

**DON'T MISS**  
*Popular*  
**VOTE**

*A novel by*  
**MICOL OSTOW**

“You. Are out of your mind.”

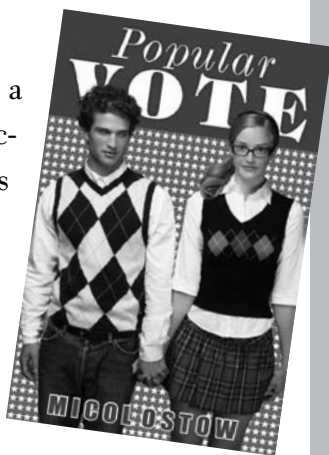
My locker door clangs shut with a metallic clanking sound, and for a second Shelby almost looks like she feels bad for sneaking up on me.

Almost.

“Hey, Shelby. Love your jeans—are they new?” I decide to ignore her comment and go straight for the girl talk. I think the jeans are Miss Sixty. They’re really cute, with whiskered thighs and full, wide legs.

She leans against my locker and shakes her head at me, her lips pursed tightly. “Flattery will get you nowhere. Don’t try to change the subject.”

“Are you having PMS?” Zoe chimes in, peeking her head just over Shelby’s shoulder. They’re like the angel and the devil sitting on my shoulder, whispering in my ears. Except I’m not sure which is which. They seem to be ganging up on me. This is headed nowhere good, and fast.



“Well—no,” I stammer. “But I hate it when people blame problems on *that*.”

“So this is a new-wave feminist thing you’ve got going,” Z says, puckering her mouth up at the taste of the word *feminist*.

I roll my eyes. “Right. Girls aren’t supposed to be student council presidents.” I wave a sheet of paper in their direction. “But I’ve got six signatures here that say otherwise.”

“So you’re really going through with this?” Zoe asks, looking increasingly grossed out.

I nod. Her reaction is only fueling my fire. “Absolutely. Logan’s gotten cocky. He needs to know that he’s not the only one who can lead the student body.”

“It’s social suicide,” Zoe says, cracking down hard on a piece of gum.

I glance at Shelby. So far, she seems like the one more likely to be sympathetic. But the look in her eyes says that she’s riding the same train as Zoe, and that both of them are seriously convinced I’m headed for self-destructionville.

For the second time in as many days, I falter. Ugh. “You’ll . . . vote for me, won’t you?”

The back of my throat feels scratchy and hot. It’s not possible that my girls would abandon me right now, is it?