

Saturday the 11th of June,

at after-lunch o'clock.

ssssshhhhhhh!!!!!!

(I will tell you why I am
doing shushing in a minute!)



Hi girls! I am starting this new totally secret journal that I got at the Spend and Save 'cos I've got a really secret secret and I'm bursting to write about it!

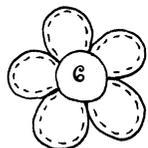
The reason my really secret secret is really really secret is because if Mr. Cain (who is the School Uniform Police) finds out he will kill me into pulverized deadness. So whatever I write in between the covers of this journal is really really secretly secret and only between me and you, so that is why I am going sssssshhhhhhh!!!

Basically what happened is that recently I was in charge of doing the fashion pages for the school mag, with Simon Driscott. You are probably



thinking, Eh? because as you know he is not a great choice of *Partner in Style* because of his lopsided haircut and weird hand signals out of *Star Trek* and complete failure to understand why he shouldn't do his tie in a kipper. But in fact what he lacked in *Fashion Sense* he made up for in *Having A Great Camera-ness* and *Technologicality Skills*. Also he had the good ability of listening to me and doing what I said with no arguing, so the fashion shoot all went really well.

Well, the point is that the mag came out just before half-term and everyone thought it was really cool. This girl Gemma from Year 7 kept coming up and asking me for fashion tips, saying, "What should I wear to my baby cousin's christening, because this yummy boy will be there?" and I was like, "Oh, that is a fashion emergency so I will most definitely help you." And just when I was thinking about an outfit she could put together I was struck with a flash of *Creative Inspiration*



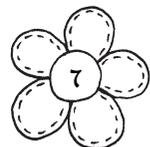
(I have been getting a lot of those lately). The flash of *Creative Inspiration* was



So now I have had more of a think and come up with a cool name for the club, which is:



It will be *soooooo* fabulicious 'cos we can meet in the loos at lunchtimes, round the corner by the second row of toilets where not many



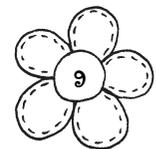
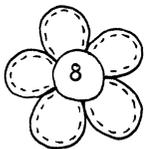
people normally go, and plus we can have field trips like we do for geography only less boring and no one will be forced to wear orange ~~cagouls~~ ~~cagoules~~ cagoules (got it!) and sketch industrial-aged bridges in the rain.

So anyway, I told Jules and Tilda (my two BFF) about *style school*. (BFF is short for Best Friends Forever, BTW.) (BTW is short for By The Way, BTW.) They think it is a cool idea and they are going to be my assistants for the first session. In fact they're coming over v. soon to help with the planning and that.

Then I needed to get some members, so I wrote this secret note and gave it to Gemma to pass on to any girls who might want to come. I have had to disguise my identity in case Mr. Cain finds out, 'cos if he did, well apart from him going completely nuts and his feet boiling in his Sergeant Major boots, something really awful might happen like I could get suspended or even *expeliated*. Oh, hang on, I think I mean *expelled*. I am getting

mixed up with *expeliarmus* because Alex (my little bro) is right now reading Harry Potter, and he keeps springing out at me waving one of those giant pencils you buy on holiday that say "A Gift From Clovelly" and trying to turn me into things. He's got a Snoopy bath towel tied round his neck for a cape, but it's not very wizard-ish and also it is making his face go a bit red and bulgy, so maybe if I'm feeling nice later on I will run him up some proper robes on my fab sewing machine that Nan, oops I mean Delia, gave me. (She likes to be called Delia, 'cos being called Nan makes her feel old.)

If you absolutely *most* have a little brother, Alex is quite a good one, I suppose, except he is at that age where he thinks we should have everything absolutely completely the same or it's not fair, so he is often counting the chips on our plates and then getting me to give him two more or whatever to make it even. He tried to do it with baked beans last night but Mum said that



was a bridge too far (or a *bean* too far, *hee hee!*).

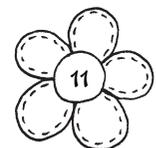
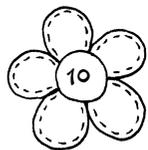
Plus, he notices absolutely everything and is always going round measuring things in an annoying way that gets me in trouble, like going, “Mu-uu-um, Lucy has used two centimetres of your Special Expensive Colour-Lock Shampoo and I identified her fingermarks in your Wrinkle De-crease Cream which you said she is absolutely not allowed to use.” Obviously I have not got wrinkles yet but it is useful for mixing with powder eyeshadow to get a smooth glide-on paste.

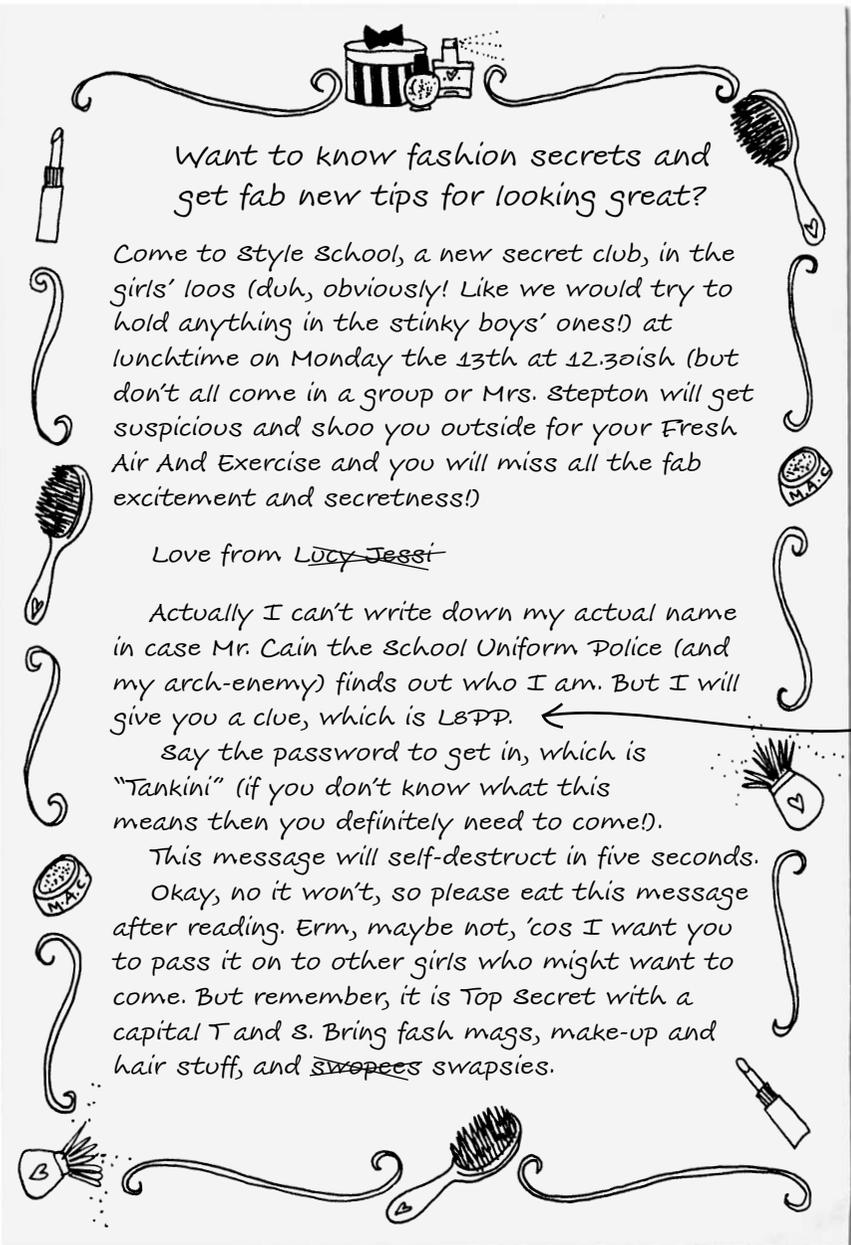
Oh sorry, I have gone off the point. I do that a lot, according to Mum and also according to Jules and Tilda. Talking of Mum, I told her about my *style school* inspiration today 'cos obviously I will be taking loads of extra stuff into school for it and she will be wondering why. She thinks it is a fab idea – maybe 'cos she kind of assumed it is



an Official School Club like Extended Maths and Computer Club that they have at lunchtime, and not just something v. secret that I have made up. It's so unfair 'cos if Mr. Cain found out about *style school* he would ban it straight away, but in other schools without a Mr. Cain it would be totally allowed. I decided that it's probably best to just let Mum think that it is totally allowed in our school too, at least at first. It's not lying exactly, just sort of not mentioning the whole facts.

Anyway, to go back to the main point, I'm sticking in a copy of the note I passed to Gemma when I was sitting behind her in Friday assembly. I spelled swapsies wrong in this first one so I had to write it again to give out, but here it is to show you. Well, not here *exactly* 'cos I have run out of space, but *P.T.O...*





Want to know fashion secrets and get fab new tips for looking great?

Come to *Style School*, a new secret club, in the girls' loos (duh, obviously! Like we would try to hold anything in the stinky boys' ones!) at lunchtime on Monday the 13th at 12.30ish (but don't all come in a group or Mrs. Stepton will get suspicious and shoo you outside for your Fresh Air And Exercise and you will miss all the fab excitement and secretness!)

Love from ~~Lucy Jessi~~

Actually I can't write down my actual name in case Mr. Cain the School Uniform Police (and my arch-enemy) finds out who I am. But I will give you a clue, which is *L&PP*.

Say the password to get in, which is "Tankini" (if you don't know what this means then you definitely need to come!).

This message will self-destruct in five seconds.

Okay, no it won't, so please eat this message after reading. Erm, maybe not, 'cos I want you to pass it on to other girls who might want to come. But remember, it is *Top Secret* with a capital T and S. Bring fash mags, make-up and hair stuff, and ~~swapsies~~ swapsies.

I'm in Year 8, and L is for Lucy and PP is for Picture Perfect, which is the fashion feature I did in the school mag. Cool code, huh?!

Oh hang on, that's the door. Well, not that the actual door is going, "Lucy, there's someone at me!" of course, but the doorbell. Just wanted you to know we are totally ordinary and don't have a magic door, no matter how much Alex keeps trying to turn it into one with his giant Clovelly pencil.

Anyway, it is most likely Jules and Tilda ringing the bell 'cos they are coming to help me with the *Style School* stuff, so gotta go!

