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The True Color

During my childhood vacations, I used to enjoy snorkeling in Sanya. The underwater world there is colorful and delightful to my heart, especially those gorgeous jellyfish, which I could never resist touching but got stung after the first attempt. However, just like those colorful creatures in the underwater world, sometimes we encounter unexpected colors on land. I remember once I inadvertently stepped on a bright yellow frog on the beach and it instantly jumped in fear. After going back and searching I realized that the frog was carrying a toxin. Another time, on a field trip in first grade, I tried to pick a beautiful bright red colored mushroom out of curiosity. After I ate it I fainted and was taken straight to the hospital. In these few small moments, it was as if I realized that the beautiful things in life can conceal infinite crises and harm. Their exteriors are like protective covers for their inner frailties.

I sometimes have moments of avoidance or "fear" when I am around people I don't like or in situations I don't like. In order to not seem so out of place among my friends, I seem to be slowly becoming one of those colorful creatures, I copy their way of being. I know that people are very different, and yet I always meet people with whom I don't get along. There was one high school friend of mine whose behavior just boggled my mind and even shattered many of my views. When we were friends, she invited me to her birthday party, and I was happy to bring the rabbit doll I had picked up at the mall and presented it to her in a delicate box. But it wasn't long before I found out from another friend that she said the birthday gift I gave her was a cheap one from a street stall. I was really angry because she broke my passion for her and our friendship. Her words were like tiny needles piercing my heart. Embarrassed me. As Waqar Ahmed said "Friendship is delicate as a glass, once broken it can be fixed but there will always be cracks." Since then I didn't have any interaction with her, but it didn't take long for me to realize that it was impossible. There will always be places to discuss or communicate between classmates. I became overwhelmed and didn't know what to expect. Later, I learned that there were many people who were also emotionally hurt by her, but I saw that those people could manage to smile at her again. I really wondered how they did it. When I asked them about it, they just shook their heads and said, "It can't be helped, we all study at the same school, so it's not good to make a scene or avoid talking at all. Gradually I also became learned to compromise and back off. Even though I knew that it was an innate mechanism of defiance and self-protection for creatures living in nature, I grew to be able to skillfully use a fake smile to get along with annoying people. Like the bright yellow frog, I learned to hide my inner displeasure and nastiness with a beautiful exterior. At one time, I thought that love and hate were clear and well-defined lines, but as time went on, I realized that there were more gray areas between the two. Sometimes, we have to put on a mask, hide our emotions, and learn to compromise and tolerate. Because on the stage of life, everyone plays a different role, and the line between truth and falsehood is often blurred.

Looking back, I am aware of all the challenges and miracles on the road of life, and every experience is an opportunity for growth. Perhaps, in that underwater world, I didn't just learn to appreciate the beauty of nature, but also the subtle relationships between people and the various masks that need to be worn when facing the world.