

Her legs looked like matchsticks, but I knew they were a source of great pride. She sauntered down the sparkling sidewalk, the invasive sun reflecting the flecks of shiny stone imbedded in the cold concrete. Her flaxen hair glowed; daunting, her azure eyes burned; assertive. Her six inch heels clicked in rhythm, click, click, click; the descending horseman of the apocalypse. She smirked as she gave me slow, criticizing elevator eyes and I imagined her skeletal finger scolding me. "How dare you?" It cried.

She brushed past me with touch of malice. I could feel her abhorrence like an electric jolt through my body. I stood frozen, my head tilted downward as if I was a marionette with no puppeteer, unable to fathom what had just occurred.

However, this anguish was not foreign to me. I had seen it in the pained eyes of others when I had been the aspen in a room full of oaks. Had I exhibited this degree of imitation? Had I cut down my competition without regard as to whether they indeed were my opponent or an innocent bystander? Had I been garish with my frame, narcissistically decorating my proportions to attract the sought after attention of the opposite sex that was so desired?

How could this be? My shirt tags read medium! They did not shriek small nor hiss extra-small. How could medium bore the unforgiving seed of self-hatred into womankind? Medium, this neither here nor there, average, mediocre size somehow transformed me into a glamazon? Hardly. Than why was I the kiss of death to another woman's good time?

I pondered also why Madame Zero was so loathsome of my figure. Did my commonness frighten her or irritate her? Was it a matter of "why can she" or "how dare she"? I felt as though medium was the battleground for twigs and oaks to combat each other until the death. It was necessary that I be destroyed. I needed to either shrink or gain.

"Certainly average allows for both sides to win," I bargained.

"Or lose," They retorted.

There simply was no pleasing them. I was Poland and they Russia and Germany; this would not end well. I concluded that if medium was to be the beaches of Normandy than I would go down victoriously. I would remind all that there was once a middle ground! That there was once something that lay between anorexia and obesity but they had rejected it; they had slaughtered it. I found solace in the fact that school children would one day read in their history books about me and about the grand struggle of mediocrity. And yet, still I brooded, when would aspens reign?