

STYLE · FASHION

Diary of a Noobie Catwalk Model

BY LAURATWK — 2026-09-26



There are some things in life that you expect to happen. There are other things that you absolutely do not expect to happen.

Being asked to walk down a catwalk wearing a bikini that I designed myself definitely falls into the second category.

When I first submitted my entry to [Harlyn](https://thehiddencircle.com/stylyn-fashion/)¹'s *ADDICTED by Stylyn* beachwear showcase, my expectations were fairly modest. This was the second year running that Harlyn had invited members of the community to create and post their own beachwear designs, and I was more than happy to join in again.

Last year I had gone with the Sunset theme that Harlyn requested, and I decided to continue that idea for this year's submission since my trademark red and black colour scheme is so perfectly suited to that theme.

The intention was simply to have a bit of fun, post some pictures and take part in the community event. I certainly wasn't expecting to become a catwalk model. Then Harlyn asked if I'd like to model my creation in her upcoming fashion show.

¹<https://thehiddencircle.com/stylyn-fashion/>

Well... that escalated quickly.

Naturally, I said yes. I never normally get invited to take part in these sort of grand events so I was over the moon to get an opportunity to actively participate instead of just reporting on what happened. And that was how I somehow found myself preparing for my first ever fashion show. Or rather, the first one where I wasn't simply behind the lens taking lots of snaps.

24 July

23:00 - The briefing

Before anyone was allowed anywhere near the catwalk, Harlyn made sure we actually knew what we were doing. This wasn't a case of "here's the stage, try not to fall over."

Every model had to have a proper briefing and take the catwalk test so that we knew exactly where we needed to go, where we needed to stop and what we were supposed to do when we got there. It was actually incredibly professionally organised.

I was summoned for my briefing on 24 July, and after being shown what was expected of me, I had to do the test. Fortunately, I passed first time. One potential disaster avoided.

At this point, I still had absolutely no idea how nervous I was going to be when the real thing came around.



6 August

19:30 - ARRIVING AT JUICE!

Fast forward to the evening of the show.

The event was being held at *Juice!*, and I deliberately arrived nice and early at around 19:30. There was no point turning up at the last minute and immediately having to throw myself backstage, so I gave myself plenty of time to settle in. Instead, I got to chill out with *Jess* and *Chris* for a while. Which was probably exactly what I needed.

At this point I was feeling reasonably calm. I was here to have fun. I knew what I was supposed to do. I'd already passed my catwalk test. Everything was fine. This would be easy.

Obviously, this was the last moment at which I would be able to maintain that illusion.



20:00 - THE SHOW IS UNDERWAY

Harlyn takes to the mic and begins introducing her latest collection of ADDICTED by Stylyn creations as the show gets underway. As each of her professional models makes their way onto the stage, Harlyn gives us a proper introduction to the outfit, talking us through the design and the details behind it directly from the person who created it.

And, as usual, Harlyn's outfits look absolutely amazing. There is a real variety to the collection, with each outfit having its own style and personality, but they all have that unmistakable ADDICTED look. Seeing the designs actually being worn and presented properly on a catwalk also gives them a completely different feel from seeing them in the usual promotional pictures.

Meanwhile, I'm watching the professional models doing their thing and thinking that they make it look ridiculously easy. Walk out, hit your marks, pose, turn around, walk back. Simple.

At least, that's what it looks like when you're watching someone else do it. I'm also becoming increasingly aware that I'm going to have to do this myself in a little while. And suddenly the whole thing feels considerably more real.



20:05 - WAIT... I HAVEN'T DECIDED WHAT I'M ACTUALLY GOING TO DO

About ten minutes before we were due to start assembling backstage, it suddenly occurred to me that there was one fairly important detail I hadn't thought through... My poses.

I'd spent all this time making sure I knew where my marks were, but somehow hadn't properly decided what I was actually going to do when I got there. This seemed like the sort of thing I probably should have planned in advance.

I had an idea in mind, but then I started thinking about Jess, who was going to be walking immediately before me. I didn't want to simply come along and do essentially the same thing she'd just done, so after a quick discussion with her, I changed my plan.

Which meant that approximately twenty minutes before my first ever catwalk appearance, I was still working out exactly how I was going to pose. Very professional!

20:15 - BACKSTAGE

At around 20:15, my group started assembling and queuing backstage, roughly ten minutes ahead of our scheduled stage time.

The show was split into three sections. The first part featured Harlyn's own designs, modelled by her professional models. Then parts two and three were made up of community members who had created their own designs, with roughly ten to twelve people in each group. Most of us were women, although there were a few guys in the final group as well.



I was near the tail end of Group 1, walking immediately after Jess. Our running order was:

Antraxia, Exta, Cosmiela, Parasyte, Diia, Aivi, Antraxia, Exta, Biax, SexxyJessica, LauraTWK, LotusPink, Cumberly.

We were originally scheduled to be on stage from around 20:25 until 20:45. Naturally, fashion shows don't always run exactly to schedule.

20:25 - WAITING...

The first part of the show ran slightly longer than expected. So we waited. And waited. And waited.

Which, as it turns out, is an excellent way of making someone increasingly aware that they are about to walk in front of a room full of people wearing very little clothing. My nerves were definitely starting to kick in.

There was also another small problem. I really needed to pee. Of course I did. Because apparently my brain had decided that this was the perfect moment to remind me that I had a bladder.

Thankfully, the restrooms were right next to the stage exit. I made a mental note of that for later because I can see the the first section of the show is wrapping up out on stage and we could be called out any moment now. I daren't risk dashing off and missing our cue.



20:35 - WE'RE ON!

Our section has finally begun. By this point, the nerves were very much real. But watching everyone ahead of me go out was actually reassuring.

Everyone seemed incredibly well drilled. People were hitting their marks, doing their poses and coming back off stage without any obvious problems. There was a real sense of military precision about the whole thing. Which was reassuring. Because it meant there was very little opportunity for me to accidentally wander off in completely the wrong direction.

My turn was getting closer.



20:45 - PLANNING FOR MY SKIRT

There was one extra addition to my outfit that wasn't actually part of my original submission. I'd created the red-and-black bikini for the competition, but with Harlyn's encouragement I'd decided to add a matching skirt for the fashion show.

The plan was simple. I'd walk out wearing it. I'd reach my second mark. And then I'd remove it and throw it into the crowd. Because if you're going to make your first ever catwalk appearance, you might as well give yourself a little extra drama.

20:50 - THE NERVES REALLY KICK IN

By now I was really nervous. This wasn't just posting some pictures online anymore. People were actually going to watch me walk down a catwalk. And somewhere in the back of my mind was the horrifying possibility that I might completely forget what I'd been taught.

Where was my first mark? What was my pose? What was my second mark? When was I supposed to take the skirt off? Was I going to trip? Was I going to forget where I was going? Was everyone looking at me?

Yes. Obviously they were going to be looking at me. That's rather the point of being on a catwalk.



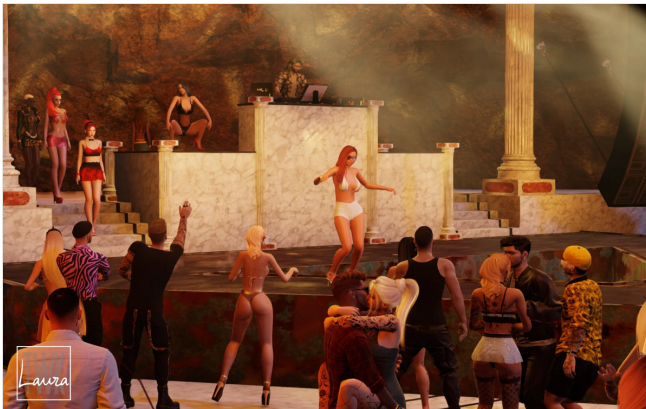
20:53 - JESSICA HITS THE STAGE

Jess confidently struts, totally in her element with all eyes beholding her perfectly tanned curves. But that means I'm next...

"Oh god, oh god, oh god.... please Laura, don't fuck this up!"

That is all I can hear screaming at myself in my head as my pulse is pounding and that need to pee just won't go away.

Hopefully all eyes are still fixed on Jess so no-one can see how nervous I look as I patiently wait for my turn to step out under the lights.



20:55 - LAURATWK, YOU'RE UP

"Go Laura" comes the command from Harlyn through the backstage monitors.

It was finally my turn. This was it. My first ever catwalk.

I walked out onto the stage and started making my way through the routine we'd practised. And, somehow... I actually did it.

I hit all four of my marks without any dramas (I think!). No wrong turns. No forgotten instructions. No spectacularly embarrassing accidents. And, most importantly, no emergency assistance required from the stage crew.

When I reached my second mark, I did what we'd planned. The skirt came off. And I tossed it into the crowd. That little moment was actually quite fun. Then I carried on with the rest of my walk.



20:56 - WAIT... WAS THAT AMANDA?

One of the things that made the whole experience even more special was spotting Amanda in the crowd. I'd not known she was coming to support me, but as I was walking down the catwalk, I could see her towards the back, waving like a completely crazy person. Which was brilliant and gave me added confidence.

There is something strangely reassuring about seeing a familiar face when you're standing on a stage wondering what on earth you're doing. For those few seconds, it was less "I'm a terrified first-time model" and more "Oh look, there's Amanda!"

And then I was at the end of the catwalk.



20:57 - THE GREAT ESCAPE

I made it to the end of my walk and exited the stage. And immediately remembered something rather important. I still really needed to pee. Fortunately, the restroom was practically next to the stage exit.

So at 20:57, having just completed my first ever catwalk appearance, I made a rapid tactical withdrawal in that direction. Not exactly the glamorous backstage life I'd imagined. But effective.

21:05 - BACK WHERE I FEEL COMFORTABLE

By around 21:05, I was back in the crowd. No more marks. No more poses. No more worrying about whether I'd forgotten what I was supposed to do. Just me, Jess, Chris and Amanda, chilling out and enjoying the rest of the show.

And honestly, the relief was enormous. I'd actually done it. I'd gone from casually entering a community beachwear challenge to standing on a catwalk modelling my own design. And somehow I'd managed not to make a complete arse of myself.

I'll take that as a win!



So... how did it go?

Looking back, the most impressive thing about the whole experience wasn't really my own walk. It was just how smoothly the whole show came together. Everyone seemed to know exactly what they were doing.

The models were well briefed, everyone knew their marks and the whole thing had a surprisingly precise rhythm to it. It genuinely felt like we'd been drilled for the occasion. Which is probably why, despite all the nerves beforehand,

everything went off without a hitch. So much credit has to go to Harlyn for the amazing way that she organised and prepared us all.

For me, the funniest part is that when I originally posted my ADDICTED design, I genuinely had no expectation of anything beyond taking part in a bit of community fun. I certainly wasn't thinking *"Yes, this lovely bikini will look fantastic on me while I walk down a catwalk in front of an audience."*

And yet, a couple of weeks later, that's exactly what I was doing. I even got to throw my skirt into the crowd. Not bad for someone who, at 20:05, was still trying to figure out what poses she was going to do.

| So, would I do it again? Absolutely.

Although next time, I might put a little more thought into my poses...

...and visit the bathroom before I go backstage!

Coming away from this whole experience I do have one slight regret though. I was so wrapped up in my own head that I let a lot of the fashion show pass me by. I was so focussed on my own tiny contribution that I didn't get to spend enough time appreciating everyone else and their creations. I know there were so many wonderful outfits modelled but I wish I could have spent more time actually admiring them.

If I ever get to do something like this again, that is something I would like to put right. And, perhaps with greater experience, I'll be able to do a better job of it next time. I did manage to get some pics to share with you though...



