

Totally  
Lucy

# Picture Perfect

Kelly  
McKain



'a cool quirky read'  
CATHY CASSIDY

*To Jill and Mike, with thanks for all  
your support and enthusiasm  
(and the excellent dinners!)*



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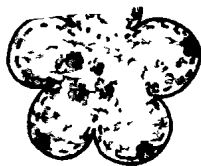
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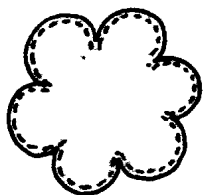
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# Kelly McKain



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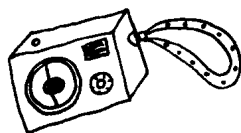


My  
Totally Secret

Journal

by

Lucy Jessica Hartley





Saturday the 7th of May,

sitting on my bed  
getting ready to do  
some thinking.



Hi girls!

I'm starting this new journal 'cos I've got lots of thinking to do, and when lots of thoughts start buzzing round in my head I have to write them down so I can actually *see* what I'm thinking, if you get what I mean. And then I can think about it.

All my thinking is to do with Tilda, who is my fab **BFF** (**BFF** means Best Friend Forever, **BTW**). (**BTW** means By The Way, **BTW**.)

*Firstly* Tilda wants us three (that's me and her and my other **BFF** Julietta Garcia Perez Benedicionatorio, most usually known as Jules) to go to this meeting on Monday for the new school mag. We got handed these flyers about it in English last week.



*Got something to say?*

Come along to the English room at 12.30  
on Monday 9th May to find out how  
**YOU** can get involved in our  
*Wicked New School Mag!*

**WORD!**

Oh dear, this is  
Mr. Wright trying to be  
down wid da kidz.  
Cringe!

Eeeeeekkkkkk!!!! No one who  
wears faded cords and a  
jacket with leather patches  
on the sleeves should be  
allowed to say that!!!!

Tilda is really brainy so she's into doing  
lunchtime activities, like, for example, she already  
has piano twice a week. For *my* lunchtime activity  
I like to go in the loos and try out different make-





up and hairstyles with Jules. Mrs. Stepton our science teacher calls this *Vacuous Activity* and always shoos us outside for our *Fresh Air and Exercise*, and I have to explain to her that as my life's ambition is to be a *Real Actual Fashion Designer*, trying out hairstyles and make-up is way more important than hanging around in the playground trying not to get hit by tennis balls, which the boys use as footballs, 'cos they're not allowed actual footballs, 'cos they're dangerous, but in fact tennis balls are more dangerous due to being pingy and unpredictable when you kick them. Oh, dear, there were no full stops whatsoever in that whole bit. I hope you are reading this in your head, or you would have passed out from not breathing!

Anyway, we are all three going to the meeting because we are **BFF**, so we have to do important things together.

Tilda reckons we should spend the weekend thinking of what we could do on the mag using



our *Unique Talents*. I want to do something about fashion, *of course*, but what? So I have got thinking to do for that, plus the thinking I have already got to do about Tilda's birthday, which is on the 14th of May, i.e. next Saturday, one week from now.

It is *soooooo* unfair that Tilda's going to be 13 when I'm not going to be it for 103 days, or that she has already got her Q when I'm still waiting for mine. (Q means period, **BTW**. We made up a secret code word so we can talk about it even when boys are there, and P sounded too obvious. Ingenious, huh?)

Jules has already been 13 for 93 days, but luckily she hasn't got her Q yet, so at least those two are not in a club of matureness without me. Oh, it would be *soooooo* amazing if my Q could just arrive right now, especially 'cos last week me and Jules were acting out telling our mums we'd got it, so now we're, like, *totally prepared*.



But to be honest it doesn't seem very likely to arrive soon because I am a *late developer* (as Mum and the assistants in Marks and Spencer's bra department call it – CRINGE!!!). That means I probably won't even get mine till I'm about 23 or something, and I'll be the oldest girl in the world who doesn't have it and my name will be in all the Record Breaker annuals that people get for Christmas and everyone will know I'm the latest starter ever, which will be just *soooooo* embarrassing!



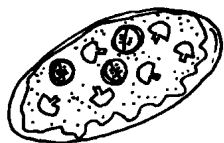
Still, I suppose it isn't Tilda's fault she was born before me (and has started before me), so I am going to be very mature and forget being lime-green with envy and instead get on with planning a fab birthday happening for her.

Here are my ideas so far:



## ☆ What To Do For Tilda's Birthday ☆

- 1) Go shopping
- 2) Go out for pizza
- 3) See something at the cinema
- 4) Get loads of cool stuff from  
The Body Shop and then have a  
pampering sesh and makeovers
- 5) Have a sleepover



Hmmm, they all sound really fun, but I can't choose. The thing is that they don't seem **BIG** enough for something as important as your 13th birthday. After all, 13 is the magic doorway between being a *Very-Nearly-Teenager* and being an *Actual Teenager*. Teenager-ness is *the* most exciting time ever in your whole life, which is why adults keep wanting to be teenage *again*, which is why they say stuff like "wicked" and "word" and why my dad still wears leather trousers. I keep trying to tell him that they are in no way cool with

the waistband of his ginormous pants sticking out the top, but he won't listen!

Oh, wow, I have just been struck with a



I could throw Tilda a Surprise Birthday Party!

We can have cool drinks and food and music and games and dancing and everything! Maybe Mum'll even make Tilda a birthday cake if I ask really nicely and do flattery, like saying, "Wow, those trousers look great! You've really lost weight with all the stress of becoming a single parent!"

How totally fab will that be?!

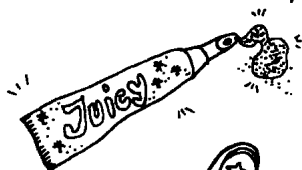
*Answer: Totally, totally, totally fab!*

I have also got some ideas of what present to get Tilda, which I wrote on a napkin in the Cool Cats café when I was waiting for Mum to

come back from the ladies' loo, which is called *Dolls* in Cool Cats because it's all 50s style.

## ☆ Ideas of What To Get Tilda ☆

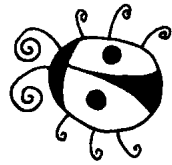
1. Juicy Jelly lipgloss  
(that'll stop her borrowing mine!)
2. Purple glitter nail stars  
(then I can borrow hers!)
3. Pink jewelled mobile cover  
(she hasn't got a mobile, but she'll probably get one soon, because, like, everyone has.)
4. Bacon crisps ('cos her dad is very stricty and she's not allowed them at home.)
5. Pink bangles from New Look (just because!)



Oh, just a sec...

Sorry

for the interruptedness -  
it is now 37 minutes later.



Someone was at the door, and Mum called out from the bathroom that she only had half her make-up on and could I go and I said, “I am in the middle of a very important thing,” (i.e. writing in here!) and told Alex to get it (Alex is my little bro, BTW). But, of course, whenever he is playing Karate Kid on the Playstation in his room he becomes *Voluntarily Deaf*, so I had to go after all.

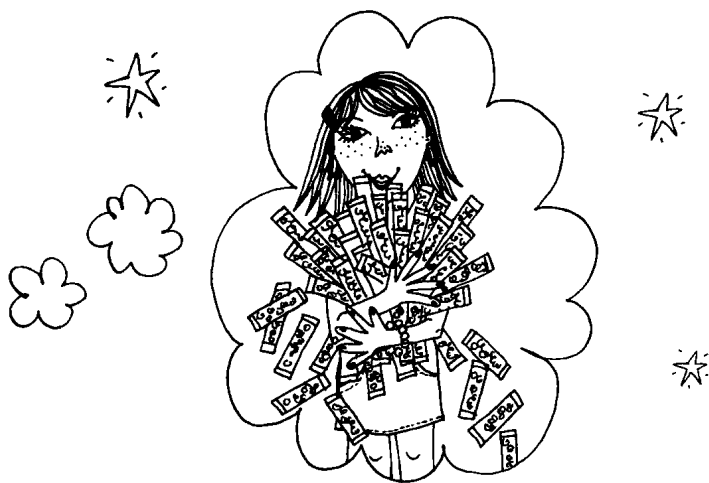
Sometimes when I’m galloping downstairs to answer the door I have secret imaginings about it being different cool people who have come to give me a *Life-Changing Experience*. Like, it could be someone who saw me modelling my Fantasy Fashion design on the catwalk, and they want to offer me a scholarship to fashion college in Paris and a dyed-pink poodle to take with me.



Or maybe Meg, this wardrobe mistress I worked for on a Hollywood movie, would be there saying, “Hey, Lucy, I’ve got a job to style a pop video for Purple Seven in LA and there’s no way I can possibly do it without you,” and I would go, “Great, ’cos I have experience of styling a boy band from when I did Blackstone for the school rock concert in aid of charity.”



In fact, I would even be happy if it was someone telling me I'd won a year's supply of fruit pastilles.



But it never *is* any of those cool happenings. Like, just now it was only Dad, coming round for “a chat” (which *actually* means helping himself to a sandwich, doing the crossword, and maybe asking to borrow the car).

I'm sure you know this by now, but just to quickly mention that Mum has become a Single Parent quite recently because Dad has decided to have this thing called a *Midlife Crisis*. I'm not sure what that is, but I asked Mum if it was a kind