

## Excerpt from Gertrude's memoirs

"I just couldn't bear the thought of leaving my safe haven and going outside today or any other day. Never mind that my legions of fans may or may not have been out there cheering with glee; hoping, praying, yearning for one quick glimpse of my face, my smile, my body...but no. It was too bright, too full of...good things...things of which I fear I do not deserve, and yet, I know not why." - funny, this was only two days after they canceled my reality show. How young and prescient I was then...

In fact, it would be many years into the future until I would know what it is that was so devastating that had plunged me to the deepest depths of self loathing and hatred and indeed simultaneous desire. My screaming and flailing about was becoming all too real, all too common, and all too satisfying. I was about to hit a wall. Not literally, of course, though I did try. Nathan was always there to stop me. Oftentimes with his body. His soft, cushions of belly and bust. I felt inferior and yet also, aching superior.

"For I do believe I am quite ravishing and beautiful, but alas, my buttocks are neither large nor plump enough for viewing. Therefore, I must stand here and wallow in my sorrow. Sorrow for which I can not understand. Perhaps I shall die. Shall I kill myself today? It would be a tragedy, I know. A tragedy that will be written about in all the papers and yes, too, online. And of course mentioned on all the proper television shows and internet websites. I shall like to read them, to see what it is people really thought of me though I am afraid it will not all be positive. I fear there is still much hatred in this world, a world that is dreadfully unkind. Filled with so much madness far more than love, tho I wish I could - oh no, it would be impossible to even think. Dare I? I mustn't. No. I shan't even venture to think along those lines. I will stay here with you, alas, for another day, my love. We shall survive for another day."

"Gertrude," he would say, "Please, I beg of you, come down from your perch this moment."

Nathan of course, was referring to my standing, one-legged upon the second level of the hollow bronzed Allain Bowers tree sculpture that my

daddy had wanted to purchase for me but could not. It was the producers of my reality show, "All about Gertrude" that had eventually gave in and ordered an exact replica for me from the internet. This tree sculpture meant so very much to me, I wished I could hold it at all times, even put it within my body, make it a part of me, living, breathing inside of me. Oh, how I had longed for a child. A real child of my own. Though I had tried, first with Nathan, and later with the tree. The smaller sized branches were too high up and every time I climbed to the top I fell face first into my flesh colored Armani area rug. After several falls there were so many blood stains the producers had stepped in and replaced it with a burgundy colored one from the same line. Unfortunately, the trunk of the tree had proved too much for me to handle, too large to fit inside of me so I compromised by learning to stand on top of it, single-legged, allowing it's energy to flow through me and within me. Hoping, one day, to absorb it's seed, so I too could experience the miracle of life growing inside of me, though...

It was during one of my day-long perch-stands that I had come to the realization that I was not only being watched from without, but also, from within. Yes, this was a reality show, a show that was to exhibit me, in all of my triumphs and defeats, while I lived, inside my beautiful abode, with my love, my only brother left, fleshy Nathan as he would prefer I said only in private. But there was no more private. Though I had given the television crew and producers permission to enter and admire us, I now knew that there was a chip inside of me, floating around, collecting data. Data that would once be used against me. Nathan of course, was unable to find this chip even after slicing open several points on my body where I had felt it on the inside. He is a very good brother, indeed. He tried to stitch me closed but before he could finish, the producers sent in some sort of nursemaid who had his own sewing kit and while the stitches are healing, I fear now I will have more scars. Scars that tell stories of their own. Of love, fear, molestation, purgatory...

It is times like this that I am grateful for my tears and saddened for my wounds. Alas, I remain hopeful that one day I will be strong and beautiful enough to once again venture outside and reap the benefits I have sown from my days of helpless exposure. Or, at the very least, be rewarded by a pick up for Season 2.