

I am Unique, I am Extraordinary

I think I am kind of different. I have always been. Perhaps other people had known about this long before I realized my very own uniqueness. Why? It was because I was never proud of it.

All that I can remember was being nicknamed “E.T.” at primary school. I was the girl who always distanced and kept herself to herself. I was the girl who remained silent in a group. I was that strange, introverted, out of place of girl who got basketballs thrown at me during a P.E. lesson.

The first few years of primary school were indeed a torture. But somehow it got better when I learned how to hide my true self. I tried to hide my shyness and put a mask on my face. I hated gossips and small talks but I still engaged in them as they gained me ‘friends’ and acceptance in return. I also let my extremely short hair grow and stopped wearing what they said bizarre, boyish clothes because I was afraid that my ‘friends’ would regard me as a weirdo.

However, I finally got tired of being the leading character in this ‘farce’ and ‘masquerade’ in Secondary 3. Eventually, I got sick of having to wear a smile when I did not feel like doing so. I remember looking in the mirror and seeing an image I was no longer familiar with. I was scared that I would eventually grow numb to all injustice, hypocrisy and suffering. Then the stranger inside the mirror might take over my conscience and I would become a cold-blooded, soulless animal. “No”, I said to myself. “I can’t take this anymore”. Why did I have to go against my own will? Why did I have to hide my true self?

If planet Earth is not suitable for E.T., it would be best for it to go back to its home on Mars. First things first, I got my long-desired haircut and I even have the sides of my head shaved. What’s more, I started dressing in the way I like—more androgynous. Not only did I let go of my hair, but also the overly self-conscious monster under my skin. I could not feel more confident with myself.

In addition, when I feel downcast and depressed and do not feel like talking, I translate all my negative energy into works of literature: poems and songs. As for my ‘friends’, some of them left

me but I am so glad that I have met some new and true ones. They are supportive and give me help and advice when I am at a loss. They do not befriend me because I agree with whatever they do. They simply embrace my individuality.

I used to care too much about what the others think about me in the past. Now, I understand looking edgy and avant-garde does not make me a social outcast. Nor does dressing up make someone with an ugly soul a kind person. I realize that being an introvert does not mean I am dumb. Being different from the others does not mean that I have to change myself so as to please them. I may be 'weird' but I am true to myself. I am so proud of being unique and extraordinary.

By Law Chung Lam