

Perfect Flaws

Today's the day. I watch the drone land on my doorstep with the envelope. I grab it and run to my room. I had been waiting for years and now the price was lower, I could afford it. I stood in front of my bedroom mirror to get one last look of everything I hate. My freckles, my acne, my red curly hair, my stomach, my wobbly thighs, all the reasons he didn't want me. All the reasons I hated myself. I gazed up and down at my reflection as if saying goodbye to an old friend, and then shoved the pill down my throat.

Growing up I knew I wasn't good enough, the internet, advertising, social media, everywhere I looked fed me the images of what beauty was, and it wasn't me. The past few years, you couldn't go anywhere without seeing an ad for the miracle. People like me dreamed of the opportunity to get their hands on it and now it was available to the masses. Falling asleep that night was impossible. I kept waking up during the night all giddy, running to the mirror to see if anything had changed, but nothing. I woke up the next morning, hesitantly tip-toeing to the mirror. This is it. This is it.

I stared at myself, speechless. I couldn't believe it! I was a goddess! A tall, thin, gleaming sapphire eyed goddess! With long flowing, golden, brown hair and perfect, glowing skin! I looked exactly like the girl in the TV commercial! The miracle pill had worked. It changed my DNA and genes to make me the perfect woman. How could he resist me now?

I got dressed and left the house quickly. Rushing across town to his office, I felt alive, beautiful and full of confidence. I kept thinking of how things had ended between us. I loved him and wanted to marry him more than anything, he was handsome, funny and kind. I knew everyone wondered why he was with me though. Other women looked at us together and I knew they thought he could do better than me, it drove me crazy. It was no surprise the day he walked out.

I stepped off the elevator of his building. I walked through the corridor as if I was on a catwalk and entered the bustling office. I felt like a million bucks and expected the room to gasp at my beauty. Instead, no-one took any notice. As I looked around the room, I realized why. Almost every woman looked exactly like me and identical to the woman on the TV commercial. It was freaky. I looked out the huge windows of the office

overlooking the city and saw hundreds of drones zooming through the sky, delivering envelopes to the masses.

I didn't know what to do; my heart started beating out of my chest again. I walked to his office, knocked and walked in.

I saw him at his desk and he looked up. He looked like a movie star with twinkling eyes and sleek dark hair swept back wearing an amazing suit.

I started to panic as I realized the insane situation I was in.

“So, who are you? Jeanette? Mary? Jenny? Nicole?”

I looked at the man I loved and quietly said “Tom, it's me Amber.”

“Oh hey Amber! This is weird! You took the pill too?” he replied.

Tom studied my face like it was some sort of ancient artifact. “Amber, why did you do it? You were already so beautiful.”

“Beautiful,” I replied agitated. “If I was so beautiful, why did you leave me? I took the miracle pill for you Tom, so you would want me again. I wanted to get rid of my flaws and be perfect for you because I always knew you could do better than me.”

“Amber, your looks were never the problem, your so-called flaws were what made you beautiful to me. It was your insecurity and jealousy that drove me away. You never thought you were good enough, it was exhausting. I got sick of reassuring you and dealing with your paranoia. It was like having to water a plant 24/7!”

“What.....” “I froze. I didn't say anything for what felt like hours, but couldn't have been more than a few seconds. “But, now, I'm confident and happy, I could make you happy! We could be together! I don't want to be the ugly, ginger girl I used to be!”

“Oh Amber, here you go again. You haven't changed at all.”

“I did change! Look at me!

“Well now you're just like everyone else! Look. I'm sorry Amber, but I met someone else, someone who makes me happy, my soulmate.”

My heart felt like a knife had cut through it. I was frozen. I didn't know what to say. Barely able to move my mouth I just barely muttered the word, "Okay."

I left the office awkwardly, feeling empty and confused. The interaction didn't go how I wanted it to at all. As soon as the door was shut I burst into tears. I turned my head and saw my reflection in the mirror. You know what? No! I thought to myself. I shouldn't be crying. I'm beautiful now! I'm sure I'll find it way easier to find love than if I looked like my old self! I'm glad I look nothing like the disgusting, short, chubby, ginger haired girl I used to! No one would ever love HER! I heard heels stepping down the hallway, I turned my head and saw a woman that didn't look like the others, or me. She was petite with red curly hair and freckles. She looked a lot like how I used to.

"Excuse me Miss. You're blocking the door." She said politely.

I stepped aside. The girl walked into Tom's office with excitement exclaiming, "HEY BABE! HAPPY ANNIVERSARY!"