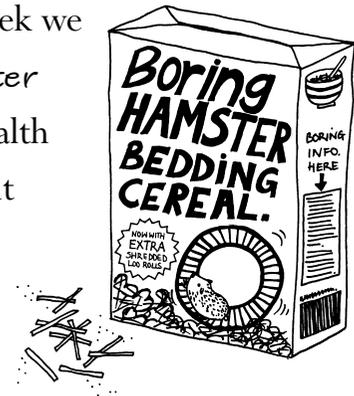
Well, guess what?!

I am actually putting on a fashion show at school in aid of charity!

I know you are thinking, *Lucy Jessica Hartley, surely that is impossible, but...*

Yes! Really! It is 100% true!

What happened was, yesterday morning I was just quickly mentioning to Mum how it wasn't fair that we are only allowed Coco Pops on the weekend and how in the week we have to have *Boring Hamster Bedding* cereal from the health shop. (I call it that because it looks like shredded loo rolls and wood shavings – and tastes like them too!



Not that I know what shredded loo rolls and wood shavings taste like, but the **BHB** is how I imagine them.) When I said how deprived I am, Mum suddenly got annoyed for no reason and waved this little supplement thing she'd got out of the paper at me. "Honestly, Lucy, you don't know you're born!" she said all huffily, which is weird because *obviously* I do know I'm born, or how would I be here on this planet of earth? Anyway, she put the supplement thingie down on the table in front of my boring breakfast and flounced off upstairs.

Well, I started having a flick through, because it was taking forever to chew the **BHB** cereal, and it was about this charity that helps deprived children all around the world. I was reading about how you can buy a goat for a child for £24 and at first I was thinking, *Why would anyone want a goat, is it some weird kind of pet?* and also, *How unfair that some kids get a goat when I haven't even got so much as a goldfish?* But then when I started reading it properly (while



still chewing) I found out that loads of kids don't have enough proper food, not even of the **BHB** cereal variety, and that giving them a goat can help them have milk and cheese and butter and all the stuff that we take for granted is in the fridge, or even if you run out it is always in Sainsbury's.

I started looking at the other things you can buy too, like a library full of books for kids who don't have one in their school. (I mean, no books! How awful would that be??) That is mega-expensive, almost £500, but still, there are loads of other things. Like, did you know that some kids don't even get the chance to go to school and you can give someone a scholarship for three years for about £250? I know school is sometimes annoying, especially when you're busy doing your own things in the loos like trying on make-up and then the bell rings and lessons get in the way. Plus, school is also annoying 'cos of teachers like Mr. Cain the *School Uniform Police*, who is campaigning for us to all wear straw boaters



(these weird kind of hats) and long socks and be like Victorian young ladies. Being as how I am the *Queen of Style*, he is utterly my arch-enemy. But Mr. Cain is only one tiny bad thing, and if there were no schools there would be no reading and writing and art and maths and that, which is everything I need to know to run my own business as a *Real Actual Fashion Designer* (which is my Life's Ambition, BTW). I thought of all the kids who might want to be *Real Actual Fashion Designers* for their Life's Ambition but wouldn't be able to 'cos of not going to school, and suddenly I knew why Mum got annoyed and I felt really bad for saying I was deprived for having to eat the **BHB** cereal (it is still gross, though!). Plus, I wanted to do something to help the deprived kids be able to go to school and have libraries and also goats.

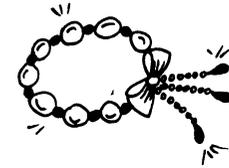
But then I was thinking, how am I possibly going to get £24 for even *one* goat? I knew I could never get it all on my own. For example, as soon as



Mum gives me my £10 pocket money it is all mysteriously gone in about one morning when



I have only just bought some eyeshadow and a bracelet from



Beaujangles and

had a hot chocolate down at Cool Cats café with my BFF, and...

Sorry, I have gone off the point again!

So going back to the deprived children and the goats and everything, I was suddenly struck with the *Creative Inspiration*. As Mum came galloping down the stairs telling me and Alex to get in the car or we'd be late for school I yelled out, "I could put on a fashion show to raise money for Oxfam!" ↩

That is the name of the goat-giving charity, BTW

Then suddenly all these ideas were coming to me at once and I had to grab the nearest bit of spare paper I could, which ended up being the

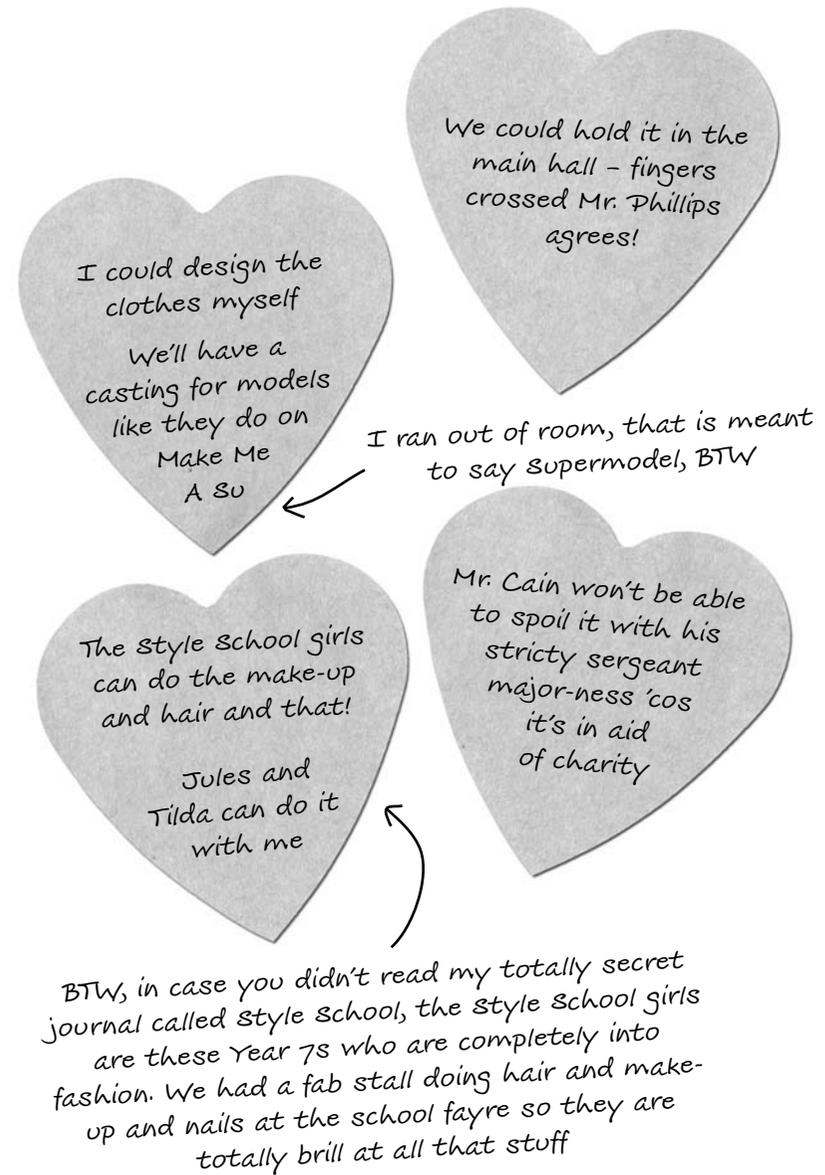


phone pad, while getting bundled out of the door by Mum. I was so excited about my idea I forgot to go upstairs and put any mascara on – luckily I had a spare ~~tube~~ ~~wand~~ thingie (what *does* mascara come in??) in my bag, though. I didn't even fight for the front seat with Alex like normal but just jumped in the back and started scribbling down how—

Oh hang on.

My hand's already aching from writing all this, and I haven't even got to the main point yet. Not getting to the main point is this thing I do, like, all the time. Especially when I am thinking about stuff I want to buy from New Look. At the moment they have this lovely purple top that's got these lacy bits on the sleeve – oh, *EEK*, I am doing it again!

I know, so that I get to the main point without any more distractedness, I will just stick my ideas I had for the fashion show in here instead of copying them out.



I told Tilda and Jules about my idea when we were supposed to be doing English, and they thought it was coolio. Plus, 'cos they are fab **BFF** they came and knocked on Mr. Phillips the headmaster's office door with me at first break to ask.

Mr. Phillips is very tall with a booming voice and sometimes he is quite nice and fun and sometimes he is quite scary and strict, so you never know what you are going to get. When us three knocked, he called out, "Enter," and none of us wanted to go in first, because it sounded like he was in a scary-and-strict-type mood. So we all linked arms and entered at the same time, and he was just looking up at us from behind his desk and my mouth went completely dry like I had swallowed the Sahara desert and I was just doing that mouth opening and shutting thing that fish do. Luckily Jules poked me in the ribs and shoved me forward and that must have nudged my brain into gear because I started talking. I was like, "Sir,



we have this cool idea of putting on a fashion show in the main hall and selling tickets for people to come to it and then giving all the money to Oxfam to buy goats for kids that don't have any, erm, goats and—"

I realized I was speaking at twice the normal speed, and my voice sounded like how a tape goes when the car stereo chews it up. Luckily Mr. Phillips smiled and told me to calm down and explain exactly how we intended to put on the show.

So I did, and Tilda added some useful bits about how much we could sell the tickets for and how many seats we were planning to have and that, and Jules did lots of *Smiling Encouragingly* to make him get subconsciously keen on the fashion show.

In the end he said, "It sounds like a good idea, girls, but I'll need to be sure that you really can pull it off. You'll have to keep me updated every step of the way."



All three of us were nodding and going “Yes, sir,” and then he said...

“Okay, then, let’s go for it. To start with, on Monday morning I’ll need to see a detailed breakdown of the various tasks and who will be responsible for them, and a list of the help and equipment you’ll need from the school.”

So it was a **YES!!!!!!!**

How cool is that?!

Then me and Jules and Tilda were walking backwards out of the door together and going, “Thank you, thank you, thank you,” and when we got outside the office we had a big squealy hug in the corridor and then we all got mega-embarrassed ’cos Mr. P came out of his office behind us, so we walked quietly and sensibly into the girls’ loos and had our big squealy hug there instead.

So on Monday we have got to show him all our official plans, so that is what I have been sorting out. Here is my list so far:



1. Make-up and that The Style School girls are going to be in charge of make-up and that, ’cos I asked them yesterday at lunch and they were mega-keen. They are doing these jobs:

Hair: Lizzie and Carla

Nails: Sunny

Make-up: ???



The reason Make-up is ??? at the moment is that Jemma might do it but she wants to try out for being a model first. If we pick her at the casting we are holding, we’ll have to find someone else to do the make-up. But if she doesn’t get in to the show as a model she said she *will* do the make-up so we’ll have to see...

Jules and Tilda have said *yessity-yes-yes* to being in charge of the fashion show with me – how cool is that?! There are also some special jobs that we are doing ourselves or giving to other people, which are:

2. Front of house Tilda wanted to do something where she could put pencils in her hair



and go round with a clipboard so this is the perfect job for her. She will be the person taking tickets and showing people to their seats and to where the refreshments are on the night. That is great 'cos she's the best organizer I've ever met.



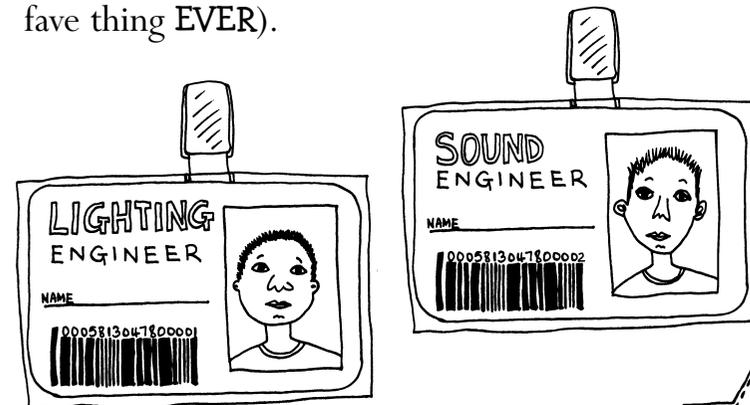
3. After-show Party Planner V. v. important job! Jules is fab at planning parties 'cos her parents have one about every other Saturday. It's going to be at her house, and involve yummy Spanish food and cool music.



4. Technical Advisor Simon Driscott is going to be this (I used to call SD the Prince of Pillockdom before I found out that he is a quite funny and okay boy and now we are sort of friends but with no fancying going on whatsoever). It means he's in charge of the lighting (i.e. what colours we are

having flashing on and off, when and where the spotlights are going, etc.). The Geeky Minions, erm, whoops, sorry I mean the Charming Friends of Simon Driscott, are going to actually be putting the lights up where he says and that. (I am trying to remember not to call them the Geeky Minions now they are helping us.) When I've worked out what music I want to use, the ~~GMs~~ CFs of SD are going to be in charge of the sound too.

Actually, the Charming Friends of Simon Driscott weren't keen on joining in when I first asked 'cos they said fashion shows are girly and have nothing to do with a galaxy far, far away. But then Simon gave them their badges that he'd made specially on the computer (technologicality is his fave thing EVER).



So then the ~~Geeky Minions~~ Charming Friends decided to join in because the badges said “Engineer” on, and engineering is their fave thing because it involves technologicality *and* computers, plus you get to climb on the scaffold up to the sound and lighting rig. They are also building me a catwalk out of stage blocks, which they are happy about because **ALL** boys like Heavy Lifting, even the geeky ones.

5. Producer Me! That means I am putting the whole show together and deciding what the models should do and what music we’re having.

I am going to ask Mum if I can have a headset. The producer at Stella Boyd’s fashion show had one and it was really cool ’cos you can organize people by speaking into it while doing other things at the same time with your hands, like whipping up a chocolate mousse or, erm,



basket weaving. **BTW**, Stella Boyd is this fab designer I met when I won a fantasy fashion comp and got to model my outfit down the catwalk in her actual fashion show!

6. Designer Also me! I’m going to design all the outfits for the show. Of course, Jules and Tilda and the Style School girls are going to help me with the making as there will be loads to do. Not that I have even started *designing* the outfits yet – gulp! – but still. We will have to use some already made things of course, but hopefully most of it can be from my original thinking. So I have got loads to do and you can see how it is **ABSOLUTELY VITAL** for me to have the headset.

7. Head seamstress Nan. Whoops, sorry, I mean *Delia* – Nan doesn’t like being *called* Nan ’cos it makes her feel old! Anyway, she is being this ’cos she makes costumes for ballroom dancers for her job so she knows loads about making clothes and she has all the stuff.

And finally...



8. Models Oh, dear we don't have any at the moment. We're holding a casting on Monday to get some. A casting is what you call an audition for models. I have watched it on *Make Me a Supermodel*, so I know. I think we need about six girls, and they can get changed once, and maybe two guys as well. Here's a miniature pic of the poster I did quickly yesterday lunchtime – Mr. Phillips let us make copies in the secretaries' office and we have stuck them up round the school, so hopefully we will get loads of wannabe catwalk stars coming along!



So that's on Monday and I completely can't wait! Jules and Tilda are coming round tomorrow to think of a theme for the fashion show, and we need to choose some music and decide how many seats we are having too, and make a cool ticket to photocopy and—

Yikes! I have suddenly realized that there are even more zillions and zillions of things to do than I'd thought! I'd better go and get started on poster designs and flick through some mags for theme ideas! Like, right now!

In fact there is not even enough time to write *byeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!* like I usually do. Oh, whoops I have written it anyway. Arggh! Really REALLY got to go now!

