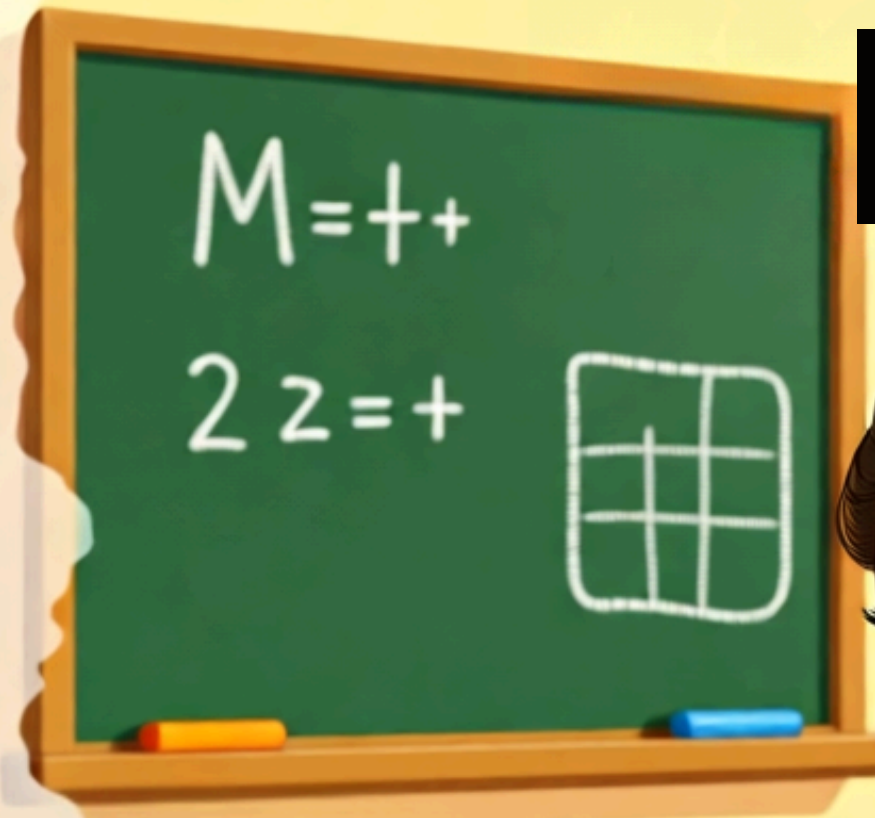


Who Can't? I Can!



By FunLearning.Fun

FunLearning.Fun



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Marrie slumped at her desk, staring at the math problem on the board. She knew the answer, but her hand stayed glued to her lap.

“If I raise my hand, someone’s just going to say, ‘You can’t do it,’” she thought.



'Who says I
can't? Because
I know I can.'

It wasn't just in class. At home, her older cousin teased her:

“You're too quiet. You'll never do anything big.”

Marrie sighed. Why did everyone think she couldn't do things?



You can't
do it!

The next day, her classmates were picking volunteers for a science experiment. Marrie's name came up.

“No way,” snickered Jason. “Marrie can't even read the directions right.”



Everyone laughed. Marrie's face turned red.
Something inside her snapped.

Enough is enough, she thought. Who says I can't?
Because I know I can.



That night, Marrie stood in front of her mirror. She straightened her shoulders, looked herself in the eye, and whispered:

“I am smart. I am strong. And I can.”

She practiced smiling with her chin up. It felt weird at first—like she was pretending to be someone else. But the longer she looked, the more she believed it.

An illustration of a young girl with dark skin and curly hair, wearing a pink hoodie and a purple backpack, sitting at a desk. She is pointing her right index finger upwards towards a speech bubble. Two other children, a boy with dark skin and a girl with light skin, are sitting at the desk looking at her. In the background, there is a world map on the wall and a bulletin board with various papers and a drawing.

Salem!

The next morning in class, Mrs. Lopez asked,
“Who knows the capital of Oregon?”

Marrie’s heart pounded. She raised her hand.

“Salem!” she said loudly.

The room went quiet. Mrs. Lopez grinned.

“Correct, Marrie! Great job.”

Marrie’s cheeks burned, but this time it wasn’t
embarrassment—it was pride.


**That's right,
It's Marrie**



Later, Marrie walked through the school hallway with her backpack slung over one shoulder. For the first time, she didn't stare at the floor. She held her head high.
Some kids noticed.

“Whoa, Marrie looks confident today,” whispered one.

She wasn't trying to impress anyone. She was just... being herself. And it felt amazing.

An illustration of a young girl with brown skin and curly hair tied in a ponytail, wearing a pink zip-up hoodie. She is sitting at a yellow table with her arms crossed, looking towards two other people. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "Who says I can't? Because I know I can." To her left is a person with dark skin and curly hair wearing a blue shirt, and to her right is a person with dark skin and curly hair wearing a yellow shirt. On the table in front of her is a white notepad with lines. The background shows an outdoor setting with a green field, a net, trees, and a blue sky with clouds.

**'Who says I
can't? Because
I know I can.'**

At recess, Marrie saw the sign-up sheet for volleyball tryouts. Volleyball was her favorite game. She always practiced at home, but never tried out before.

Her friends frowned.

“Don’t bother, Marrie. You won’t make it.”



She smiled. “Who can’t? I can.”

At tryouts, she dove, spiked, and served like she’d been waiting for this moment forever.

The coach clapped.

“Marrie, you’ve got real talent!”

"Volleyball Team? Name Team

Marrie

12. attack

Barrm

Slvrom

12. attack

Darlcas

12. attack

Ballorters

11. attack

Horm

6. attack



When the team list came out, Marrie's name was right there. She had done it. She realized it wasn't about proving others wrong—it was about proving herself right.



Marrie's mindset had to change before her life could. By believing in herself, doing what was right, and following what made her happy, she discovered her own strength.

🌟 Remember: Never let anyone tell you who you are or what you can't do. Believe in yourself, keep trying, and walk through life with your head high—because you can. 🌟