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Opening extract from

Pride and Premiership

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Sunday 22 June – 2.30 a.m.

Oh–hhh M–mmm G–gggg. I've just snogged a Premiership footballer! His name's Robbie Wilkins and he plays for Netherfield Park Rangers. OK, it's not a massive club like Man United, or Chelsea, which Gary (the one Malibu got off with) happens to play for. But Robbie's still a good catch. Malibu says that players at smaller clubs get about £20,000 a week. TWENTY GRAND!! That's more than I'll make in a year manicuring and waxing people at Kara's.

Robbie is twenty-one and blonde, with highlights – eugh! (Highlights will have to go.) But apart from his hair (and slightly big nose), he's buff beyond belief.

He's proper charming, too. He told me I look like a young Julia Roberts. ☺

Although, to be honest, I don't think he'd have noticed

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me if it hadn't been for Malibu's plan. That girl is so clued up. She went to the Lounge four times just to do her research and has seen six different Premiership players there! Apparently they usually sit in the VIP area in the back of the club and they're always surrounded by girls who act like lap dancers in front of them, or reach over to pass them their phone number.

"If they get lucky, some girls even leave with a player or two," said Malibu. "But we're not aiming for that."

"Huh?" I went, confused.

"No," she said firmly. "The same players come back the next week, blank the girls who were all over them last time and move on to a fresh set. We're real WAG material, Remy. Not bloody wannabes."

Yeah, right, I thought. I mean, Malibu is WAG material all day long – blonde, skinny, big boobs (lucky cow) – but ME? I didn't think I'd stand a chance, but my genius sister had it all worked out.

Her carefully calculated strategy was for us to separate ourselves from the WAG wannabes as soon as we got there.

"They're so–oo easy," she said, "and boys, especially footballers, are all about the chase." (See what I mean about being clued up?)

When we arrived there was a massive line of people waiting to get in, and when we finally got up to the door, the bouncer double-, triple-checked my fake ID. I thought he was going to turn me away, so I threw him a massive smile and made my eyes say, "Purle–eeeease."

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"Go on then," he said.

Sucka! ☺

The Lounge is like nowhere I've ever been before. Everything about it says: money.

It also happened to be full of good-looking girls aiming to pull themselves a footballer. And with me in my white jeans and Primarni sparkly top, and Malibu in her denim jumpsuit, we looked like we were going skiing compared with those WAG wannabes. They were half bloody naked!

The boys there weren't exactly shy either. I got my first chat-up line within ten minutes: "Get your coat – we're going home," he said.

"We're not interested!" Malibu snapped before I could say a word.

The WAG wannabes weren't interested either. They were turning boys away big time, waiting for the real deal – and then … Robbie and Gary stepped through the door. I knew they were footballers straight away. I'd like to say it was because I'd done my research (like Malibu) or because they were dressed immaculately (which they were) and walked with a swagger (which they did). But, to be honest, the only reason I knew they were footballers was because those WAG wannabes swarmed round them like bees to a jar of honey.

Robbie and Gary fought their way through the heaving breasts and plonked themselves down in the VIP area. Then Malibu looked at me, gave me a wink, and we strutted

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straight past them without (and this was important) even glancing their way, and hit the dance floor. This worked out perfectly for me because Malibu may be the blonde, prettier and skinnier one, with those boobs, of course (which just isn't fair), but she can't dance to save her life! When "Crazy in Love" started, she looked like she was having a fit, while I did the dance that Beyoncé does in the video – "Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh…" And that's when Robbie tapped my shoulder and asked me to go outside with him for some "fresh air".

We talked about the usual at first – what's your name, age, etc. And when I told him it was my half-birthday tomorrow, he said it was a cool thing to celebrate.

"Thanks," I replied.

"Pleasure," he said, then he threw me a look that made my stomach do a double somersault.

I knew what was coming next and couldn't wait – but also remembered what Malibu had said about how if a girl holds out, a footballer will want her more because they love to win. So (gutted) I told him I was only up for kissing.

"That's new." He smiled. And then we got STUCK IN!

His kisses were a bit sloppy, to be honest, but I put that down to him having had a few drinks. Anyway, who cares? When our lips unlocked, we exchanged numbers and he said he was dying to see me again. Just like Malibu predicted.

She did a right number on Gary, too. When Robbie walked me back inside, we couldn't find them for ages.

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So I decided to check whether she was in the loo and spotted her and Gary propped up against the wall beside the fire exit – snogging!!

"Your sister," Gary said when he realized I was gawping at them, "is the most stunning girl I've ever met." ☺

Malibu's proper. She says it's a big sister's job to educate. And she's put all her years of reading every WAG interview ever to good use by making the WAG Charter. It's a five-point plan that Malibu reckons will get us a footballer quicker than we can say Frank Lampard. And it seems to be working. Yay!

I'm going to write it down so that in weak moments I can look at it and think of the big picture, because I'd love to marry Robbie. So I can jack in my job – and shop FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!!

THE WAG CHARTER

1. AT FIRST, PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW HE'S A FOOTBALLER.
2. STICK TO KISSING ON THE FIRST DATE.
3. DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU DRUNK, OR HE WON'T TRUST YOU WHEN HE'S AWAY ON A PRE-SEASON TOUR.
4. WAIT EIGHT WEEKS TO HIT FOURTH BASE. (FOOTBALLERS MARRY "GOOD" GIRLS THEY CAN TAKE HOME TO THEIR MUMS.)
5. NEVER DISPUTE A THING HIS MUM SAYS. (THEY WORSHIP THEIR MUMS.)

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2.42 a.m.

PS He's calling at 11 a.m. How will I survive till then?!

2.43 a.m.

PPS I'll only shop half of the time because I'm still going to open a beauty salon that'll blow Kara's out of the water. And I'll pay proper wages that allow my beauticians to buy their own houses, so they won't have to live with their parents, like we do.

2.49 a.m.

PPPS Wondering whether I should take his surname or combine mine with his – Remy Wilkins (hmm). Remy Bennet Wilkins (nah). Remy Wilkins Bennet (has a certain ring to it).

2.55 a.m.

PPPPS Just want to big Malibu up for taking me to the Lounge. It was the best half-birthday present ever! ☺

Eek! Getting this diary from the girls at Kara's is up there too. (Even though my lip curled like it was dog muck when they gave it to me – how was I supposed to know I'd have so much to write about?!)

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3.00 a.m.

PPPPPS Eight hours to go!

10.59 a.m.!!!

Phone: Clutched in hand.

Eyes: Fixed on phone.

Brain: Counting down! Ten, nine, eight…

11.15 a.m.

No Robbie.

11.25 a.m.

I've been checking my phone like a nutcase. Is it on silent? Have I run out of credit? (Which is stupid because I can still receive calls if I'm out of credit!) Did I accidentally pick up someone else's mobile?

Answer: No, no and triple no.

11.28 a.m.

Maybe he's asleep. Or… Maybe *I* should phone *him*? But if he didn't mean to call, I'll look like a right idiot! Definitely won't phone first. I have some self-respect.

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11.33 a.m.

If I hide my number, call to check whether he's awake, then put the phone down if he answers, will that make me a bunny boiler?

I'll ask Malibu.

11.40 a.m.

I hate Malibu. She said not to call him and – now it's past the thirty-minute deadline – not to answer his call either. So that he can learn to respect me. First of all, the thirty-minute deadline is *her* stupid rule. Second of all, I reckon she was harping on about respect because she's all right … Gary (Chelsea player) has been texting her ballistically all night. Third of all, she had the nerve to twist the situation by suggesting Robbie probably has a girlfriend and can't phone because he's with her right now. And the only reason I'm not crying is because Mum and Dad called me into the kitchen to give me a half-birthday prezzie: a brand-new pink iPod with a matching base station. Yay! And to top it off, Mum just popped into my room, said she forgot to give me one last thing, then handed over a card from my godfather, Alan, with £100 in it! He's the best. Even though he's lived in Australia since I was ten, he always remembers I celebrate half-birthdays because my real one's so close to Christmas.

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2.30 P.M.

Still no Robbie. I'll answer his call, but like an ice queen. "Oh… Robbie who?"

Malibu has apologized. She says I should get myself a fail-safe, which is someone that loves you so much, you can always get back with him if things go wrong with someone else. I asked her why you wouldn't just stick with the fail-safe and she said because they're boring. Then I checked if she had one and she said yes, Roger Miller. (Who's nice but majorly boring.)

"Roger Miller?" I said, surprised.

"Yeah. What's wrong with him?"

"Nothing," I mumbled, but inside I was thinking, *Roger Miller's no Lance Wilson*.

Lance is most definitely the best-looking boyfriend Malibu's ever had. Their relationship was sort of like Carrie and Big's in *Sex and the City* but without the happy ending. (Basically she dumped him because he wouldn't take the relationship to the next level and get engaged.) And now she rips into anyone who says anything good about him.

Anyway, she said no matter how well things go with Gary (Chelsea player), she doesn't trust him as far as she can throw him, and will always keep Roger as her back-up plan.

Now we're going to watch Leonardo DiCaprio in *Romeo and Juliet* for the thousandth time. Malibu knows that Leo

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always cheers me up. Maybe she's not too bad after all.

Wherefore art thou, Robbie?

10.00 P.M.

He called!

"Happy half-birthday, princess," he whispered.

"You remembered," swooned I.

He had to whisper because he's caught a bad throat infection. Said he couldn't even speak this morning, and that's why he didn't phone. Phew! He wants to take me out on Wednesday. I asked where, but he said he had bad reception, then the line went dead. Got his voicemail when I called back.

10.01 P.M.

Voicemail.

10.02 P.M.

Voicemail.

10.10 P.M.

Voicemail x 12.

Dear God, please don't let Malibu be right about him having a girlfriend!

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Monday 23 June – 7 p.m.

Over breakfast this morning Malibu bragged that Gary had texted to say she's beautiful. So I bragged that Robbie had called.

"Why did he phone so late?" she asked.

"Because he was sick… With a throat infection."

"Do you believe him?"

I had my doubts, especially when his call ended so suddenly and all I got was his voicemail for the rest of the night – but why tell her that and make him look bad next to Gary Goldenballs?

"Yeah," I said, "he could just about whisper when he spoke to me."

And then she tutted and told me I was so–ooo naïve, as if I was a little kid.

When we got to work, the first thing Malibu did was announce that we'd pulled some footballers. And everyone went, "Woo-oo!"

"Were they fit?" Natasha asked. Which was a bit of a trick question because according to Natasha, not even Brad Pitt is fit.

"My one looks like Will Smith," Malibu said.

Yeah right, I thought.

Then before I could get a word in she told them, "Unfortunately, though, Remy ended up with a tosser." She claimed that Robbie called twelve hours later than he was supposed to. (What a liar! It was ten hours, fifty-six

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minutes!) "And get this: he was whispering because of a 'throat infection' – purlease," she sneered.

While I stood there cringing, they all debated whether Robbie was lying and does in fact have a girlfriend.

Verdict: Blatantly.

"Told ya he's a lyin', cheatin' toerag!" Malibu shouted, doing her Pat Butcher impression.

I went bright red and fled to the kitchen area.

How humiliating. She should be done for sadism. They should lock her up and bury the bloody key.

When she came to apologize, I pretended I had something in my eye. But she knew I'd been crying. She said she didn't mean to be a cow, she just wanted me to understand that all men are dogs. "But," she added, "a lying, cheating footballer is better than a lying, cheating bin man."

8 P.M.

Can't find the half-birthday card I got from my godfather, which sucks because he wrote his new mobile number in it. OK, I probably wouldn't phone him – Australia kills credit and all that – but I was thinking about surprising him with a thank-you text instead of the usual email. Hmm… Took the money out of it, then I'm sure I put it on the bedside table beside my iPod…

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8.05 P.M.

That nosy knickers Nicole Walker just phoned. Haven't hooked up with her since we left school but she still rings every now and then – when she wants to find something out. Nobody loves gossip as much as Nicole.

"A little birdie tells me you've pulled a footballer," she said.

"Might have," I answered with a smirk.

"And apparently he's a right—"

"Nic," I interrupted before she could finish, "I'm in the middle of looking for something. Can I call you back?"

"Oh. All right then."

Bloody hell, news spreads like wildfire in west London.

Now, where's my half-birthday card?

8.15 P.M.

Asked Mum where Godfather Alan's card was, and she said how the hell would she know.

But I bet she moved it when she tidied my room. She's such a cleaning freak! Grr.

8.30 P.M.

Malibu's gone to see Boring Roger. She said that holding out with Gary means she has to get it somewhere.

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Before she left, she handed me a box of four Krispy Kreme doughnuts and said, "Forgiven?"

I told her she was.

I love Krispy Kremes, but I'd be proper lardy for my Wednesday night date if I ate all four of them. And the words "fat" and "WAG" just don't go together. FACT. (Posh – boobs on a stick; Alex Curran – skinny; Colleen, my fave, the biggest and a size 10/12 like me, but at least she's blonde.) So basically I can't afford to push it. Gave two to Dad, one to Mum and ate the original glazed one. Still, it's the thought that counts. Malibu's definitely back in my good books.

11.35 P.M.

I was in bed wondering if Robbie really was a lying, cheating scumbag when my phone bleeped and it was a text from him! This coincidence was a sign, proving that he does NOT have a girlfriend.

He wrote: *Gagging 2 c u on Wednesday princess x*

I wrote back: *Can't wait 2 c u 2 gorgeous* ☺

11.45 P.M.

Can't sleep. Mum and Dad are arguing in that hiss they think we can't hear. It works up to a point, but every now and then they lose control and the odd word or phrase pops out.

Dad: "IT'S something, something, something, TO GO BEHIND MY BACK!"

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Mum: "Something, something WORRY something, something, something, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY."

Dad: "YOU'RE ONE TO something PREACH!"

Now Mum's crying.

Please don't break up again. At least not until I've bought a house and moved out.

Tuesday 24 June – 8.30 a.m.

Can't believe I ate that Krispy Kreme last night. Especially when I'm going out with Robbie tomorrow. And especially when I know that Fat Girl + Footballer = Impossibility. Doh! This is my chance to shop till I drop, get my own magazine column (like Alex) or my own TV programme (like Coleen) and I'm blowing it. Big time. So, no more thigh-bulging, bum-spreading doughnuts. Today is detox day, which means I will stick strictly to water, lettuce leaves and one apple.

(To the tune of "Rehab") *"Try to make me eat a Krispy and I'll say, 'No, no, no.'"*

6.25 p.m.

Malibu's a dark horse. Turns out she's going out with Gary Goldenballs tonight. And I only heard about it at work, when Blow-dry Sarah told me. (We'd gone on a coffee run.)

"Oi!" I hissed to Malibu when I got back. "When did Blow-dry become your news feed?"

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Allegedly the date was arranged at the last minute and Blow-dry only knew about it because she was covering Malibu's 5 p.m. pedicure so that Malibu could leave work early. Blow-dry is Malibu's lackey. But still, I'm her sister – she's supposed to tell me first!

Anyhoo. Looked for date outfits in my lunch break. And because of my generous godfather, I could actually afford to go into Warehouse and Oasis. ☺ Shopping helped take my mind off how starving I was too. How the hell do models live on lettuce leaves? They taste like crap (no matter how much salt you put on them).

I bought an LBD, a flowery maxi dress and some killer heels. And now I'm going to eat an apple. Yesss!

7 p.m.

OMG! Malibu's wearing high-waisted hot pants with a black vest and black-patent wedges for her date with Goldenballs. Before she left work Natasha topped up her spray tan, so she looks double, triple hot. She put on a French accent and said to me, "Monsieur Gary Johnson weell find me irreeseestible."

"Remember you've got to hold out," I reminded her.

"Of course. It's my bloody rule," she replied.

She's meeting him at the top of our road because she doesn't want Mum and Dad sticking their noses in.

I asked her why. Mum would love to know she's finally pulled a footballer.

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"Yeah, but she'll probably make it really obvious that it's her dream come true and scare him off. He's not in the bag yet… Plus Dad will just give him the eyes," she added, imitating the look Dad gives to boys when we first bring them home. The one that says, "Mess with my girl and I'll knock you into next week!" And we giggled.

"Good point," I told her.

When she was leaving, Dad said, "You can't go out like that!"

And Mum shouted at him, "Just bloody leave her alone," because she's still upset with Dad after their (secret) argument last night.

7.45 P.M.

Googled Robbie and zoomed in on a picture of him in his football kit. He has thighs like a Greek god! His birthday's on 3 November, which makes him a Scorpio – just like Leonardo DiCaprio. And there's no mention of a girlfriend. Yesss! Move over Leonardo, there's a new Scorpio in town.

7.51 P.M.

I'm depressed. Went on Robbie's Facebook page and it's full of blonde, skinny "friends" with pneumatic bazookas. Need to lose weight, pronto! ☹

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Wednesday 25 June – 2.30 a.m.

Malibu woke me up to boast about eating in a posh restaurant called Nobu.

She said Gary has a Bentley convertible and it's like riding around on a £120,000 sofa. One hundred and twenty grand!! That could buy me a flat!

"What car does Robbie drive?" she asked.

I shrugged, then moaned, "I was sleeping, you know."

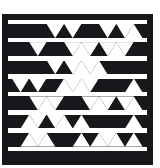
Now feel guilty about cutting her off in her prime, but think I'm still hurt that Blow-dry Sarah knew she was going out with Gary before me. 😐

Plus I'm bloody starving!! ☹

And I need beauty sleep for my big date tomorrow. (Can't believe I'm going out with an actual Premiership footballer!) ☺

Now I feel like this: ☺☹☺☹☺

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