**Self-Presentation**

Every Sunday morning, I volunteer to cook pancakes for the whole family. To me, cooking pancakes feels nice because everyone tends to love my pancakes. Fifteen years ago, the six-year-old me got into trouble because of rebellion and image of a bad child. The urge to erase the image from my mind and from perceptions of parents leads me till today. Cooking pancakes is one of many voluntary tasks I perform during the weekend. Serving breakfast is the second task of the day. My concern is for my family to view me differently as a good person. I continue with my deeds, unaware that I am suffering from SELF-PRESENTATION.

SELF-PRESENTATION requires one to actively present an image to friends, family, strangers and oneself. During the weekend, the picture presented to my parents and siblings is goodness, kindness and servitude. I go back to school on Monday morning, and I am feeling good about myself. Once at school, my objectives change. I find myself struggling to read bulk books to get content before class. Being an introvert, I am less distracted with my surroundings. During class time, I want to seem cool to my friends and also present a picture to the teacher. I try to answer questions to feel clever during class. Over time, my aim to seem lever and active in class rubs on me, and I start believing it is my nature to be intelligent. My best friend also believes in my shows, and no one can change her mind that I am not intelligent in class.

After class, we head to our hostels to relax. I honestly love gaming. My favourite games are racing, arcade and action games. However, my friends prefer soccer games like FIFA and PES. During my time alone in the house, I play racing, arcade and action games. With my friends, I try to fit in by playing soccer games. Over time, I have gained experience, and I can play comfortably. As long as my friends are excited and view me as a soccer playmate, I am comfortable hanging with them. Nevertheless, that is not the type of game that I like.

During the weekends when I have not travelled home, I tend to go out to the club. Again, clubbing is not an exciting activity for me because I am an introvert—a serious one at that. Despite being one, not going to club especially in college leads people to call you a nerd. Nerd is not a really nice word around the college. I am going out on weekend pimps an image to my fellow students and friends that I am cool, fun and outgoing. Over time, I have come to believe I am a party animal, although I did not previously believe I was.