

## **A Two-Faced Beauty**

My Job as a writer was quite simple: I had to describe the ugliest, most bizarre faces and their unpleasant features.

Most readers dreaded my stories, they found my creations utterly appalling. What they ignored is that those faces were not a product of my imagination, but rather the complete truth about how I perceived every single individual.

I got used to observing long crooked noses and gigantic moles everywhere I went, not to mention the uncombed nose hairs and unconventionally big ears.

At first I thought that critics didn't like my work because they saw it as an insult, but it turns out, that they were so scared by the intricacies of my descriptions that they just completely neglected my hard work. They had no knowledge of their ugliness and that I was in fact, writing about them.

I looked in the mirror and saw a handsome man. The truth is, my mind is twisted and so is the appearance of my precious characters, because I am fully aware that the real monster in my books is me.