

## One of Many

I am little in a *big* world.

I am different, my life is tangled.

The others jeer at me, laugh at me, left me feeling horrible.

They tease me for coming from a different race.

Yet deep, deep down, I know I am not alone.

I know there are kind people, people who are *not* meek.

I try to talk to them but all that comes out is "Squeak."

Eventually I manage, in letters. They tell me:

I am quirky; I am kind, and I am full of pleasures.

I belong, I am strong, there will always be hope that I will treasure.