It was our free time and I observed my girl students chatting loudly. I can’t stop myself from shaking my head because of that. They are too loud. I decided to move closer to say my piece. As I do so, I noticed the mirror my students are using. It is broken. I was speechless for a moment. I thought their noise is what I should really be alarmed of.

“Why are you using a broken mirror?” I asked.

“We can still see our faces here, Ma’am…” one of them replied and winked an eye.

What are these students doing? I asked myself. Why are they making things difficult? Why settle using a broken mirror? It’s true that it still reflects one’s image, nevertheless, we know better.

Until that afternoon, I was thinking about that broken mirror until I realized something when I also looked at myself through the broken mirror of the tricycle I rode on my way home. There I discovered what my students were trying to imply.

Truly, there is an easier and better way to look and reflect our images, but it is also true that we can still see ourselves through those broken pieces. It may be distorted and all, yet it will still reflect the same person.

Hence, I think my students want us to realize that no matter how broken they are, we should still think and believe that they are worth it. Although it is difficult at times, we must still see through them.
References: