

SARAH WINN

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in New York City. I woke in my modest hotel room which I shared with two other graphic design students.

We were in New York City as a group to see museums and other sights for march break. IT was an amazing opportunity to see spectacular art, music and architecture. We were told to visit as many museums, large and small, and we would have to document what we saw for bonus points.

We had five days and four nights on our trip and we were on day three. The night before, my friend Don and I had dinner at a very groovy bistro in Soho followed by music at a cool cat jazz club. Both of us were mature students in every sense of the meaning, I was thirty-five and Don was thirty-seven so we had no problems going to the club.

On our way back to the hotel, we decided not to see yet another gallery tomorrow, we were museum'd out. We would take a day trip to see the Statue of Liberty.

The telephone rang in my hotel and I picked it up, it was Don, I had fifteen minutes to meet him downstairs in the lobby, so I hardly got myself ready and met Don in the foyer. He had two coffees in hand and two brown paper bags with continental-style goodies in them.

We rushed to the hotel and hailed a yellow cab, once we got in the cab, Don said, "Battery Park, please", as I stuffed a blueberry muffin in my gob. "Going to see Liberty?", The cabbie asked, "Yes", I said, being careful not to spray cake crumbs in the cab.

We boarded the ferry to Liberty Island. Once we debarked the ferry, it was a short walk to the actual statue. The closer we got to her, the more spectacular and grandiose she was. I felt like a bug compared to this chartreuse-coloured metal goddess, indeed, as her creator, Bartholdi, had fashioned her to look like a Roman goddess, Libertas.

In awe, I walked around her base, taking many photos all the while. It was then that I saw something unusual on her left foot, could it be? I couldn't believe my eyes, She had six toes! I felt warm and comforted to see the flaw of this monolithical representation of liberty. My heart filled with happiness.

I've always been a punk, an outsider, I walked by the beat of my own drum. I do not strive to be perfect, my drive to myself— my drive is to *be* myself, with all my imperfections. This wonderful female warrior, portraying liberty, freedom and justice had six toes on her left foot. She wasn't perfect! She was a misfit, like me.