

The Fence

There was once a little boy who had a bad temper and acted out aggressively. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence. The first day the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his behaviour when he was angry, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and his father suggested that the boy now pull one nail for each day that he is able to hold his temper. The days passed and the young boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone. The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said "You have done well my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry, the wounds are still there. A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one".

Author Unknown