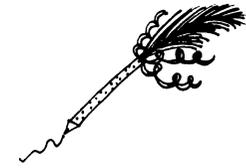


Wednesday the 19th  
of October at 6.06 p.m.



Hey, girls! Lucy Jessica Hartley is back!

I'm starting this journal with my cool new fluffy pen, 'cos I have some amazing info to tell you. You know how your **BFF** (i.e. Best Friends Forever – which is what me and Jules and Tilda call ourselves) are the most cool and fab **VI**People in the world? And you know how you usually tend to think you know everything about them 'cos of all the telling secrets you do round the little doorway at the back of the art room (or wherever it is you guys hang out)? Well, I had the most incredible **REVELATION** today that I didn't know this one big thing about Tilda.

Just in case you don't know this, Miss Fabby Tilda Van der Zwan has been **BFF** with me and Jules since she came to our school as a shy new



girl. I gave her a makeover to turn her into a groovy babe and now we are totally a three.

We go round together all the time and when we can we link arms to show our **BFF**ness (this is sometimes difficult, like when you're walking down the street in town and a big double pushchair is coming towards you, or when you're trying to all squash through the door of the girls' toilets at once). One of our hobbies is going into the loos at breaktimes to try out different make-up looks in the mirrors. Unfortunately, they don't have any power points in there for hair straighteners so we can't really do total transformations, especially not while wearing our gross-o-matic school uniforms, which are this vile green colour that I reckon was invented just to make school kids look horrible for, like, ~~61%~~ ~~67%~~ ~~62%~~ 5 days of the week! Anyway, I am going off the point. (If you have read my other journals you will probably have already noticed I do that a lot, **BTW!**) (And you will probably also have noticed that I like to write **BTW** a lot, too,



which you probably already know means By The Way, **BTW!**)

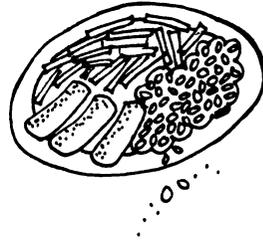
So anyway, going back to the point, I have found out something about Tilda that made me think, *Oh, maybe I do not know absolutely everything about my BFF like I thought, and maybe Tilda has a secret mysterious side that I didn't know about.*

I can't possibly imagine having a secretly mysterious side myself, even though that would be cool, 'cos I always have to tell everyone everything, like, *straight away.*

Oh, dratification! Mum is calling me down for tea when I have only just started telling you about the secret mysteriousity! I promise to eat fast and carry on writing in here as soon as poss.



It is now after tea,  
which was fish fingers,  
beans and chips - YUM!



Okay, so this is how the secret mysterious thing about Tilda was revealed. Jules was meant to be coming round mine after school like she normally does on Wednesdays 'cos of her dad being at work and her mum taking her little brother and sister (called Benito and Benita – cute or what?!) to Junior Karate and her older bro JJ having his guitar lesson. (BTW, JJ is not my \*HSURC TERCES\* any more since fancying him caused a giant attack of CRINGITIS to happen to me when he was a model in my fashion show I put on in aid of charity. In fact, right now I don't have a \*HSURC TERCES\* at all – how unusual for me!)

But anyway, today Jules couldn't come round here 'cos of Mum not being home in time. The reason she was late was 'cos she has recently



decided to *Grab Life With Both Hands* as they say on TV shows, like this:

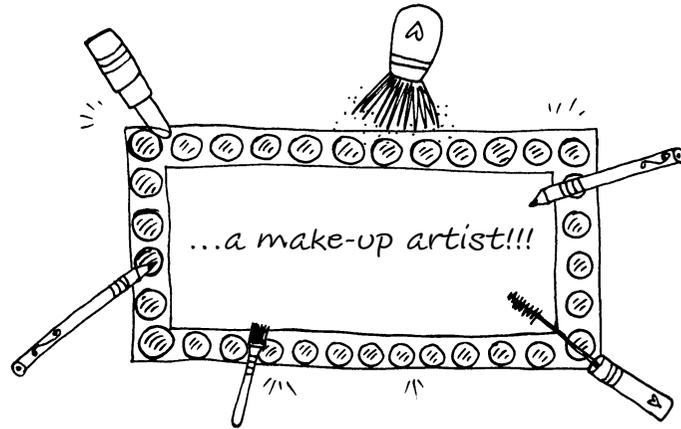


She's left her job working for Mr. Snellerman the *Prehistoric Idiot*, who thinks she should just make the tea because of being a woman. I mean, like, duh, hasn't he ever heard of feministic girl power? *Everyone* knows it started off with some women chaining themselves to a railing in Victorian times and ended up with groovy chicks marching around professionalistically in clackety heels running massive companies. Now Mum has got this part-time job in a cool little shop in



Sherborne which sells cards and mugs and really expensive soap and stuff. She's only working there while she's retraining for a fabulous career as...

(Drum roll, please!!!)



(I know! How cool is that?!)

So she was at her make-up course today in Bristol and she got stuck in traffic on the way home so she asked Mr. Van der Zwan to look after me and Jules, and that's why we ended up not at mine but at Tilda's where we have *never* hung out before.

I know you are right now thinking, *But, Lucy, how come you have never hung out there*

*before seeing as Tilda is your BFF?* Okay, well, let me explain.

We have never hung round there before (i.e. not even once!) 'cos Tilda doesn't offer and me and Jules don't ask any more, 'cos she always has some reason why we can't. I never really minded anyway 'cos her dad is quite stricty and I thought we wouldn't be able to make **ANY** noise or have **ANY** fun (and there is definitely no Coke or crisps 'cos Tilda isn't usually allowed them).

Even though Tilda lives in a farmhouse, her dad isn't a farmer, but instead he is, well, erm, I don't exactly know, but most of the time he works from home, and then some days he has to go up to The London Office, so it's probably something businessy and important. Tilda and her dad just live together as a two because her mum died when she was very little. Sometimes when I think about that it makes me want to cry 'cos I feel so sorry for Tilda. I just can't imagine what I'd do without my mum, even if she doesn't always *get* me, like

when she won't let me use her Shine and Strength Hair Serum just because it's £14.99 per tube, even when I have *frizz*.

When we got to Tilda's, her dad went back up to his study and Tilda got some OJ for us, and these cereal bars with white chocolate on (I was thinking, *Maybe I can just eat the topping and leave the stuck-together-muesli bit*).

Jules said, "Shall we go up to your room?" but Tilda was like, "Oh, actually, do you mind if we go in the sitting room instead and watch this show I like?" So we did and Tilda put the TV on and we all squashed together on one of her posh uprighty sofas.



I know I haven't got to the Mysterious Secret about Tilda yet, but I hope you will manage to put up with me while I just quickly mention something else that happened before the Mysterious Secret was revealed.

Well, the show Tilda liked turned out to be this one called *Go Green!* that is about looking after the planet and becoming more environmental by recycling your old cans and newspapers and switching off lights and growing some veggies in your garden so you don't have to buy ones from New Zealand or wherever.

Anyway, the presenter on *Go Green!* is a girl called Aisha, who's on lots of different programmes. She's really cool and has a great sense of fashion and style (which, as you know, is of v. v. *massivo* interest to me 'cos being a *Real Actual Fashion Designer* is my life's ambition). So we were watching this show and Jules was poking my foot with her foot and I was poking her foot back and scraping the white chocolate topping

off the cereal bar with my teeth (and starting to think how I might have been tricked and how it did in fact not taste like white chocolate but more like *yogurt* that they have somehow made solid)... so basically we were not concentrating that much on the programme.

There was this bit though where these kids were in the studio with Aisha talking about this recycling system they had made for their school. That was when I started having an all-out foot war with Jules and we fell off the uprighty sofa, but anyway, after the recycling kids went off, Aisha looked at us and said, "Do you want to be on TV?"

Jules stopped lying on the floor with her feet pummelling me and sat up straight, yelling, "Yes, we do!"

I nearly choked on my suspiciously-not-white-chocolate-coated cereal bar with sudden concentration, because being on TV would be completely amazing and cool beans. So then us three were all just staring at Aisha. She said,



"E-mail us with details of *your* green project and, you never know, we might invite you onto the show!"

Even though she was just saying it generally to the public, it felt as if she knew exactly what we were thinking and like she had said,



"We are *soooooo* going in for that!" ~~said~~  
~~squealed~~ ~~shouted~~ exclaimed Jules.

↑  
BTW, I like the idea of people exclaiming stuff - it makes it sound like we are in a book. I'm going to put that more often!

