



TRUE SELF

Kyla Jamieson discovers there's life after MODELLING. And it's far more beautiful than she imagined.

When a modelling agent offered me a two-month contract in Hong Kong, I asked my best friend where to find it on a map. At 14, I'd never been more than five hundred miles from home. My family had only recently moved from the small town of Squamish (population 15,000) to Vancouver when an agent my mother met

by chance signed me as a model. Within months of her offering to represent me, I was on the other side of the Pacific attending castings in the pink prairie skirt I'd sewn myself in home-economics class.

My mom was with me on my first photo shoot in Vancouver—holding a blanket up to shield my body from strangers while I changed in a public park—and she went with me to Hong Kong. It was her first time abroad as well, but together we made sense of the transit system, eventually finding our way to castings and appointments at the agency. “Unprofessional,” chastised my agents—I should be able to do things on my own; it was part of the job ▸

MICHELLE FORD