

## Loyalty

Someone whom I believed I was going to marry broke up with me abruptly. Reasons were complex. Desperately wanting to get married, I truly experienced a taste of complete failure and defeat. As it would be for many people, it was a kind of pain that was difficult to bear alone. I tried to lean on my family whom I thought were the closest to me, and wished that they would help me to get over the turmoil. But my reality was cruel. Contrary to my expectations, what came my way was ignorance and criticism. My sorrow was too deep to bear. I wanted to just talk about this sadness with anyone anywhere, and wished to receive warm consolation. Unfortunately, however, my family offered me none.

I thought I had lived a cheerful bright life until then, but I realized that everything had been fabrication. This scar opened up so many other childhood wounds that I had barely managed to cover as I grew up, and I had become a murky water filled with floating matter. People who tried to settle me down and calm my mind were my friends. I was able to face my difficulties and scars with their genuine help, and started to slowly get better as they took care of me. My scars, once considered my shame and weakness, were no longer an embarrassment. Those who treated my pain were loyal and kept everything confidential, and willingly shared my pains and sorrows.