

The geek is back!



$$\sqrt[n]{xy}$$

GEEK GIRL

がり勉

$$y = \frac{1}{1+x}$$



**MODEL
MISFIT**

**HOLLY
SMALE**



MODEL
MISFIT

HOLLY
SMALE



HarperCollins *Children's Books*

*For my sister, Tara.
In calm or stormy weather.*

fit adjective

1 Appropriate or suiting

2 Proper

3 Qualified and competent

4 Prepared

5 In good physical condition

NOUN

1 Fashionable clothing

2 An onset or period of emotion

COLLOQUIAL SLANG

1 To be really, really good looking

ORIGIN from the Old English *fitt*: 'conflict or struggle'.

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Acknowledgements

About the Author

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About the Publisher



My name is Harriet Manners, and I am a model.

I know I'm a model because:

1. It's Monday morning, and I'm wearing a gold tutu, a gold jacket, gold ballet pumps and gold earrings. My face is painted gold, and a long piece of gold wire has been wrapped around my head. This is not how I normally dress on Mondays.
2. I have a bodyguard. The earrings cost so much I'm not allowed to go to the toilet without a large man checking my earlobes afterwards to make sure I haven't accidentally flushed them.
3. I haven't been allowed to smile for two hours.
4. Every time I take a bite of doughnut to keep my strength up everybody breathes in sharply as if I've just bent down and given the floor a quick lick.
5. There's a large camera pointing at my face, and the man behind it keeps saying, "Oi, model," and clicking his fingers at me.

There are other clues – I'm pouting slightly, and making tiny movements every couple of seconds like a robot – but they're not necessarily conclusive. That's exactly how my father dances when a car advert comes on TV.

Anyway, the final reason I know I'm a model is:

6. I have become a creature of grace, elegance and style.

In fact, you could say I've really grown up since you last saw me.

Developed. *Blossomed*.

Not literally. I'm exactly the same size and shape as I was six months ago, and six months before that. As far as womanly curves go, much like the

netball captain at school, puberty is making no bones about picking me last.

No, I'm talking metaphorically. I simply woke up one day, and *BAM*: fashion and I were at one with each other. Working together, helping each other. Just like the crocodile and the little Egyptian plover bird that climbs into its mouth to pick bits of meat out of its teeth. Except obviously in a much more glamorous and less unhygienic way.

And I'm going to be totally honest with you: it's changed me. The geek is gone, and in her place is somebody glamorous. Popular. Cool.

A brand-new Harriet Manners.