

Editor stops using sister as mirror and sees her own



JORDYN
KAZMOUZ
News Editor

"Wow,"
the woman
breathed,
her voice
dripping with

awe. "Your daughter is gorgeous."

My mom nodded sagely with an "Isn't she just?" expression on her face. The two seemed oblivious to my presence at the table, or the way I twisted my fingers.

I wanted to ask, "And me? What about me?" but that wasn't



Allie Lefkowitz

what left my lips. I instead said nothing. I knew they were right, of course. She was beautiful, always had been and always will be.

With only a year separating us, we were always lumped together as "the girls" or "Jordyn and Hannah." When our family would introduce us to some obscure cousin or a friend, the conversation would include something of how Jordyn was just so smart, and Hannah was just so pretty. When I was younger, it didn't faze me. I was ecstatic to have people say I was smart, and was always willing to show that off with a little known fact about chickens (like how the longest recorded flight is 13 seconds) or about aquatic mammals (like how they are distinguishable from fish by the vertical motion of their tails).

When I got older, though, I wanted to be pretty. I wanted boys to look at me and want to be around me, the way they do my sister. It makes me no less dignified to admit this- nearly all girls (and some boys) feel this way at one point or another. And yet, I was only noticed by the immediate raise of my hand when I knew an

answer or the too-loud way I spoke.

So, whenever my mom would have those conversations with women she would never speak to again about her genius Jordyn and her gorgeous Hannah, I was irritated. Why couldn't I be both? Of course, when I voiced my feelings of being unattractive to her, my mom would immediately and indignantly respond that all her children are beautiful and it hurt her feelings that I didn't see myself that way. Well, I would think, that made me feel better.

Constant teasing when I was younger made me hate my appearance a little bit more. My front teeth were askew, and I developed a lot faster than other girls. I was the ugly duckling incarnate, at least I felt that way. If I am being honest, I am still waiting for the moment I turn into a swan.

People in elementary school and even the beginning of middle school never failed to point these flaws out, as if I could not see them clearly. Boys who I had crushes on were mean to me, and not in the way that means they subtly like you. They didn't. There were a few blissful

moments when boys liked me, too, and I was on cloud nine. But, children are fickle and it wasn't a lasting infatuation.

By the time eighth grade rolled around, I felt more confident. Not pretty per se, but not disgusting. And when a boy gave me a cupcake for Valentine's Day and another gave me a teddy bear, I was flattered. They asked me to be their girlfriend, and though I said no, I was so happy. I felt pretty.

My friend once asked me, "Does your sister get more boys than you?" To which I immediately and casually responded, "Of course, she's the pretty one." We had a good laugh about that, and looking back I realized that I was not even saying it for sympathy or compliments. I was saying it simply because it was true.

I've realized in the 16 years I have had Hannah to compare myself to, that it doesn't really matter. She is the pretty one, and she is very likeable when she tries. Of course, it's not hard to be likeable when you're stunning. But



Amber Lyn Keating

just because she's prettier, doesn't make me ugly. Yes, I hate my teeth and you'll often hear me exclaim "Delete that picture! I look like a horse!", but I don't feel as ugly as I did then.

Several months ago, I ran into a boy who I went to elementary school with. We exchanged pleasantries, but no serious conversation. He told me he thought I was "hot," and I didn't know how to respond. In the end, I just laughed and thanked him. Funny how things change in the span of six years, isn't it?

So if you asked me today, I would whole-heartedly agree that Hannah is indeed the pretty one. It would not even hurt me to admit it, because I have finished feeling sorry for myself. I'm still waiting for my Cinderella moment, but I don't get invited to many balls and glass slippers are scary, so I'll settle for a date. But even without dates, I'm still okay with Hannah being "the pretty one." ■

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