

All about me .



Shadira Andrews Writing #5 Night My whole heart stopped when I saw the blood dripping from my arm. Today was a regular day but my whole life changed. It was a sunny day with my cousins, sister, friends and I when suddenly I get a huge scar on my right back-hand. It might look like a burn but it's not, it's a terrible long lasting scar. This raggedy old scar is about nine years old but I still remember every single detail of how this happened. An almost trip to the hospital wasn't supposed to happen with just a game of basketball that I wasn't playing.

This almost fun day was one of the worst days of my life; this was the night of my life. Why do we have to play tag? This game makes me very exhausted but I have to other wise my crush is going to think I am fat. I am going to need about five bottles of Gatorade to stay energized though. We played tag around the school-yard for about 15 minutes but I had to use the restroom so I told everyone that I'll be back in a couple of minutes. Just before I was completely out of the yard my sister called my name to ask me to get her something from the house.

The next thing you know a boy ends up accidently knocking me unto the floor and I slide across the concrete. If I was car and I was making a sharp turn you would only hear me screaming. The boy was playing basketball and I happened to stop right in front of the basketball court. I can't believe I'm lying on this concrete with nothing but blood and a boy I don't even know next to me. I blacked out for a moment and couldn't hear anything, it was so silent but everyone talked. All I could see and remember is the faces on everyone's face.

My sister looked as if she was having a baby, and the boy looked as if he saw something ghastly. Everyone was panicking but what I couldn't get out of my head is the fact that my stockings ripped; those were new stockings that my mom finally got me so you could say my facial expression was being annoyed and irritated. By now I have snapped out of my black out. My cousins helped me up while the shamefaced boy offered me bandages. I just remember I really have a full bladder right about now.

Night, pain, dusk, and agony is all that filtered the air as I was being carried by a dozen of my relatives, I mean come on was I that heavy did my crush need to know I needed half of dozen people carrying me. All I was thinking was " Am I going to get into trouble for ripping my brand new stockings? " As soon as I got into the house my dad asked what happened and I just said " I fell. " I didn't want my chaos to turn into a royal rumble or something. My dad did the worst thing ever! He grabs alcohol, peroxide, and everything else that's expected to stings.

I automatically start to cry knowing that the felling will soon be excruciating pain. Of course I hate pain and honesty I didn't feel anything when my skin came off my right back-hand; but when my dad put that alcohol on my open wound I could have said every curse word in the book. Right about now I was speaking gibberish, the pain was unbearable and I couldn't understand why my dad didn't just take me to the hospital he is not a doctor. I guess you could say a dad is anything and everything it needs to be at the time being.

Pain is such an uncomfortable feeling that even a tiny amount of it is enough to ruin a week. My hand was throbbing and I couldn't move it or think about it because that just made the situation worst. I tried a lot of things to make

the pain fade away. I tried eating ice cream, going to sleep, and even putting a cold rag around the bandage nothing worked. Then, everyone decided to leave me in the house by myself. My mom and dad had to work and my siblings just took it upon themselves to go outside and not tell me. I looked at the clock and it's approximately five minutes to 12 when there is a knock on the door.

Now I am not going to lie I was little scared to answer the door since it was so late so since I was short I climbed on the couch's leg and looked through the peep hole. It was my crush! Was he going to make fun of me, let's see? Everything I did our little conversation was the only thing that helped me block out the pain, of course I was blushing he was adorable. I was finally coming into the house with a smile on my face today and that smile easily went away when I saw the time on my round clock, it said it was 12: 11 A. M.

In conclusion, today was the worst day ever I got hurt pretty bad with a scar that will be on my back-hand for life and I for the first time ever I now know what pain really feels like. I also have a fear of basketball now no lie; every time I play basketball I always seem to get hurt either I get hit in the head with the ball or I hurt my fingers and they become swollen. Every time someone ask me what happened to my hand and if I were burnt, I say no and I have to summarize this whole story. I try not to remember and forget but I can't forget that pain. " Pain has an element of blank" Emily Dickinson.