

## **Glam (Part Two)**

**from Glitterrrz!**

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# Chapter 1

Poppi knew something was wrong the second she walked in the door. Jamal and Misty weren't quarreling, and for that matter, no one was to be seen.

"I'm back!" She called. "Is something the matter?" She looked around. Nobody was downstairs. She ran upstairs, still calling for them. "What's wrong? What's happened?" Wendolyn rushed to her.

"Misty broke her leg," Wendolyn explained, "so everyone's at the hospital except for Nathan, Cameron, and me."

"Broke her leg!" Poppi exclaimed, "but how?"

"An argument. Cameron and Kelly were involved, too, but the only one who got hurt was Misty."

"There always has to be a fight," she muttered. "I'm going to my room." Poppi walked into there.

Couldn't Misty and Jamal not attack each other like hyenas? Of course they had to always argue. She made a decision--she would call Sylvie C. Jones about a job. A waitress wouldn't pay enough anymore. She checked the card, then typed the numbers into her phone.

## Chapter 2

"Hello?" Sylvie's voice inquired. "This is Sylvie Jones."

"Hi, I'm Poppi Jackson," Poppi replied. "You told me about possible job opportunities earlier today."

"Yes, I remember. Have you called looking for a career?"

"Yes," Poppi replied.

"Well, then. What were you getting a degree in?"

"Musical performance--voice. Singing."

"Would you like that to be your career?" Poppi's eyes widened. She thought she would never get this chance once she'd dropped out! And now here it was, laid in front of her like a silver platter!

"Yes, I would," she replied. "But what's the catch?"

"The catch is that ten to fourteen percent of your earnings will go to us."

"That's not to be of a catch..." Poppi muttered.

"So, what do you choose? Will you work with us?" Sylvie asked. "It's a big decision, so you are welcome to take your time--"

"No, I don't need time. I'll work with you." She hoped it was the right decision.

## Chapter 3

"Who were you talking to?" Nathan asked. He'd opened the door without knocking.

"Oh, uh, just something that--well, that is--" Poppi stammered.

"Never mind," he closed the door. She wondered how her family would take this news. She might be at work for longer than usual, and then her younger siblings would only have Nathan and Cameron to take care of them. Nathan was sixteen, Cameron fifteen, Wendolyn thirteen, and Olly triplets with Jamal and Misty. There were so many of them, she wondered how her parents stood it. It was always loud, someone was always running, someone was always arguing, and--the door was opening. They were home. Poppi ran down the stairs to greet them.

"I have a cast!" Misty proudly showed off her leg and crutches, her leg clad in a white cast.

"Mom says we'll all go broke before she's healed," Jamal said darkly.

"Don't talk like that," Poppi scolded. "Anyway, I might be bringing home more money."

"And how's that?" Cameron asked. "Are you going to be working quadruple shifts?"

"Nope," she responded. Then she explained about Sylvie C. Jones and her offer, and how she'd taken her up on it when she heard about Misty's broken arm. "I think I'll work only a single shift now, so I'm not overwhelmed." She finished. She wondered how her family would respond to this news. Would they be excited... or not so much?