

# Senior picture day



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C. English 2301 Gibson 09/23/10 Self-Consciousness We've all been self-conscious about something we can't change about ourselves at least once in our lives. It's an instinct to want other people to see you as the best you can be, or more- regardless of whether it's the real you or not. In the story Senior Picture Day by Michael Serros, a girl feels her appearance categorizes her in the eyes of the public. In her case she looks Indian, and she considers this a negative physical trait to have inherited. It never bothered her until her selfish friend, Terri, used her Indian appearance against her in order to make someone dislike her. If this would've happened to me in the fifth grade, I would be pinching my nose until senior year too.

The reason I find this work meaningful is why other people would also find it meaningful. It's something we can all relate to. As a common example, height seems to be a common issue with males whenever they're short. In middle school this may not be a problem, but in high school this tends to become an issue when most boys have had their growth spurt when some are just not going to grow anymore. A guy is expected to be tall in some societies, probably because it is seen as more attractive and well let's face it; we girls want to wear heels. From the story, having an Indian nose, I don't think it should bother anyone. It's not a disability so it won't affect your life.

If the narrator had done anything more than just squeeze her nose because she felt uncomfortable, I wouldn't approve. I understand why she did it. Being betrayed by her best friend wasn't the shock. The real eye opener for her was the fact that she could be disliked for such a facial feature. I

personally don't like my chubby cheeks, so if anyone mentioned them I would probably be self-conscious for a few years or until someone told me otherwise and I actually believed them. Another way people can relate to the story is the part about being betrayed by a friend. This happens to everyone, with anything.

It's just how we are; we like to make ourselves better by hurting others. Personally it's not my past time, but I've felt the effects. Just think about that time in gym class when you couldn't run as fast or weren't so good at a sport so your peers made fun of you. There are also circumstances when a different culture mixes in to a group of all the same. Like someone who always lived as "high class" but then gets relocated to a "lower class" neighborhood. The way they dress can change but where they come from doesn't change so they are discriminated against. Just like the narrator in the story, where you come from is something you can't change, no matter what.

You really have to love yourself the way you are and not think too much about what other people think, if you don't you'll find yourself squeezing your nose every day from the fifth grade to senior year picture day.