

My parents have signed me up  
for dance lessons.

They think I should have a creative  
hobby, like my sisters.

I can't draw.

I can't sing.

So I'm going to try dancing.

It's OK so far.

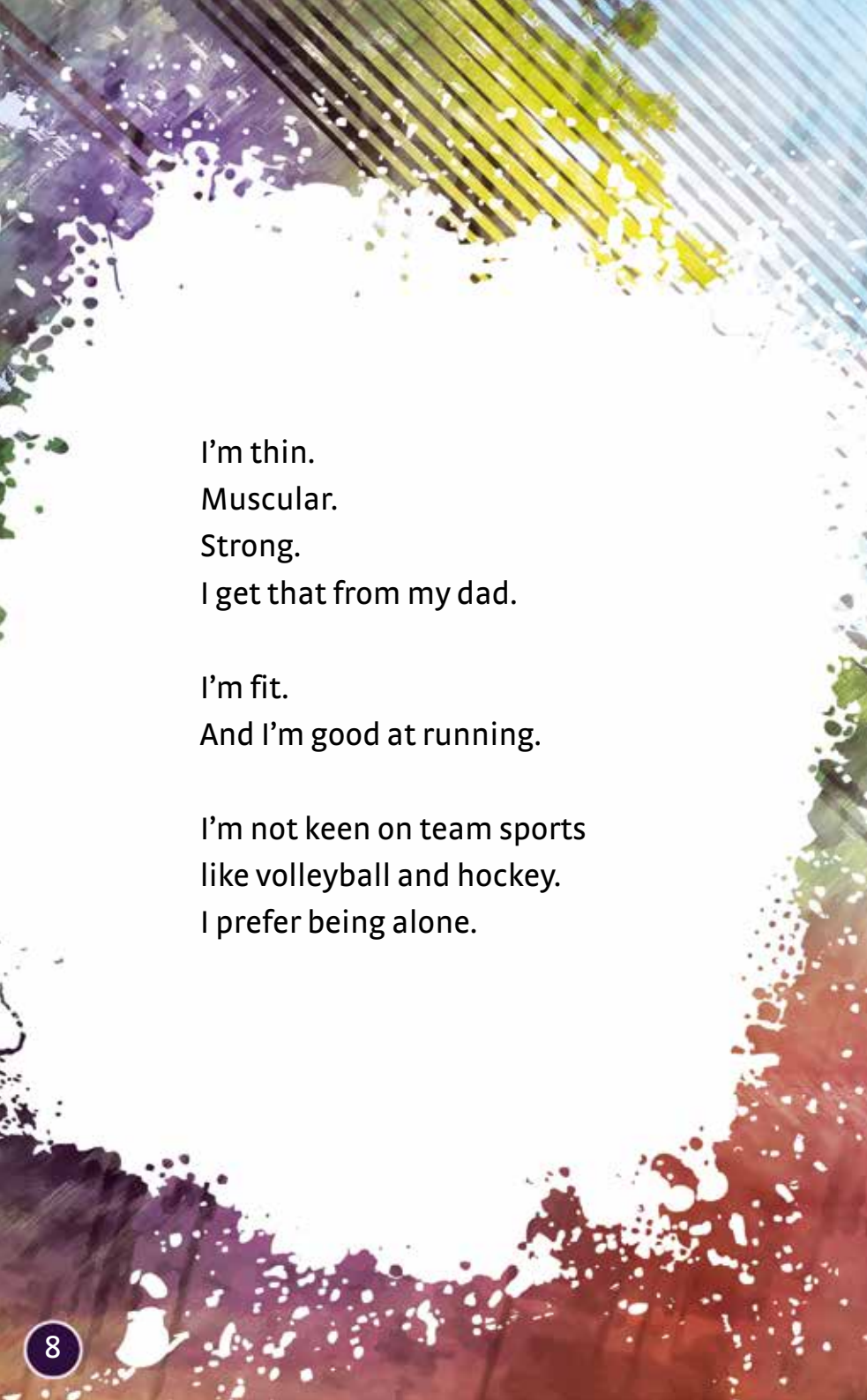




My sisters aren't like me.  
They're really sociable.  
And they both have boyfriends.

They look different too.  
They've got hips and boobs.  
Just like my mum.

My figure's completely different.  
Sometimes I get mistaken for a boy.

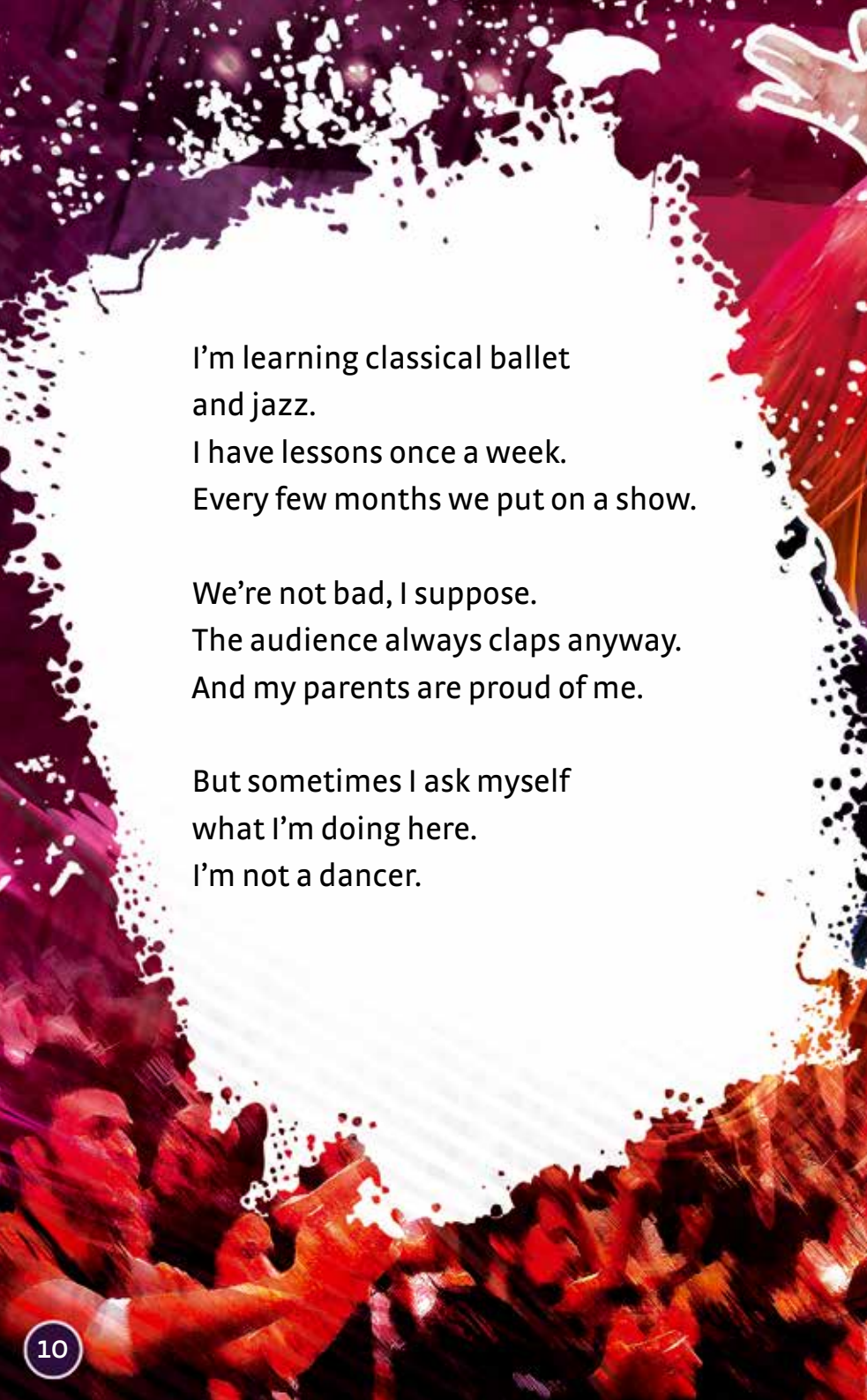
The background of the page is an abstract composition. It features a central white area where the text is placed. Surrounding this white area are various colorful splatters and textures. At the top, there are diagonal lines in shades of purple, green, and blue. The bottom and sides are filled with splatters in purple, red, and brown tones, creating a dynamic and artistic frame for the text.

I'm thin.  
Muscular.  
Strong.  
I get that from my dad.

I'm fit.  
And I'm good at running.

I'm not keen on team sports  
like volleyball and hockey.  
I prefer being alone.





I'm learning classical ballet  
and jazz.

I have lessons once a week.  
Every few months we put on a show.

We're not bad, I suppose.  
The audience always claps anyway.  
And my parents are proud of me.

But sometimes I ask myself  
what I'm doing here.  
I'm not a dancer.

