

1. If I set the color of my skin on fire, will it change in flames? If it does, will it be burnt, be segmented, or turn into something else?
2. I tried to dye my hair bright red to contrast my skin to make it look whiter. It was a one-time enthusiasm out of absolutely no reason. I never was attracted to the East Asian aesthetic of brighter skin. In fact, for a certain period, I hated it, for it was often representing the puny and fragile aesthetic of Asian women to men's favor. I was never bothered by it as well. I was born with brighter skin than most people around me. One time I felt in love with someone who has brighter skin than me, whose skin literally shines under sunlight. But feelings were definitely not out of the skin color, it was just a noticeable feature.
3. Through all the beauty trends about hairstyles, I was always wondering why there was never a time when the skin-toned color hair is a thing. I thought it would make people look a little bald, a weird beauty, and the alienness generated from one of the most primitive and natural human body elements.
4. It was a similar doubt that the gauze for covering the wounds and bruises on the body is not skin-colored. I know it is probably because dyeing the gauze is unnecessary and not suitable for medical uses. But I still think about the possibilities of people wearing skin color gauze as the amendment for their broken body parts.
5. Sometimes, women wear skin color silk stockings to cover and substitute the original skin on their legs. Often, my high school girls cannot find good enough stockings, but some love to wear them. Sometimes the stockings became the props to help them to pretend to be mature. The girls were often happy with their fake legs when going to the

Model United Nations activities, which is another prop of mature making. When they were not accepting their bodies, they also were denying what they were.

6. Skin color silks on legs are maybe the denying of the body, but silks on other parts of the body have more diverse meanings. Skin color silk on hair is religion, on breast and privates is convenience and low-key style. The silky skin color on the whole body, on the flip side, is maybe some kind of power. It might be about body ownership or other meanings, but for me, wearing what I wanted for that moment instinctively was my power.
7. Wearing an outfit with a color similar to my skin and shouting by my father, I was commented that I looked like I was wearing nothing. That was definitely not true. Even people with the worst sighting would not think that way. He knew that, but he still decided to say something. He always had to say something that has little meaning, something unnecessary and something about the skin color clothes.
8. But still, I could dress in skin color. He was not stopping me from doing that. Nobody was.
9. I would choose skin color organza over skin color silk for most of the time if I were to put them on my body. My skin is soft and silky already, I said to myself when waking up in the middle of the night, looking at my bare body under little to no light.
10. I always have more than one color in my hair. At times I had to avoid trouble from violating the school rule of not having colorful hair, I added one color secretly. At times, we walked in storms without an umbrella, holding hands, and the hidden color came out as all my hair was blown into a mess. Tracy saw it told me that is pretty.

11. I was not a passionate person when I was in school. I was another person who had a minimum passion for everything by choice. I could be excited about daily life, but I was afraid that would burn off my energy, which I was saving for all the schoolwork. Being boring was easier. So, when I saw another girl with hidden emerald green in hair, walking a few steps in front of me to the school gate and noise, I did not react, not even in my head.
12. Most people in my high school were probably feeling the same. They were not boring, but they can be more interesting. I never know if they made the same choice to be boring voluntarily like I did. But still, I have not seen a single person who wore skin color outfits.
13. “Her hands were like soft grass, and her skin was like congealed jadelike fat. Her neck was white and plump, and her teeth were like gourd seeds. Her charming smile was so beautiful, plump forehead and curved eyebrows, and her wonderful eyes had wave flowing within. ” 《The Book of Songs》
14. That was the explanation from the boy with buzzcut hair. He liked her too much. He needed to see her, particularly in the form of congealed jadelike fat skin. He wanted it so bad that his own skin was burnt. But we both knew he probably was not using the quotes from an ancient anthology of verses. After all, it was common knowledge that he spoke an uglier language.
15. Nobody believed him, but still, they decided to let him out of the principal’s office. They helped him delete all the three thousand pictures of that girl who decided to report him to the headteacher and presumably more girls’ bodies. Then they sealed her voice, and every single person’s voices as they dismantled everything they built on trying to demand

a simple apology for her. This time they did use the skin-colored tape, hoping no one would notice. And they piled a little piece of her skin to wear as camouflage. Piling was unnecessary, but still they did it.

16. She wore a beige dress, with stiff organza creating a roaring shape. He saw a silky smoothy curve, more sensual than her real tits.

17. I tried to shave everything above my skin so no one would picture it as what it was not. I knew I was not supposed to do this, and Tracy knew as well. She did not stop me, since we were both sad. But I did not own a shaver. There were no real shavers in the high school girls' dormitories. I used my eyebrow shimmer instead, a luxury choice among my peers, and my skin was then red and swelling. There were blood spots as well. My skin is turning pink and bloody, and its color was lost.

18. My body had stopped breathing for me. It thought that I was dying. The three thousand layers of different beige penetrated through my chest, and I was being smashed. Since April, I was being torn every day when they pile a different girl's skin in front of my eyes.

19. Skin colored clothes seemed unnecessary. If putting on clothes would not make a difference, we can just walk with our bare skins.

20. I still want skin-colored clothes continues to exist. And I will not be stop being hurt until the day he and they walks on the street and noticing all the beige organza dresses we put alongside the road.