



JANICE DICKINSON

Everything About
Me Is Fake...
and I'm Perfect!

*Each Janice
Comes With:*

- BOTOX
- 36C IMPLANTS
- BROW LIFT
- BLEPHAROPLASTY
- PORCELAIN VENEERS

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My obsession with modeling must have been pretty all-encompassing: eventually even my mother snapped to it enough to take a day off from work to drive me to an audition at the John Robert Powers School of Modeling. “You’re a beautiful girl,” my mother told me, and just hearing the words made me want to cry. But Dawn Nichols, the tough-looking chick who ran the school, took one look at my raisinlike breasts, visible ribs, and long, nondescript hair, asked my mother to write out a check, and stepped into her new role as Janice’s Latest Tormentor.

The next day, I returned for my first modeling lesson: How to Walk Properly. It seemed to go well, but Dawn made one thing perfectly clear to me: “You’ll never make it as” —snicker, snort— “a model. You don’t really have a body, dear. You look like . . . well, a boy.”

“Maybe I could be a boy model,” I snapped back.

“Dear, I don’t need your sarcasm.”

“You haven’t met my sarcasm yet,” I hissed. She just turned away, trying to stick to her lessons about walking around with a phone book on your head.

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