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Beauty Queen

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Couture hoody, and bright pink and black Nike Shox Turbo+ running shoes. They are out of my league, so I don't talk to anyone. I only check to make sure I have a higher resistance or run faster and longer than them. I usually can't; I just cover the numbers with my towel.

If I start a conversation, someone might get annoyed and notice how slow I run. How do people run and have conversations? It is hard enough just to run! I get scared I might say something to bore or bother them. That night in their dorms they would laugh about that crazy girl in the workout room, “That lazy girl was so annoying, didn't she get the hint to shut up?”

“Yeah! Did you see her shoes?!” The other girl would say as her group of plastics let out high shrieking sounds that resemble laughter.

I don't talk. They might actually be nice girls, but I start lifting and try to go unnoticed. Just one more set! You can do it! You will be mad at yourself if you give up now! I work my hardest when I am in a group. I don't want the others to beat me. I have to stand out as being better, or at least not being the slacker. My body is in no way large or flabby, but I am never content with the work I put in. I must make it better! I will be able to run five miles without getting tired. My legs will be normal sized.

Five years from now I plan on being two sizes smaller. I will be looked at as a potential buyer when I shop at Nordstrom wearing their latest Prada Heels and beautiful Coach purse. But today I wish and work to reach my goals.

Beauty Queen

Monica Logan

Her smooth, shiny skin is perfect.
No blemishes
no stretch marks
no wrinkles
no scars.
Beautiful.

Her hands are open and slightly curved, waiting for something to fill them.
The tall silhouette stands upright, creating a shadow of flawless poise.
Without any shoes,
her feet point expectantly for the frame of a high heel.
Beautiful.

Her face is fair and pristine, always wearing a smile.
Even if her clothes mis-match or hang open, she still smiles.
Even if her arms break or head falls off, she stills smiles.
Beautiful.

Her lips never part to object.
Her eyes never seek the sun.
Her body never twists or twirls on her own.
Still beautiful?