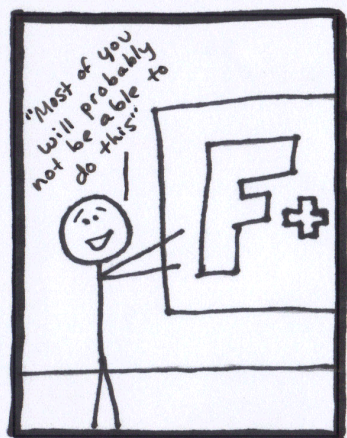
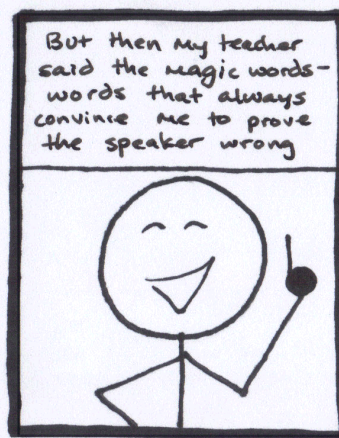
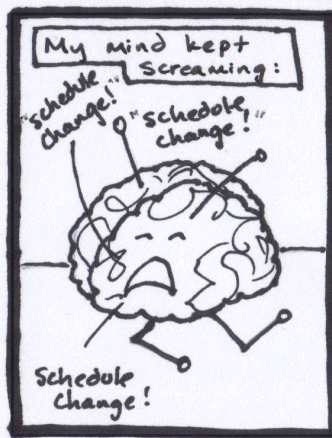
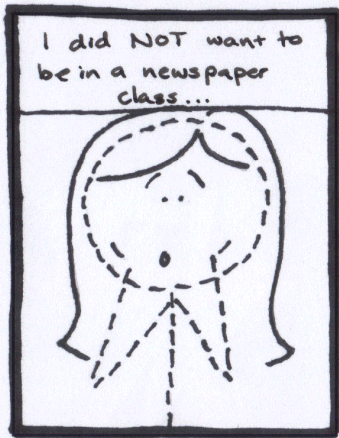
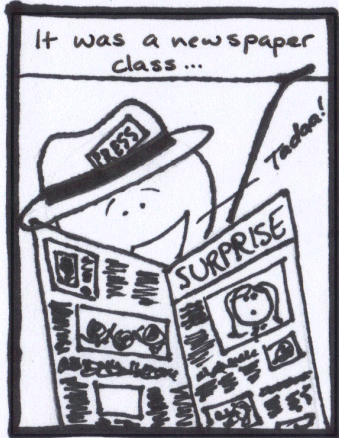
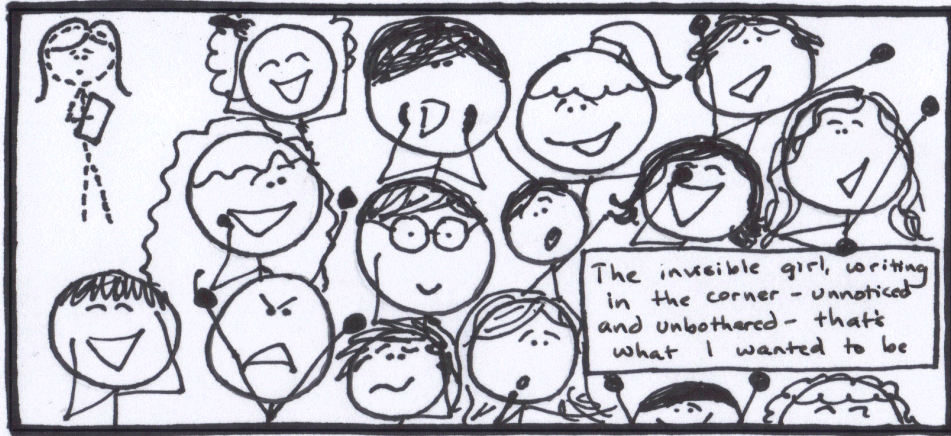
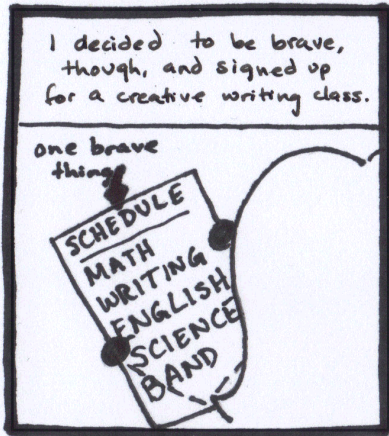
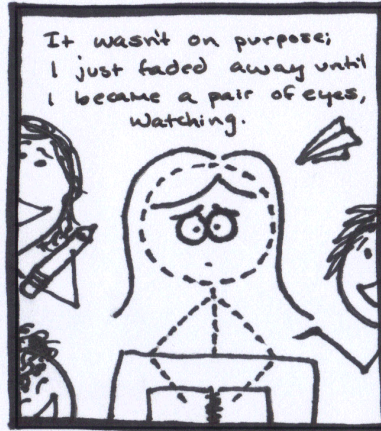
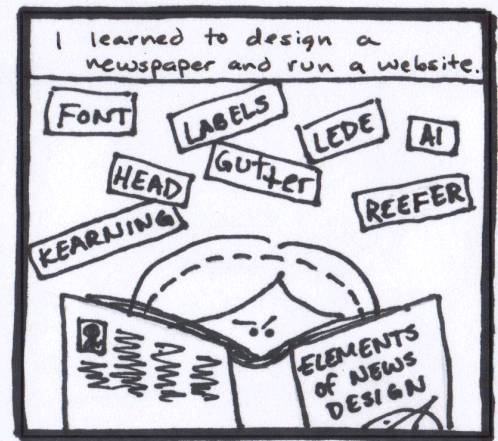
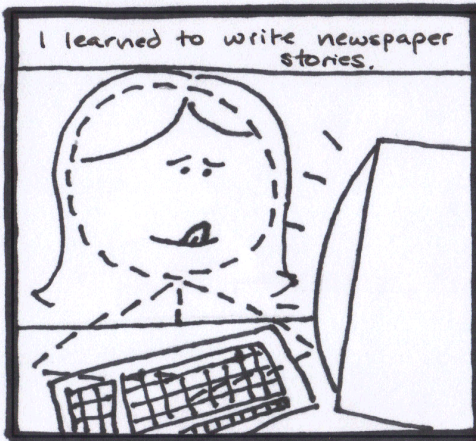
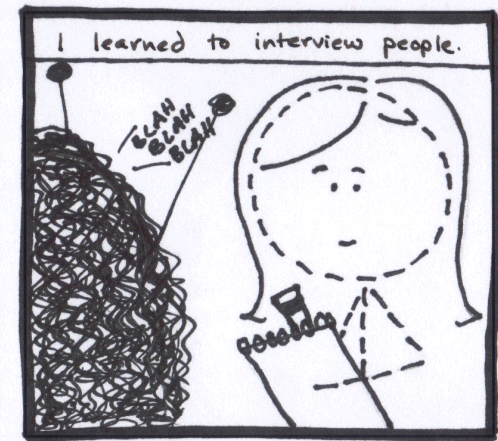
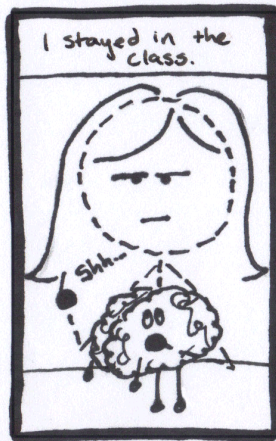
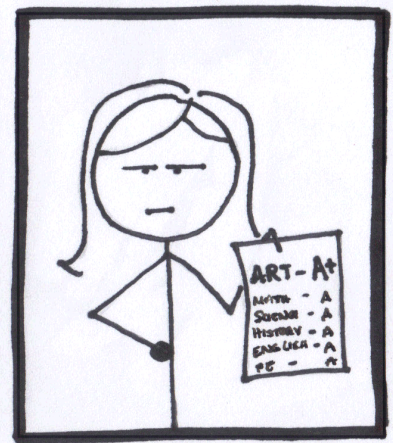
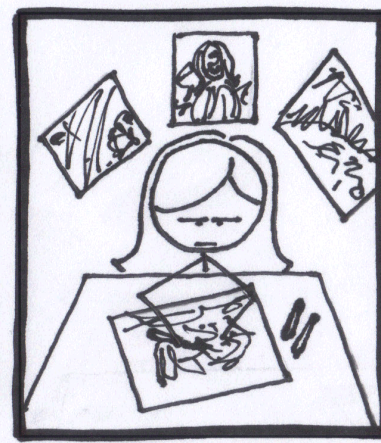
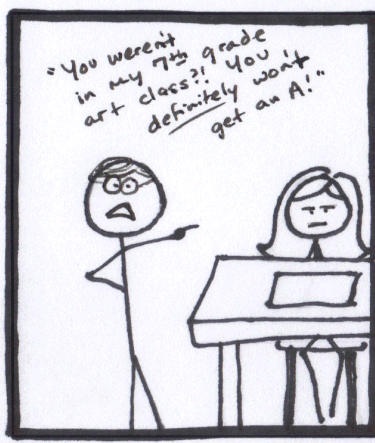
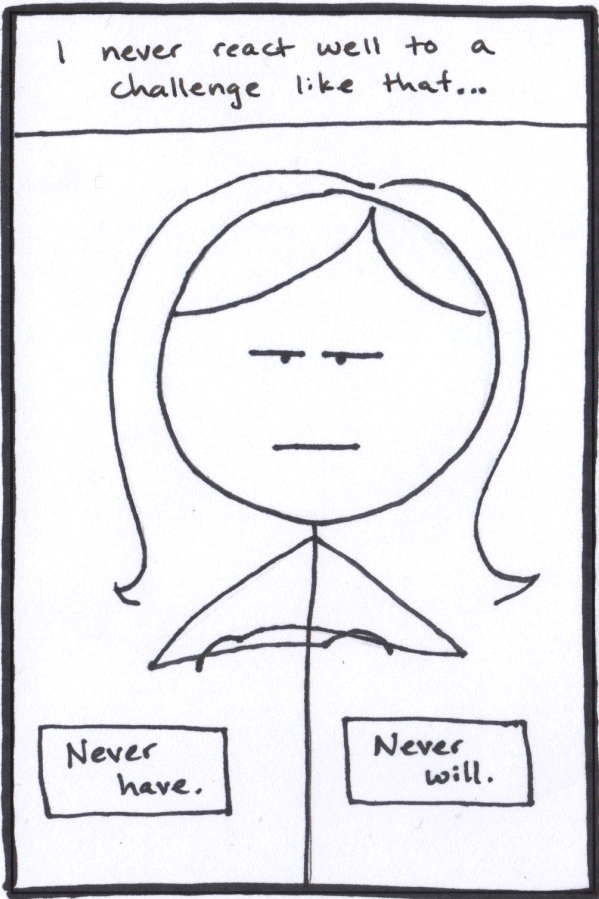


I GIRL FRIDAY





The class scared me silly, but I just followed the advice my grandma once gave me while herding cows...



"Stand here and look big!"



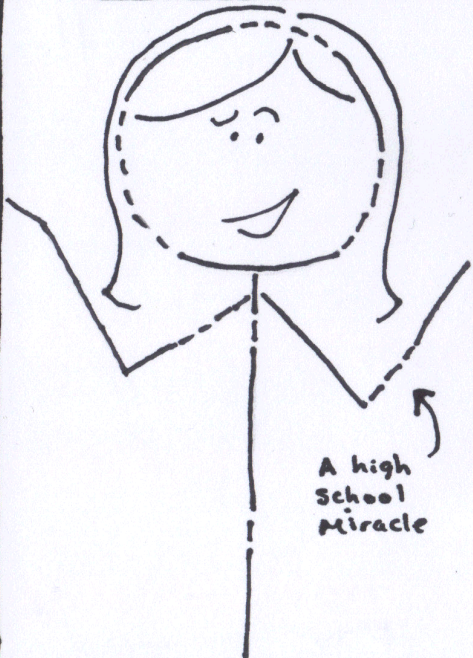
It was the country version of "fake-it-till-you-make-it"



And it was surprisingly effective advice - for life and for cows



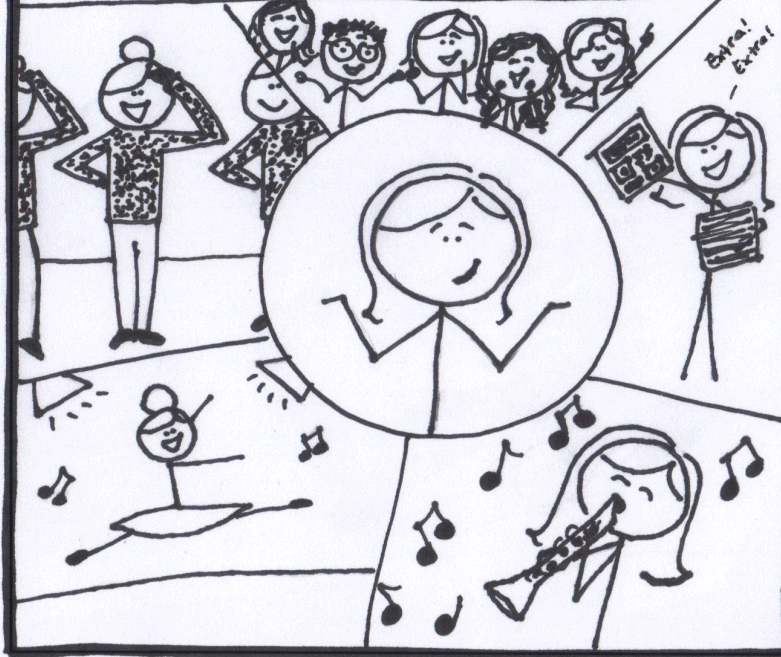
To my amazement, I began to reappear - bit by bit.



A high school miracle

Better than before, even.

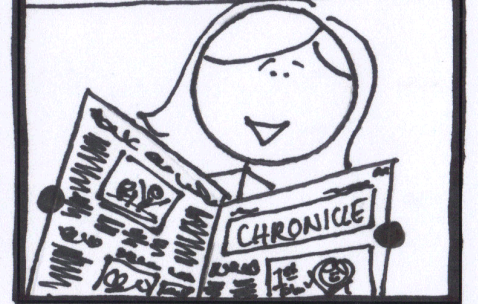
I spent the rest of high school becoming visible - very visible:



It was a choice built on an accidental enrollment

SCHEDULE
NEWSPAPER
ENGLISH
MATH
DANCE

I didn't mind...



I WAS MY GIRL, VISIBLE