

Mr Barr's eyes swept around the classroom and rested on me. Which I thought was a bit of a cheek. I make everybody welcome. I'm a very nice girl. Ask anybody. Well, maybe not anybody ... but ask my best friend, Indira.

"Now, take a seat over there, Mimi," Mr Barr said. "Beside Chantelle and Indira."

So Mimi starts to walk up to her desk. Well, not exactly "walk". Maybe "waddle" would be a better word. Then, she tripped over something – I think it might have been her own feet – and she fell flat on her face.

That Carrie Cox and her gang all started to laugh. And poor Mimi's face went brick red.

Well, I hate bullying of any kind, and I can't stand Carrie Cox. So I held out my hand to Mimi and I helped her to her feet.

Then I gave Cox one of my famous Chantelle glares. I was letting her know that from now on Mimi was under my wing, and she'd better not mess with her.

See what I mean about being nice!

Mimi was so grateful. She looked up at me and grinned. Unfortunately, she still had some bits of her breakfast cornflakes stuck in her teeth. Not a pretty sight. "Thank you very much," she said. Well, not exactly "said"; maybe "mumbled" would be a better word.

"It's my pleasure, Mimi," I said, and I flashed a smile at Mr Barr as if to say ... see, I am making the new girl welcome, just like you asked. He didn't smile back.

I don't think he's forgiven me for coming to school with a white streak through my hair. I mean, it wasn't permanent or anything. It's just that I like to be different. That's why I wear the school uniform, my way, and my hair, my way. The Chantelle way. It's shoulder length, but I sweep it up at the back and backcomb it at the front. It's really different.

The first time I came into school with my hair like that, Mr Barr said he thought I'd had an electric shock. Cheeky so-and-so. That's another reason me and him don't get on.

But I was going to show him the kind of girl Chantelle Morgan was. I leaned across to Indira and I whispered. "This girl needs help, Indira. And we are the very girls to help her. She is going to be our project."

I was going to live to regret that.

