

When Little Roy met Wonky Bok Choy

by Anni F.



Roy stood in front of the mirror, frowning. There it was again—his scar. It was on his forehead, and he didn't like it at all. It made him look different from the other kids. "Why me?" he whispered.

That afternoon, Roy went to the market with his dad. As he picked apples, Roy saw something strange at the vegetable stand.

It was a bok choy, but it looked quite wonky. Its leaves were curly, and the stalk was bent in a silly way. Roy picked it up and giggled. "What happened to you?"

A deep voice suddenly startled him.

"Ah, you found Wonky Bok Choy," said the farmer with a kind smile. "He's one of a kind, that one." Roy raised an eyebrow in surprise. "You gave him a name?"

"Of course," the farmer chuckled. "Wonky here might not look like the others, but he's just as tasty. Sometimes being a little different makes you special."

Roy frowned. "But what if people don't like how I look?" The farmer smiled. "Being different is what makes you you. It's not about looking perfect; it's about being happy with who you are. That scar tells a story about something you went through, doesn't it?"

Roy touched his forehead and thought for a moment. His scar *did* tell a story—of the time he fell off his bike trying to go down the steepest hill in the park. It wasn't a perfect memory, but it was *his* memory.

The farmer winked. "And that makes you unique, just like Wonky Bok Choy here." Roy smiled at the funny-looking vegetable and tucked it in his basket. "Maybe being different is kind of cool." As they left the market, Roy started to feel better about his scar.

And from then on, whenever Roy looked in the mirror, he smiled—because he knew being unique was something really special.