

JUST BE

by

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-Dad, is Mum beautiful?

-Well, not as beautiful as me!!! (laughing)

- Come on dad, tell me! For real.

-Tell you what sugar- bear?

-Is Mum beautiful?

-Why is it so important to you my little squirrel? Beauty is not everything you know.

-Yes, yes... I know... (murmuring) but for me it is everything.

- What did you say?

-Nothing dad... nothing... but... I mean... if mum weren't that beautiful would you love her the same?

-Beauty is not everything. Beauty is the first thing to attract you and the last thing to keep you in a relationship. –whether this is friendship or not.

- Still dad... you are not answering. Is mum beautiful?

-Yes my little angel. She is. And so are you.

Of course, I never believed that I was beautiful. So, as I was getting older I started putting makeup on, do my hair and all. And my dad used to yell all the time: “Natural beauty my girl. You are messing up with your natural beauty when you put those things on.” He calls all these cosmetics the “devil’s suitcase.” (laughing)

You see, my mum never used any makeup. Not that she needs it but anyway... She lived in a totally different time –where natural beauty was to be preferred.

Natural beauty! Yeah... as if it exists nowadays! All these anorexic models who are supposed to put on the good example for young girls. What’s the good example? To starve yourself to death in order to fit in that little dress which doesn’t even have a size for Christ’s sake. Size zero? Size zero? Have they lost their freaking mind? This size is a disgrace to all of us, normal women. It’s humiliating or at least it should be. But yet, how many girls become victimized every day. Fashion victims. Every day thousands of girls die of anorexia. They die while trying to look pretty and beautiful. And they are not only models. They are regular girls. Girls just like me and you. Girls that happened to be a bit fatter at school and were punished for that. In high school, if

you are fat and you wear glasses, then you're dead. They marginalize you just like that (snaps her fingers). Who are they to put us into such a process? Who do they think they are, all those fashion designers? To control our lives like that. To tell us what is wrong and what is right. How we should be and how we shouldn't. Who is gonna live a normal life in society and who gonna die trying to fit in. Is it convenient for them to keep us focused upon our appearance, so as to neglect everything else? They put us into patterns. To become what? What? Dolls? Plastic dolls? Girls are dying. Some days I cannot breath. I feel suffocated by all this pressure. I want to scream that it's just me. It is just ME.

I don't want to pretend anymore that I am someone else. I want to just be. Just be me.

Is it that hard to accept me? So freaking difficult? What's the point to pretend? What's the point to be extra slim? To enter the skeleton club? I don't want to look the same as the other girls. I want to be different. Because difference is good. That's the way it should be. I want to breathe again.

To breathe and to just be. So, I am standing in front of you, asking you to accept me. Accept me the way I am. Don't judge me, don't try to fix me, don't even try to help me... just accept me as I am...

I don't need the fake eyelashes for others to like me. Or the fake face. I shouldn't. That's just fake. And my weight shouldn't matter so much, because underneath my appearance it is just me. Me is me and you is you. Why can't you see it? It's simple. But yet, they make it so difficult, so complicated. No! I refuse to be what they want me to be. I will not get into patterns. I hate patterns. We should be proud of ourselves for being different. Because "chaque personne est- extraordinaire."

So, I am here tonight to tell you one and only thing. Dare to be different. You don't have to use anything fake. You don't have to change anything in yourself. You don't have to be thin. You just have to be yourself. Don't be afraid. It's not difficult. Just believe in yourself. And to all those people that tell us that we should lose some weight in order to look better I say one thing: Let's order pizza!