

'You wouldn't eat that if you knew what was in it.' Lily tapped the label with a perfect pink fingernail.

I slapped the low-fat chocolate bar onto the counter angrily. Lily shook her braids, her skin glossy with organic good health.



It's all right for her. She can gorge on as much chocolate and full-fat food as she likes. My perfect body is under my skin somewhere, and I'll try to unearth it by any means available; even if I can't pronounce half the ingredients.

Lily and I go back a long way. It isn't her fault she's spoiled. She's always been gorgeous; she shatters the heart of anyone who falls for her, but they never hold it against her, poor fools.





My boyfriends are Lily's cast-offs.
I'm not bothered. There's no point;

*to reject an ex of Lily's
on principle would be to
veto half the boys in town.*

'Come on, Carla. The gym'll be packed.'
Lily swung her water bottle.

'Can't we give the gym a miss today?'



Lily's dedicated to a fitness regime beyond school PE, but that doesn't mean I have to be.

'I'm not coming.'

Fat chance. Within the hour we were slumped against the gym wall, queuing for the treadmill. At least I was slumped; drooping with sweaty exhaustion.

Lily couldn't slump if she tried. She didn't sweat either. She just leaned gracefully – damply glowing – idly stretching a calf muscle.