

Noise

Juliette Ball

Like the Grinch on Christmas day, I can't stand to listen to the unstoppable racket. Although mankind has come up with easy solutions to bothersome noise, I still find myself pounding my head in frustration. The chanting and ranting goes on without end. Weeks, months, years, and lifetimes have witnessed this war of the words. With each new day, the shouting increases, each voice clamoring over one another to be heard, like a newborn litter of kittens. An endless flow of hate and envy, not unlike a broken hose, never seems to stop, a continuous speech of despise and covet. And if someone brave enough tries to shut it off, the loathing liquid builds up and eventually explodes. Racism, discrimination, bullying and sexism are just, to name a few. It is well stated in our society that we should love one another. But that is anything but love. Hatred and scrutiny towards the gay and the ugly. The ones that don't look like everyone else, simply because of their "unnormalness" and to feel superior to them. But in our heart of hearts, everyone knows it, that normal is impossible to achieve. It is nothing special, and most importantly, and quite frankly, normal. It is of no worldly worth, and will never be. Because sometimes it's good to be a little different. A bit unique. To stop stressing about becoming normal and enjoy the feeling of being you. There is not a standard for beauty, or this so-called "normal". Everyone says that nobody's perfect. But I believe that everyone's perfect in their own perfect way.