

I am unique. I am extraordinary.

I am unique. I am extraordinary. Am I unique? Am I extraordinary? Do I have stories to soften people into tears? Is my journey remarkable and worth telling enough? Do I have to be extraordinary in order to be unique? I thought of all those things before my pen touches the paper.

As soon as I start, I realize that...maybe I am no one special. My life is simple, standard, ordinary, or you can say boring. I am just another wide-eyed little girl in this whole wide world, just a tiny piece of ash in this gigantic and marvellous universe. What makes me stand out? Without me, the sun still rises, the world still goes on. So, should I just make up some stories and pretend I have some fascinating and intriguing past to tell?

Staying up late and sleeping all day like most teenagers, striving very hard for the public examination like most students do, listen to pop music and the best-sellers in the bookstores during leisure time, lean back and watch everyone doing something extraordinary and enjoying myself while doing so. It seems that “extraordinary” and “unique” never something related to me. Oh, wait... maybe that is something unique?

Maybe it's because of the pressure and not-so-ideal life, people around us always seem to have something to moan about. Instead of peeking the bright side, most people tend to see the dull reality at the first glance, and the next glance, and so on. For me, that is not the case. I have a very strong belief that everything in this world is extraordinary and I am so grateful for them. Take my view to myself as an example. Maybe I am not the cream of the crop, gaining victories and fabulous results like them but that also means life is rather for me. I can have my very precious time to explore and wander around in my mini world, explore more possibilities for myself, instead of pushing myself and living under those suspenseful and too dazzling spotlight. Maybe I am not that special to the world, but I am unique to my family and friends. And that's all that matter, isn't it?

I have a really special friend. She is a witty, caring and sincere who has her own thoughts which not many people have these days. She can dance very well and make adorable crafts. The saddest part is that she never knows that. She is not so confident,

always seeing the dark side of herself. However, in my eyes, she is already so extraordinary. Mom has some issues on her ears so she cannot hear anything but her sight is superb and she is the smartest and the most beautiful woman I've ever seen in my life. People are always telling me that's such a shame but I don't think so. God took away something from her, but there is also redemption. Like all superheroes, they need to sacrifice something before they gain their superpower. The scars and the wounds, they are the things that make us who we are today.

People would be so gloomy if they face something really something unfortunate. For me, I would feel a little bit delighted. God is fair and justice. If he takes away something, he would give something back. Then I can look forward to those redemptions from him.

Then I realize, I am actually somehow different and unique. It's not me who is unique, but my perspective of seeing things. But what about extraordinary? Maybe I am just... extra and ordinary?

If I have to innovate something and reach the peak of the mountain to be extraordinary, maybe I can never be extraordinary. But I can be extraordinary to myself. Maybe that's not extraordinary about working hard and going far. Maybe the truth is extraordinary is the moment when you realize that you are unique. Extraordinary is not about striving your best to be extraordinary, is knowing that you already are. It's all about your perspective.

By Liu Man Wai