

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Nothing but Unordinary

by Melody Bertucci

I've always had a fear of being small and ordinary. I used to look around this great, wide world we live in and think to myself "I'm just a tiny grain of sand really!"

For instance, look at how majestic trees are with all their wisdom, branching out in all directions. The core of them carefully concealing their age, a mystery to all. I especially love trees in the winter. They appear to be vulnerable, as though they have shed their clothes and yet remain in place, exposed. Naked. But in their nakedness, that's when you can really see how those branches have developed and started to stem off one another. The best sight of a tree is late at night. The rays of the streetlights glisten upon those mysterious branches and silver hues drape themselves on them, making them seem adorned with snow. What a sight, what a tree. Got to love a good ol' tree.

Now, rivers and oceans. Well they too make me feel rather minute in this world. So beautiful, so openly vast, so full of life...and fish. Lots and lots of fish. Well what a dream buffet, with a breath-taking view that would be. If only I wasn't afraid of water hey! So yes, if you ask me, being my size frightens me sometimes.

When it comes to being ordinary, well now that's another can of worms. O-R-D-I-N-A-R-Y. Ordinary! What is that? What does it mean? More importantly, how does one *be ordi- what nary now?*

Since I was a tiny ball of fur, I always felt as though I stood out from my siblings. I

would often find myself intently, studying every single move they made and scrutinise the differences. Like when we would eat. Unlike the rest of the litter, I had mastered a new and somewhat unique way to use my paws as a scooper. I would be the odd one out, scooping the crunchies out from the bowl with my paw, to eat them. Why? To keep my whiskers clean of course. Hygiene is key.

I'd also observed how elegantly they would jump onto the window seals. Such agility and grace. For me on the other hand despite my attempts to follow by example, I wouldn't have such luck. Often, I'd miss the window seal completely and make what now became a familiar face to wall contact instead. My Mother bless her, would patiently look on to me as if to say, "it'll come one day." But when would that day come?

Reality is, that day never came. Instead I stopped comparing. I just merely stopped caring. I learnt that my "weirdness" was exactly what set me apart from all the rest. I started learning to laugh at my clumsiness. I looked at my quirks and started to appreciate them. I finally let go of trying to be "ordinary" and ultimately started to love my clumsy, paw scooping, strange me. Yes, I may be small in this enormous world, but after all...good things come in small packages.