THE Valentines

Far FROM PERFECT

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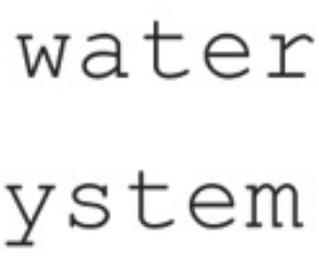
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VALENTIME FOR A CHANGE?

Leggy beauty Faith Valentine sported a brand-new hairstyle last night. Seen leaving The Ivy alone (left), her curly locks were worn straight, prompting immediate questions about her relationship status with pop star Noah Anthony.

Blasting straight into the FITTY FIFTY at number eleven is brand-new entry, FAITH VALENTINE (16). Tall, slim, with caramel skin and angel eyes, she's 100 per cent modern bombshell. Online influencer, up-and-coming movie star and YES, part of THAT family, we want her as OUR Valentine come February!

'I'm an early riser,' Faith admits during our interview in the sun-dappled sitting room of their impressive family mansion. 'I wake to the sound of dawn birds singing. The first thing I do is drink water - it perks up the digestive system - and practise ballet.' Her exquisite face dimples. 'I've been dancing since I was little. It really keeps me grounded.'



Welcome To The T-zone!
Your one-stop shop for exclusive sleb access!

The Valentines have fame, hotness, *soooo* much money (like lend me a fiver already LOL!) and THIS award-winning blogger (links below, no I didn't make them up, they're totally real, KEVIN) has a PRIVATE INTERVIEW with FAITH VALENTINE, the best one. The T is about to be served!

Take a closer look at this year's hottest couple – all is not well in paradise. Sources claim they are struggling to find time for each other. With Noah's touring and Faith's film career, there's no opportunity to connect. She's definitely feeling it more than he is, though. Experts agree: 'Their body language shows that she's holding on to this relationship with both hands.' Will it be enough?



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Snoring.

That's the first thing I hear. Loud snoring, followed by the realisation that I'm the only person in the room so it has to be me. Outside, wood pigeons coo and sparrows chirp, but I've just managed to wake myself up with the machine-gun rattling of my floppy air cavities.

Hot stuff, Faith Valentine.

Eyes shut, I unstick my furry tongue with a *clack*. Then I sit up, yawn with breath like forgotten laundry, swig from a glass on my bedside table and promptly spit melted toothpaste and paprika all over my duvet.

Stuck to the bottom of the glass:

Bet your intestines are super PERKY now LOL. Max xxx

With a small grimace – my brother needs a hobby – I open my curtains. Sunlight streams in; I sleepily swing my legs to the floor, scratch my knee and turn the radio on. Then I head straight to my mat.

There's an entire six-metre wall of glass covering one side of my bedroom – in this light, my pores look like potholes: you could get a rope and a tiny hard hat and climb down into one of them – so I quickly unfocus my eyes and grab hold of the wooden barre. Then I bend my knees deeply.

Lifting my heels off the floor, I yawn through my nostrils and gesture to the side with my left hand: *grand plié*. Flatten my foot and hold my leg up and back: arabesque. A single-leg *relevé* to stretch my foot. *A la sec*—

I'm going to have to step up my exfoliation routine or Grandma's going to kill me.

Battement fondu, *battement frappé*; *quatrième devant.*

Perhaps we could just use Polyfilla?

Gliss—

'Coming up,' an overexcited woman on the radio trills, 'the latest hit by Noah Anthony! This one's got *all* the romantic feels, hitting me right in the chest cav.'

'Yeah,' a guy deadpans. 'I'm, like, a mess.'

'My heart's all over the floor!' she agrees, neatly ignoring his sarcasm. 'And here it is! The UK's newest Number One, pouring straight from our ears into yours!'

I stop mid-spin. What does that even *mean*?

With a quick leap, I make it to the radio just in time to catch the opening guitar chords. Guilt tugging at me, I turn the volume down before my boyfriend starts *mmmmm*ing and *do-do-do*ing.

Sorry, baby. Love you.

Then – hamstrings still tight from yesterday – I head back to my mat, breathe deeply, close my eyes, stretch upwards, touch my toes and then plank peacefully for a few minutes. Pushing further up, I arrange myself into a deep V shape: feet and arms on the floor, head hanging down, knees flexing and—

'You're a total freak, Effie. You know that, right?'

I open my eyes. My big sister's face is thirty centimetres from mine, lying on the floor, directly below me. She must have silently slipped in and squiggled under my downward dog.

'Something's definitely wrong with you,' Mercy

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continues, dead-pan. 'Do you think it's, like, medical, or psychological, or genetic, or just the latent impact of a general cultural inequality? I'm legit curious.'

Mer's so close I can see the fibres of her mascara. There's melted black eyeliner streaking from each corner of her eyes towards her hairline as if she's wearing a mask, her foundation is separating around her nose and her lips are patchy with what was burgundy lipstick. The short pink wig she's wearing is slightly knotted and wonky, the fringe lopsided.

My sister looks defiant and exhausted. My heart twangs.

'Good morning,' I say, leaning down and kissing her slightly greasy forehead. 'How was the party? What poor yet totally suspecting soul did you make cry this time?'

Then I stand up, take a long step forward and perform a wide lunge over my sister's reclining black-Lycra'd body.

'Oh my God,' Mercy snaps crossly. '*Stop exercising on me.*'

She shuffles across the wooden floor, sliming up

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and on to my bed one muscle at a time like a disgruntled deep-sea creature.

'Hell, *no*,' she adds, punching the OFF button on my radio. 'I'm not listening to your basic boyfriend's lame warbling, either. Nuh-uh.'

I frown at her. '*Mercy.*'

'What? Oh, please. He sucks at writing music and you know it.' She scowls at the light. 'And you can turn *that* off too.'

'The sun?' I pirouette carefully.

'Yes.' Mer watches me spin in disgust. 'It's doing my head in. As are you, Faith Valentine. Stop being so bendy and twisty. It's not even six am. Such a psycho.'

Then – ritual insults completed – Mer puts an arm over her face, closes her dark eyes and picks up snoring where I just left off, vibrating like a drill into a solid brick wall.

I watch my big sister, angry even in her sleep.

Sometimes I think of my bed as a timeshare, like a cheap flat in Majorca. I get the night, and my seventeen-year-old sibling gets the 5am till 2pm post-party slot. I'm not completely convinced Mercy even remembers where her own bed is. There's only

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a year between us, but if I ever locked my door I'm pretty sure she'd just curl up and sleep on a damp towel in the hallway like a puppy.

Gently – well, quite gently – I pull my minty-paprika duvet over her. Then I refill the glass with non-Maxified water, put it back on the table and step out of my white silk shorts and cami. Hopping, I tug on neon-green leggings and an orange T-shirt. Carefully – God forbid I crush them – I tie my curls into a loose bun, then tug on a cap and sunglasses.

Finally, I lace up my trainers, click on my fitness monitor and slip out of the room. For a moment, I pause in the hallway.

Hope is making cute squeaking sounds – no ugly drilling noises for my little sister – Max is still out as usual and, at the far end of the huge corridor, Mum's door (and the door next to it) is pointedly shut. Noah was playing Wembley last night and Dad is on a flight here from California: they're both definitely unconscious too.

Which means – I take a long, deep breath and stretch – everybody in my life is fast asleep and everything the sun touches is mine. Today is important, and as soon as the rest of the world

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wakes up I'm going to have to be at my brightest, shiniest, most utterly flawless.

I'll have to be Faith Valentine. But I've got two hours left before that happens.

I'm going for a run.