

Loose control



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Lily walked into the crowded café and was greeted by the warm smell of freshly baked bread. Mrs Austell always made the most delicious bread, not that she had eaten much of it lately. The mouth watering smell of Mrs Austell's home made loaf brought back bitter-sweet memories for Lily. Memories of when her life was happy. In control.

Lily walked over to the cashier and began to place her order.

" Can I have a bottle of mineral water and..." she stared longingly at the array of chocolate bars on display. If she was really good for the rest of the day... She shook the thought from her mind. Four hundred calories per bar, even if she was good for the rest of the day, it would still take ages to burn off.

"... um, yeah that's all thanks," she finally said as she handed the cashier the money and went over to sit at the circular wooden table by the window.

She had just started reading her favourite book when someone sat down next to her.

She looked up to see a girl with greasy, peroxide blonde hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. Her ears glittering with fake gold hoops and playboy studs.

" Awright orphan girl?" she asked, tauntingly.

" Leave me alone Olivia," answered Lily quietly.

She tried to concentrate on her book. It was one of her favourites, and although she knew it back-to-front, it was still completely engrossing. It had been a present from her aunt that Christmas when... She tried to hold back

her tears, but it was too late, a lump had formed in her throat. She didn't want to cry in front of Olivia, she was bad enough already.

Just as Lily began to feel the first mournful tears form, a voice called her above the chatter of the café.

Lily looked up to see Darcey striding through the cafe, her long fiery hair swishing behind her making her look as if she'd just stepped off the catwalk.

" Oh. My. Gosh!" said Darcey as she sat down.

" What?" asked Lily cheerfully, feigning a smile.

" I got the contract!"

" Huh?"

" I've signed with a model agency, Models one to be exact!" squealed Darcey.

" Damn