

The Onliest Child

The following document relates to Case File #67894a, titled 'The People (with siblings) against Only Children.

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Opening Statement: I am here today as a spokesperson for my people. For my community. My brothers and sisters, metaphorically speaking. The kin without kin, kinda. The Only Children. After years of persecution similar in violence and threat levels to that of the Salem Witch Trials, I am here to say: Enough. To all you sibling-havers, it's time to stop with the prejudice. In a world striving for equality (poorly, but still) how can we allow the hate and lies about a minority group to be normalised (perhaps *the* most minority group, by the way - I mean, what's more 'minority' than being singular? Than being one of one?). Only children deserve rights (and we want them *now!*) and, therefore, in a bid to state my case for the ending of onlychildism, I will address several of the main allegations leveled against us and try to defend my community. We are people too (honest).

ALLEGED CRIME #1 - Can't share.

We so can! Or at least, I can. Not to brag - bit of a sharing soul, this guy right here. Maybe I'm just an anomaly in the Only Child Cannon, but I highly doubt it. I can split a chocolate bar with someone and feel completely fine, not indignant at all, not counting how many squares we each get in my head, all whilst grinning as wide as a bastard Cheshire Cat. It comes with ease; no stress, no internal feelings of utter and complete disparity when I get ever so slightly less Kit Kat Chunky than someone else. Really, honestly, truthfully - I can do it. I swear. I am an expert in sharing; I would win GOLD at the Sharing Olympics. They would (in this hypothetical Sharing Olympics) have to reinvent a whole new *category* for me, that's how above and beyond I am at sharing. And I can't be alone! Only children can share. Whether that looks like being a kid and having to share your brand new baby pink Nintendo DS with your cousins, or, as an adult, sharing a takeaway with a good friend and not even caring when they take the last spring roll (even though you only had 4, and they had 6).

ALLEGED CRIME #2 - Attention-Seeking

This one is just annoying. It's completely infuriating - honestly. I mean - wow - if attracting the *spotlight* is a crime? Arrest me, right here, right now. My hands are up, my confession is at the ready. It's not our fault that, as only children, we are forced to bear the curse of being the center of the room/universe at all times. It's not as easy as it may seem. For, really, behind these eyes - eyes so used to the limelight that they are completely unfazed by it at this point - is a fragility. There is pain. The pain of having to go *make* friends as a child, when you don't have a sibling to be your middle man. Nepotism starts young, hate to say it.

As a child, in order to make friends with the neighbourhood kids, I would ride my stunt scooter on the edges of the grass they were playing on. All melancholic and alone, doing pathetic little bunny hops and scooting into puddles. Then I'd hear the call to arms: 'We need even teams!'. I had found my 'in'. That sounds a bit sad doesn't it? You sibling-havers will read that story and think, 'ah, poor fuck', but I don't see it as that. I overcame my differences, concocted a flawless plan and utilised my scooting skills to make friends. I - like those fungi parasites that get into ants' brains and make them walk up massive trees till they keel over - infected people's brains with my charm and wit. Won the crowd over with my skills at hide-and-seek, blinded them with my ability to hit a home-run in kickball rounders. After such an effort, don't I deserve to soak in the glory and adulation of my teammates/new-found friends? So *what* if I enjoyed the spotlight? The attention? It's not a crime, I beg you to see. Attention is needed for all human life - babies need attention from the moment they are born; leaves need attention from the sun to photosynthesise and give us glorious oxygen; nature, as a whole, needs attention from an infinite number of resources in order to succeed. Therefore, how dare you all try to crucify us only children for wanting/needing/thriving/desperately-seeking it?

ALLEGED CRIME #3 - Spoilt.

This one I can't deny. As a child, I got a tenner a week for pocket money (I didn't do chores for it, I just got it), and this was during the 2008 financial crisis. Adjusted for inflation, that is £16.34. Every. Bloody. Week. That's fucking mental. I was coasting through life, while the rest of the country attempted to survive a cost of living crisis. An ignorant child, really. I, more often than not, spent this small fortune at the WHSmiths across the road from my swimming lessons on a Saturday. These purchases ranged in topic; some were big ol' shiny books about space, others were 'Horrible Science' entries about rabies (who didn't go through a rabies phase, *right?*) to the true G.O.A.T: 'Diary of a Wimpy Kid'. I used my funds to educate myself; by indulging in the world of the 'Heffley' family, I was able to witness and learn what it means to have siblings. I pushed past my own only child ignorance and attempted to know the ways of you sibling-havers.

I gained empathy and sympathy for your troubles. Spoilt, though I might have been, I never ignored my own privilege. Instead, I expanded my world view and learnt to see the world through new eyes.

Plus, without my spoilt nature, I may never have discovered the lore of the 'Cheese Touch'. That's a life I cannot imagine - let alone, stomach. So, though I cannot deny these 'spoilt brat' claims, I can ask you to, please: think of the Wimpy Kid.

Conclusion

That is the end of my report. I have garnered this evidence over a lifetime of being an only child; being on the front-lines and doing honest, hard work. I have (attempted) to share, pushed myself beyond all logic and boundaries to make friends, and used my extortionate pocket money to keep WHSmith alive at least 5 years longer than it could have done without me. It's not easy work, being an only child. It's quite hard, actually. And I do hope you kind, empathetic, worldly souls can understand that. That you will take what I have said to heart, and do your bit to end the unfair persecution of those without brother or sister. I can't change the world, but I can, at the least, *try* to change the narrative surrounding only children. It won't happen in a day, or a month, or a year, but one day I know I will wake up, smell the flowers, and be seen as an equal by all of you with siblings. To dare is to dream. Thank you for listening.