

Writing #2

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The Girl in the Photograph

“O.K., Google, open the appearance modifier menu.” I’m staring at my mirror as drop-down menus, color wheels, and images appeared before me. As I’m scrolling through the different options, my body starts morphing into what I aspire to be today. The mirror before me stands tall, surrounded by sleek all-white furniture, wasn’t capable of reflecting my vision. That’s when I remembered about the stash of mirrors that I had tucked away in the attic. I climbed the ladder and shuffled around, but then I bumped into a stack of books and out slipped a photograph. I picked it up, corners fading yellow, and saw that it was an image of a young woman smiling brightly at the camera. Suddenly, everything clicked into place. Since the moment I laid my eyes on the photo, I felt an instant connection to her. I realized the girl in the picture was actually me.

I carried the photograph back downstairs with me, in disbelief as to how much the world and I’ve changed. I recall reading Bill Joy’s essay that said, “...genetic engineering and nanotechnology were giving us the power to remake the world, but a realistic and imminent scenario for intelligent robots surprised me.” Though I rejected his beliefs at the time, technology has enslaved the world and I’ve become guilty of remaking not just the world, but myself. I once stood at the modest height of 5’4” along with an average build, but here I am before a mirror, a 5’11” gorgeous model staring blankly at me. A tear rolled down my cheek as I recalled the simpler days. I looked around my perfect room that I had spent so many hours decorating, when I was content with my obnoxious wallpaper not too long ago. It’s difficult to recognize loved ones. Everyone is constantly changing as they attempt to attain what they visualize as perfection. One day, it’s “grandpa” and the next it’s a young Elvis Presley. People today will never learn to love someone by learning to accept their perfect imperfections due to the undying desire to be the best. One’s perfect imperfections have

faded into oblivion. I started to miss the imperfect world, genuine souls, and the existence of diversity.

My heart longing for that past, I frantically sped through my settings trying to become the girl in the photograph. Little by little, the features on my body blurred into the young woman in the photo. The little mole on my cheek, the scar I'd gotten from a childhood bike accident, even the dreaded cavity filling was starting to coming back to existence. However, she has smile on her face that no matter what, I just can't fully mimic. Behind that old smile was acceptance, self-love, hardships, authenticity. There is a brightness and a twinkle to the young lady's eyes. I can't help but feel artificial.

Who am I?

Works Cited

Joy, Bill. "Why the Future Doesn't Need Us." *Wired*. Conde Nast, 01 Apr. 2000. Web. 17 Feb. 2017.