



## Vanity Decomposition

by Jilian Tolzmann

“Are you an actress?”—nope, he’s not talking to me, rather the innocently pretty girl my age cluelessly striding by. Pretty Girl turns around, melting in disbelief at how easy it was.

I scanned the room ready to hunt a director down that will be brave enough to cast me, *like the hawks that now fly above me*. Except I won’t be chosen, because they want something containable that they can package.

Turns out, it didn’t matter that nobody ever made my dreams come true, because the world still ended. I suppose I ended up winning since I’m still breathing, but at least Pretty Girl got to have some fun before her end. I wonder what took her out?

Sitting in a small muddy creek that cuts through the swampy field of reeds by the sea, I let mud ooze through my toes. I wish that nature will get brave enough this time to fully eradicate us. The great tsunami will finally come and I will be swept out to the sea where I can become something beautifully destructive. Dirt on my face, rotting in the ugliness of the natural world, I’m finally free of the need to be pretty.