BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP

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You see it everywhere and it is like a black hole sucking the light in and destroying it. It is judgment and some people judge others by their appearance instead of their hearts. People drag others in with gossip, whispers, and notes. What people need dearly to understand is that beauty is only skin deep.

Beauty is only skin deep means that what is on the surface means nothing compared to what’s in someone’s heart. It means that no matter how beautiful or hideous someone is, they are extraordinary if they are not self-righteous or callous to others. No matter how exquisite someone may look, they could be the most disgusting person you have ever talked to because they are selfish and believe that their beauty is all that matters. That is wrong on so many levels. Beauty is only skin deep means that being kind, thoughtful, giving, and compassionate is an extraordinarily gigantic deal.

In school I don’t exactly need to go far to see the groups that form and the makeup of them are all different and I get mixed up with the wrong ones. You have groups that accept others just because they think they are fun to hang out with and are nice. Then there are the groups that pick and choose their friends by how popular or pretty they are. I got caught in one of those groups. I looked at someone and right there I would decide whether or not I would be their friend or not. I distinctly remember a girl named Hannah who was always nice to me and I repaid her by practically ignoring her because I didn’t think she was pretty. I was self-centered and was obsessed with my appearance, because that is what the people in my clique did. We made fun of others because of their looks, which mean nothing in the scheme of things because looks fade in time.

I hurt others like my friend Janika. The kids I thought were my friends had told me I needed to stop being friends with her because they didn’t think that she was beautiful enough. I said things like “You’re too ugly!”, or “You’re not skinny like everyone else!” to her and all it led to was regret. I didn’t follow my new, permanent, law that is beauty is only skin deep.

I was surprised to find out that Beauty and the Beast followed suit with my law. Belle, at first sight, made a snap judgment about the Beast and that he was a monster that was going to kill her, but when she got to know him, she found out that he was a sweet man looking for love to lift a curse. He might have been a hairy monster on the outside, but he was magnificent and kindhearted on the inside. He had all the right qualities in all the places it mattered.

Through my experiences and the experiences of others, my law of life is that beauty is only skin deep.