

The worst birthday ever

Life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The Worst Birthday Ever

Vive had my fair share of bad birthdays, but there is one that tops them all by a long shot. In order to understand the happenings in the story to come, you must know a few things. My younger brother, Austin, had been sick a few days prior to this particular day. Austin had a high fever, a cough, and a drippy nose. Worst, or best of all, depending on how you look at it, he was constantly sleeping! By nature, my mother was worried about him. She was constantly giving her attention to him if she wasn't working. I woke up finally as an eight-year-old! I was so excited that it was my birthday and to get extra attention. My eyes opened and I immediately thought of the cake, the presents, the attention, the birthday wishes, the money, and the food. I got up and went to the computer room. My mom was on the mall computer working while my brother was lying on a padded bench, wrapped in a blanket, sleeping. I walked in and no one said a word to me; "How dare they!" I thought. I didn't say anything and just walked over, to the spare computer, to play my favorite game, Virtual Knee Surgery.

It felt like I had been on the computer for hours! I finally got up to go to the bathroom. I opened the door to see my older sister, Cattail, finally awake, sitting on the toilet. I quickly shut the door. I had to go to the bathroom so bad; I thought I was going to explode. I was waiting so long that I didn't even have to go anymore. I finally walked back to the computer room. I got back on my game. Not even ten minutes went by, when, BAM! It happened. I heard a slight moaning noise coming from my brother's direction. I immediately looked up at my, sick, little, brother, and saw the image that I can't forget no matter how hard I try. He was shaking violently. He was spitting,

drooling, and even foaming at the mouth like a rabid dog. His eyes were indeed opened, but his pupils were certainly not present. His eyes had rolled to the back of his head. His skin turned a bluish color. He had saliva all over his face and chest. I had been looking at him for a solid three minutes before he got loud enough for my mom to hear. I was frozen in place with my mouth open, staring in terror. I had no clue what was going on. He couldn't talk or even breathe. I remember thinking, " Oh no, not on my birthday! My mom finally looked over and freaked out.

She shook him gently for a few seconds. He wouldn't budge. He wouldn't respond to anything she said. She grabbed him and carried him into the bathroom. My sister and I sat in the doorway and watched as she ran cold water over his head. He was still shaking and foaming. My mom told us to call 911 and then told us what to tell them. Immediately ran to the phone. She picked up the phone and dialed 911. While it rang we fought over who got to talk to the 911 operator. I was extremely ringing and a lady answered the phone. My sister immediately yelled, " My brother is yin! After the lady asked my sister a few questions she put the phone down. We waited maybe two minutes before the paramedics showed up. They walked in and went straight to the bathroom. They handled everything and got my brother under control. Later that night we left the house for my birthday dinner. I was excited to finally have the attention on myself. Nope. We got there and all the attention was on my brother. I had to sit at the end of the table while my brother sat at the front of the table getting my attention. Needless to say, that was my worst birthday ever!