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Pretties pdf scott westerfeld

Summary Beautiful. Popular. Perfect. Perfectly wrong. Tally has finally turned out beautifully. Now her looks are beyond perfect. her clothes are amazing, her boyfriend is totally hot, and she is totally popular. It's all she ever wanted. But beneath all the fun -- the non-stop partying, the high-tech luxury, the total freedom -- is a nagging sense that something is wrong. Something important. Then comes a message from Tally's ugly past. Reading, Tally remembers what's wrong with beautiful life, and the fun stops cold. Now she has to choose between fighting to forget what she knows and fighting for her life -- because the authorities have no intention of letting anyone with this information survive. First chapter of Fragment Excerpt of Pretties CRIMINAL Getting Dressed was always the hardest part of the afternoon. The invitation to Valentino Mansion said semi-formal, but it was the semi-part that was tricky. As a night without party, semi opened up too many possibilities. Bad enough for boys, for whom it could mean jacket and tie (skipping the tie with certain types of collars), or all white and shirt sleeves (but only on summer afternoons), or some long jackets, vests, tailcoats, kilts, or really nice sweaters. For girls, though, the definition just exploded, as definitions usually did here in New Pretty Town. Tally almost preferred formal white-tie or black-tie parties. The clothes were less comfortable and the parties didn't like it until everyone got drunk, but at least you didn't have to think so hard about getting dressed. Semiformal, semi-formal, she said, her eyes floating over the expanse of her open closet, the carousel stuttering back and forth as it tried to keep up with Tally's random eye-catching clicks, setting clothes waving on their pendants. yes, semi was definitely a fake word. Is it even a word? Tally asked out loud. Semi? It felt strange in her mouth, which was dry like cotton due to last night. Only half of one, the room said, probably think it was smart. Numbers, Tally muttered. She slumped back on her bed and stared at the ceiling, feeling that the room was a bit threatening to turn. It didn't seem fair, to get worked up more than half a word. Let it go away, she said. The room misunderstood, and slid closed the wall over her closet. Tally didn't have the strength to explain that she really meant her hangover, which was stretched out in her head like an overweight cat, sullen and squishy and intransigent to recede. Last night she and Peris went ice skating with a bunch of other Crims, to try out the new ice rink above the Nefertiti Stadium. The ice sheet, held aloft by a grid of hitchhiker's, was thin enough to look through, and was kept transparent by a horde of little Zambonies darting among the skaters like nervous water bugs. The fireworks in the stadium below it made it glow like a kind of schizoid stained glass that changed colors every few seconds. They all had to wear bungee jackets in case anyone. Someone. By. No one ever did, of course, but the thought that at any moment the world could fall away with a sudden crack kept Tally drinking a lot of champagne. Zane, who was pretty much the leader of the Crims, got bored and tipped an entire bottle on the ice. He said alcohol was lower than water, so it could send someone tumbling into the fireworks. But he didn't pour out enough to save Tally's head this morning. The room made the special noise which meant that another crim was calling. Hey. Hey. Tally. Shay-ia! Tally struggled on one elbow. I need help! The party? I know. I know. What about semi-formal? Shay laughed. Tally-wa, you're so missing. Didn't you get the ping? What ping? It went out hours ago. Tally looked at her interface ring, still on her bedside table. She never wore it at night, an old habit of when she had been an ugly one, sneaking around all the time. It sat there gently pulsating, still muted for sleep time. Oh, I just woke up. Now forget semi everything. They turned the bash into fancy dress. We have to come up with costumes! Tally checked the time: just before 5:00 p.m. What, in three hours? Yes, I know. I'm everywhere with mine. It's so bad. Can I come down? Please. In five? Sure. Bring breakfast. See you later. Tally had her head fall back on the pillow. The bed was spinning like a hoverboard now, the day just started and already wiping out. She slipped on her interface ring and listened angrily as the ping played, saying that no one would be admitted tonight without a real bubbly costume. Three hours to come up with something decent, and everyone had a huge head start. Sometimes it felt like a real criminal was much, much simpler. Shay had breakfast in tow: lobster omelettes, toast, hash browns, corn fritters, grapes, chocolate muffins and Bloodies -- more food than a whole pack of calorie purifiers could erase. The overloaded tray shivered in the air, the hitchhikers trembling like a little arriving at school, first day ever. Shay? Are we going like blimps or something? Shay giggled. No, but you sounded bad. And you have to be bubbly tonight. All the Crims are coming to vote for you. Great, bubbles. Tally sighed and relieved the tray of a Bloody Mary. She frowned at the first sip. Not salty enough. No problem, said Shay, scraping out the caviar decorating an omelette and stirring in. Ew, fishy! Caviar is fine with everything. Shay took another spoon and put it right in her mouth, closing her eyes to chew the little fish eggs. She twisted her ring to start some music. Tally swallowed and drank more Bloody, which stopped at least the room of spinning. The chocolate muffins started to smell good. Then she moved on to the hash browns. Then the omelette; she could even try the caviar. Breakfast was the meal when Tally most felt like she had to make it for the time she'd lost in the wild. A binge made her feel in control, as if a storm of city-ready flavors could erase the months of stews and SpagBol. The music was new and made her heart beat faster. Thank you, Shay-ia. You're all life-saving. No problem, Tally-wa. Where were you last night anyway? Shay just smiled, like she'd done something bad. What? New boy? Shay shook her head. Punched in her eyes. You're not back at 100,000, are you? Tally asked and Shay giggled. That's what you did. You can't do that more than once a week. Can you go missing any more? It's okay, Tally-wa. Just local. Where? Shay's face looked no different. Was the surgery hidden under her pajamas? Look closer. Shay's long eyelashes fluttered again. Tally leaned forward, staring into the perfect copper eyes, wide and speckled with jewel fabric, and her heart beat even faster. A month after coming to New Pretty Town, Tally was still impressed with other pretties' eyes. They were so huge and welcoming, bright with interest. Shay's lush pupils seemed to mutter, I listen to you. You fascinate me. They confined the world to just Tally, all alone in the look of Shay's attention. It was even weirder with Shay, because Tally had known her in ugly days before the surgery had made her this way. Closer. Tally took a steady breath, the room spinning again, but in a good way. She gestured in front of the windows to transpar a little more, and in the sunlight she saw the new additions. Ooh, make it beautiful. Bolder than any other implanted glitter, twelve small rubies ringed each of Shay's pupils, glowing soft red against emerald irises. Bubbles, huh? Yes. But hang on.... are the lower left? Tally looked louder. A jewel in each eye seemed to flicker, a small white candle in the coppery depths. It's five o'clock! Shay said. Do you get it? It took Tally a second to remember how to read the large bell tower in the center of town. But that's seven. Wouldn't it be five o'clock? Shay snorted. They're running counterclockwise, stupid. I mean, so boring otherwise. A smile bubbled up in Tally. So wait. Do you have any jewelry in your eyes? And they tell the time? And they're going backwards? Isn't that one thing too much, Shay? Tally immediately regretted what she had said. The expression that clouded Shay's face was tragic, which makes the appearance of a moment rather sucking away. She looked over crying except without swollen eyes or a red nose. New wave was always a delicate subject, like a new hairstyle, almost. You hate them, Shay gently accused. Of course I don't. Like I said, make it all beautiful. Really? Very. And it's good that they're going backwards. Shay's smile returned, and Tally breathed a sigh of relief, still not believing himself. It was the kind of mistake that only made brand new pretties, and she had the more than a month ago. Why did she still say false things? If she made such a comment tonight, one of the Crims could vote against her. Only one veto was needed to you're out. And then she'd be alone, almost like you're running away again. Shay said, Maybe we should go as clock towers tonight, in honor of my new eyeballs. Tally laughed, knowing that the silly joke meant she was forgiven. She and Shay had been through a lot together. Have you spoken to Peris and Fausto? Shay nodded. They told us all to dress criminally. They already have an idea, but it's classified. That's so fake. Like they were such bad guys. All they ever did in the ugly days was sneak out and maybe cross the river a few times. They didn't even make it to the Smoke. The song ended just that level, and Tally's last word fell into sudden silence. She tried to figure out what to say, but the conversation disappeared like fireworks in a dark sky. The next song seemed to take a long time to begin with. When that happened, she was relieved and said, Crim costumes should be easy, Shay-ia. We're the two biggest criminals in town. 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