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English 3 5th period

Ms. Feher

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The Failed Stunt

When I was in 4th grade, I broke my arm. I was climbing a tree, and like every 4th grader I was obsessed with Spiderman. There was a branch across from me and I had the bright idea of jumping to it and swinging and flipping off it. I was nervous, it was a “big” jump (it was only like 3 feet) and I had sweaty palms. You would think the bark of the tree would give me grip, but no. It was like spreading butter on a freshly toasted piece of bread. I jumped, arms outstretched like I was reaching for something on the top shelf at Walmart, gripped the branch, or so I thought. My hands slipped and my first thought was a few choice words from my mother's dictionary. All of my weight went on my left arm when I fell, and I heard a snap. I didn't think anything of it because I had landed on a few sticks, but my brother was with me and he was laughing his butt off, then he looked at my twisted, already turning purple arm, and he decided to point it out to me. You know how when you cut yourself and don't notice it, but when you do it hurts a lot? Well that's what happened with me. I looked at my arm, sat there for a second in shock, and screamed like a newborn who hadn't been fed yet. Something I will never forget is seeing the neighborhood bully come running down the street to see if I was ok as I was walking home, trying not to move my arm.

When I got to my house I went and sat on the couch and my sister walked into the room wondering why I was crying, saw my arm, and screamed louder than I did. She immediately

called my mom, and she said she will be there shortly. She worked at Nissan so it would take her a minute to get home. Somehow, and I don't want to know, she got home in like 15 minutes. I guess she was determined. I was screaming in pain because I've never experienced this much before and didn't know how to handle it. My mom got me an icepack and told me to rest my arm on a pillow while she called 911. While she did this my stepdad woke up from his nap, somehow sleeping through me screaming in pain.

Eventually the paramedics came, and they put my arm in a plastic cast thingy to keep my arm from moving, which hurt because I could see and feel my bones moving. All of this took place within an hour. We had been in the ambulance for about 45 minutes because we had to go to 4 different hospitals (I passed out a few times) and eventually we found a hospital that would take me. I remember sitting in a private room for what seemed like hours because they didn't have an open room or anyone available to care for me. Eventually I was put in an unintrusive surgery where they knocked me out, put me on a table with a little side table where they set my arm on it. The doctor/surgeon gripped my arm and started to push and move my bones back into place, stopping here and there to get an x ray to see how much more he had to move my bones. It was kind of like he was Indian burning my arm, but he was moving my bones instead, and trying to align them. When he was done with the surgery my arm was put in a cloth cast. I was in the hospital for 3 days, and I missed about a week of school.

My arm was in a cast for a few months. When I was in class, I would take my arm and slam it on my desk because I had a cast. It would scare the teacher, but she would laugh about it after she made sure I didn't hurt myself. I got a lot of attention from it, which was a big change because I never got a lot of attention before that. I used to scare a lot of the kids on the playground by acting like I was going to go across the monkey bars. Eventually I got my cast off

and it was really weird when I did. The doctor eased my nerves by showing that the saw couldn't cut my skin, which I still don't know how that's possible. While my cast was getting taken off my arm went numb because of all of the vibrations. I got a sling I used for the next week or two while my arm got used to not having a cast on it. When I walked my arm floated behind me because I was used to having a heavy cast on my arm, so I had to get used to that.

I haven't gotten a lot of attention after my cast was taken off. I scare and gross out people occasionally by twisting my arm or my hand in a circle. My arm is a lot weaker than my right one because I didn't use it for a lot of lifting for the few months it was in a cast. I used to have to shower with a Walmart bag over my cast so I didn't mess it up. The water would soften the cast material and it would make it start to fall apart. I climbed a lot more trees after that, and almost broke my arm again a few times, so obviously breaking my arm didn't scare me or keep me from doing things I enjoy. Eventually I realized that I shouldn't let something as small as breaking a bone hold me back, and that I should live my life without thinking I can't do something, because I can do anything that I set my mind to.