

When a Tattoo Becomes a Scar



This is one of the more interesting tattoo stories I've gotten to write about. The tattoo itself isn't the most unique, but what it represents and how it affects me is what's interesting. The tattoo belongs to a gent that I met at my gym, who, by the way, is very handsome. I had been wanting

a reason to chat it up with him, Kevin, but never bothered because really, no one wants to be bothered at the gym. I've learned using the whole, "I write for tattoo.com and would love to do a story on you," has become a good opening line for me. Yes, I have to abuse some privileges in life.

The night I decided to say hey to him, he actually got to me first and we talked a little and I told him I wanted to do a story on his tattoos, which he has 9 of. I mean come on, if you're going to work out with your body exposed, I'm going to stare. Kevin was really nice and he said he would be willing to help me with my story anytime. I did touch base with him, and he was willing to meet me anywhere, but it was the evening time. Well, to take good pictures, I've found the best lighting is natural daylight, but standing in the shade. Too much sun washes the tat out; the shade is the best place, the definitions and contrast really come out. Ok, but because half of his tattoos are on his chest and back, I was going to need for him to take off his shirt. How funny would we look sitting in the middle of Cheebo or Aroma Café with me clicking away at some guy posing half nude? He was just gonna have to come over.

This is an interesting predicament. Talking about tattoos is a very personal thing and some of them

have such deep stories, that first time encounters aren't really the place to be disclosing so much. But to get a feel on a story, I need to know it all. Ugh, this tattoo idea on my guy from the gym was starting to become a bad idea for me. When one first meets someone, conversations should be as easy-going as, "How long have you lived in the city?" "What's your favorite restaurant?" They shouldn't be "So, how long were you engaged for?" Too much information.

Kevin's tattoo, that runs along the whole side of his body, reads in Cambodian, "She forever holds my heart." Oh no. Out of all his tattoos, I think this one looks the coolest, remember, I am the girl who loves the written word on the body. The story is as follow: He was engaged to his girlfriend of 4 years, who obviously was Cambodian. He was in Mixed Martial Arts and went to Cambodia for some tournament thing. While there, he decides to get this memorable, sentimental tattoo that is basically for his girl. He got it thinking they were going to be together forever, which is reasonable to believe. In the meanwhile, his fiancé is back at home – cheating on him.

I don't know the rest of the story. Of course I wanted to ask but, again, it was way too much for me to touch on and I could tell this was not a topic that we should really be getting into. It's sad. He has a really cool tattoo, it's intriguing and cryptic. If I had that tattoo I would want everyone to see it and I would make a point of having it seen. But what if the story is as depressing as this one? Then what? The tattoo no longer holds fond memories, but is reminiscent of something traumatic. And unfortunately, who wants to date someone who has these words, very meaningful words, transcribed down the whole side of their body, and not have it be about you but of some girl who is now portrayed as a heartless gal?

Oh, the perils of discovery. Sometimes it can be fun and exciting and sometimes it's just better not to know. Choosing a tattoo that represents more than just the self can be very risky and I'm speaking of tattoos of people's names, dates reflective of anniversaries, even full blown headshots, yes reprints of photos make it on skin all the time. These are memorial tattoos and they

represent bonds we've shared with other individuals, individuals whom we have no control over. As easy as these people come into our lives, make impressions on us, inspire us to commemorate, they can also leave us with a terrible story that can never be forgotten and a scar that can never be removed.