



I remember when I was younger, I was always jealous of my cousin Sarah who was two years older than I was. She spoke only when spoken to, and worked harder than anyone I knew. I resented this greatly. I was the loud child who had tantrums over what I was going to wear to Arabic School. I remember distinctly refusing to wear the Star Wars t-shirt that my father had bought me from America the previous summer. It was black and red, and clearly meant for a boy, but even I had a sense of geekiness at the age of seven.

This particular outburst was not short lived. My cousin Sarah had told my fellow pupils at Arabic school that I refused to wear said t-shirt and the inevitable happened – I became known as ‘Star Wars Girl’, precisely the thing I had been avoiding. I had a huge fight with my cousin, accusing her of a blatant betrayal of trust. The nickname continued for three years, much longer than the three hours it took me to forgive my cousin for her misdemeanor. The fact that she was for once in the wrong, instead of me, made forgiveness so much sweeter and rewarding. Looking back at this episode, I now realize that I should have just worn the t-shirt instead of acting so spoilt.