



CLAWRIDGE'S

6 AUGUST

The black dog has been to stay and shows no sign of leaving... I haven't washed in weeks. Strongly thinking about packing it all in, maybe this cat just isn't made to be a star...

The concierge are being more than supportive, they know I am hiding from the world. I'm being spoiled rotten; fresh sheets every day and enough room service to feed an army, but truth be told my appetite has deserted me, along with my confidence.

My crystals are my only support right now.

#Pray4Chip

10 AUGUST

Have been burning sage all week but still not feeling cleansed of my own dark thoughts. I speak to no one... except the person who brings me room service.

13 AUGUST

At last, something worth getting out of bed for. Fresh from the courier, a darling card from my favourite casting director asking me to walk for Versace. If only they could see me now! Oh, and look – Claudia can come too. Of course, we wouldn't miss this for the world. But first, London... it's time to put my game face back on.

