

Victoria Tuck  
27 Water Street  
Wakefield, MA 01880  
781-245-3200  
[vicki@flowresearch.com](mailto:vicki@flowresearch.com)

## **I Am An Ad**

“Stick your ass out to the right, put your weight on your left foot. For Christ’s sake, how complicated does this have to be?”

It didn’t matter. She was used to being talked to like this. She was, after all, mindless meat. She was the body. The one thing that always crossed her mind, though, was how glad she was her mother wasn’t around to hear this talk. How it would have hurt her mother to hear her little Lizzie being spoken to this way. Her mother had never gotten over the fact that she’d given birth to a beauty. Of course, in Lizzie’s memory, her mother was beautiful. That shining love, those gray eyes that absorbed all. But her mother had considered herself drab, plain. Daddy hadn’t been much to look at. So Lizzie was a kind of miracle. Her mother used to say, “You’ve got a ticket, there, honey, but don’t rely on just that. You’ve got the whole package, sweetie. The whole thing.”

So why’d she end up here?

“Turn you head to the left! Hey, Lydia!”

She didn’t correct the guy, just turned her head to the left. It wasn’t always just guys, either. Women, too. They knew she was just the meat, and they could be just as mean, if not meaner. If she was a supermodel, well, things would be different. There’d be some deference, maybe even obsequiousness. But she was nowhere near the top of that ladder.

“Do I have to draw you a map?”

She wondered what they would have her gazing at. She was in front of a blue-screen, so as far as she knew, she'd ultimately be standing before an ocean, a luxury hotel pool, a mountain lake, who knew. They had her in a bikini, so she assumed the setting would be water, in some way, shape or form. She didn't have to use her face, the shot was from the back. They wanted just a little profile, but even that, they weren't happy with. Her bikini was bright yellow, but they'd no doubt change that. They'd probably change the color of her hair. She had zero input into this process. She was the body.