

Jami Green  
10/28/2015

### A little bit of a struggle.

Being in the middle of a completely overdramatic family fight is really hard to comprehend when you're only six. I thought of it as the Civil War, but with a way more futile reason for the fighting. The only thing I could think about was, if I wasn't bitten by the dog, this battle between my family wouldn't have happened. To simplify it, I thought the whole ordeal was my fault.

There was little physical damage in my opinion. I'm not traumatized by dogs, I occasionally flinch when random things get put in my face and my facial scars are barely there. I guess the reason why there was so much tension between the family was simply, my parents and my other side of the family had two different views on the matter. My parents say it was a preventable incident and could have clearly been avoided. However, the other half of my family argued that the dog and I didn't know any better. I still don't know where I stand on this hill. While my parents had some great arguments, my other half of the family had some key points too.

Another thing that I thought was weird was that I went to the lawyers office every week. There was only adults at the office and 95% of the time they had complexed faces. I didnt quite understand their emotions at the time, but now its very apperent to me that working at a Law Firm is very stressful. I also have dozens of photos from that time and, to lighten the situation, a photo of me with whipped cream in my mouth to make me look like I have Rabies.

But all through this, I wasn't quite enjoying anything. I couldn't go swimming, or go to school, or even smile. It literally hurt to smile. The doctors said that I couldn't go to school because they feared that the germs from the other kids would infect my face. I also couldn't go swimming for the same reason and along with the fact that my stitches would loosen and not heal my face properly.

When I came back to school, I was greeted with hugs and odd nicknames. Scarface, Al Pacino and Grandma Face, followed me throughout the year. Along with the nicknames, my face constantly itched and I was always reminded to not touch my stitches. I didn't quite follow my instructions and my stitches came undone a couple days before they were supposed to, but thankfully my face healed properly.

My face was puffy for weeks, and when I first saw it I cried because I hated how it looked. I was constantly thinking about how no one would recognize me because my face was so ugly. Or how my face was so disfigured that no one would like me. And even more importantly, I would never get a boyfriend and I would never get married (because at six, these clearly were my plans). I even have had recent times where my scars had bugged me so much and I thought they were so apparent, that I wore my hair down, over my face so no one could see them. Or I covered them with so much makeup that I broke out in acne. Covering my face with my hair resulted in one of my favorite teachers joking that she would "chop my hair off with a pair of scissors". But as I said, she was my favorite teacher. Even though I had some struggles with dysmorphia in my face that year, I began to feel more confident or maybe just used to my face.

Being young and having to cake my face full of makeup just to feel a little bit confident, was the worst thing ever. As I said, it took its toll on my face and my self esteem. I wasn't content with myself when I took my makeup off. I thought I looked pale and grotesque. I look back now and realize my face really did not look that appalling.

Although I had a little, or maybe even a lot of difficulty adjusting to my face, my family troubles and my school life, I managed to jump over that boulder in my path. I try not to think about negative past experiences, but I do commonly find myself pondering about what my face would look like if I wasn't bitten by the dog and what my family life or my social life would be like if I didn't have a big knot in it. But there is always shoulds, woulds and coulds, and I know that if I try to fix them, I never will be able to.