

#Selfie

By

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“I’ll call you back in a minute babes, I just need to blow dry my hair.”

She waited for Naomi, her current best friend, to put the phone down first and then hung up. She plugged in her playboy hairdryer and flicked the switch to the lowest strength. She walked over to the windowsill to get her hair extensions. Through the window, she saw her mum watering the garden. Danielle shook her head and tutted for no particular reason. It was probably because she believed watering a garden was a stupid idea, it was England; rain was always on its way. She gently lifted the extensions from her windowsill and laid them on her pink polka dot bed sheets. She picked up the hairdryer and began to blowdry the perfectly blond locks, the exact same colour as her perfectly kept hair.

The extensions were dry and she picked up her phone. She dialled the number in one swift move.

“Soz babes, didn’t wanna sound rude, d’you know what I mean?” She asked a question but didn’t give Naomi a chance to respond. “What you wearing tonight?” Danielle listened and rolled her eyes at the disapproval of whatever Naomi had chosen to wear. Danielle put Naomi on loudspeaker so she could get ready. She had her dress on. Topshop. £44.99, reduced from £100. She was happy. She told everyone it was £100 - she wasn’t lying. She pouted between words she shouted out at the phone as she layered on her lipstick. She checked the lippy from every mirror – all placed at strategic angles so as to not miss an inch of her well-maintained face. Her room stank of

blusher, moisturiser, foundation, face creams and perfume. *Jordan's Besotted*, £24.99. Naomi was in the middle of a sentence when Danielle's MSN popped up, she immediately interrupted.

"Oh my God! Dan's just Whatsapped me!"

"Shu'up! What does it say?" She threw herself across her room, knocking her homework off the bed. She read it with a big smile on her face.

"Oh my god, he's such a geek. He's been texting me all week!"

"God Danielle, he's so lush! What's he saying?"

"Just asking what I'm up to and stuff."

"You gonna write back?"

"No way! He's got to do better than that!" They shared a laugh. Then another notification popped up on Danielle's computer. "Oh my god he's just Facebooked me as well! What a stalker!"

"Yeah, you're right. What a freak! He needs to chill out a bit. He's all over you Danni. Don't talk to him anymore." Danielle went back to her make-up table to add the finishing touches.

"How is your face coming along?"

"I'm pretty much ready if you are." Danielle went over to her shoe rack to pull out her best pair of heels. She couldn't stand in them for very long, but

that didn't matter. She stood up and took one last look at herself. Even though her friends told her she looked beautiful all the time, she was still disappointed. She always would be, mainly because she didn't look like Cheryl Cole. She picked up her phone and her mum walked in, "Danni, dinner's ready."

"For God's sake mum don't you know how to knock? I'll be down in a minute."

"Are you going out Danni?"

"No. I'll be down in a minute." Her mum began to close the door slightly confused. Danielle huffed and said, "And knock next time."

"Why can't she learn to knock?" Danielle moaned.

"Parent's suck." Naomi agreed. "Ok, we ready?"

"Yeah, let's go." Danielle picked up her phone and stood in front of the barest part of her wall, mostly covered in pictures of her with her friends, or just her. She held up her phone, pouted, and took a picture. She instantly sent it to Naomi, who instantaneously sent her a picture in pretty much the same pose. Danielle analysed Naomi's pose.

"Do it again. Give it more pouting. If you want your Facebook profile pic to look the best, you have to show some lips. What do you think of mine?"

"You look hot babes. Upload it!"

“Thanks babes, I’m gonna do a few more, just to be sure and then I’m probs gonna go to bed.”