

BOY WITH
A **SCAR**

MATOUS RYDEL



Matouš Rýdel

BOY WITH A SCAR

“God will never give you
more than you can
handle.”

This book is devoted to
my parents and brother.

Thanks.

PROLOGUE

I remember
I was fourteen at that time.

There were films on TV about
heroes
who rescue
young girls
in trouble.
They were always admired
for their acts.

I also wanted to be such
hero,
to rescue girls,
reveal frauds
and capture every criminal.

I was dreaming
that I would become one.

What makes such a hero?
I dreamt up every detail of
him
but only one came true
which was the last one on my
list.

I imagined myself
as a hero,
muscled, handsome,
possibly
with superhuman capacities.

In every dream

I rescued another girl from
bad guys' clutches.
Again, and again I received
a scar.

I believed
that with it will come
admiration
and beauty
and superhuman strength
and all the rest.

At that time
I completed basic school
and continued from the
seventh class
to grammar school.

I did not expected

that anything
would change.
But it did not take long
before my life started turning
upside down.

I

It was wonderful day,
the sun was shining
and I was on bus from school
as every day.

The hairdresser in the
afternoon,
my mom drove me there.

When I came home from the
hairdresser,
I started the shower
to wash my hair
which stuck to my skin
and which I could not shake
off my back.

Before I stepped
into the shower
standing naked in front of the
mirror,
I noticed that my belly
looked like swollen.
Although I was growing at
that time
and putting on weight very
slowly.

The belly is too big today.

I touched it with my fingers
it was absolutely hard.
I decided:
“I ate too much”
and I did not pay attention.

I got into the shower.
When I washed myself
and began to dry with towel
my mom entered the
bathroom
it was not unusual
she may have come to wash
her hands.
She noticed my belly
she was concerned.

It did not take long
before we were sitting in the
car on way
to hospital.
I was asking questions on way
there
as every child would do:
“What is ahead of me?”

“What will they do to me?”
I was healthy all the time
until that moment
and I was scared
of every examination at the
doctor’s
and I fainted each time.

We reached the hospital.