

Broken wrist

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Snap As a child, you never really check to see if anything is safe at a park. You don't really care much about anything, you just want to have fun. When I was a boy I didn't check if the good ol' monkey bars were safe. You might be thinking " how can monkey bars not be safe?" The monkey bars where not the regular monkey bars you see at the park.

These bars were really dangerous that I got into an accident. I fell off the bars when I tried going on them and broke my wrist. I didn't check if they were safe at all so then life decided to play around with me and make me fall of them, but because of that experience I learned a valuable lesson. It taught me that I should decide if something is safe to use or not, so I won't get into an accident. It all started back in the summer of 2006. I was at my aunt's house because my mom had to go to work and I wasn't old enough to stay home alone.

My aunt has two kids of her own. David the 7 year old boy and Anna the 4 year old girl. David had to go to camp to we so Anna and I had to come with to drop him of. Anna and I weren't too thrilled while we were in the car, but we sucked it up and didn't say anything. When we got there I noticed a sign that said Centennial Park. When I saw that I got excited because I knew that there would be a park there.

At the time we got there, my aunt took David inside to take him to the camp. Anna and I were waiting for my aunt by the front door as my eyes started to wander around. I looked left and right a bunch of times and didn't see a park to play at. As I turned around to see what was behind me I saw the park. I was so happy it was as if I had just won the million dollar lottery.

Just in time my aunt came out of the door and I asked if we could stay at the park. Of course she said yes and so I ran like a cheetah to the park. Right when I stepped on the park, everything started going downhill from there. At first I was having a lot of fun going on the slides and the swings. Those playground equipment were perfectly safe.

As I was getting bored I looked around to see if there was anything else I could conquer. Nothing seemed was grabbing my attention. Then I saw it. The monkey bars. I told Anna that I wanted to go on them and she came along to go on them too. These monkey bars seemed very odd though.

It wasn't the normal metal bars, but these has some orange and white rubber as the bars. Unfortunately I didn't think much of it. I was never able to go on the monkey bars before, but I decided to try it out on these very strange bars. I went on the step to go on the monkey bars and stood there thinking about this adventure I was going to have. This adventure that I was about to have would be a very unpleasant one.

I stuck my hand out and grab the bar then I put my other hand out and grabbed the bar also. I was hanging there like a true monkey. After a solid two minutes I proceeded to stick my right hand out for the next bar. This is when my world was turned upside down. When I grabbed onto the bar it started to spin and I lost my grip on it.

Then I let go and my right hand was behind my butt and I fell on it hard. I didn't feel anything, but then a rapid fire of pain started to hit my wrist. My cousin Anna was asking if she should tell her mom and I said no that isn't necessary, even though I was in a tremendous amount of pain. I didn't tell <https://assignbuster.com/broken-wrist/>

anyone about my broken wrist until a week later. That week was one of the worst weeks of my life. Broken wrist; no cast.

From that decision of not checking if the monkey bars were safe was one of the worst decisions of my life. In my head I knew that the bars didn't seem alright and I still went forth and went on them. Looking back on it, that experience was a good one for me because it taught me that I should see if something is safe to use or not. At a young age you don't care about that, but when you get older you do much more. Now I am very careful at parks or anywhere I go.

Life wanted to teach me a lesson, and life taught me it in the worst possible way. By breaking one of my bones.