

Izzy Bradley

With the shiny metal crown on my head and silky blue sash on my shoulder, I posed for the endless pictures that were coming my way. The cream and green wallpaper did not make for a good backdrop.

It was the summer before my sophomore year of high school. My sister and I had spent that past two weeks touring the country with the Jayson Michaels Energy Source Dance Association (JMESDA), dancing nine hours a day around five to six days a week.

That summer, my sister and I had decided to participate in the annual JMESDA cover model title contest, with her in the junior category and myself in the senior. This entailed us going through the extensive application and interview process. The result would allow us to become spokesman for the company for the year.

“I think this is the year for me to do it,” I told my mom.

“If you really want to I will help you with everything you need,” she said, “I can set up your head shot photos tomorrow!”

Along with the photos came a long paper form, practicing my solo dance, and the terrifying interview preparation. But of course after hours of stressing, the interview was cut.

As we toured with the 15 or so kids for the majority of the three weeks, my sister and I had no idea about the outcome of the contest. As the tour came to an end we had a huge mix of emo-



tions going into the banquet where the results would be announced.

No matter how nervous, I still put on my metallic silver dress and little black heels and prepared for any sort of outcome.

“Our junior cover model is Miss Georgia Bradley,” one of the staff members announced.

At that moment I was worried that maybe my sister would win her category but I would not win mine. That would be awful. Trying to be happy for her, but still sad for myself. But then they called my name too.

While I posed with my sister for all of the photos, I enjoyed the sheer validation of earning that title. I soaked in all of the joy, knowing that I had just earned the confidence boost of a lifetime.

