

# The Girl with the Zippered Vinegar Face

---

**Georgia Wilby**

There once was a girl who could change her face. She simply unzipped the sides and zipped on a new one. The faces were kept in a glass tank, neatly lined up and swimming in vinegar to keep them pickled and lovely.

This girl with the zippered vinegar face had lovely long hair like gold straw. But her lovely long golden straw didn't look good with her zippered vinegar face. So one day the girl took a pair of scissors and snip snip snip, cut away all of her lovely golden straw.

She took a candle and melted the wax over her head. Her new waxy hair matched her perfect zippered vinegar face but the problem was her legs.

The girl with the zippered vinegar face didn't like her legs. They were small and plump and sweet, like small powdered cakes. Her cake legs didn't match her zippered face and waxy hair. So the girl took her scissors and snip snip snip cut away her legs.

She took two small trees and glued them to her torso. The girl with the zippered vinegar face and waxy hair and sapling legs was pleased, but she was worried about her middle. Her happy puppy fat was making the sapling legs bend and break.

The girl with the zippered vinegar face and waxy hair and sapling legs stopped eating. She would only eat lemons and drink a little water. The puppies whimpered and died. They fell off and left an empty basket behind.

The girl with the zippered vinegar face and waxy hair and sapling legs and empty-basket body was perfect.

Except she didn't like her hands. Her hands looked like her mother's hands. Small and flat and soft. They were tender hands, her mother's hands.

The girl took her scissors and snip snip snip, cut off her hands. She filled two rubber gloves with sand and glued them to her wrists.

The girl with the zippered vinegar face and waxy hair and sapling legs and empty-basket body and rubber-sand hands looked at herself in the mirror.

Finally, she was beautiful, and happy.

**About the author**

I'm currently in my second year of a BA. I enjoy uni because I get to read lots of books and talk about them with likeminded people. I'd love to do further study, or take a stab at the publishing industry. Alternatively, if someone would like to pay me lots of money to write a book, that would also be good.