

## 5.

So my hair is a whole story.

Some people loved it, some people hated it and then some didn't even want to be my friend in school because my hair was *too frizzy*.

My hair is a lot to work with. A lotta hair.

I started liking my hair I guess, maybe when I started liking myself.

Liking the way God made me and *embracing my humanity*.

As humans, we all have human qualities and a humanitarian is supposed to be supportive of humanity and human qualities.

I am a human and this is my God-given hair.

I wear it like a crown.