

## Who says I can't be free, from all of things that I used to be..

Last night I had a major 'ah ha' moment. I would say, for a very very long time I've struggled with not fitting in anywhere. I don't feel like too many people 'get me'. I'm incredibly lucky that the friends I do have, most of who are complete opposites - like me for who I am (whatever that is). They don't try and force me to be something I'm not.

I'll be honest, I used to get incredibly nervous about hanging out with one friend in particular. She's smart, hilarious, extremely confident (or comes across that way) and always looks fantastic. To me, even on a good day I always feel underdressed and pretty much the daggiest person ever. I'd say its only in the last twelve months that I've come to accept she really doesn't care what I look like, but really just likes me for who I am. I'm almost 26, if I haven't developed fashion sense by now, its not going to happen.

So, this 'ah ha' moment I had has been building for awhile. I'm starting to figure out who I am. Where I fit in, how I operate. I care much, much less about what people think.

Let me put it this way. Last night when I walked into the Northcote Social Club and saw everyone sitting legs crossed on the floor, listening to [Tessa and The Typecast](#) drinking Coopers Pale Ale, I felt like I fitted in. In fact, I wished I'd left [my bike shirt](#) on!

I could not stop grinning!

I'm a stereotype, I don't know what you call it though. But I'm very happy to be it.

- Jen