**Scars**

Someone once told me that the scar was beautiful. I don’t know how to react. Normally, scars aren’t beautiful. And, when they ask what its from, I don’t really want to tell the story. They might think a dog bit me when I was a kid or that I got in a car accident. No nothing like that. I don’t know how to tell this story. When I do, some people call me a hero. But, I don’t feel like a hero. As much as this moment impacted my life, I want to move forward. Not forget. Just move forward.

All I could think of when I saw her fall was that she couldn’t swim. I didn’t think, “Oh my God, she’s dead,” or “What do I do?” I just thought, “She can’t swim and I can,” So I jumped in. I f you know what a pontoon boat is, you know that is has a big steel blade at the bottom of if that spins so that the boat will move. I found Samira just below this blade. I grabbed her, but the blade hit me. The strange thing is, it didn’t hurt. It threw my body forward and things went black, but I was still aware of holding Samira’s body and lifting it up and kicking my legs up to get back to the surface. When we got there, I remember all sorts of arms and legs grabbing at us, then, I remember the hospital. It was white and there were flowers around and blurry faces that got clearer the more I blinked. I could tell my mother was really panicking and distraught beneath her thin layer of calm. Around the room I went. Each face was family or friends. Even Samira.

When I tried to smile, all I could feel was intense pain. When I tried to talk, I couldn’t. They had to sew my mouth shut in order to do reconstructive surgery. My father explained it and his voice cracked for the first time since I’ve known him. I nodded to show that I understood. I could eat through straws only, only liquids. That was how it was for nine months. I lost a lot of weight, I lost out on a lot of the typical experiences that kids get to have in 8th grade, but who would have guessed I would have lost a friend.

Samira could barely look at me anymore. It were as though she felt guilty. As though she had done this to me. It made me feel like I had to ask for her forgiveness. What do you do for someone who you owe your life to? But I told her, I didn’t see it like that. I only did what any friend, any human being would do for another. She grew aloof and distant and our friendship was never quite the same. When I look at the scar today, I don’t see “hero” or “lost friend”. I see that life isn’t always easy. That things happen that we can’t control, but we persevere. Somehow, we persevere and embrace all life gives us.