

A young girl, no older than eighteen sat slumped over rummaging through her large coach bag. She was rail thin and one could guess she was just short of six feet tall. Her naturally bleached blonde hair was tangled and looked unwashed. As she removed her black big sunglasses she exposed her round gray eyes. Her eye makeup was smudged and worn off, it looked as if she never washed it off from the night before. She pulled a pack of Marlboro Lights out of her back with a small black lighter. She placed a cigarette between her thin red lips and lit it. She crossed her long legs that were in a pair of faded jeans with holes in them. They were baggy, at least two sizes too big. At the waist they hung low showing off her bony hips and the top of her red underwear. As she smoked her bangle bracelets moved to expose a small tattoo on the inside of her wrist. She looked through a modeling booklet memorizing the tips for an interview. It had been almost 3 weeks since her last job so she had to make a good impression. With only two hours of sleep from the night before all she wanted to do is take a nice shower and long nap before her five o'clock interview. When she finished her cigarette she stepped on it with her dirty flip flops that looked as if they were once white. She pulled an old brown shawl from her bag and wrapped it around her small white tank top. She hated the cold weather here. It was only a year ago she left Texas to become a model. She thought about her family and friends that she left back in Texas, she missed it a lot but would never tell anyone that.