

HAPPY GIRL *Lucky*

HOLLY SMALE wanted to write from the age of five when she discovered that books didn't grow on trees like apples. Her passion for stories led her on a number of adventures, including modelling, teaching children in Japan, PR and backpacking across dozens of countries around the world. She has a degree in English literature and an MA in Shakespeare from Bristol University.

The Valentines series is the much anticipated follow-up to the number-one, internationally bestselling Geek Girl series, which sold over three million copies in thirty languages and won the Teen and Young Adult category of the Waterstones Children's Book Prize.

Happy Girl Lucky is the first in a brand-new series that follows the famous Valentine sisters.

This is Hope's story.

Follow Holly on Twitter and Instagram @holsmale.

Follow Geek Girl on Facebook/GeekGirlSeries.

Books by Holly Smale

The Valentines series in reading order:

HAPPY GIRL LUCKY

The Geek Girl series in reading order:

GEEK GIRL

MODEL MISFIT

PICTURE PERFECT

ALL THAT GLITTERS

HEAD OVER HEELS

FOREVER GEEK

Geek Girl novellas:

ALL WRAPPED UP

SUNNY SIDE UP



HAPPY
GIRL
Lucky

**HOLLY
SMALE**



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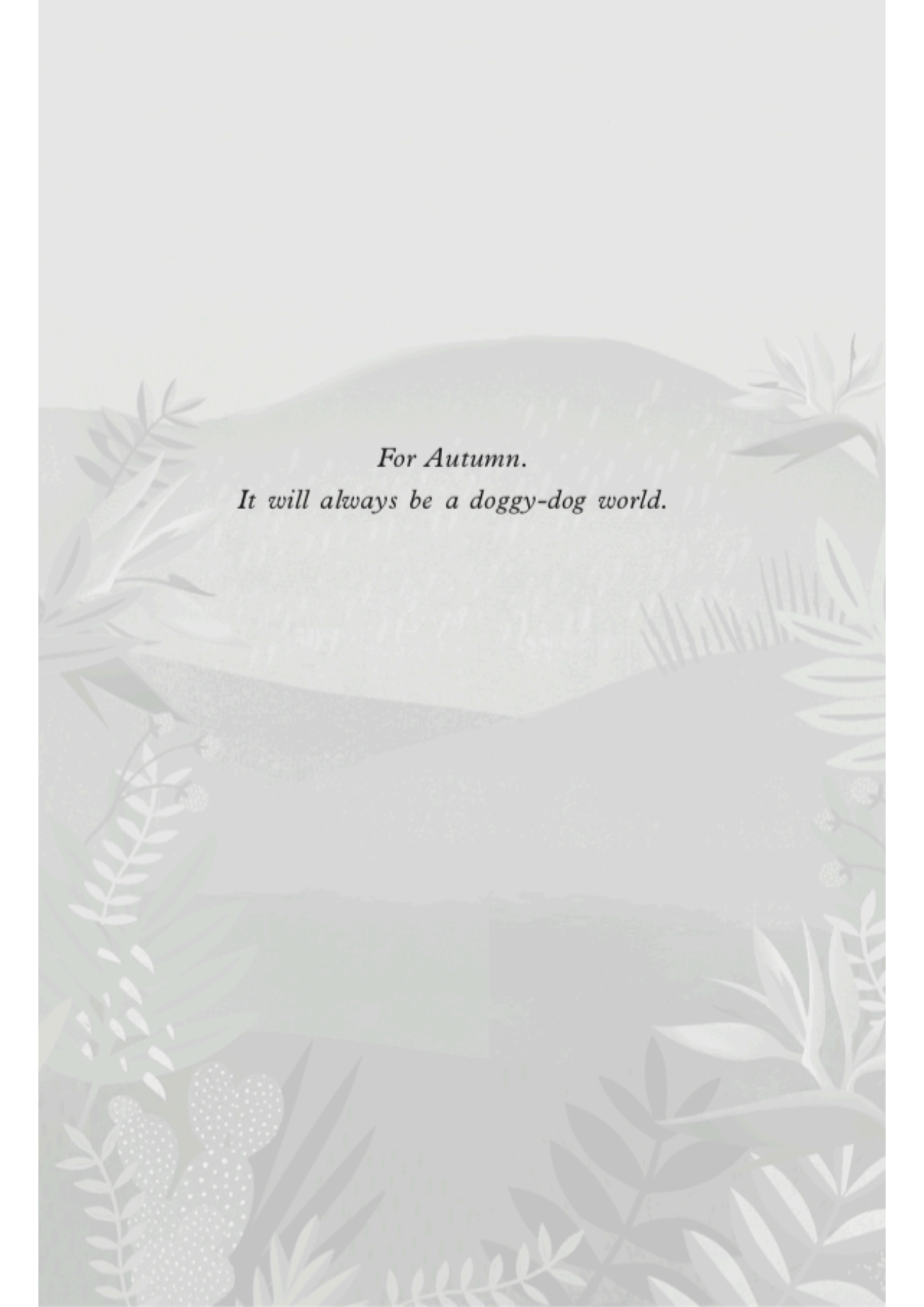
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*For Autumn.
It will always be a doggy-dog world.*



FADE IN: REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, A
SPRING MORNING

HOPE, fifteen, stands with her back to the sunshine, blue silk dress fluttering in the breeze. Her hair glistens, her posture is excellent and you can tell right away that she is the star of this film. In front of her is A HANDSOME BOY.

BOY

(entranced)

We've never met before,
but somehow it feels like we know
each other already.



HOPE

You feel instantly familiar to
me too.

BOY

(even more entranced)
Do you believe in fate,
beautiful stranger?

HOPE

(shyly)

Of course I do. Everything
happens for a reason.

BOY

Then . . . perhaps you are my
reason?

BOY holds out his hand. 'Teddy Bears'
Picnic' music starts playing.

HOPE

This is all happening so *BEEP*
fast . . .

BOY

And yet we've waited our whole
lives. Now *BEEP* take my hand
and together we will - *BEEP*
BEEP BEEP-BEEP-

BEEEEEEPPPPP

Blinking, I stare at the hand reaching towards me.

'You want toppings on this?' the BOY continues, yawning through his nostrils. 'We got chocolate sauce and chocolate sprinkles. Strawberry sauce and nuts, but that's extra. Or butterscotch sauce or toffee sauce. Chocolate flakes are extra too, so are toffee pieces and -'

I sigh. He's getting this script *all* wrong.

A few seconds ago, I was the romantic heroine poised to run away with my true soulmate - now I appear to be in a meeting with Willy Wonka's accountant. As usual, I *infinitely* prefer my version.

'Yes, please -' I smile sweetly as the car behind me starts beeping its horn again. 'Actually . . . never mind. Plain is just fine.'

'That's one pound thirty, then.'



Smiling harder so my dimples show, I hand the money across while gazing over the counter as intensely as possible, using all my advanced acting skills to communicate complex, award-winning emotions.

The BOY stares back. ‘You’re ten pence short.’

‘Whoops!’ My eyelashes must have been fluttering too fast to see properly. ‘Here you go.’

Our fingertips touch lightly and I stare at them, waiting for a flash of light, a few sparkles, maybe a bit of casual levitation. Up close, his fingernails have a thin line of black under each one, there are bright red spots marking his cheeks and his apron has melted chocolate smeared on it. Although I’m actually in black jeans and a neon cropped jumper – and it looks like it’s about to start raining – so reality isn’t exactly doing either of us a favour.

But there’s *definitely* Potential. I just need to harness this new cinematic direction – fast.

‘So,’ I say as the car horn starts blaring again, ‘what’s your star si—’

‘HOPE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE LOOKING FOR A



TOILET! DO YOU HAVE CONSTIPATION OR WHAT? GET IN THE CAR RIGHT NOW OR WE'RE GOING WITHOUT YOU!

OK, the word *toilet* is absolutely not going in my big opening scene; I am also editing out *constipation* immediately.

The BOY's eyes slide over my shoulder, then widen as he spots the huge luxury car parked behind me.

'Whoa,' he says, abruptly waking up. 'Is that—'

'Yep.' I take a step backwards. 'Thank you so much for this ice cream, kind stranger. I shall treasure it forever and ever, until it melts or gets eaten.'

Quickly – while he's still watching – I take my hair out of its tangled knot and give my black curls a quick, charming shake.

Then I glance adorably back over my shoulder.

HOPE

I'm afraid I must leave you here, but this moment will be engraved upon my heart for the rest of time.



‘Bye, then!’ I call brightly, waving.

BOY

Goodbye, my dream girl. I will
never serve ice cream in the
same way again.

Ice Cream Boy stares at me for a few seconds with a deep furrow between his eyebrows. ‘Bye?’

I feel an abrupt *whoosh* of pleasure.

Next time I visit, he’s going to recognise me and ask my name and declare his eternal love for me and *everything*.

This One is almost definitely The One.

‘HOPE, YOU TOTAL MUPPET!’ my sister screams helpfully. ‘GET OVER HERE RIGHT NOW!’

‘Coming!’ I call back.

Then – delighted with how the morning is going – I skip towards the car with the blue dress I’m not wearing fluttering behind me.

FADE OUT.