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## And No Two Are Ever The Same

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### **Cover Page Footnote**

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The clincher of this J.C. Penney working experience would have to be the weirdos I am forced to wait on. These are the type of people who tell me the details of their intimate and personal lives while I'm standing there, ringing up their bed and bath supplies. One conversation I had with a middle-aged woman went like this (no kidding!):

She says: "I'm buying these towels for a family friend. He's single, you know. Do you believe I had to get two different colored wash cloths because he won't wash his face with the same cloth he washes his "hoo-haah" with?"

I say: "Oh."

Way back in 1987, during the first month I worked there, there in that cornerstone of hell known as the J.C. Penney bed and bath department, I remember I was crouched in a corner straightening a sheet display where no one could see me. A woman, oblivious to my presence, walked by softly singing to herself:

"There's more for your life at Sears!"

Maybe she's right.

**"And no two are ever the same..."**

Mom's words echoed in my ears  
and I watched the wet snow  
fall on my new black boots.  
The drone of voices  
lulled me back to my childhood  
where everything began.  
She was always herself  
and I was always herself's sister.  
She got the top bunk  
and top grades  
and high-class friends.  
Her smile was so bright  
in her prom photo  
with the captain of the football team.  
My smile was so fake  
as I posed with  
"a friend of the family."  
I was always the dandelion  
next to the rose,  
until she pricked herself  
with her own thorns  
for reasons I'll never know.  
She sat so pretty  
on her Cover Girl pedestal.  
But now I stand  
six feet above the Sleeping Beauty,  
and still  
they are bringing her flowers...

Edie Torre