

# ***EMBRACING SCARS..***

***BY SENYO DOTSE.***

***When you embrace your scars, you show the world how confident you are. Because if you can't, how do you expect anyone else to?***

***— Bailey Harvey.***

" Do you like the taste of the cake? "

Sena asked looking directly into my eyes. I blushed. He knew that had an effect on me and yet still, he did it anyways. " Of course. The lemon zest did magic to the taste. I think the guests will love it. " He smiled. " You'd soon be Mrs Quarshigah , something I've always dreamt of. I love you Naana, very much." I blushed, yet again.

" I love you too Sena. You know that already. Can we go now? I still have to check on the venue of our reception. " " Oh sure. I'll go drop you off then head over to see my parents. " He stood up , removing his car keys from his pocket then led me to the car, opened the front door for me like the gentleman that he is before having a seat himself. I smiled looking at the promise ring he had given me. Finally, at the age of 32, I was getting married to the man I'd always loved!

I combed my big afro hair vigorously hoping to be done with it and rush to the saloon to get it washed but I noticed something. My hair kept falling out! Fine, I know every woman loses some hair when they unraid their hair but the hair I lost this time around was just too much. It didn't sit well with me and I was beginning to panic. Sena had just gotten out of the shower and noticed how uncomfortable I was. "What's wrong babe?" He asked as he sat by me. I couldn't talk because I was still perplexed so I just showed him the amount of hair I had lost. He wanted to act calm but I know he panicked as well. "Calm down okay. We'll get to the bottom of this. Don't be scared. Maybe the braids you wore were just too protective, thus the hair loss." "But I wear these braids almost every time but I've never lost so much hair. This is so

strange! I'll go to the hospital tomorrow, this is very strange. " Sena pulled me to his bosom and gave me a peck on my forehead. " Your wish is my command baby. Don't be paranoid okay? It might not be as serious as we think. " I smiled and turned to look him in the eye. " Thank you for always being there. I love you babe. " He smiled. " Look at your nose! I love you too baby, more than life itself. "

We got to the hospital the following day and all sorts of tests were run out on me.( Scalp biopsy, hair loss blood test and light microscopy) . I was exhausted by the time we left the hospital and remained silent throughout. Sena was worried about my sudden silence and I could sense it but I still wasn't willing to

talk. I was paranoid! I wondered how the tests were going to turn out. My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by Sena opening the car for me to alight. We were at my favourite restaurant and I was surprised. I didn't even notice when we got here. I thought we were going home. "What are we doing here babe? I just want to go home and sleep." He smiled. "I noticed you've been moody since the hospital so I decided some jerk chicken with fries wouldn't be bad at all." "I hugged him and muttered "Thank you" to him.

A week later and here we were again at the hospital. The tests were out and as it turned out, there was indeed something wrong with me. I was diagnosed with Alopecia Totalis . I was

gradually going to lose all of the hair on my head and face. I wanted to cry , but I couldn't. I felt pain, so much pain! How could my perfect life just crumble before me? My big afro hair I had taken so much time to grow out would fall off and never grow again! Oh such bad luck I had! Just when I thought I'd get married and be happy! . We were both silent till we got home and I finally decided to break the silence. " Not a word of this to my family, I'm not ready to face them yet." " But babe, they need to know. This is not the end of the world Naana, I still love you! I choose you, always. " " I'm not asking for much Sena. Just don't let them know please. This is just too much for me! I feel like I've been stabbed multiple times. Please respect my wishes , for now." I just walked past him and headed towards the bedroom to rest.

Weeks passed and the more distant I became. I couldn't bear to look at Sena, I knew he was suffering too but I couldn't care less, I was the one facing the predicament not him! I picked up a comb to try combing my hair, something I hadn't done in so long. As I ran the comb through my hair, big patches of hair began falling off. I shrieked in pain and threw the comb away. I tried running my hands through my hair but they just kept falling off in big patches. I panicked and quickly looked into the mirror, only to see that I was getting bald in the middle of my head. That was when I lost it, I punched the mirror till it broke and I hurt myself. I wasn't even paying attention to my wound, I was hurt! As a woman, my ego had been hurt! I had lost my pride! My hair! " Naana! What happened?" He questioned as he

brought out the first aid box and cleaned my wounds. Then, he noticed my hair, his expression was a sad one. He hugged me tightly, I just cried like a baby. After some minutes, he cleaned me up and fed me some chicken soup. " You really need to have the treatment Naana. You can't continue being in denial, I understand you're in pain but I'm in pain too! We're in this together, God knows how much I love you." " I'm not having any treatment Sena! I feel like dying! You won't understand what I'm feeling because you aren't in my shoes! I'm supposed to be getting married soon! What will everyone say? Oh God! I'm doomed! " " Trust me, I understand, I really do! But you need to understand that we're in this together! You've been distant ever since you were diagnosed. I know you're hurting but have you thought about me too? This is hard on me too, so why are

you being selfish and refusing to get treatment?" This was the last straw! I just flared up! " Me? Selfish? Really! How dare you Sena! You have no idea of what I'm going through right now! And you tell me this? I'm done! I'm so done with you! I just want to be alone to figure things out! I'm out of here!" I quickly removed the promise ring and left it on the bed. I knew that was a bit childish and harsh on my part but I was too hurt to notice it. I picked up my car keys and left the house. Part of me wanted him to just hold me back and assure me everything would be fine but he didn't, he didn't stop me. Heartbroken, sad and hurt, I just drove off in tears.

A month swiftly passed by and I still didn't return home. I turned off my mobile phone because I still didn't feel like speaking to anyone. I was angry at

God for a while, put on wigs because I wasn't really ready for the "big chop" yet but it all didn't just make any sense, I was still empty inside. I had this bible app on my phone but never really used it but I suddenly had the courage to do so. *Isaiah 66: 7-14* just kept repeating in my head so I opened the scripture and read it. It was so comforting and tears just run freely down my cheeks; I felt loved and whole all over again. With all the courage I could gather, I stood in front of my mirror, something I hadn't done in a month. I removed the wig I was wearing and smiled, almost half of my hair had fallen out. " I am beautiful! I am bold! I am loved! I am independent! I'm successful! I am who God says I am! " while saying this with so much vigour, I smiled again and again. Societal standard's of beauty are incredibly off base in many ways, and the

significance of hair was one of those. But I refuse to let that bring me down! Hair or no hair, I'm still beautiful! I quickly turned on my phone and called my mom to come over. She was delighted and told me she'd be with me soon.

*One! Two ! Three!* I stopped counting in my head and opened my eyes to look at myself in the mirror. Tears trickled down my cheeks, I felt like a weight was lifted of my shoulders! It was so liberating. My mom had shave my head and being bald wasn't that bad afterall, something I'd been afraid of doing for so long. I turned to hug my mother and shed more tears." Thank you so much Mom. I feel so liberated now. I love you so much. "

" I love you too Naana. You're beautiful

just the way you are my dear. Never feel less of yourself. When are you going to call your fiancé? He's been so worried about you." I sat down on the sofa and turned to my mother. " I don't know if I can face him. I've hurt him too much mom. " " Well, I did the calling for you my dear. As we speak now, he's almost here" I was surprised. " Mom?" She laughed. " What? I couldn't watch you miss him in silence without doing anything. " The doorbell rang and she quickly rushed to get it. It was my love, Sena. He rushed towards me and embraced me with so much affection. " Dont ever leave like that again Naana. I love you so much." Tears trickled down my cheeks. " I'm sorry for keeping my distance. I was selfish, please forgive me Sena. " He put his finger on my lips to shush me. " I'm sorry too. I should've understood you better." Then, he pecked

my bald head and removed the promise ring I had left with him from his pocket. I blushed as he knelt down looking directly into my eyes. " Naana, will you do me the honor of never taking this ring off your finger ever again? I love you so much." " I promise you that I won't. Put the ring on my finger already!" I screamed in excitement as he gently put the ring on my finger. I hugged him tightly and whispered into his ears how much I loved him.

We got married months later and it has been one of the best decisions I've ever made. I'm currently pregnant with twins and we both can't wait to meet our blessings. I still rock bald head and I've

had many strangers come up to me, thanking me for my strength to boldly be bald when they could not. I just tell them hair is just an accessory, not a standard of beauty. I had learned to face my fears and embrace my scars and trust me, that made my life and my way of thinking easier.

***THE END***

***CREATED & IMAGINED BY SENYO  
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