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Just Like Trisha



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Chapter One

Rich and Famous

People say that animals often look like, and sometimes even *are* like, their owners. This is certainly the case of Trisha Hunter and her dog.

Trisha, a beautiful young fashion model, with long blonde hair and blue eyes, is the owner of a dog called Octavia. Trisha is tall and slim and her face is delicate and refined. Just like Trisha, Octavia is very beautiful. She is a very small, delicate Yorkshire Terrier.

Trisha always looks perfect. She never goes out if she is not wearing nice clothes and make-up. Just like Trisha, Octavia never goes out if she is not wearing a pretty coloured ribbon in her hair.

Trisha and Octavia live an easy life. They live in a large flat in Chelsea. The furniture is very modern – and very expensive. There is always a bottle of French champagne in the fridge and Octavia only eats the best kind of fresh meat.

Trisha is not a very friendly person. She does not smile very much. She is a sort of princess. In fact, she only speaks to rich and famous people. Just like

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Trisha, Octavia is a sort of princess. She does not play with ordinary dogs in the street. Octavia only plays with beautiful pedigree dogs.

All the people who live in Trisha's building are famous like herself. For example, the man next door is Bruce Templar, the famous actor in the television serial *Actioncar*. Donna Stack, the rock star, lives in the flat upstairs and Terry Eagon, the disc jockey, lives in the basement. Trisha likes these people very much because they are rich and famous. They also have beautiful dogs. Octavia often plays with them.

However, there is one person in the building that Trisha does not like. That person is Den Harris. He lives in the flat below hers. Den is an electrician. Trisha thinks he is very vulgar. 'He is always having noisy parties,' Trisha thinks. 'I need my beauty sleep. I don't want to hear loud music until three o'clock in the morning. And that horrible, dirty dog of his! He's always disturbing Octavia! I must speak to the landlord about him!'

Apart from Den Harris, Trisha has no other problems in life. She and Octavia both have everything they want. If for some reason Trisha wants something she cannot have, she does not speak to anyone until she gets what she wants. Octavia is no different. She barks and barks until she has her own way. At the moment, for example, life with Trisha is rather difficult because of Janet Hepburn. Janet is

Trisha's best friend. (Or rather Janet *thinks* Trisha is her best friend.) Janet's new boyfriend is a man called Joe Richards. Trisha is in love with Joe. (Or rather she *thinks* she loves him. Trisha does not really know him at all!) Joe is very good-looking, tall and dark with green eyes. He is a writer. Of course, he is rich and famous too.

Janet is a nice, ordinary girl. She is Joe's secretary. She is very kind and friendly. Janet is not very pretty and cannot spend a lot of money on clothes. For Trisha, the most important thing for a woman is to be beautiful. She never eats sweets or chocolate; she does not want to get fat. Every day she does some sport and her favourite hobbies are going to the hairdresser's and shopping for new clothes and make-up.

'Joe is going to fall in love with me,' she thinks. 'No man can possibly love Janet Hepburn! She's too fat, her hair's a mess and her clothes are terrible. Anyway, how can a famous writer like Joe possibly marry someone like her!'

She begins to think of a plan of action.

'Come on Octavia,' Trisha says. 'We're going out for a walk.'

Trisha does not like walking. She likes young men to drive her around town in nice cars. She also likes people to look at her and say: 'Look at that beautiful woman!' Just like Trisha, Octavia does not walk



much either. She is too delicate. She always wants her owner to carry her. She likes travelling around the elegant streets of London in a pink basket. She loves people to stop and say, 'What a pretty dog!' or 'Aaaah, isn't she sweet?' However, Trisha and Octavia must not get fat, so today they are going to walk.

It is a warm summer's day and Octavia is not in her basket. She is walking along King's Road with her owner. Together they are the most elegant couple in town. Trisha is wearing pale blue jeans and a shirt of the same colour. Her long blonde hair is gold in the sunshine. Octavia is walking beside her. There is a blue ribbon in her hair. In the street, businessmen and office boys, yuppies and shop assistants, workmen and taxi-drivers, all stop and look at Trisha in admiration. Women look at her too, but with envy.

As she walks, Trisha thinks of ways of taking Joe from Janet. 'Joe is going to be at Donna Stack's party on Saturday,' she thinks. 'I am going to wear my black mini dress - or shall I wear my red one? No, I think I'm going to buy something new. I'm going to go to the hairdresser's tomorrow. Manolo, the hairdresser, can make my hair blonder. Joe is not going to be able to resist me!'

Suddenly, Octavia begins to bark loudly.

'Woof, woof, woof!' she barks.

'Octavia, stop it!' Trisha says.



The dog does not listen and begins to run!

'Octavia, stop . . .' Trisha shouts. Octavia runs faster and faster. Trisha's shoes have high heels, so it is difficult for her to run. Octavia pulls away from Trisha. She lets go of Octavia's lead.

'Octavia, come back at once,' Trisha cries. But Octavia is not listening. She is with a friend. Octavia is busy licking the face of a very large, untidy black dog. Trisha knows the dog. It is Den's dog, Fred.

Trisha runs towards the two dogs.

'Go away you dirty dog!' Trisha says angrily. 'Octavia, darling, come to Mummy.' She picks Octavia up.

'Are you having problems?' Den says.

'Yes!' Trisha replies. 'Please keep that horrible dog of yours away from my Octavia.'

'Look, Fred was sitting here quietly waiting for me,' Den replies. 'It was your dog who ran to him.'

'That's not true. Octavia only mixes with pedigree dogs like herself,' Trisha says.

Den does not answer.

'Come on Fred,' Den says. He pulls his dog away. 'She's just a stupid snob. There are plenty of other nice lady dogs around. Let's go.'

Den walks away.

'Are you all right, darling?' Trisha asks Octavia. 'I hope that vulgar dog didn't frighten you.'

Trisha and Octavia begin walking again side by

side. Trisha soon forgets about Fred and Den. Her thoughts quickly return to Joe Richards.

Chapter Two

Trisha in Action

At eleven-thirty on Saturday morning, Trisha is still in bed. She is dreaming about Joe. The doorbell rings loudly.

'Who can it be so early in the morning?' Trisha thinks. She turns over and tries to go to sleep. The doorbell continues to ring.

'All right, all right,' she shouts. 'I'm coming!'

She opens the door. Den is standing there holding a Yorkshire Terrier with a pink ribbon in her hair.

'What are you doing with my dog?' Trisha asks angrily.

'I know that it's summer and it's hot, but you really mustn't sleep with the windows open!' Den says. 'Octavia came to visit Fred last night!'

'What?' Trisha replies. 'That's impossible! Come here, darling.' She takes Octavia away from Den. 'I told you before, Octavia only mixes with pedigrees!'

'Like you do, I suppose,' Den says.

He walks away and out of the building.

'You bad dog,' Trisha says. 'You know you mustn't mix with dogs like Fred. They are dirty and



vulgar.'

Trisha looks out of the window. She watches Den get onto his motorbike and ride away.

'What a horrible man,' she thinks. 'He doesn't even have a car. And what terrible clothes!'

After breakfast, Trisha has a long, hot bath. In the bath she thinks about meeting with Joe later on that evening. When she walks into the room, Joe is going to walk towards her, take her in his arms and kiss her passionately. He is going to say:

'Trisha, darling, I have waited so long for this moment. I love you, not Janet. Will you marry me?'

'Yes,' she replies.

In Trisha's dreams there is no space for other people. Trisha only thinks about herself. Janet, for example, is immediately eliminated and forgotten.

That afternoon, at Manolo's, Trisha colours her hair blonder than before. She then goes home and spends two hours in front of the mirror painting her face. At nine o'clock she is ready to go to the party. She is wearing a gold dress. The dress is almost the same colour as her hair. She looks beautiful.

'You can't come with me this time Octavia. Be good, darling.'

Trisha is sure that all the windows are closed. She does not want Octavia to go and visit Fred again.

'Perhaps Joe has got a Yorkshire Terrier, too,' she

thinks. 'How romantic!'

'Bye, bye Octavia.'

Trisha walks into the party. Everybody turns around to look at her. She knows she is beautiful.

'Trisha, darling,' says Donna, 'I'm so glad you could come!'

Trisha looks around the room. She sees Joe in the corner with Janet. He looks wonderful. He is wearing a blue shirt and tight blue jeans. As usual, Janet looks terrible. Her dress is pink. So is her face.

'She looks like a strawberry ice-cream,' Trisha thinks unkindly.

'Yoo-hoo, Trisha!' Janet shouts. 'Can I introduce you to my fiancé Joe.'

'How do you do,' Trisha says in a sexy voice.

'How do you do,' Joe replies.

'Isn't Trisha beautiful, Joe? She's a top model, you know,' Janet says.

'Yes, I think I know you from Cosmo magazine,' Joe says.

'Why aren't you two dancing?' Trisha asks.

'Oh, I can't dance!' Janet laughs.

'No, I'm sure you can't with a body like that!' Trisha thinks.

'Joe, why don't you dance with Trisha?' Janet says.

'Are you sure you don't mind?' Joe asks.



‘Of course not, darling.’ Janet kisses Joe on the cheek.

Joe and Trisha begin to dance. They are a beautiful couple and they both dance very well. When the slow music begins, Trisha puts her arms around Joe. She holds him tight.

‘Janet is a wonderful girl, isn’t she?’ Trisha says sweetly.

‘Oh yes,’ Joe answers. ‘We are going to get married in September.’

‘Oh.’ Trisha stops dancing. She looks at the floor.

‘What’s the matter?’ Joe asks. ‘You look so sad.’

‘Nothing, nothing.’

‘Please tell me, Trisha. What’s wrong?’

‘I don’t know . . . it’s just that . . . well . . .’

‘What?’ Joe asks.

Trisha slowly raises her head. She looks at Joe with innocent eyes.

‘I really don’t know how to tell you this, but . . . you see, Janet is seeing my brother Jamie quite regularly,’ Trisha says. She is telling a lie. ‘Poor Jamie! He loves her so much! He doesn’t know about you and Janet.’

‘I don’t think I want to dance any more,’ Joe says.

Joe returns to Janet. Trisha continues to dance. She dances with every man at the party. She sees that



Joe and Janet leave the party early. Trisha enjoys herself very much.

Chapter Three

Trisha and Joe

On Sunday afternoon, Trisha goes for a walk with Octavia. She walks past Joe's house. She decides to knock at his door.

'I'm sure he's at home,' Trisha thinks.

Joe opens the door. He does not look well.

'Hello Joe,' Trisha says. 'I was just passing and

...

'Come in,' Joe says.

He makes Trisha a cup of coffee.

'Janet and I are not seeing each other any more. I'm feeling terrible!'

'Oh, Joe! I'm so sorry!' Trisha lies. 'Do you think I can help you in any way?'

At first Joe says no, but then they agree to meet that evening. Trisha is very happy.

'Joe is going to be mine,' she thinks.

As she walks home Trisha thinks about what she is going to wear.

That evening Trisha and Joe go to a pub.

'I can't understand it.' Joe says. 'Why didn't

Janet tell me about your brother?'

'I don't know,' Trisha answers. She looks at Joe with wide open eyes. 'Maybe she didn't want to hurt you.'

'Yes, but I love her so much . . . what can I do now?'

'You must try to forget Janet,' Trisha says innocently. 'There are plenty of other women in the world.' All the time she is thinking, 'Just like me!'

However, Trisha's plan is not so simple. A month passes. Trisha and Joe see each other every evening. Each day, Trisha buys a new dress. Then she spends hours getting ready to go out with him. She hopes Joe is going to fall in love with her. But Joe only talks about Janet. He still loves her. Trisha wants Joe to kiss her. She wants him to say 'I love you!' but Joe only says:

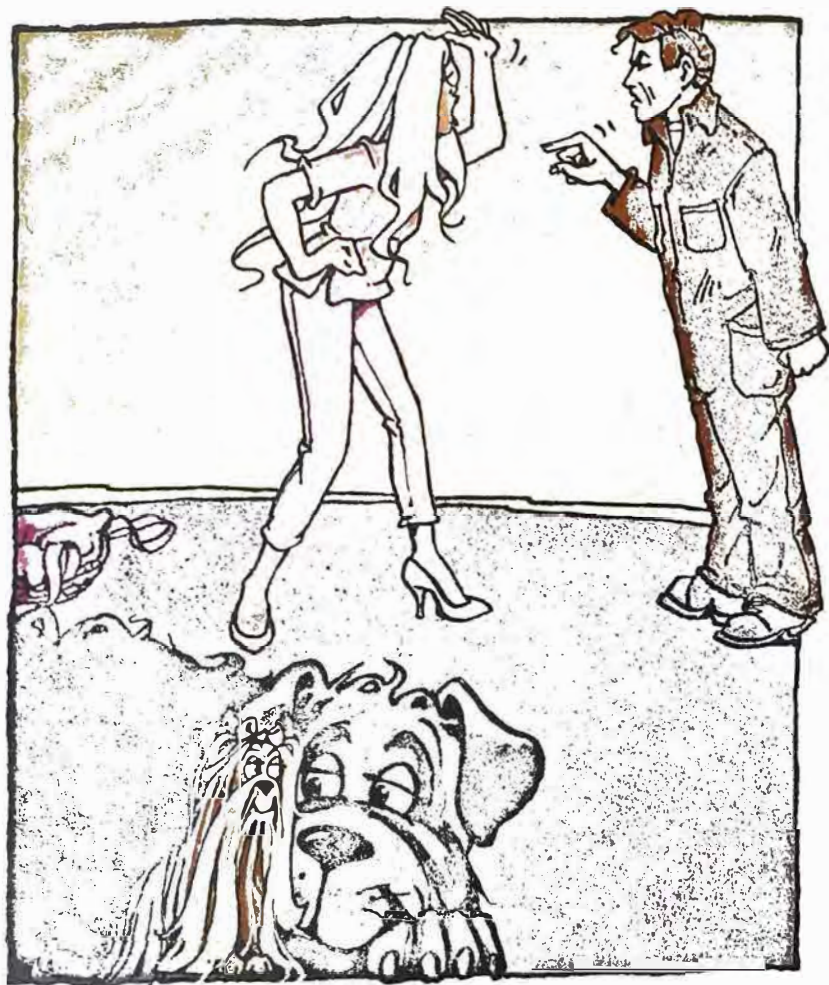
'You are such a good friend, Trisha!'

'I must think of another plan!' Trisha thinks. 'Joe *must* love me!'

Octavia is not very well. She is not eating very much. She has no energy. Now in King's Road with her owner, she is sleeping in her pink basket. Suddenly, Octavia wakes up. Then she begins to bark.

'Woof, woof!'

'Stop it Octavia!'



She jumps out of her basket and runs away.

'Octavia, come back!' Trisha cries. 'You're feeling ill! Don't run!'

Trisha follows her. Once again, Octavia is with her friend Fred.

'Oh no!' Den says. 'It's Lady Hunter and her dog. Come on, Fred. Let's go!'

'Yes, go away,' Trisha says, 'and keep that animal away from Octavia!'

Octavia and Fred do not want to leave each other. At last, Trisha pulls Octavia away from Fred.

'By the way,' Den says. 'I see you are going out with Joe Richards.'

'I don't think that's any of your business!' Trisha says.

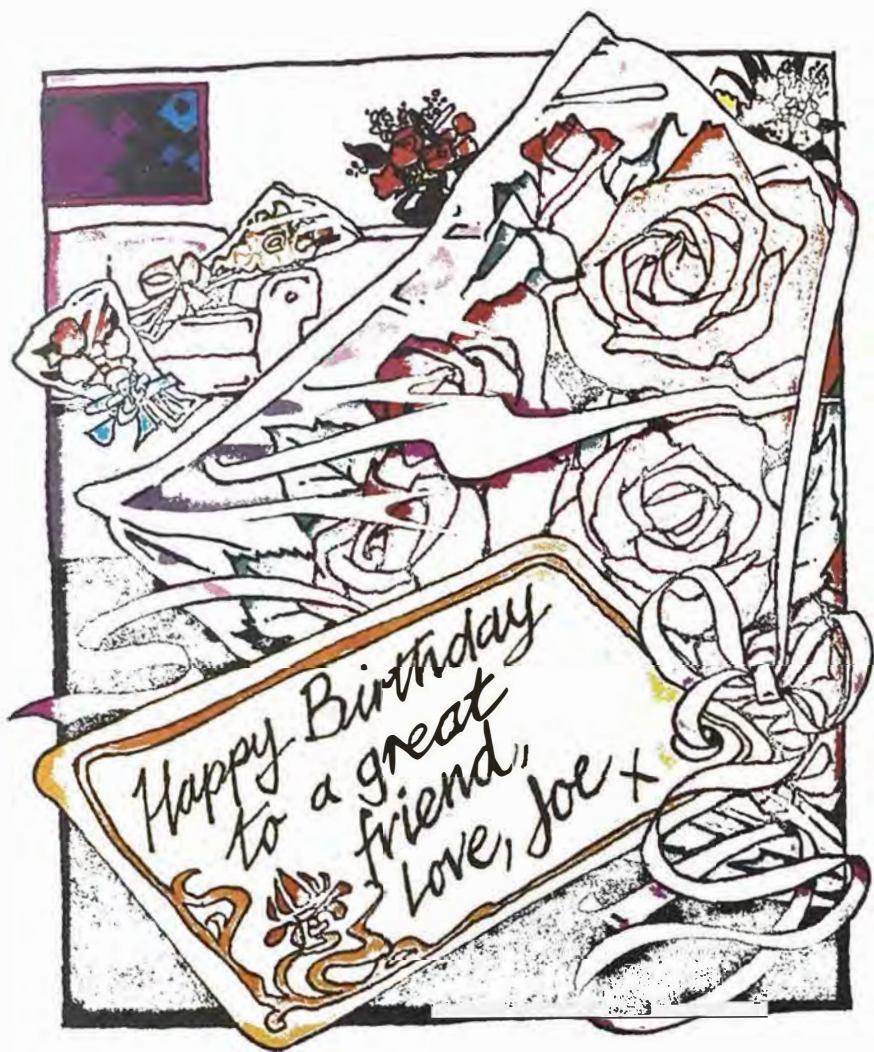
'Oh yes it is,' Den says. 'I'm Janet Hepburn's best friend. I know you haven't got a brother called Jamie. I also know you are a . . . the most horrible woman in town. You can have any man you want. Why did you want to take Joe?'

'How . . . what . . . don't you speak to me like that . . .'

'Do you know what? I'm going to tell Janet the whole story, today!' Den says.

'But you can't!' Trisha says.

'Oh yes I can!' he replies. 'Just wait and see. Come on Fred.'



Chapter Four

Problems for Trisha

It is Trisha's birthday. The flat is full of flowers from Trisha's boyfriends. There is a large bunch of red roses in the middle of the table. The message with the roses reads:

'Happy birthday to a great friend, love Joe.'

'Huh! Friend!' Trisha says to herself. 'My party tonight is going to be special. I am going to become much more than a friend, Joe Richards!'

Trisha spends all day preparing for the party. She orders plenty of food and wine from the Italian restaurant around the corner.

'When Joe tastes this lasagna he is going to fall in love with me!' Trisha thinks.

Once again she visits Manolo, the hairdresser. She buys another new dress for the party. This time the mini-dress is black so her blonde hair is the perfect contrast. When her guests arrive Trisha greets them happily:

'Hello darling!' Trisha says to them all. 'How wonderful of you to come!'

But Trisha is always looking at the door. She is waiting for Joe to arrive. Finally the doorbell rings and it is Joe.

Joe looks wonderful. He smiles at Trisha and says: 'You are beautiful this evening. Let's dance.'

Trisha cannot believe it. For the first time Joe says 'You are beautiful!'

They dance together slowly. Trisha is in love.

'Why don't you eat something?' Trisha says to Joe. 'I made everything myself, you know.'

'OK' Joe says.

Joe begins to eat some lasagna.

'This is delicious!' Joe says. 'Did you really make this?'

'Oh yes,' Trisha says. But again she is telling a lie. 'This is nothing. You must taste my more difficult dishes!'

'So, you aren't just a pretty face!' Suddenly, Joe looks serious and says:

'I want to speak to you in private.'

They go into Trisha's bedroom. Octavia is asleep. Octavia is sleeping rather a lot nowadays. Trisha thinks it is because of the hot weather.

'Listen, Trisha,' Joe says, 'I still love Janet but I can't spend the rest of my life thinking about her. I don't eat, I don't sleep and I don't work much any more either. I can't go on like this. I want to start again with someone new. Are you interested?'

'Oh darling,' Trisha says. She puts her arms around him. They kiss each other.

They return to the party. Trisha is very happy.

The doorbell rings and rings all evening. A lot of beautiful people arrive at the party. Trisha and Joe dance together. People say:

'What a beautiful couple!', 'What a good party!', and 'What excellent food!'

Trisha is enjoying herself very much.

'Who knows,' Trisha thinks, 'next year I might be Trisha Richards!'

At midnight when everybody is having fun, the doorbell rings again. Trisha and Joe open the door. It is Den and Janet.

'Oh no,' Trisha thinks.

'Hello Trisha. Hi, Joe,' Janet says. 'This is Den, my new fiancé.' Joe's smile disappears. He looks at Janet angrily.

'She doesn't look too bad,' Trisha thinks. Janet is dressed in black. 'But that Den looks vulgar as usual! They're the perfect couple!'

'Hello Janet,' Trisha says sweetly. 'You look wonderful!'

'Thank you,' Janet replies.

'Come on Jan, let's dance,' Den says.

They begin to dance with their arms around each other. Joe does not look happy. Janet is enjoying

herself.

'Darling, what's the matter?' Trisha asks Joe.

'Nothing,' he replies. But Joe is jealous. He stops dancing with Trisha and spends all night watching Janet and Den.

'Why don't we dance?' Trisha asks. 'What do you care about Janet? You've got *me* now.'

'Go away! I don't want to dance,' Joe answers angrily.

At about three o'clock in the morning, Joe finally asks Janet to dance. They dance together slowly for an hour.

Trisha goes to Den. He is speaking to a beautiful girl with red hair.

'Please do something!' Trisha says. 'Look at Joe and Janet.'

'So?' Den says. 'They love each other. Leave them alone!'

'That's impossible, Joe loves me!'

'Sure, that's why he's dancing with Janet,' Den replies.

'But she's fat and . . .'

'A nice, decent person who doesn't tell lies!' Den says. 'She's so nice that she doesn't even want to say anything to you. Another woman would want to kill you!'

'Come on, no woman that fat . . .'



'That's all you think about, isn't it?' Den says angrily. 'Beauty isn't everything, you know.'

'Yes, but . . . please help me,' she looks at Den innocently.

'Go away Trisha,' the red-haired girl says.

'Do you hear what the lady says?' says Den, 'Now if you don't mind Lady Hunter, I want to speak to her . . . in private.'

Trisha looks at Joe and Janet. They are kissing. Now she understands that this is the end.

Trisha watches Janet and Joe while she eats a large plate of lasagna. She begins to drink too much wine.

Soon, Janet and Joe leave the party together. Den leaves too. He is with the beautiful girl with red hair.

'Be careful, you can get fat eating lasagna . . . goodbye, Lady Hunter,' Den laughs as he closes the door. The girl laughs too.

'What a horrible man,' Trisha thinks.

When all the other guests have left, Trisha goes to bed. But she cannot sleep.

Chapter Five

Trisha and Octavia are not well

It is the beginning of September. It is a Sunday afternoon. Trisha's hair is dirty and she is wearing no make-up. She is even eating some chocolate! She is reading yesterday's copy of *The Times*. She sees this announcement in it:

*Miss Janet Hepburn and Mr Joseph Richards
married at St Oswald's Church, Chelsea,
Friday, August 31st 1990.*

'So Janet is now Mrs Richards and I'm here on my own! That horrible man downstairs! It's all his fault!' she thinks. 'Octavia, come to Mummy!'

But Octavia does not move. She is lying on the floor. She is making strange noises.

'Darling, what is it?'

Octavia does not answer. She is very ill.

'I must phone the vet,' Trisha thinks. But it is Sunday and the vet does not answer.

'Oh no,' she thinks. 'What can I do now? Don't worry Octavia! I'm going to ask someone for help.'

Trisha knocks on Donna's door. Nobody is at



home. In fact, it seems that nobody is in the building. Except Den.

Trisha does not like Den at all. But Octavia is ill. She needs help so she knocks at his door. Den is surprised to see her.

'Trisha!' Den says. 'What an honour!'

Fred runs out of the flat. He runs upstairs.

'Fred come back!' Den shouts.

'I don't like to ask you but I have a terrible problem,' Trisha says.

'Yes, I can see that,' Den says. 'What's the matter? Have you finished all your lipstick!'

'I'm serious!' Trisha begins to cry.

'Who is it, Den?' the red-haired girl from the party comes to the door.

'It's all right Betsy, it's only the girl upstairs.' She returns inside.

'I'm sorry. What's the matter?' Den says in a kind voice.

'It's Octavia! She's very ill!'

'What?' Den says. 'Let me see her.'

Den goes into Trisha's flat. He sees that Octavia is not moving. Fred is licking her face. He looks at Octavia carefully. Then he laughs.

'Don't worry, Lady Hunter, Octavia is going to be OK.' Den says.

'But she isn't moving,' says Trisha.

'Don't tell me that Lady Hunter has feelings!' Den

says. 'Don't worry. Just bring me some hot water!'

Den takes Octavia into the bedroom.

'Wait here,' he says to Fred.

An hour later, Octavia is feeling better. She is sitting in her pink basket. There are five very small dogs in the basket with her. Four are very small Yorkshire Terriers. But one puppy is different.

'Well, Lady Hunter?' Den says.

'Thank you,' she answers. 'Without your help ...'

'It was nothing,' Den replies. 'After all, now we are family!'

Trisha smiles. The different puppy is not small and delicate. He is bigger than the others. He is black and untidy. He looks just like Fred. Trisha smiles again.

'Why don't you smile more often?' Den asks.

'What do you mean?'

'I mean, you look quite pretty without all that horrible make-up on your face!'

'But . . .'

'Maybe we can learn something from Octavia and Fred,' Den says. 'Perhaps we can be friends now. Different people can be friends you know.'

'But I was so awful to Janet and Joe,' Trisha says.

'Yes,' Den says, 'But maybe you can learn from your mistakes.'



Trisha looks at Den for the first time.

'He isn't too bad really,' she thinks. 'He has a nice face, and his eyes are a lovely colour. Why didn't I notice him before?'

'Who's the girl with red hair?' she asks.

'The girl with . . . oh, you mean Betsy! She's my little sister.'

'Oh,' Trisha says. 'I thought . . .'

'What?'

'Oh . . . nothing.'

'Well,' Den says. 'Friends?'

'Is there any chance of becoming *more* than friends?' Trisha asks shyly.

'Woof, woof, woof,' Fred and Octavia answer.

Glossary

contrast a strong difference in colour

delicate and refined graceful and attractive

envy the feeling you have when you want something which you cannot have

hairdresser a person who cuts, washes, colours, etc. people's hair

high heels women's shoes which are raised at the back

landlord (landlady) the owner of a flat or a house, who allows people to live there in return for money

lasagna an Italian pasta dish

lead A dog's lead is a long piece of leather. One end is attached to the dog; you hold the other end in your hand.

lie something that is not true

make-up things like lipstick, mascara, powder etc. which women put on their faces to make them more attractive

pedigree a dog or cat whose ancestors are of the same type

pull when you pull something, you hold it firmly and force it towards yourself

rather the truth is

vet a doctor for animals

vulgar common