







Shawnelle Prestidge







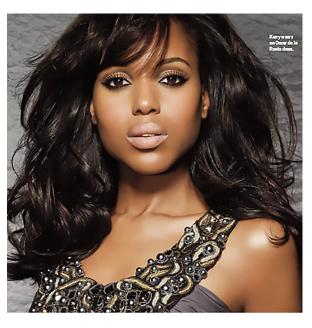
Shawnelle Prestidge



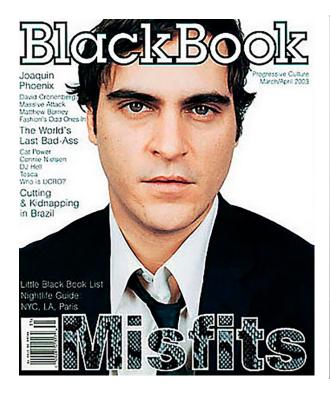


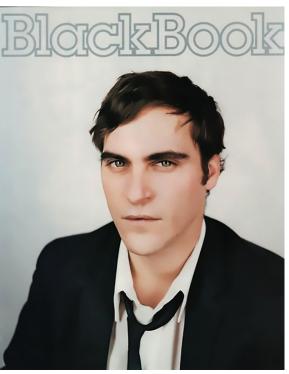
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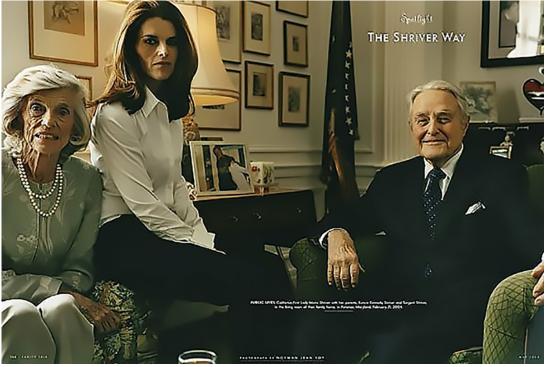
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soul survivor

By Rebecca Hlein Image by Eric Fircher

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Tricia Helfer ir obsolutely familhed. The would lell, for a
bran mulfin. Or even a rainin mulfin. If nog ar it's not a
sugary ton't, rhe'll be fine. Tricia har been an a train from
Woodricot kine be fine. Tricia har been an a train from
Woodricot kine be fine. Tricia har been an a train from
Hopoce in Manhattan'i Politifo for her first rheat for Veltium.
The journey from Woodricot (where her impending auptiol rain her metratiniment attorney flance will occur) wor an ordwar one. And the last two weeks have been a tilur of press interviews, photo hoots, and, of course, weeding planning. So when the ryllist ruings' by offering food, Tricia is restation. Her flowler face fairly beams with unadulterated joy. And that's quite a right to behold. Tricia is one of those women that virtually course unliplan'n on the streets. Impositibly toll, thin, and gorgeous, everyone recognizer, her—they just favour they'de veren her some-where, but can't quite place her. But all that' obout to change. With two movier in the horizon and her own epic mini-rerier on cable. Tricia is poired to become, for the second time in her career, the flest Big Thing.





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