

Wow, is it really
January the 22nd
already?!



Hi grrrls! Lucy Jessica Hartley is back! I haven't written anything for a while because I've been hanging out so much with my BFF Jules and Tilda (BFF is short for Best Friends Forever, BTW) (BTW is English for By The Way, BTW). Anyway, all my time went **ka-pooof**, and plus my old journal had run out of pages, and I didn't want to start this new one till I had something totally *fabulisimo* to tell you. But I have to start it now because the most unbelievably amazing thing has happened. I was just lying on my bed eating some Wotsits and reading my new *Key Girls!* mag that I get through the door on Saturdays, and I found this:



Hey Girls!

★ Create An
**Outrageous
Fantasy Fashion
Outfit!** ★



Let your imagination run **wild** and come up with a truly original outfit that will **WOW** the fashion world!

Our lucky winner will be whisked off to London to spend the afternoon with top designer **Stella Boyd**. You'll get to see Stella at work and pick up plenty of tips for your future career. You'll also win two tickets to Stella's show, which is part of the world famous London Fashion Week.



Stella Boyd in one of her creations - doesn't she look fab!!

So get thinking,
scribbling and sewing
NOW!

Hey Girls,
go for it!

Closing date for entries
is the 3rd February



Now, this is most unbelievably amazing because it is right up my street. I mean that as in the saying *Up My Street*, like as in being really, really perfect for me, not like up my *actual* street which is these little terraced houses where you can hear our neighbour Bert coughing and going "Ber-hur-hur-hur" through the wall. That's what old men sound like when a Werther's Original is getting stuck in their windpipe, **BTW**.

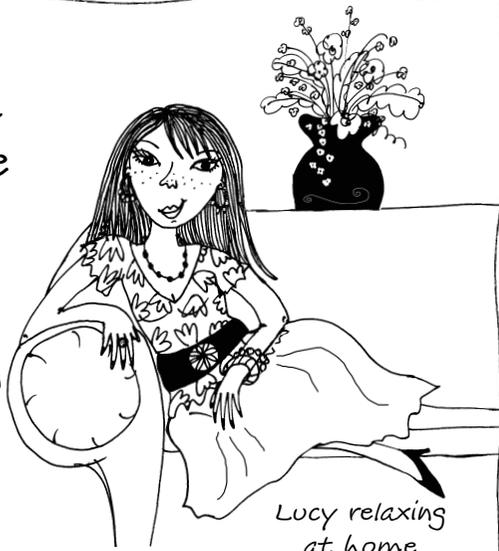
So anyway, this comp is perfect for me because my one ambition is to be a real, actual fashion designer (not many people know that, so *shhh!*). Maybe I can win it and that will start me off *on the road* to fame and fortune (which is another saying and not an actual road either, how weird!). Then if you zoom 10 years forward into the future (where I am a *famoso* designer) you could pick up a magazine in the dentist or whatever and flip through, and you would find this:



Lucy Jessica Hartley's rise to fame and fortune

How did this woman rise to the top of the fashion world?

Lucy Jessica Hartley hasn't always enjoyed a jet-setting lifestyle and the devoted love of her boyfriend, the famous and gorge actor known simply as Dog Boy. In fact, when she was 12, Lucy, her brother Alex (then 8) and her mother Sue (age withheld) were **CRUELLY ABANDONED** by



Lucy relaxing at home

Lucy's father. But Lucy's bravery and resilience in the face ^{tragedy} of this, like, ~~bad thing~~ made her stronger as a person, like in those girl-power-type songs.

Anyway, Lucy and her father get on well now as he is an international rock star, and she often designs the outfits for his music videos. When she is not

creating one-off dresses for actresses like Julia Roberts (but whoever it is in 10 years' time), Lucy enjoys hanging out with her BFF, Julietta Garcia Perez Benedicatorio, the international cool girl and Dutch babe Tilda Van der Zwan, who is well known for her charity work with the homeless or something like that.

Lucy says of her success: "People think being a fashion designer is easy, but it's not all about going to parties and eating those little pastry things you get with prawns in. It's not even just about having fabulously big you-

know-whats (although I do). There's a lot of hard work as well, but it's all worthwhile as I've fulfilled my life's ambition." At this point, Lucy looks at her watch and puts down her free cocktail - you know the kind that has a cherry on a stick and a little umbrella in it? "Oh, blimey, is that the time?" she says huskily. "Sorry, but I have to go 'cos I am off on a holiday to Barbados with my darling Dog Boy." So, as Lucy heads for a sun-drenched beach, we wait in London with, erm, like, mega excitement for her next collection.

So that will be me in the future. Well, maybe not the big you-know-whats bit (that would take a holy miracle!) but the fashion designer bit and the Dog Boy bit. Oh, hang on, you must be thinking, what *is* that Dog Boy bit, actually? But that's because I forgot to say about him.

I'll write it in code just in case any boys are reading (unlikely, but...):

.hsurc terces ym si yoB goD

I've seen Dog Boy walking his dog in the little park at the end of my street (my actual street, I mean, not just the saying). But by a spooky coincidence he is actually also *Up My Street* as in the saying because he is trendy and looks gorge. I think he is the same age as me, but he doesn't go to my school or I would have noticed. He must go to King Alfred's because that is where all the gorge boys go and only the reject ones are in my class at Tambridge High.



Just in case you didn't read my first journal, where I said about the boys in my class, I should tell you that they are all from the Kingdom of Nerdonia (expect maybe Ben Jones and Bill Cripps and Jamie Cousins). The worst one is this boy, Simon Driscott, who I like to call the Prince of Pillockdom. He has these Geeky Minions who follow him about, and mainly they just go to computer club, but sometimes they hang round near me and go on about this **EMBARRASSING INCIDENT** that happened at the school disco in November.

Basically it was when Simon Driscott tried to snog me with tongues, and I shouted out about how the only person who I would be snogging with tongues would be JJ (who is called Juan-José Garcia Perez Benedicinatorio and who is Jules's **très** lush older brother) and **EVERYONE** heard. Thankfully I am cured of fancying JJ now though, because he is still going out with Suzanna with the big you-know-whats (I have being patiently waiting



for my own ones to grow, but, to be honest, they are taking their time). What was I saying this for? Oh yeah, I call my **hsurc terces** Dog Boy 'cos I don't know his name...YET **HA-HA-HAAAAAA!**

↪ *Evil-genius laugh*

I am doing that laugh because I have a top-secret plan to get to know Dog Boy. I want to talk to him and find out his name and that, but most of all I want him to be my boyfriend and kiss me so that I will have a proper first kiss and not just an **EMBARRASSING INCIDENT** that was more like having my face sucked off by a Dementor.

So here is...

★ *The Pooch Plan - da da!!!!* ★

1. Borrow a dog.
2. Put on a fab outfit and take the borrowed dog to the park.
3. Borrowed dog and me hang out near Dog Boy and do the following canine/human bonding stuff.



↪ Dog walking cutely to heel

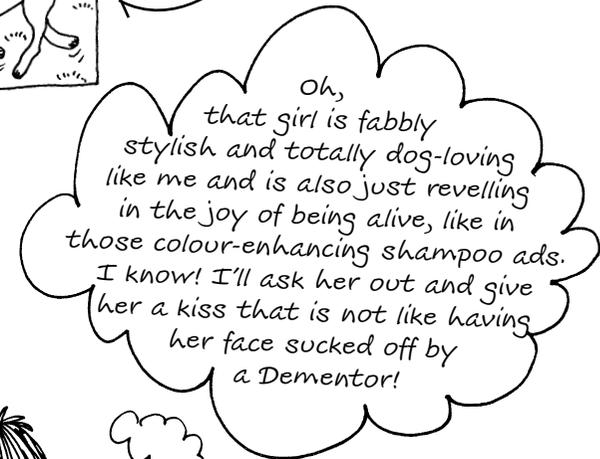


↪ Dog fetchng a stick



↪ Me and dog bounding across the grass just revelling in the joy of being alive, like on those colour-enhancing shampoo ads

4. Then this will happen:



5. Then this:



Et voila! From Pooch to Smooch in 5 easy steps.

So fingers crossed I can borrow Hombrito, Jules's dog, because the Garcia Perez Benediccionario *familia* are off to España tomorrow to visit their rellies Christóbal and Carlita and about 49 cousins called roly-tongue

Spanish things I can't remember. Jules is getting time off school for it too – *sooooooooooooo* unfair!!

(BTW, it's also *soooooo* unfair that Jules has already been 13 for 80 days when I have to wait 210 entire days to be it! Even Tilda's birthday is before mine!! I suppose when we are 84 in our rocking chairs I will be happy to be the youngest, but not now!!!)

I am going to ask Tilda and Jules round to be my models for when I'm designing my Fantasy Fashion Competition outfit, and that's when I'll offer to look after Hombrito. Mum has said okay to this. She wasn't sure at first, but then I reminded her I have wanted a dog ever since I put the Barbie shoes in Dad's pants (will explain later!), so then she let me! Hee hee! This way I will get Dog Boy for my boyf *and* be a great mate to Jules. Fab, huh? Gotta go and phone the girls – *byeeeeeee!*

