

Jennifer O.

Mrs. Johnson

ELA II

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A New Me

“ I want to change, ” I told my surgeon sighing.

“ What do you mean? ” he asked, confused as if my words were a riddle.

“ Well, growing up I’ve never really liked anything about myself. My short black hair, my dark brown eyes, my pale complexion. Nothing, absolutely nothing. I felt and still feel as if my appearance is the reason why I hadn’t experienced the finer things in life; you know like marriage, kids, that kind of stuff. That’s why I’m thinking of changing my look. And no I don’t mean dying my hair or wearing colored contacts. Believe me, I’ve tried all that, but it just wasn’t enough. Because if it was, I wouldn’t have called you. I want more, something that will help me reach my true form, how I was meant to be created. I’ve made up my mind.” I paused slightly unsure, but then regained my assurance.

“ I want to surgically change everything. ” So I explained the details to my surgeon, Dr. Charles.

“ Well this seems like quite the job, ” Dr. Charles told me. “ This procedure will be very tricky, but it won’t be impossible. ”

“ So you’ll do it? ” I asked anxiously. To be honest, I didn’t know what I’d do with myself if he said no. Now that I think of it, I didn’t even have a backup plan. My thoughts were soon scattered by the sound of his voice.

“ Of course, what day will work for you? ” he asked.

I squealed like a pig about to enter the slaughter house. He said yes, he said yes!!!

“ Anytime before New Year’s Eve will work for me. ” I replied. I thought I’d bring in the new year with a new me.

“ Okay, great. I’ll call you to schedule an appointment when a spot opens up. ” he informed me.

“ Okay, thank you. Bye. ” I said happily and flopped excited on my bed.

Still laying on the bed, I grabbed a mirror besides me and sighed. No more spaghetti string black hair, no more boring brown eyes, no more vampire skin. I’m going to be really me. I just couldn't wait.

So after a few phone calls, the day was set. December 27, 2008.

Finally, the day came. I hardly could contain myself, so I had my chauffeur drive me to the hospital. The time finally came. I stepped into the room where I was about to be me, the real me.

I closed my eyes and when I opened them I was Caitlyn Wilde.

At first my new look seemed weird, but soon I got use to it. I was fabulous, and I don't mean like “ Man, that girl cute! ” fabulous. I mean Drop. Dead. Gorgeous. Long blond hair, emerald green eyes, a rosy complexion, perfect smile; must I go on. I felt like like a supermodel on a catwalk just walking to the store, Miss Universe waiting in line for my medicine in the pharmacy. I was basically a mortal Aphrodite.

But after a while I hated my new look. My hair looked so parched like it was waiting for a rainstorm to quench its thirst. This of course, made me seem old. People started calling me ma’am, but I was only 24. If that wasn't enough, my eyes resembled those of a cat. My colleagues started calling me Catty Caitlyn. It was absolutely preposterous. I knew it was time to change, so the next morning I phoned Dr. Charles.

“ Hello Dr. Charles. I was calling to schedule my next operation. Would March... ” but I was interrupted.

“ Excuse me, Ms. Wilde. You can't have another operation in March. ” he told me coldly.

“ Ok then, in that case, would April work for you? ” I asked.

“ Ms. Wilde, ” he said rather aggravated. “ You can't have another surgery in April either. ”

“ Why not? I have the money. ” I informed him. After all, I was the daughter of the CEO of the biggest company in the world, so I'm loaded.

“ No, its not the money. It's just that you just had an operation...”

“ In December, ” I reminded him. He was very busy with the many surgeries that he did every day. I thought he must have gotten confused.

“ I know, ” he said quiet sharply. “ It's just, ” he paused. “ It's just that you'll have to wait another year before your next surgery. ”

Silence.

“ Uh, Ms. Wilde. Are you still on the line? ” he asked cautiously.

“ Oh sorry. Yes, I'm still here. Wait, a year you said. ” I questioned still stunned. But I knew the answer. He was serious. I had to wait a year before I could change.

We said our goodbyes and I hung up. Fleeing the horrid thoughts of being ugly for almost a year, I hid in solitude in my closet for the next few days. If you were wondering what I did for food, I have butlers for that.

Though it was hard, I made it through the rest of the year and eventually had another surgery.

Like the last time, I was in love with my new look, but despised it after a few months. So year after year, month after month, day after day I waited until December 27. Then I came out of my hibernation for my next surgery.

As the amount of surgeries increased, my health decreased. It came to a point where I could no longer have any more operations, and the worst part was that I didn't know until my last surgery was over. My doctor broke the news to me the day after my surgery while I was recovering.

“ Ms. Brown, I have some bad news. Two to be in fact. ” Dr. Charles told me heartbroken.

By the way you may have wondered why my last name changed. After each surgery, I changed my name so everything was truly renewed. My name now is Gianna Brown.

“ What is it Doctor? ” I asked warily.

“ Um ok, so what had happened was...” his voice trailed off. He was tongue tied. Silently he passed me a mirror hesitatingly.

Daringly, I peered in the mirror and what I saw was the ugliest creature I've ever seen. My reflection. I was a living Frankenstein, utterly hideous, butt ugly. I mean Drop. Dead. Ugly.

“ We were running low on parts so we used miscellaneous limbs and organs, ” he told me as if he had read my mind. “ I'm sorry. ”

“ It's ok. Another operation will fix me up. ” I told him cheerily not knowing that I was stuck like this for eternity.

Silence.

A sneaky, little frown crept up onto his face.

“ Sorry Ms. Brown but you can't. That brings me to my next news. ” he paused. “ Ms. Brown, ... you're going to die. ”

“ What do you mean I'm going to die? ” I asked dumbfounded by my terrible, but inevitable fate.

“ Because you changed your organs during every surgery, your body repeatedly rejected these organs. It’s gotten to the point where you can’t have anymore surgeries because your health is fragile. I’m sorry, ” he said sorrowfully.

“ So, when am I going to kick the bucket? ” I asked jokingly, trying to lighten the mood.

“ Excuse me? ” he asked me like I just had offended his mother.

“ I mean when am I going to... ” I stopped. Bringing myself to say it was just too hard. I just couldn't believe this was the end.

Was this really the end? When was I really going to die? Why do I even care when? I can’t believe this is really happening. This is all my fault.

“ In about a week. I’m really, really sorry. ” he said like it was his fault for my death.

“ It’s okay, ” I said accepting his “ apology ”.

I asked to be alone and he left. I started to reflect on my life further.

A week later here I am still in this same hospital bed. I wish I never changed. Now I’m going to die.

Because I was so self-conscious.

Because I never liked myself.

Because I wanted a new me.