It seemed as if no one understood Anna. People would yell at her for not listening or force her to do things she didn’t understand. She knew she was different, not only because she was treated as if, but because she had been deliberately labeled different since birth. Autistic, some people called it, but to herself she was simply misunderstood. She didn’t necessarily like people, in fact she didn’t like anything much she had around, but there was something about the ocean she liked that no one else could comprehend. She loved the smell of the sea salt, the sand beneath her feet, and the sound of rhythmic waves crashing. She wished to bathe in the water all day. To swim as far as she could and dive deep enough to forget about the world that worked against her. Her parents worried she might drown because they believed she was mentally incapable of swimming on her own, but little did they know about the numerous amount of times she would sneak out of her bedroom at night and dive into the cold dark waters to swim and swim and swim until she touched the ocean bottom. That’s when she felt safe. Away from people. Away from the world she didn’t belong in. She was indeed different! She could breathe underwater. She could speak to the dolphins, stingrays, and clown fish. She made jokes with the underwater animals about how humans knew nothing about the ocean. She raced against whales and played alongside catfish. She felt complete underwater. Everything was right until the sunset broke, when she was forced to swim back to shore and return to her bedroom back on earth. She despised going back but she needed to rest from a long night of swimming. So every morning she would crawl back under the covers and wait for her mother to come get her. She felt happiness and sadness all at once. Happy that she had something no one but herself could enjoy, yet sadness that she was trapped in a world in which she didn’t belong. Anna wasn’t autistic; Anna was meant to live in the ocean.