

### 3 competition vs. friendship and co-operation

A bikini-clad Taylor emerged through the skeletal rock's mouth like a beauty from a Loch Lomond<sup>8</sup> movie. Watching Taylor, sun-kissed and bronzed and effortless, Petra felt jealous and more than a little out of her league. What was she doing here? What did she hope to prove? That she, Petra West, had just as much right to the Miss Teen Dream crown as all these other girls? That there was beauty in her, too? She could still drop out, she supposed. Give it all up. After all, she'd been in the spotlight before, and while it had been exhilarating in some ways, it had been a nightmare in others. Would she handle it any differently this time? Or

"I'm Brittani with an I," said Miss Alabama. "I got my Scouting Badge in First Aid."

"Ohmigosh, me, too!" Tiara threw her arms around Brittani. "You're so nice. If it's not me, I hope you win."

"No, I hope YOU win!"

"Ladies, this part is not a competition," Taylor said.