

# Hairy Mary

by Rebecca Young

I can't remember the last time I wore a short-sleeved shirt. Or how many times I've said things like, "I'm just cold-blooded" when it's ninety degrees outside and I'm covered up like a nun or something. I'm sure people think I'm weird. Some kind of prude who doesn't want to show any skin. Truth is I can't, because if I did, then people would really start talking.

See, I've got this problem. I'm hairy. I'm not talking normal hair either. I'm talking pass-for-a-bear hairy. And not just the normal spots like underarms and legs. My whole body is hairy. My arms. My Ankles. A patch on my stomach. A spot on my lower back.

It's disgusting to me, so why would I ever expect someone else to not be grossed out by it! Still, I wish I could tell someone. Someone I could trust. I keep thinking one day someone will notice. One person will come along who won't accept my lame excuse for wearing long sleeves all year and I'll be caught. Forces to tell my dirty secret. Part of me actually wants someone to care enough to delve deeper. Find out why I never go swimming or dress out for gym. But I guess it's easier to believe that I'm defiant or a loner, or "that weird girl that dresses like a nun" than to actually spend some time finding out the truth.

To be honest, I don't know what I'd say anyway. My father was a grizzly bear? (Laughs) Or maybe I could say I'm part of a science experiment? That my parents signed me up when I was a baby and I can't get out of it.

Wait! I think I've got it! I'll just tell everyone I'm actually a wolf! With those new vampire and wolf books out, and everyone going crazy over them, someone might actually believe me!