

Yuti Das

Age: 16, Grade: 11

School Name: James Clemens High School, Madison, AL

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Category: Flash Fiction

well, statistically

She always wanted to be special, to be rare so that her being couldn't be replicated by anyone. It's a human desire, certainly, to be all types of special, to accumulate awards and achievements in order to make sure no one can replicate being you, in order to ensure that you aren't replaceable. The rarer you are the better, the more marketable, the more famous.

The rarer you are, the higher chance your mom would love you.

She was the only one in her Kindergarten class to receive three golden stars - 1 out of 30 people: 3%. Her teachers told her she had a lot of potential and she puffed out her chest with potential. She told her mom, and her mom told her that there were millions of people out there that had the same and more potential. She wasn't happy anymore.

She won her school spelling bee. 1 out of 100 people. 1%. Her mom told her that she wasn't doing enough, that it wouldn't mean anything unless she won districts and then state and then nationals.

She got a perfect score on her ACT. 0.313%. Her mom told her that no one cared as long as it was above a certain score but patted her on the back for getting that good of a score, asking why she was ever stressed about it.

She got accepted into Stanford's summer math camp. 20%. Her mom told her that everyone there was insanely smart, capable of winning Nobel Prizes. Her mom told her that she got in because of luck because she was a girl. But her mom did say that she did good, even as a girl, and not to waste it.

She got into MIT. 7% Again, her mom told her that it was because she was a girl. Her mom told her that people there worked to death and that she could never compare.

Her mom was shown to have Narcissistic Personality Disorder. 0.5%. When she brought it up to her mom, there was more yelling and screaming and gaslighting.

She was diagnosed with Borderline Personality Disorder. 1.16%. The mood swings were so harsh, so constant. She didn't know if she was real, if anything was real, if anything meant anything at all. She wanted her mom's validation to which there was none.

She wanted to feel human, to stop the tears.

She committed suicide. She didn't like the world, didn't like constantly questioning everything. She didn't like the doubt. 0.016% of her country's people in a given year do that.

Her school wept and had programs and counselors to help her fellow friends cope with the fact she was only a number now. And it was strange because the rarest thing she ever did made sure she could never do rarer things. Oh, how strange that the rarest thing she did made her just another statistic in the grand scheme of things.

How strange that she never did manage to what she so desired in her chase to be statistically significant.

