



nicky

Special

As a child I wanted to be special, but I didn't think I deserved to be so. Caught up in my own world, I imagined that indeed I was special, with the whole world looking up to me.

In my fantasy world, I was a princess with the most beautiful names and looks. I was intelligent, sweet, wise and important and was treated according with honour and respect. I could do magic and do all sorts of things other people, ordinary people, could not do.

Looking back at being that little girl I can see that all I really longed for was to be out there in the sun, to enjoy and to be enjoyed. I was a creature filled with love, wanting to make a difference.

To the people around me, I was a quiet little girl. I was a good student, always making sure to stay out of trouble. I guess most of my class mates just thought I was boring. I was so eager to learn and so loyal to my friends and family that I missed out on being a child in the eyes of the world. I was living up to other people's expectations rather than living my life as it should be to suit me.

Thus, rather than truly showing the world the beautiful girl there was to see, I made sure no one could see me at all. Let alone show anyone how special I was for I never expected them to understand.

Every now and then when nothing goes smoothly, when the rain keeps pouring down on me, I turn back time and I become that little girl again. Oddly enough I have come to realise that after all these years I still want to be special. I still dream of being rich and famous, valued for my knowledge and skills.

I know it's just my ego needing a boost, my inner knowing longing for certainty and my ambition to make my life worthwhile. I know I am special, really I know I am.....for we all are.