

# The ginger

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She's the ginger.

She's not described by the clothes she wears, the sports she doesn't play, or the music she listens to. No, she's the ginger. The first thing people would notice was her hair. Boys were too intimidated. They couldn't be with a ginger.

She was called embarrassing names: carrot-top, rojo, and the worst of all, firecrotch. Prank calls, through the halls, it was never ending. She questioned her confidence and self-esteem. She covered up the orange strands, and straightened her wild curls. The ginger was gone and the names stopped.

Constant dyeing and straightening. Headbands and hair ties. Anything to cover it up. Hours of heat and strain created frayed ends. Harmful dyes ruined the texture and tone.

She wanted to wake up and feel beautiful. She didn't accept compliments; they didn't mean anything. Spoken or not, she still saw a carrot-top, a rojo, a firecrotch. Then one day, walking through the new halls, she was no longer "the" ginger. Other girls began to color their hair the color she ran from. The ginger in her came back.

Her curls returned and with it, the color. She reached a point where the importance of her appearance became irrelevant. People needed her to be strong. Those closest to her became her main concern. In making sure others were happy, the same happened to her.

As she helped everyone else, she began to love herself. She loved her pale skin, freckled body, and blazing hair. She saw the beautiful people around

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her, and she was one of them. Her hair makes her unique and different. It makes her stand out and makes a statement. Like her personality.

She learned to stand out and makes a statement for herself and those around her.