

The Secret

By Graeme Miller 7S

Luke, with his body-guard close behind him, strutted into the airport. At his side was his clothing designer. Luke was one of the world's most famous male models. His body-guard fended off the obsessed fans as they walked through the automatic doors of the Paris airport like bits of food falling into an open mouth. Luke and his designer, Richard, were talking together about how they could make even more money and become even more famous.

In the airport, they went to the check-in desk. They got their tickets and dropped off their bags before going to the lounge. The number of fans behind them had decreased now, and they were early for their flight so they waited quietly on their own and had a drink from the bar. Richard was feeling a little worried about Luke. He hadn't been his normal self lately. After a while, their flight was called and they got on the plane.

Luke and Richard had seats in first class and as they sat down, Richard ordered a bottle of champagne. He poured a glass and handed it to Luke. Luke took it without looking away from his book. He took a long drink from the glass, and then finally looked up from his novel. He turned to Richard.

"Who am I?" he asked.

"You're the world famous male model, Luke Ricardo, aren't you?!" exclaimed Richard.

Luke stared at Richard for a minute, then reached into his bag and pulled out a packet of cigarettes.

"Want one?" he asked, taking another huge gulp of champagne.

"No, thank you," Richard replied. Luke lit a cigarette for himself. Moments later, an alarm went off, and they were surrounded by staff. Without a word, one of them grabbed the pack of cigarettes and walked away. Luke was now feeling a bit drunk, and after having had three

glasses of champagne, he wasn't quite sure what had happened. He turned to Richard, who was looking quite shocked, and asked,

"Want to hear a secret?"

"Sure," Richard replied slowly.

Luke looked around to see if anyone was listening, and said in a whisper, "I'm a woman."

Richard started at him in confusion. Luke looked around again, and then with a sudden tug, pulled off his hair. He was wearing a wig! The long wavy hair underneath was let free. He was a girl. Richard looked at Luke like he had just seen a ghost. He couldn't believe it. He had just heard the secret that could change his life forever...not to mention Luke's, or whatever his real name was.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Lucy," Luke replied.

Richard now knew that he could blackmail him, or her, in any way he wanted. He had power.

In the morning the next day, Lucy woke up to a knock at the door of her hotel room. She got out of bed and found Richard there, waiting. Without even a 'hello' he told her that if she didn't pay him ten million Euros, he would reveal her secret to the world.

"No one saw you on the plane, but if I tell them, it will ruin your career!" Richard exclaimed with an evil laugh.

Before Lucy could say a word, the door was slammed in her face and she was left alone in her room. She now remembered what she had done the night before. She needed help, and the only person who wasn't trying to suck money out of her was her mom.

She dialed the number on the hotel phone in Spain, and in a small apartment somewhere in Paris, her mother picked up.

“Hello?” she answered.

“Hi Mom,” Lucy began. “I need your help.”

“What’s happened, honey?” asked her mother.

“If I don’t pay a huge sum of money to Richard, he’ll reveal my secret,” cried Lucy.

“Well,” her mother said after what seemed like an hour. “What’s wrong with the real you? Why don’t you do your next show as yourself – Lucy? People will still love you!”

After a while, Lucy realized that it was her only option. “Alright,” she said. “It’s worth a shot.”

At Lucy’s fashion show that afternoon, she did it as Lucy, not Luke. Wearing Richard’s clothes as a woman shocked some people, especially Richard. As she came off stage, he was waiting for her.

“I guess you win. You don’t have to pay me,” he said.

“I think I’ve learned a lesson in all this,” said Lucy thoughtfully. “I’ve got to choose my friends more carefully.”

The End