Trampled

There is an interesting paradox lacing its way through all women’s magazines on the shelves today. While men’s magazines are blamed for participating in misogynistic propagation with compromising pictures of women contorted into unnatural positions and advertising hinting at male dominance, women’s magazines seem to be just as guilty.

Every so often when she would come home from school, her mailbox greeted her with glossy surprises. Her magazines had come. Teen volumes of the latest fashions that she could never hope to afford, gorgeous Hollywood men and their perfectly chiseled girlfriends with razor sharp collarbones. There were also the catalogues; her favorite was Victoria’s Secret. Those women were so gorgeous, well endowed where it counted and legs that looked as long as her entire body. She would tear out their faces and tape them to her wall, pretending they were her. After all, she bought a yoga tape, one day she could seduce a man by angling herself into the poses you apparently needed to be skilled in if you ever wanted to attempt a new silk babydoll or cutout bikini. She was preparing.

Flipping through the first few pages of the teen magazines was always exciting. The newest fashion would shine out from makeup, clothes, and shoe advertisements. She flipped past one for lip-gloss with a giant half open mouth of a woman’s lips gleaming like patent leather under a wall of light. A few pages later there was one for shoes. The girl had on a skirt possibly no longer than the length of her face, white panties peeking out from the bottom while she sat on a brown cushion. Her eyes were closed and mouth open, a provocative image alone but even more-so with a pair of man’s legs about 2 centimeters away from her face. It looks like she’s giving oral to someone kicking her in the face. She giggled and moved on.
After a stretch of homework and dinner she was tired and went to bed early; she would tape up her newest aspirations in the morning. That night she dreamed of when she was little. She hadn’t thought about her past in a while. She dreamt of the time when she was at her aunt’s house because her mom and dad had to go somewhere. She hated being babysat; they always treated her like an imposition. They told her to stay in the living room and watch Nickelodeon. She really did not mind that part; her parents usually didn’t let her watch too much TV when she was little. After a while she got thirsty, but when she called out no one came. Wandering in her childlike amble, she opened the door to her aunt’s bedroom at the exact moment her uncle was swinging his arm. It was no accident. Her aunt was crying and screamed at her to get out; all she could do was freeze.

She woke up and slapped her light on. She breathed for a second and looked around, reacquainting herself with her walls and skin. She reached for her water bottle. Leaning out over the edge she saw the prints on the floor. The teen magazine was still open to the shoe advertisement, the girl opening her mouth to a foot. She looked at the familiar picture with a shift in her gaze. This time she didn’t giggle.
Teeny bikini $49

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Bottom, ND-182-035 $20.
Sun: Top, ND-182-672 $29.
Bottom, ND-182-673 $20.
Heart: Top, ND-169-929 $29.
Bottom, ND-169-931 $20.