

Jeff Gottesfeld



Little
Miss
Miss



MEET THE



Jordi

Age: 12 (looks 25)

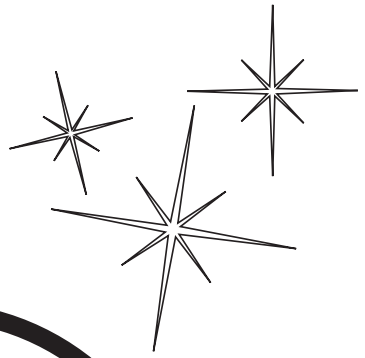
Special Skill: can spot an uneven spray tan from six blocks away

Best Sport: shopping

Future Goal: to be a TV spokesmodel

Best Quality: does what her mother says

CHARACTERS



Tracy

Age: 12 (looks 13)

Favorite Dinner: pork chops, green bean casserole, and ice-cold applesauce

Secret Wish: to spend a year in Spain

Future Goal: to be a high school PE teacher

Best Quality: is respectful of her parents

NEVER SAY NEVER

Tracy sighed as she walked into day camp. It was mid-June. School had ended two days before. She'd just finished sixth grade. She had been going to this camp every summer since she was seven years old. Her best bud Liza went there too.



After five years, the camp felt old. She knew the games. She knew the songs. She knew the staff. She knew how other kids went on big trips in the summer.



“I’ll never go on a big trip,” she said to herself. “We’re too poor.”

Tracy loved her parents. Her mom worked at a clinic. Her father helped people make gardens. They had good values. But they did not earn much money.

Liza was waiting for her by the handball wall. “Ready for summer?”

Tracy looked at Liza. She was small for her age. Her family had money. Her mom

was a doctor. But they still sent Liza to day camp. The idea was to teach her that she was no better than anyone else. It had worked. Liza was the nicest person Tracy had ever met. Everyone liked Liza.

“Ready as I’ll ever be,” Tracy joked.

“There’s a cool new girl on staff,” Liza told her. “Her name is Ashley. She’s doing waters sports. She was Miss All-State. But she isn’t stuck-up. Not at all.”

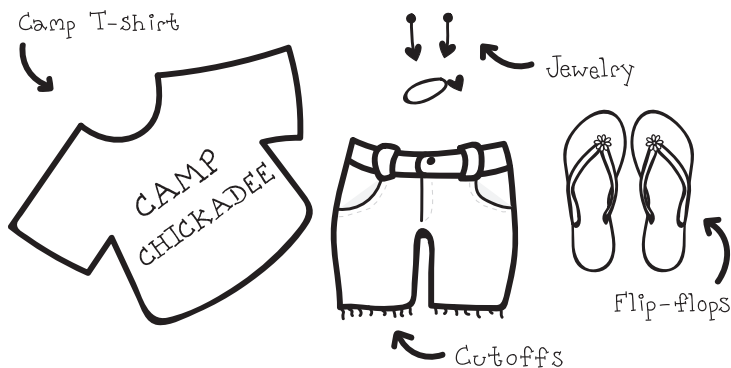


Tracy sniffed. Miss All-State was a big pageant. “How do you know it’s true?”

“She told me.”

“Maybe she’s making it up.”

Liza laughed. “Nah. I looked her up on my phone. Hey. There she is.” She waved to a tall blonde girl in cutoffs and a camp T-shirt. “Yo, Ashley! Come meet Tracy!”



Ashley trotted over. She was pretty, with a long neck and a warm smile. “Hey, Liza.” She stuck her hand out to Tracy. “I’m Ashley. And you’re ...”

“Tracy. Tracy Jones.”

Ashley shook her hand. “Liza said you guys come here every summer. I’ll try to make it feel new.”

“Is it true you won Miss All-State?” Tracy really wanted to know.

“That’s a big y-e-s,” Ashley said with a nod. “They pay for the winner’s college. How come? You thinking about entering? I mean, in about five years.”

*Charge it to the
All-State Pageant!*



Tracy shook her head. “It’s not for me. Pageants are lame.”

“Too bad. There’s Little Miss Miss here

in two weeks. It's for twelve-year-olds. They want to find a cool girl role model. Okay prizes too. I was asked to judge it. But I don't have time."

"What kind of prizes?" Tracy asked.

"The winner goes to Washington, D.C., with her family. Something like that." Ashley's cell sounded with a text. She checked it. "Gotta run. See you at the pool. Nice to meet you, Tracy." Ashley trotted away.



Tracy had a bad cell phone. But Liza had a good one.

“Can I use your cell?” Tracy asked.

“Sure.” Liza gave it to her. “Want to post a status?”

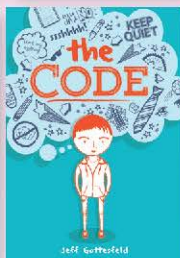
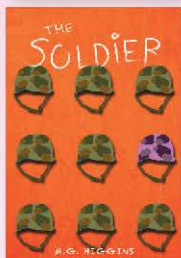
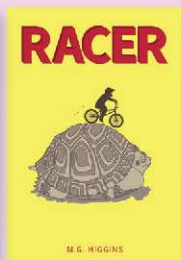
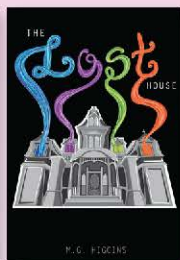
Tracy shook her head. She was starting to get an idea. “Nope. I want to look up this Little Miss Miss thing.”

“What?!” Liza’s jaw opened wide. “You’re not a pageant girl. You’d never do that.”

Tracy turned to her friend. “Liza, my bestie? Never say never.”



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Little Miss Miss

My Jordi will win this pageant. There is no other option. I will stop at nothing.




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