



I had never thought that my dream was to be a racer until one day when I risked my whole life driving my motor scooter down a flight of stairs, thinking that I could possibly fly over the stairs and land successfully. In no way did I succeed! Instead, my face hit the handrail, leaving me with a bump that remains to this day on my forehead. It is a scar I have carried through my life and it is also the first thing I see in the mirror. Seriously, it makes me unwilling to look at myself. "Is that a wrinkle on your face? It makes you age." It has brought me insecurity just because my face is prone to judgment, which I am so sensitive to. Sometimes, I even feel as if I

were examined under a magnifying glass.

In addition to the scar on the outside, there are plenty more that are invisible: the scar of abandonment, the scar of departure and separation, the scar of not being loved, the scar of judgment, and the scar that a heart break could leave behind. All these speak to a private struggle that few of us could handle or dare to voice disappointment at. Never have I been so desperate for someone's care and for the company of friends who have left me alone on the weekends with no invitations to hang out. Life is dull and meaningless when I find myself living under all the labels of scars.

Nonetheless, I have gradually realized that scars, both inside and outside, are just scars if they are granted no power. It is we who really possess the power. We should not let the scars own us or stunt our growth. One way is to change our perspective: we can think of them as unique markings or parts of our identity. We can embrace and

confront them with self-assurance. Indeed, we should appreciate their presence as reminders of something important. There is nothing more inspiring than the story behind each scar and how it can turn into a motivation source. All in all, only when we look at the scars from a different angle are we able to visualize the beauty hidden behind.

