

Pretty

by Emily Sparkles

"Here's the company laptop back," I said.

"Sorry the job didn't work out. I hear you have a serious boyfriend?"

He replied, as he finished firing me, though I had brought in more money for the station than any other salesperson.

"I've been getting a lot of positive feedback on my work lately," I said.

"It's because you're a hot chick," replied the guy who has critiqued my writing for months.

"I feel really lucky that the students respect me," I said.

"It doesn't hurt that you're young and pretty," replied the veteran female teacher I've worked with for two years.

Is it victory or madness
To believe, despite all evidence,
That I'm not that pretty,
And if I was, it wouldn't matter.
That my mind is what shines.
And hard work and ability
Must be their own reward.

