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Truth is in Plain View (Part One)

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Truth is in Plain View

(Part One)

Suzanne Bern

I was the greatest figment of my imagination yet; the whole occurrence seemed quite magnificent really. Picture me. Enter a girl about 20 or so, wearing the most beautiful dress ever, preferably one that makes my eyes stand out. Now enter a boy in his 20's or so, preferably one swooning over my many obvious charms, who magically whisks me away to days of better understanding where the meaning of life is as clear as a bulb of glass. We dance, make small talk, and he holds me in his arms forever – never getting bored with anything that I may have to say. — Okay. You think I'm lying, don't you? Well, so what if I am? All right. I'm supposing you would like to know the truth. Everybody always wants to know the truth, including me. When you find the truth, I hope you will let me know where to look for it.

Truth is I'm just your average, run-of-the-mill plain-Jane. Literally. My name is Jane, and I'm not particularly fond of it. My name is as plain as I am. The figment of my imagination is who I wish I were, but instead, I'm just Jane. "Jane," in my opinion, is reminiscent of all the average qualities in a female such as dull eyes and subdued features. The other girls, the other not-so-Jane-like girls, are Bettys or Kimberlys with extraordinary eyes and hair and perfect eight figures. So who am I? I am a Jane daydreaming and practicing to be a Betty or Kimberly. All my life I have been practicing my girlish giggle that will attract boys, my coy smile, and my flip of the hair that will drive 'em crazy. I don't think that any of these tactics can actually work, but I have to do something with myself. If I can't be a Jane pretending to be a Betty or a Kimberly, then who am I?

(to be continued...)