

Self Worth-Childs Play.

When I was a child I would role play my existence and my world around me. I would create an imaginary world that had limitations because I was born into a world of limitations. The funny thing is that I did not realise that my role play was stivelled and did not allow me to grow or reach my full potential.

My role play consisted of going to the post office each Monday and receiving my benefits along with my friends who were all called Mary.

The game we played as children was called Marys, Not very unique or creative but a representation of the world that we lived in as benefit class children to a single parent mother on benefits.

In our role play world each character would have a child in arms or a pram and meet on a Monday greeting each other with a hello how are you Mary.. I'm fine Mary. There were no fathers present in this game, only the Marys gossiping on the way to the post office discussing how their children had behaved over the weekend.

During my Early teenage years I believed that university and college was not for me. I left school with no qualifications and secretly dreamt of becoming an actor. I gained a place at the local college in performing arts but fell pregnant with my first daughter. My dreams went on hold for a few years until she got older. When I finally arrived at my creative destination it took me a long time to believe that I deserved a place in the arts environment. I felt like I did not fit in, I was a master of faking it and generally had imposter syndrome about my right as an artist. I was constantly trying to prove my worth to the point of always being the first one in lessons never taking time off even if I was sick or my children were sick. I did not want anyone to think that I was making excuses even when I had genuine reasons. During university I discovered that I had dyslexia and dyscalculia. For most of my life I had thought that I was just thick because I had missed so much school as a child.

Today I am proud of my achievements. I am proud to be working class and am also proud of my non linear career in the arts.

My class has given me a richness and quality that is developing and growing alongside my self worth. The more women shout out and embrace who they are the more we can believe in ourselves at a younger age.