

Different

Three years ago, I walked into this world. That's when I realised I was different.

Why was I different? Why could I not be like all the others?

I tried changing myself. What for?

Every word said about my culture. It was like a needle stabbing me.

It's funny how much words can hurt. "You used donations to come here," they said.

I dealt with it. Only to realise I am different. So what.

It's my culture, my tradition. I was born like this.

I can't change it, but I wanted to.

But that was a year ago...

And now, I like me.