

**FAKETASTIC**

# The Style Snarks

DON'T GET DRESSED WITHOUT US!

## Party Fouls!

posted by avalon: tuesday, september 30, at 7:07 a.m.

If you were at the social event of the season on Saturday (thrown by yours truly), you probably already witnessed some of the public displays of *affliction* exhibited by a few of the questionably clad guests. But just in case you missed them (like that's possible), here's a quick rundown of the biggest NOs of the night:

1. **Heather "Pleather" Russell.** Sorry, Heddy, but you've been found guilty of raiding the Pussycat Dolls' closet. That shiny, tiny hiney-band belonged on your head, not your hips.
2. **Jenny "Fur-Ball" Morgan.** Please tell us that fuzzy collar was faux and you didn't actually do something desperate to the cute little chinchilla you brought in for show-and-tell at Muir Elementary. Either way, at least you'd have an alibi for the red marks you've been sporting on your neck ever since. We'd buy it. (The excuse, not the fur!)

**3. Tyla "Tutu Tutu Much" Walker.** Nice effort, sweetness, but we were hosting a fashion-themed fete, not auditions for *Swan Lake*.

Better luck next time, girls.

Word to your closet,  
*Halley Brandon*

Shop on,  
*Avalon Greene*

PS: Yes, the rumors are true: No matter what went down between us at the party, Halvalon is back and better than ever. YAY! ☺

PPS: Big props to you for finding the new home of Seaview Middle School's most worshipped column ever—where disqualification from the *Daily* competition for being überfierce obviously just made us hotter (and fiercer)!

## COMMENTS (59)

Yippeee! I knew you wouldn't stay broken up 4ever. This blog RULES! (And great party, btw. Did U like my dress???) Please say YES!

posted by [realtease](#) on 9/30 at 7:23 a.m.

OMG. Seriously? I would never forgive someone who outed my crush. Halley, U R way 2 nice. I'll B waiting 4 U 2 kick Avalon back 2 the curb. Go, Team Halley!

posted by [tuffprincess](#) on 9/30 at 7:26 a.m.

Got 2 agree with tuffprincess. I'm not sure I believe you 2 made up, anyway. I mean, what Avalon did was totally un4givable.

**posted by madameprez on 9/30 at 7:29 a.m.**

Fierce-o-rama! The only thing hotter than this column was that crazy video of Avalon's gymnastics performance. Cannot believe how her boobs were jiggling to the Dead Romeos song. HILARIOUS! Glad to see U can laugh it off, Av. That's so, um, BIG of you. xoxoxo

**posted by superstyleme on 9/30 at 7:34 a.m.**

Well, I liked Tyla's tutu! But good call on the pleather and the fur-ball. (And FYI, Jenny's neck was courtesy of Jordan Campbell. The dude is a total vampiromaniac neck-mauler. Seriously. BTDT! :-O)

**posted by luv2gossip on 9/30 at 7:46 a.m.**

This blog sucks. For real reporting, check out the actual WINNERS of the *Daily* competition: Margie and Olive. Click [here](#) for their stupendous Disease of the Day column!

**posted by dissect\_this on 9/30 at 7:59 a.m.**

## *BFFs are the new black*

“Isn’t it amazing?” Avalon Greene breezed up behind Halley Brandon and gave her best friend’s shoulders an affectionate squeeze.

The girls’ golden retriever mix, Pucci—named after their moms’ favorite designer—followed Avalon into the room and leapt onto Halley’s boho-fabulous bedspread, where she began slobbering all over her new Chewy Vuiton squeak-purse.

“Amazing times infinity!” Halley’s clear blue eyes sparkled as she swiveled her white egg-shaped desk chair away from their brand-new Style Snarks home page and grinned up at Avalon. Their first post since breaking free from Seaview Middle School’s cyberzine, the *SMS.com Daily*, shimmered gold and pink from the screen of Halley’s iMac.

“Take *that*, Miss Frey!” Avalon scoffed, grabbing Halley’s hands and pulling her up from her chair.

“And *that*, *Daily-dot-lame* competition!” Halley giggled.

The girls bounced up and down as Madonna’s “Material Girl” began playing through the computer speakers. Halley picked up the remote and cranked the volume as she and Avalon launched into a dance routine that predated Avalon’s recent move from the gymnastics team to the cheerleading squad. Pucci barked and chased them around the room until a sound barrier-defying screech stopped the girls in mid-kick-ball change.

“OH. MY. *GOD!*” Halley’s older brother, Tyler, squealed. The pale high school sophomore stood in Halley’s doorway, clutching the sides of his face with his hands.

“Hey, Tyler,” Halley said patiently. She tilted her head and smirked, totally unfazed by his glass-shattering volume. “What’s up?”

“I thought we were having an earthquake!” Tyler bulged out his eyes and shook his head in mock horror so that his wavy dark hair flopped around his lightly freckled face. “But it was just Halvalon: The Reunion Tour.” Tyler put his hand on his hip and contorted his face into an exaggerated perky smile.

“Uh, you think *that* was scary?” Avalon replied tersely, about to comment on Tyler’s golfer-gone-wrong ensemble. But then she remembered how helpful Tyler had been with setting up the Style Snarks site the previous night and made an abrupt detour.

“What’s really scary is how *hot* you look today. I almost didn’t recognize you. That shirt is, like, full-on *adorkable!*” Avalon grinned. It wasn’t a complete lie. The sky blue polo matched Tyler’s eyes almost exactly and, combined with the faded green cargo shorts and white Chuck Taylor low-tops, did achieve a sort of geek-chic *je ne sais quoi*.

“This old thing?” Tyler locked eyes with Avalon, strutted toward Halley’s bed, and then pivoted, supermodel style. “I was thinking of you when I threw it on, Avvy,” he added in a breathy voice. “*Ciao!*” And with a flamboyant wave, he was gone.

“Dude.” Halley giggled and shook her head. “Could my brother be more of a spaz?”

“Seriously.” Avalon grimaced as she pushed a sheath of long, pale hair behind her shoulder. “You are so lucky it’s not genetic.”

“Yeah, except he’s pretty awesome when he uses his supergeek powers for the greater good,” Halley noted as she walked over to her desk and sat down at her computer. “I mean, dork or not, Ty definitely delivered last night.”

“True.” Avalon followed Halley to the desk so she could take a closer look at their shiny new blog for at least the hundredth time since they’d created it.

It really was beyond gorgeous. The idea for the website had come to Avalon in a moment of extreme inspiration right before bed. She’d immediately thrown on her pink Bare-

foot Dreams robe and cozy Ugg slippers, raced through the gate separating her family's backyard from Halley's, and gone straight up to her best friend's room. Minutes after gleefully telling Halley her concept, Avalon had registered the domain name and gotten down to business, with Tyler helping out on the technical end. But as much as Avalon and Tyler had contributed, it was the picture Halley had sketched of both girls looking adorably horrified as they tossed ugly outfits into Pucci's eager, drooling mouth that made the site spectacular. It was perfect. No, it was better than perfect. It was snarktacular.

"I am *so* in love with the logo!" Avalon clasped her hands to her heart excitedly. She was convinced Style Snarks would be the talk of Seaview Middle School, if not the entire town of La Jolla and city of San Diego. Maybe they'd even become international sensations, known for their ferocious-but-fair fashion assessments! "Thank *God* you took that graphic design course at art camp."

"I knew it would come in handy." Halley smiled at her best friend.

"You were right—for a change." Avalon giggled. "Seriously, this blog is already *so* much better than our competition column, isn't it?"

"Absolutely." Halley nodded reassuringly and twisted a lock of her long, wavy dark hair around an index finger. "This might just be your best idea *ever*."

Avalon wrinkled her nose and shivered with anticipation. It had been weeks since she'd felt this happy. But now it seemed all the awful things that had happened since Halley got back from art camp had just made Halvalon stronger than ever. The moment Avalon had seen Halley's mod-alicious ensemble this morning—a white peasant top under a black velvet vest with skintight Seven jeans and haute-pink-patent wedges—she'd been convinced her best friend was really back this time. All the weirdness that had threatened to destroy eighth grade was so completely last weekend.

“Ooooh, comments!” Halley announced after she turned back to the iMac and refreshed the page.

A giddy smile played across Avalon's face as she leaned over Halley's shoulder to read the responses to their debut post. She was expecting the enthusiasm of the first commenter to sweep across their readership. But with each word she read, she could feel more color draining from her face. The early feedback could not have been more anti-Avalon! A lump rose in her throat and she tried to cough it back down, just as Halley gasped audibly. They both laughed awkwardly to hide their simultaneous shock.

“Wow!” Avalon feigned delight while tugging at a lock of golden hair. “Looks like Team Halley found the site.”

“What do you mean?” Halley turned and looked up, all wide-eyed innocence.

“What do you *think* I mean?” Avalon tried not to snap

at her best friend, but it was too late. She mashed her glossy lips together and then jumped onto Halley's bed to cuddle with Pucci. "You should *kick me to the curb* for outing your crush? The *hilarious* video of my gymnastics routine?"

"Dude." Halley rolled her eyes. "You had, like, fifty Avalon Teamsters cheering you on at school yesterday . . . *and* buying you lunch . . . *and* bringing you three different kinds of smoothies after cheer practice."

Avalon had to smile at that. Her supporters—led by pep squad captain Brianna Cho—had seriously rallied behind her. And Avalon couldn't help but feel sorry for her best friend when Team Halley's tragic attempt at support was blasting cheesy love songs in the middle of the quad. Halley must have been more embarrassed by hearing Christina Aguilera's "Beautiful" at lunch than she'd been by Avalon's impromptu performance of the song—slightly modified with Halley's crush-revealing lyrics—on Saturday night.

But now Avalon was worried. What if all their readers rallied around Halley? What if people thought Avalon was the villain, no matter how back on track she and Halley were? What if Team Avalon never found Style Snarks, or worse: What if they'd *disbanded*?

"Come on! Don't let it bum you out." Halley frowned emphatically. "This is exactly why creating our new blog is so important."

“Remind me of *exactly* why, again?” Avalon pouted as she rubbed Pucci’s belly.

“Because now the whole school will see how recommitted we are to each other,” Halley insisted, “and that we’ve united to save the school—one fashion disaster at a time!”

Avalon ran her fingers along Pucci’s swirly orange and brown scarf, which complemented her own silky beige and tangerine-hued tank perfectly, and tilted her head in deep thought.

“Seriously!” Halley walked over to the bed to join Avalon and Pucci in a group hug. “Thanks to Style Snarks, *everyone* is going to be back on the same team: Team Halvalon for life! And it’s all thanks to *you* for suggesting we start a blog.”

Avalon finally returned her best friend’s smile. Of course Halley was right. They’d always been unstoppable when they worked together. And now that they were reunited, nothing could get in the way of making eighth grade the best year of their lives.

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Faketastic

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