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English 3 5th Period

Ms. Feher

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An Unexpected Summer Break

All I saw was some blood and an excruciating pain rushing throughout my whole arm; I never thought I'd spend my remaining summer weeks unable to use my right arm. There were a few weeks until summer break ended and for me to start middle school. I woke up early in the morning, brushed my teeth, ate some pancakes, then watched some TV. The only people in the house were me, my little brother, and my two older sisters. My mom was always working so most of the time there were no grown-ups at the house. We all cleaned the whole house that day, like every week, starting from upstairs.

It was a beautiful and clear day outside so when we finished, I looked outside to see if my friend's parents were home; fortunately, his house was up the road from mine so I could easily check. When I saw that they weren't I decided to go to their house. My little brother came too, but to play with his friend. When we got there, he let us in and we played video games, watched scary shows, and watched movies for a while. We got hungry in the middle of a movie and heated some of those little pizza things.

We eventually got bored and decided to go outside to the hammock: which was in front of their house. It was hanging from two thick but medium-sized looking trees. We took turns swinging each other as hard as we could. Occasionally, we would flip it backward by accident,

or on purpose, and the person on it would fall on the grass. We kept doing this repeatedly until we got exhausted from overexerting our energy too much. We started sweating a bit, so my friend went in and brought us all some popsicles. When I finished my popsicle, I went and stood on top of the hammock trying to balance myself. It felt as if I was one of those people who walk on a rope on top of a mountain.

As I was maintaining my balance my little brother came and tried to get on top of it too. He then moved it and I lost all my balance. I felt myself in the air for less than a second then gravity started pulling on me almost instantaneously. All I thought of at the moment was to stop myself from falling and so I put my hands behind me. I ended up landing on top of it and heard a little crack. Pain rushed throughout my arm and I just started crying. I usually tried to not cry in front of others, but the pain was overwhelming for my 10-year-old self. My friend didn't know what to do so he went in and got me another popsicle to calm me down. I quickly came back to my senses and stopped crying just as quick as I started. A little bit of blood came out through a little cut in my skin from where the bone went through.

I wasn't the brightest kid when I was little and didn't think that I broke my arm. I assumed that after some time it would stop hurting since I thought that I just twisted it. A few minutes later I went back home with my little brother; I told him to not tell my sisters about what happened before we arrived. He knocked on the door and one of my sisters opened and she saw that I was holding onto my arm. I told her that nothing was wrong, and she then told me to let her see my arm. I quickly said no so she got angry and grabbed it quickly; then, she saw that it was swollen with blood on it and asked what happened. My tears started falling unintentionally and I started explained everything. Since we didn't have any way of contacting my mom, one of my

sisters went to my mom's friends' house to use her phone. My mom came home quickly and took me to the hospital.

We were told that I needed to get a surgery done quickly. The anesthetic doctor came and gave me a shot that he said would put me to sleep immediately. I told myself that I wouldn't and started counting in my brain, "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen." Then boom... I woke up some hours later and looked at my arm, a big red and black cast was on my arm. I was confused as to how I was in a completely different room as before, I then realized that the surgery had been completed. That week I spent at the hospital. I enjoyed it, mainly because I would always order a chocolate cake.

I then got sent home with a big cast on my hand, making it complete immobilized; however, it still didn't stop me from going outside. After some time, I had to return to the hospital and get my cast removed. I still, unfortunately, had to wear a smaller type of cast. This one could, fortunately, be removed and was less uncomfortable. I then returned to school and couldn't write well for the first few days as my dominant hand was the injured one. I eventually recovered and could start using it as if nothing happened. The only thing I would be left with is a small scar where I had to get stitches. This, however, is just one of my many stories of where I had to go to the hospital and recover; It's the least extreme one out of all the other injuries.