

I know I'm not an ordinary ten-year-old kid. I mean, sure, I do ordinary things. I eat ice cream. I ride my bike. I play ball. I have an Xbox. Stuff like that makes me ordinary. (...) And I feel ordinary. Inside. But I know ordinary kids don't make other ordinary kids run away screaming in playgrounds. I know ordinary kids don't get stared at wherever they go. If I found a magic lamp and I could have one wish, I would wish that I had a normal face. (...) I would wish that I could walk down the street without people seeing me and then doing that look-away thing. (...) I know how to pretend I don't see the faces people make. We've all gotten pretty good at that sort of thing: me, Mom and Dad, Via. Actually, I take that back: (...) Via doesn't see me as ordinary. She says she does, but if I were ordinary, she wouldn't feel she needs to protect me as much. (...) My name is August, by the way. I won't describe what I look like.

**R.-J. Palacio**, *Wonder*, 2012