

I Am More Than My...Vitiligo

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Dalmatian. Cow. Ghost. Grade-school bullies' taunts haunted Tiffany for years. As a teen, she eschewed bikinis, wore long sleeves, and piled on concealers in an effort to hide her patchy, head-to-toe, pigment-sapping skin condition. As an adult, Tiffany despaired over the fear she saw in strangers' eyes on the street or subway. At times it was hard not to believe that her old tormentors were right: She was disgusting and a freak. After all, even she had never met another person like her. Until last year, when a chance encounter at Ikea with a woman with vitiligo showed her she wasn't alone. Now she ignores the staring, letting the tattoo on her arm speak for itself: "It's called vitiligo."



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