

My worse day ever



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

My worst day ever was the day my brother fell out the window, and almost died. My brothers name is All. He was born on January 9, 2004 and is the fourth child in our family. He was eight and a half years of old. It all happened on Tuesday September 11, 2012. My day began like any other day not knowing what was hidden for me, I thought that this was going to be a great day. I had no idea that my brother was going to fall from the second floor window and almost die. In this essay I will be informing you about how my day began, to how he fell and what happened at the end. I went to school like always and came home.

When I arrived home we were told that guests might come over, so I cleaned the house and got dressed. After we completed cleaning we had our dinner. During the meal the children had made quite a mess under the table so I went upstairs to grab the vacuum. My room was next to the room where all the boys slept. There were five boys that slept in that room since we lived with our cousins. It was impossible to have beds so they had five mattresses on the floor but because we had to vacuum we put three against one wall and parallel to that wall and put the other two under the window.

As I passed through the rooms I noticed my brother All and cousin Mustang were throwing themselves and jumping on the mattress from one wall to the other. As I grabbed the vacuum and left my room in the corner of my eye I saw my cousin Mustang's face. His face was red and he looked like he was scared. I've never in my life seen a young child scared in that way. I sensed something wrong so, I began to look for All but, there was no sight of him. All I saw was the open window and oddly, the screen was half ripped off. I let go of the vacuum and ran to the window.

I barely saw anything, all I saw was his arm, I felt my heart drop. If someone to hit me at that moment there would not have been even a single drop of blood that's how ice cold and shocked I was. As I ran down the stairs I was at a loss for words. Without thinking I swallowed and yelled " All Fell Out The Window Yummy!! ". My sister summer and I said it at the same time because she was down stairs and saw him from the downstairs window. My mother was in the kitchen doing the dishes, when she heard her face changed in color and she fell to the ground in tears not knowing what to do.

My Aunt quickly ran stairs to tell my uncle who has just entered the shower after a long hot day at work. Everyone in the house was crying as if he had died. All was in the backyard laying face down on the concrete floor. No one wanted to go outside and see him for the fear of him being dead. I couldn't just leave him out there so I ran out. I opened the backyard door and went next to him. I began to cry as I looked at him laying there. I felt as if the world had ended. I remember telling myself he's alive. I felt him breathing but he was unconscious.

Suddenly he woke up and began to try to get up so I picked him up in my arms and opened the door. Blood entered the house his forehead and his nose began to bleed. I went towards the living room and sat on the table with him in my lap and soon he began to cry because he saw everyone crying. My mother was hysterical so I yelled at her, and told her to get a towel and wipe the blood of his face. She did that while my uncle called the ambulance and my father. Hurt? ". All replied in tears and a weak voice " I don't want shots! I don't want shots! ".

Through all that pain his only fear was to get shot. The police arrived and, a few seconds later the ambulance did too. They came in and wrapped All in a bed and took him. My mother went with, I wanted to go with her but the police kept asking me questions. They assumed that this had been purposely done and they wanted to keep us under surveillance. I had to tell the police everything and show them everything till they understood what happened and left. I was alone at home with all the kids, who were up stairs hiding in my room and crying from fear that All could have been dead.

I went upstairs to comfort them and to tell them that All was " Okay' ND to just make dud for him to come home soon. After a long time of waiting impatiently my mom finally called my aunt and told her everything. My aunt looked different and her face became pale but she tried to act normal. When she ended the call I asked her what happened. She told me that All broke his back, neck and, cheek bone and that he might not be ever able to walk again. I began to cry then she asked me not to tell the kids or anyone. She also said that the doctors will be taking one final x-ray to decide the outcome.

That night I spent it entirely making dud and exiting everyone I know to make dud and ask others to make dud. That night was extremely long, I couldn't wait till morning to hear what happened. Morning came and no one called. I sat on the couch looking out the window and just imaging All coming home all better then suddenly the phone rang. My uncle this time answered and he looked amazed for some reason. I waited till he hung up and then looked at him waiting for him to say something. Then he said " All is fine and is coming home tonight". I looked at him and said " How? What do you mean

by finer. He replied " Its a miracle ! Interrupting him I said " what is? " After the second x ray the doctors found nothing broken but his wrist. No one believed it, they had five doctors come in and check. ". I was amazed " Allah had accepted our duds! " I replied. I felt that the time was going by slowly. They said they'll be here before seven but it was now seven thirty. We waited till eight and then they finally came. When I saw my brother I began to cry my aunt asked me to stop so I went to wash my face and came back down stairs and, spent time with my family. That was my worst day ever. I guess it ended up alright since my brother didn't die.