

MFS Creative Writing Competition 2016-17

Form 4, 1st Prize

4B-20 Lui Ka Tin Mitch

The Beauty of Being Me

I thought that being beautiful was the most important thing in life, until I read the book.

The modern world has been focused on fashion and beauty for a long time. The population perceives that without a handsome face, no matter how smart or achieved you are, you might as well be slaving away in a cubicle in some office that no one has ever heard of. Therefore it is safe for everyone to assume that being beautiful is the most important thing in life.

As someone who came into this world at the start of the twenty-first century, I have come under the influence of 'beauty trends'. And as a person who is proud of his achievements – and in the stage of puberty – I have started caring about how I look. I have become obsessed with removing my acne and having a good hairstyle. I am always noticing my posture, how I talk and how I walk. Clothing is very important and image is everything to me.

I have basically created another personality, a personality that replaced me. I was replaced by 'me'. The cruelty of reality forced it upon me. It was like 'I' was ashamed of me. Fitting into a social circle is very hard for me. As a self-centered, egotistical, yet smart, loyal introvert, I find it difficult to have friends. I crave attention and feeling important.

Then one day, I read a book. It was called '*Being Me*'. I read it and one particular quote stuck with me: 'Just because the world told you that beauty is important, doesn't mean you have to sacrifice your real self.'

That was a few years ago. Looking back, I never regretted being me once again. I now enjoy my success with friends. I can stop lying to myself.

I thought that being beautiful was the most important thing in life. It is, but it depends on how you define 'beautiful'.