

Every Scar Tells a Story

by Ghadeer Marhoon

“There’s something beautiful about all scars, whatever their nature. A scar means the hurt is over, and the wound is closed and healed. A scar opens the door of optimism”.

In the journey of life, we are always vulnerable to tripping, falling down, getting injured and bleeding due to the obstacles that are everywhere in our path. We might feel the pain for an hour, a week, or even for a whole year, but at last all things have to recover with the passing of the time, and all that we have left is a scar of the memory. It could either be marked in our bodies or stuck in our minds. However, it was left for us to remind us and certify that we went through the hardest times but we were strong and we gained the upper hand. Specifically, there are some wounds that we had during our childhood that we feel that they are impossible to forget. These kind of scars hold both fabulous and painful memories and were the first in lifetime’s worth of lessons that teach passion and struggle. Two girls were asked to tell a childhood story that has a scar, whatever its nature. Here are their stories!

The first story that is worth telling teaches a friendship lesson. “I got that scar when I was sitting with my best friend on the stairs having our breakfast in the break at school when I was around 7 years old,” said Sara a 17 year old girl. “We were chatting and joking. We were really having a great time laughing and doing stupid things when unintentionally my friend hit my back. Everything happened so fast that I suddenly found myself falling down from the stairs on my chin. A teacher came immediately to help me stand up and she was shocked when she found my chin profusely bleeding. I still remember the girls’ faces staring at me and my best friend in the back looking at me with sad eyes, although I was hardly screaming. I left school for two days and when I was back, I decided not to talk to her anymore despite her depressed gaze all the time. Some days later, I started feeling lonely. I truly missed her. Nothing can describe our feelings when we returned to be friends. It just like life returned. I learned that a friend should not be left for silly incidents that we usually face; we always have to forgive our friends because they are the other part of us. We should save them like a treasure. From that moment, the scar on my chin has been called the scar of friendship”.

Fatima told about another kind of scar. A scar that nobody can see except her. She still can see it obviously in her heart . Here is the story of Fatima’s scar. “As a competitive child, I had a dream that I will fight to get the first place among the excellent students in my school. I tried my best in order to achieve that ambition and many thanks to my family who kept encouraging me and reminding me that no success comes without hard work. After a lot of effort, the harvest was there. But the surprise was that I got the lowest grade in the music class where we only sing and clap, so I came fourth instead of first. I remember how my family and teachers were arguing with the musical teacher to change that grade because there was no reason to grade me in that way. Unfortunately, she kept refusing without giving any justification.

The toughest scene was when the top three were honoured first, got a great clap and a nice present while I was at the back with the rest. As a child, I was really depressed that I did not reach my goal and I even lost my enthusiasm for competition for the rest of my childhood’s period. I was hurt but this scar now is the motivation that always encourages me to achieve that unfulfilled dream.”

We all are prone to face difficulties, but we are different in how we utilize them to motivate ourselves, so we could complete our path with endless hope. Our childhood is the period of having valuable lessons. When we fail, we may experience pain, but when we grow up, we understand what a great lesson it was to learn from childhood.

“From every wound there’s a scar, and every scar tells a story. A story that says: I was deeply wounded, but I survive”.

Honestly, what story springs to your mind?