

A Beautiful Mind

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I do not sit in front of the mirror nowadays. It makes me realize how ugly I am; how unwanted and disparate is my existence in the long awaited queue of beautiful girls! I feel like hiding myself from this world…I feel like living in some other planet.

Things were not like this before. I was never bothered about my looks; I never wanted to be the girl who takes your breath away. I always believed in inner beauty, the splendour and purity of soul. In my opinion, the eye-catchy appearance and makeover does not make someone beautiful. It is the originality, simplicity, honesty, ethics and values that makes someone beautiful.

I grew up nurturing this belief in the core of my heart. But it gets shattered when I figure out the apparent discrepancies around me. The way people look at me and my so-called beautiful sisters or friends who do not carry parity at all. Although I have better academic accomplishments, a better career, a fair mind and a distinguished personality, nevertheless my relatives and the society admire them a lot more than me.

Why am I unnoticed? Why do people judge me by such a factor that I do not have control over? Should a person be judged by a born privilege rather by the things that have been added to on her own? I might be underprivileged while God was creating me but that cannot be my fault; that cannot be my only identity!