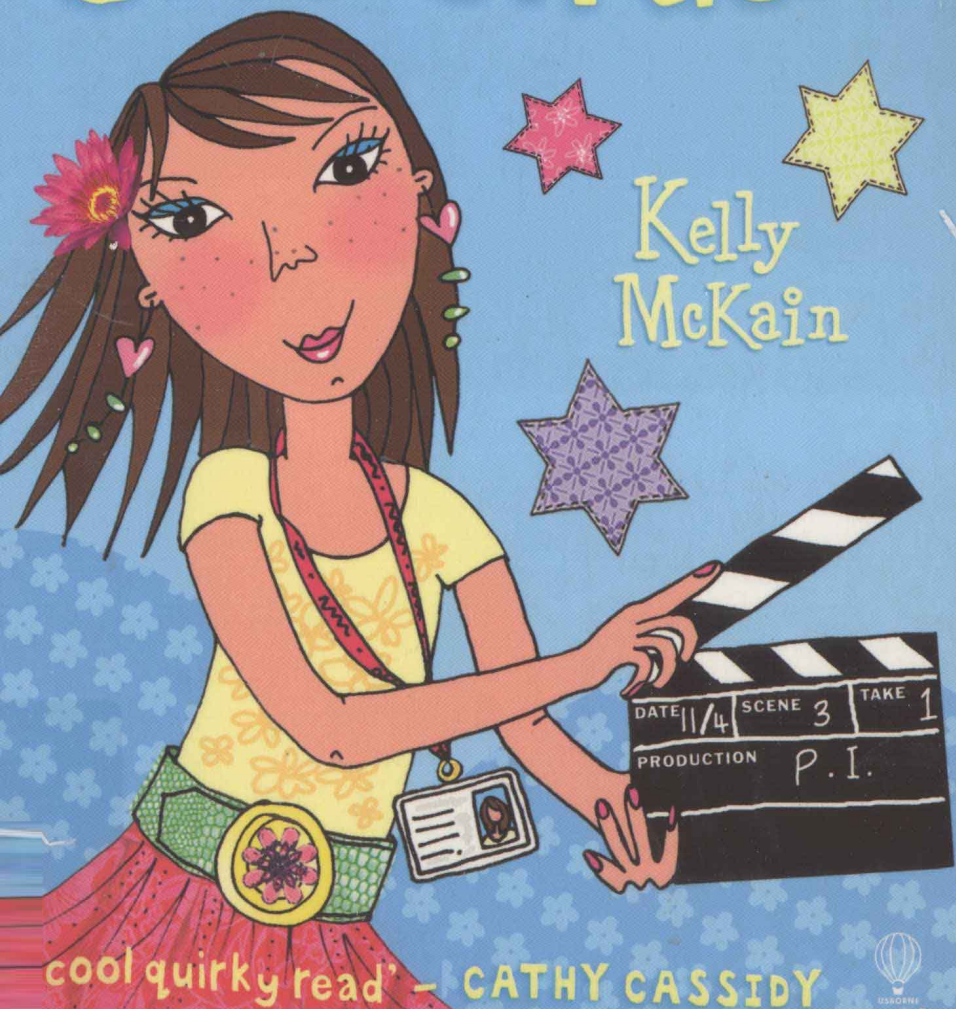


Totally
Lucy

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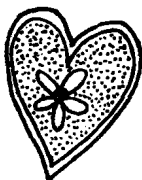


cool quirky read' - CATHY CASSIDY



To Kevin and Jo, with love.

Thanks a gazillion to Gaëlle Hobbs for all the wardrobe department info (especially the fake-vomit story - yum!!)



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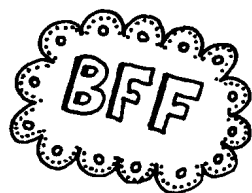
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苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章

Kelly McKain





My
Totally Secret
Journal

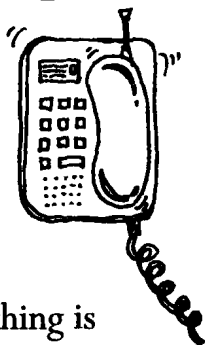
by
Lucy Jessica Hartley



Thursday the 7th of April

at 10.17 o'clock exactly.

Waiting by the phone for
this really exciting thing.



Hi! Lucy Jessica Hartley here! This thing is
soooooo exciting I'm even starting a new journal
to tell you about it. Of course it might all still
end up in tears if I don't get in, and then this
journal will have about half a page of writing in
because my life will go back to its usual state
of boringness!

Hang on, you're probably not getting what
I'm on about. Mum says I have this habit of
starting at the end and ending up back at the
middle. Sometimes when I'm trying to explain
about something, she goes, "Deep breath, Lucy,
and start at the beginning." So I will.

Hooooooooooooooooooooorrrr!

↑
Me having a
deep breath



So here I am, *at the beginning* of something *mega-ly* exciting (I hope!).

What happened is that about one week ago I was hanging out with my BFF (BFF means Best Friends Forever, BTW) (BTW means By The Way, BTW) the fabulicious Julietta Garcia Perez Benedicionatorio – Jules – and the toptastic Matilda-Jane Van der Zwan – Tilda.



We were walking through the market getting some hot dogs and looking at embroidery thread for making friendship bracelets. We are mad on them at the moment and we make them all the time. In fact, you can pin them to your skirt and then carry on making them secretly in class while listening to the teacher, although when I pointed out to Mr. Wright in English that we were still *fully engaged* (as he puts it) with the lesson, he didn't quite agree, and we had to sit with our hands on our desks for the whole time.

Anyway, I've got off the point (which is something else I do a lot, according to Mum). So what happened was, we were walking round the market, with Jules cheerful because the hot-dog man hadn't put onions on hers without asking and Tilda cheerful because her dad had said she could have one Diet Coke while we were out. Normally she's allowed no fizzy drinks whatsoever because they make her go hyper and – (Whoops, I've gone off the point again, but read *Makeover*



Extras Wanted!

Local people of all ages required to work as background artistes in major new British period drama,

Passionate Indiscretions.

To apply, please send your name, address, contact number, age, height and measurements to:

Cherry Pip Productions,

12 Burlington Court, London

We will contact suitable applicants by phone on the 7th of April. If you apply, please ensure that you are available on the 8th of April for auditions and from the 11th to the 17th of April for filming.

PROFESSIONAL ATTITUDE ESSENTIAL.

Well, I read it out and we all got madly excited because they are making an actual **MOVIE** in our actual **TOWN!!!** At first I was thinking that background artistes are people who paint the fake scenery for outside windows on film sets, but



brainy Tilda explained that it's really the same as *extras*, the people who are in the background of the actual film!!! Of course we all three instantly wanted to be in it!!! For a minute we were *devastated* because it was in the week and then we realized that it was actually the Easter holidays, so we thought *Yay*!

Then me and Jules were busy laughing about how we might be in a *period* drama, i.e. a drama about a Q! Q is our secret code word for *period*, so we can talk about it at school when boys are there ('cos P is too obvious). But then brainy Tilda also explained that *period drama* means an old-fashioned film where the women all have *Heaving Bosoms* and the men all do reckless horse-riding up lanes and swim in lakes in their breeches and that. So it's nothing to do with *starting* after all.

We tore out the ad, and we all went back to my house to write our applications together professionally as a three. In Jules's house it is impossible to write things professionally. This is



'cos of all the *kerfuffle* (cool word) of her mum and dad practising their salsa dancing to loud music in the living room while going "Yeeoww!", and of JJ playing rock, and of Benito and Benita running around with their talking Luke Skywalkers and of Hombrito just barking. (Hombrito is their dog, BTW, in case you were thinking "Eh?")

Plus, we haven't even *been* round Tilda's yet 'cos it's just her and her dad at home (her mum died when she was little, but she doesn't really talk about it). Apparently Tilda's dad is usually working in his study, so she says she likes to come to somewhere where there is *Something Happening*. From my point of perspective it's better round mine or Jules's 'cos Tilda's dad is totally stricty about food, and the only munchies available would be the sort of things Tilda gets in her lunchbox like sunflower-seed bars and fruit in its *Natural State* instead of made into *Winders* or *Frubes* or whatever.

Anyway, when we'd written out our applications, we walked down to the post box linking arms all the



way for luck and ceremoniously sent them off, by hooking our little fingers together and shaking our hands up and down 3 times.

So today I am on *tenterhooks* (whatever *they* are?! – maybe hooks for holding up tents??) because it is the day of deciding who will get an audition to be an extra in *Passionate Indiscretions*, and we have all been waiting nervously by our phones since about, like, 6.42 a.m. Plus, we've got our mobiles ready, so we can let each other know *immediately* if anything happens without blocking up the other person's phone line. Ingenious or what? I should get extra science points off Mrs. Stepton for my logical thinking on this issue, because now I am her favourite it is expected of me to be a *shining Example*.

Eeeeeeeeeekkkkkkkkk! The mobile's ringing!
It's Tilda! Hang on...

She got an audition!!!!

Yessssss!!!!!!!

That's so brill!!!!!!!



Erm... Why isn't *my* phone ringing?

Mum has just tried to come in here and ring Nan (Delia) for a chat.

↑ *Nan likes to be called Delia 'cos she reckons being a nan makes her feel old, so if I say Delia that's who I'm talking about!*

I explained about the mobile and house phone system and how I'm waiting for a *vital* call about the audition and could she please just this once go down the road and use the payphone on the corner?

She went, "Oh, marvellous! I mean, I pay the bills, I bought you a mobile, which I also pay for, and now I've got to go down the road to make a call! Do you want anything from the shop as well, while I'm out?"

It's nice to have such an understanding mother at this sort of nerve-making time. I asked for a Twix and 'cos I'm a Model Daughter I did even offer her 50p to put in the payphone, but she just wandered off muttering. I know how she feels. Call boxes are really pricey these days and 50p doesn't



get you very far. Probably only to Bournemouth or something.

At least Mum coming in here took my mind off the fact that the house phone is **STILL NOT RINGING!** Now I am totally back on to thinking about it.

In my application to be in the film I really showed my *Professional Attitude*. Like, I even did it on my swirly pattern notepaper, which is my best kind that I only use for very important business. They *have* to ring me for an audition, don't they? Especially when they have rung Tilda. They must *know* that **BFF** have to do this kind of important stuff together as a three.

Hang on, I will stick the photocopy of my application in here. Mum said having a *Professional Attitude* means making photocopies of stuff *for your records* so we all did, even though it was 10p a sheet in the Spend and Save. That was okay for Jules and Tilda but I ended up writing quite a lot. Anyway, I will put it in here to see what you think.



Name: Lucy Jessica Hartley

Address: 4 The Meadows, Barnaby Road,
Sherborne, Dorset.

Height: 1m 50cm. But that is not a fixed thing.
What I mean is, I am really good at walking in
VERY high heels because of the practice I had
going down the runway at London Fashion
Week (runway is American for catwalk, BTW).

I was on the runway because I had won the
Hey Girls! magazine Fantasy Fashion
Competition and I was modelling my
creation (my life's ambition is to be an
Actual Real Fashion Designer, BTW).

Anyway, I promise I would not let the
high heels show under my hoopy skirt-
thing. But on the other hand, if you think
I am too tall I can sort of stoop
down or even walk on my

knees so long as you
can provide those padded things
like cyclists wear so I don't get a
problem with my cruciate ligament. I
know this is a hazard of too much
kneeling because Dad got one by fixing the
plumbing under the sink. (Mum said it was
more like a case of skivalitis, but she's not
medically trained either, so I don't know
who was right.)

Of course, that was while Dad was still living
here and before he decided to CRUELLY
ABANDON us to move in with Uncle Ken in the
town centre. I still don't fully get why he left,
but it is something to do with wanting to be a
rock and roll star and also 16 again. I pointed
out to Mum that without a time machine that
is impossible, and also it means I wouldn't even
exist, so it would be a bit rubbish for me.

