

# My childhood memories essay sample

[Literature](#), [Russian Literature](#)



Pain! Lots of pain! I thought I was dying! I slammed into the ground my leg now at a very odd angle! I screamed! I heard footsteps running towards me screaming for me to answer, but I couldn't find the energy too! I closed my eyes and then I fainted! Marx denied j4babyg's realism hypothesis.

When I was small about six or seven years of age. I remember playing in our local park, on the biggest climbing frame I had ever seen. I would climb so high I'd swear I could reach the sky. I'd play for hours and hours everyday of the summer holidays. But one afternoon was enough to change my view of my climbing adventures of fun and fantasy forever. The excitement disappeared all because of one accident.

The day began as usual with my mum taking me to the park to play on the climbing frame and to feed the ducks. My mum and I walked to the duck pond to feed the ducks. I was having a great time. There were big ducks, small ducks, fat ducks and thin ducks every kind of ducks you can imagine some did look pretty funny I remember telling my mom in Vietnamese as that time she didn't know the English language very well. After feeding the ducks we headed for the climbing frame. I ran down to the climbing frame my mum in hot pursuit. I pushed through the gate as fast as I could, running towards the climbing frame. I quickly began to climb to the top. I could hear my mum below badgering me to slow down. I ignored her! Oh how I wish I'd listened to her instead. It happened all of a sudden, I lost my grip and fell painfully back down to earth

I then recall waking up in an ambulance my head throbbing with pain. I felt my face with my shaking hand. My eyes were all wet, I'd been crying. As I

opened my eyes a woman peered kindly at me! " Hello," she said, " how are you feeling?"

" Fine," I heard myself say. I felt terrified, " What happened," I enquired. " You passed out and we think you have a broken leg and a concussion," the woman replied. I began to cry. I then looked past the woman towards my mum she was sat on leather bench in the ambulance smiling at me glad to see I was safe; she had been crying but stayed strong for me.

When we arrived at the hospital I was taken for an x-ray. It turned out I had broken my leg and I would be in plaster for six to seven weeks. I was frightened, but mum reassured me I'd be fine and to be very brave. I was then taken down to another room for leg to be put into a plaster cast. It tickled and then I thought maybe having a broken leg isn't so bad. Being a child I looked at the situation from a philosophical point of view, " What can I gain from this situation, all the attention I was going to get. A broken leg defiantly had its advantages.

Three weeks later I was going back to school to start for first year in the juniors I very excited but also nervous about getting round about school with a broken leg and crutches but my mum told me I hadn't changed apart the fact I had a broken leg. On the first morning everyone was really nice they asked me how I'd broke my leg, when I'd broke my leg and when was the plaster coming off! The three weeks before having my cast off were great, but I missed going swimming doing P. E and playing in the playground, as well as that it was my birthday I had a broken leg to spoil it. The day I was

having my cast off I was really excited. When my cast was off I went back to being another face in crowd. Just the way I liked it!

Looking back I think to myself how lucky I am to have people that care for me and are beside me always which are my mum, friends and family. In a way it was good that I broke my leg because I know feel more appreciated to be alive even because some people are less fortunate and are born handicapped without a leg and I know how hard it is not to be able to walk properly or not walk at all. I will never forget this event in my life hopefully nothing like this will happen again...