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opening extract from

Totally Lucy: Makeover Magic

written by

Kelly McKain

published by

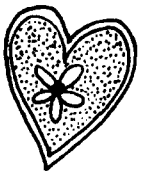
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Monday the 8th of
November at 6.42 o'clock,



which is the exact minute
of me starting this journal.

So, I'm Lucy Jessica Hartley, and this is my journal about me. I'm going to tell you all about my life and the stuff that happens in it (and the stuff that DOESN'T, most likely!). I'm even going to tell you secret things that only Jules knows, or sometimes even that no one except me knows.

Okay, so...

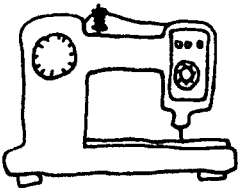


Worst Thing: When Mum and Dad separated in September and Dad went to live with Uncle Ken and Mum cried for a month. That was also the month when we ate mainly lasagne because Mum

was too upset to cook and that's the only thing I know how to make.

Best Thing: When Delia (my nan, but she doesn't like me and Alex to call her Nan 'cos she says it makes her feel old) gave me my own sewing machine for my last birthday, when I turned 12 (only 9 months and 11 days of **NOT** being a teenager. Jules is already 13 – soooooo unfair!).

Secret Wish: To be a proper, real fashion designer. Shhh!

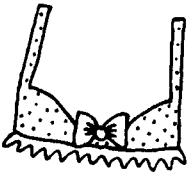


Secret Worry: That I am a freak of nature and I will not get my Q until I'm like 24 or something. Double shhh! (*Q means period. Me and Jules were going to say P but we have changed the letter to Q so it's more secret, and we can talk about it even when boys are there.*)

Mi Familia: You know how some people go on

about their parents being embarrassing? Well, my mum's totally not, most of the time, although she worries that she is. But my dad, who thinks he's really cool, is beyond embarrassing and out the other side. Mum says he's going through a midlife crisis. I don't entirely get what that is, but it basically means that he wants to be a rock star instead of the manager of our local Sainsbury's. Alex is my little brother...nuff said.

Bra size: Not even telling **YOU** that, but put it this way, when I went to get my first bra a couple of weeks ago, and I was trying them on in the shop, my mum yelled out of the changing room, "Excuse me, have you got anything smaller?" (Okay, so sometimes she *is* a bit embarrassing!)



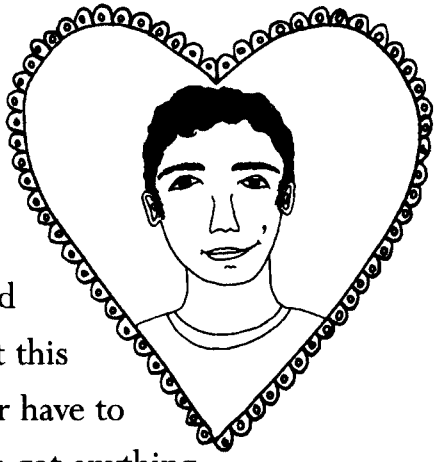
My BFF: (Best Friend Forever, not Boring Fogie Friend) is – take a deep breath – Julietta Garcia Perez Benedicionatorio. Or Jules, to most people.



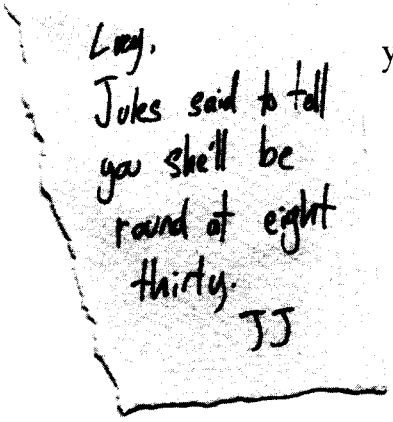
Jules's mum calls her Julietta, but she says it like Who-lyetta. I like to listen for it when they are having their loud arguments in really fast Spanish, which they do quite a lot, even when you're standing right there in between them drinking a lemon Fanta.

Jules's mum is called Isabella and her dad is called Gabriel, like the angel. I can't imagine *my* dad being called after an angel.

Jules has also got a dog called Hombrito and a little brother and sister who are twins and are called Benito and Benita, plus (drum roll, please) a **très** lush elder brother called Juan-José (JJ for short). JJ is 14 and he is a total heart-throb. Sadly he has a v. babelicious girlfriend called Suzanna who...well, put it this way, her mum would never have to yell, "Excuse me, have you got anything



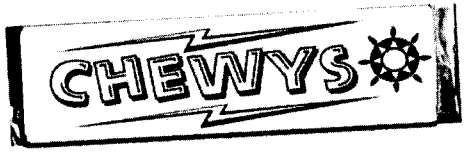
smaller?" about bras out of changing rooms. And also she most likely got her Q at 10 or 9 or something.



BUT JJ did write me a note yesterday, which I kept.

For a bit I thought it might be a secret love message, because my horoscope said to "look beyond the obvious". But then, today at school when I kept trying to wink at JJ in the corridor he just asked me if I had something in my eye, so maybe it's not (boo!).

I also have:



Bit of chewy JJ gave me on the bus

I wanted to keep it so I slid it up my sleeve and had to pretend to be chewing all the way home.

I also fished JJ's old bus pass out of the Garcia

Perez Benedicionatorios' kitchen bin. But I wouldn't have bothered if it'd been under something gross like spaghetti-Os, so I know I'm not obsessed or anything.

Yeah, so a bonus of being Jules's BFF is that sometimes I get to see JJ coming out of the shower wearing only a really weeny little towel (or maybe it's a large flannel).

I try to act like I don't notice JJ, 'cos of Suzanna with the big you-know-whats, but it's a bit hard when every time I see him I go burning red and have to cough and pretend I'm choking on a bit of sandwich. I don't think Jules believes me, especially in the middle of the corridor when I have no sandwiches on me. Maybe I should make extra sandwiches and have them ready to quickly eat and pretend to choke on when I see JJ coming. But then he might think I'm always scoffing my face, or what if seeing him makes me go so wibbly I shove in the sandwich but then start choking for real and then what if I just, like, DROP DEAD right



there in the corridor? That would be *totally* embarrassing.



My one really big problem is that JJ usually sees me in my school uniform. And, I mean, I've done the best I can, but it's this really dodgy bottle-green gear that makes you look like a boy scout. I said so to Mrs. Phillips our form teacher and she said, "Well, if you don't like the green, you can always choose the rust-coloured pullover instead." So I was like, "Ooooh, thanks a lot." I mean, the colour is actually called **RUST**. That's like wearing a colour actually called **MOULD** or **VOMIT** or something. I know they want to make us wear this

yukorama kit so we don't get distracted from our work in lessons by fancying each other – but really, who are they kidding? All the boys in my class are totally from the Kingdom of Nerdonia. Okay, maybe not Jamie Cousins, or Bill Cripps, and actually even Ben Jones is okay but mostly they are just immature idiots.

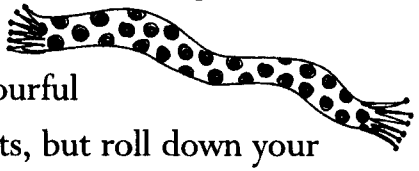
As the fashion guru of the school, here are...



My 5 Top Tips For Making Your Gross Uniform Bearable



1. Roll up the waistband of your skirt (yeah, I know everyone knows that one, but still...).
2. Wear a colourful scarf and "forget" to take it off in lessons.



3. Wear loads of colourful friendship bracelets, but roll down your sleeves when you see Mr. Cain on the warpath. *(Every school has a Mr. Cain, even if he is not specifically called Mr.*



Cain. The Mr. Cain is the one teacher who, instead of spending breaktime drinking coffee and photocopying things, thinks it is their job to be the School Uniform Police. The Mr. Cain stands in the walkway between the main school and the mobile food-science block and points at you as you squeeze by, going, "Shirt" (meaning tuck it in), "Tie" (meaning pull it out), "Make-up" (meaning take it off), "Blazer" (meaning put it on) and even, "'School Sucks' badges are not part of the school uniform and I think you know that, Danny Jacobs. See me for detention after school" (meaning "School Sucks" badges are not part of the school uniform and I think you know that, Danny Jacobs. My store cupboard needs cleaning out and I can't be bothered to do it myself). If he could, Mr. Cain would have us all wearing long socks and straw

boaters and probably saying "golly-gosh" and "boaty-o" while wearing absolutely no make-up whatsoever.)

4. Wear purple nail polish on Mondays and claim you forgot to take it off after the weekend (don't forget to chip it a bit for extra believable-ness).

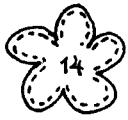


5. Set new trends with your tie and see how long it takes everyone else to catch on. But don't try setting the trend of having a kipper, because no one will catch on. Only Year 7s on their first day have those, and people whose mums still dress them in the morning (i.e. Simon Driscott).

6. Wear really bright patterny socks. If Mr. Cain complains, you can always offer to take them off – but make sure you mention your raging verrucas and athlete's foot first.



Wow! That was 6 tips in actual fact.



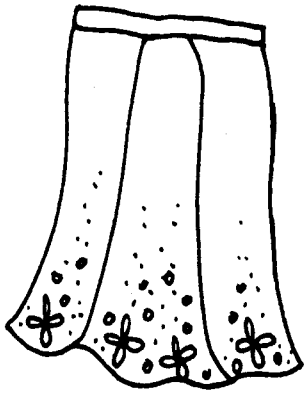
Actually my mum's a bit funny about make-up as well. She says I should enjoy the fresh, natural look now while I am a *jeune fille* and that there'll be plenty of time for loading on the slap like Barbara Cartland (er, who?) when I get older. Sometimes she gets annoyed at me when I get home, because maybe a bit of blue eyeliner or glitter nail polish has accidentally got on me at lunchtime in the loos, when some of the Year 8 girls are doing swaps and that (well, you've got to try the stuff out first before you trade, haven't you?).

Mum lets me dress up for discos and parties, though, luckily, because I can't be a proper fashion designer when I grow up and not be into make-up, can I? That's half the thing, especially when it comes to the runway shows (runway is American for catwalk, BTW) (BTW is English for By The Way, BTW). So, experimenting with different looks is important educationally for me. Mrs. Stepton says it is "Vacuous Activity" when she's shooing us



out of the loos into the playground for some "Fresh Air And Exercise" and, strangely enough, when I try to explain that actually for me, experimenting with make-up is like career development, she doesn't really get what I'm on about.

Anyway, I've got to go and see Dad now. I'm not all that bothered about going, to be honest, but I have to take Alex, plus I've seen this gorge purple cotton in the fabric shop (I'm working on a design for a skirt to wear to the school disco on Saturday night) and it's pretty pricey.



This is what I'm imagining it will look like



I've got this top to go with it

Dad's been good for a bit of cash since he CRUELLY ABANDONED us (Mum calls it guilt money) so if I can get 20 quid out of him I'll probably have enough with my savings too.

Byeeeeeeee! 