

Scar story essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It was a nice day out this one summer afternoon, so my parents invited my family over for a barbeque at our house. I come from a big Mexican family, so it was a good thing we had a really big backyard. I am the youngest grandchild out of eighteen, the oldest was forty-one and I the youngest was seven at the time. The closest cousin to me in age at the time was eleven and I always tired to hangout with my older cousins. On this summer afternoon my cousins and I decided to build an obstacle course thought out my house to see who could run it the fastest. We made it start from my front yard and it weaved through the living room, my sister's room, my parent's room, then out the back door where it ended.

My parents are the type of parents that when we have people over no matter if there family or not the only room there allowed in is the bathroom. Before we started I told all my cousins that they had to be quite the whole time when we ran through the obstacle course. We started the races and my two cousins did the obstacle course in really good time, I thought that if I could just run the fastest I could through out the whole course I could beat both there times and win. I started running so fast it felt like I was just flying through the obstacle course, I was just about to round the corner of my parent's bed when all of a sudden I hear my mom yell my name. I lost my concentration for a spilt second when I turn my head to see if she was in the hall when she yells my name, I felt this sharp pain I had never felt anything like this before in my life. I look down at my leg where I felt the pain and my parents forgot to put on the safety corners to there bed frame, so my leg got stabbed by the bed frame. Blood was running down my leg like a waterfall, I had never seen so much blood in my life. the first thing that pops in my head

is that i am going to be in so much trouble , first of all I was even supposed to be in the house running through the rooms with my cousins and second I just got blood all over my moms carpet.

Before my mom would walk in on me bleeding all over her carpet I sprint to the bathroom where I tired to get my cut to stop bleed or at least stop bleeding so much. While I was in the process of trying to do that I got blood all over the bathroom and my mom was still elling my name so I just put on one of my Hello Kitty band aids and walked out to the backyard where she was calling me from. Right when I stepped out I hear an “ OH MY GOSH! ” and I knew right then my little Hello Kitty band aid didn’t hold up. My mom wasn’t concerned about my cut that I had, she was yelling at me for five minutes about not running in the house and that I had to clean both the bathroom and her carpet.

Also for one of my punishments she didn’t take me to get stitches, because she said she didn’t want to pay