

Popularity and fame are as fleeting as time itself, but there was a time in my life when my ultimate goal was to be known, popular, and even famous. I wanted to be somebody. I remember as a five-year-old child, thinking that being a movie star would be the best life ever, yet today I watch the paparazzi stalk the famous, and I realize what a terrible life that could be. As I grew older, I just wanted people to like me. Yes, in school I wanted to be popular-the cool kid who was invited to all the parties and accepted by the elite group. However, it was hard work to maintain popularity - changing schools four times with each new school bringing new challenges of being somebody. Fortunately, I eventually found, within myself, that I had to be me. I had to muster the courage and mettle within myself and decide who I was, and how I would cope with me, whether anyone else liked me, thought I was cool, or cared about me. Through this I discovered the freeing force of being a nobody. A nobody can be herself. A nobody can “fly under the radar” without being noticed. Being a nobody is the greatest gift because a nobody is accountable only to herself, her values, and her dreams. “I’m nobody. Who are you?”