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# Pretty Face

*Mary Hegan*

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To my Enzo, Bob

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# One

Mom bought me a digital scale.

“So you can’t lie to yourself,” she said. I glared at her, my right foot jutting forward.

“God, Mom,” I scoffed. “I mean, *God*.”

What else could I say? She was totally right. Yesterday, I shunted my rusty old IKEA scale all over the bathroom floor looking for the most favorable reading. Turns out, you can shave a full five pounds off if you put the bottom half of the scale on the bath mat, hang your toes off the front, and squint.

Today, it’s no such luck. The digital scale won’t read anything at all unless it’s on a level surface. Thanks a lot, Mom.

Behind the locked bathroom door, I pee, kick off my

slippers, drop my robe, step out of my pajama pants, and lift my cotton cami over my head. Taking a deep breath, I exhale hard, blowing all the air out of my body. Contracting it as much as possible. Then I step on my new digital scale.

I hear a sound.

*Beep.* Then a loud, robotic voice.

“One hundred and—”

Horrified, I leap off the scale. Mom bought me a scale that talks!? Is she out of her mind? Not only do I have to see the bloated number glow accusingly at me in a hideous green light, I have to *hear* the bad news, too? What else will it say?

*Shave your legs, slacker. Would a pedicure kill you? Think you'll ever have a boyfriend with those thighs?*

Mom shrieks through the closed bathroom door. “I’m calling Dr. Weinstein.”

“Mother!” I shriek back. “Can’t I have any privacy?”

“Your brother weighs less than you, Hayley. Do you want to weigh more than a boy?”

“His brain is only an ounce. Mine is packed with weighty knowledge.”

Mom presses her mouth up to the doorjamb. “I’m only thinking of your health.”

I roll my eyes and turn on the shower.

“If you keep going like this,” she says into the crack of the door, “you’re going to weigh as much as two people.”

“I’ve always wanted a sister,” I reply. Then I get in the