

By Josh

Ouch!

I began to imagine what people were going to think about this huge lump on my head. Then I thought, "How did this even happen to me?" The day had just gone by so fast, it was all a cruel distant blur though some of the weirdest things were still clear as a freshly washed car window. Like for example, I could still remember the sound of the soothing sun cracking the trees as it scorched their branches, but yet I still couldn't think of how I had ended up in this unwelcoming place, the doctor's office.

A few days later, it all hit me. The day was quite young as I ventured out to meet the warming rays of the great sun. I let out an ecstatic sigh as the purifying rays met my young innocent body. The brightness of this day screamed to me that indeed it was summer. My mom, sister, and I were out playing a game where my mom would hit a golf ball softly, and I would retrieve it. The day was calm up until one abbrutence, as I excitedly trotted to fetch the ball, like as if I was a dog racing to get the all-important stick for his master, something went quite wrong. Wack! I did not specifically hear this sound, but certainly engulfed it throughout my mere body. At first, I could not quite comprehend what had happened to me, all I could observe was my mom and sister frantically sprinting towards me as if I were about to experience death. The look in both of their eyes could curl ones blood.

"I can see his skull!" my sister shrieked.

Then on instinct, warm, welcoming hands plucked my limp body from the gleaming Earth and we zipped rapidly towards the seeming far away house. I was involved in another world throughout this whole bizarre sequence, which I think had

shaken my family's thoughts. Suddenly, I awoke on a floor, to my understanding my body was completely on fire. I could sense a small sensation of relief on my open flesh, as something was rubbing it. As if on cue, I dozed off once more into perfection and dreamed once again.

The setting around me was something to talk about in itself. From running doctors to my mother holding my hand trying to calm me down, everybody just needed to take a deep breath, but of course that is easier said than done. Then there's me, if you didn't know me at the time, I'm pretty sure you could figure out that my mind was not letting me get stitches. I was scared of the thought of them at the time because some of the kids at my school told me that they were an extreme pain.

"Is he going to need stitches?" Jill frantically proclaimed.

"If you want his head to heal properly mam, then the boy should probably get stitches, they are not that bad," motioned the doctor.

"I know Josh and his mind set is to not get stitches at all costs and if you didn't see it already, he usually gets his way most of the time," softly grumbled Jill.

"Well there is one other option we could do, but it hasn't been practiced extensively," moaned the doctor regretting saying it as soon as the words hit his chapped lips.

As if on cue, I instantly invited myself into the conversation to see what this alternative plan could possibly be. I quickly met the now calm doctor's eyes with extreme passion and stated, "If there is any other way for me not to get stitches in my head, I will do it in a heartbeat."

“There is a way that we can so to speak “glue” your head back together with no pain at all, is this something that sounds like it interests you?” the doctor moved at the words he said once again as if they were a bitter slug lurking out of his tiny mouth.

(simile)

Never in my life had I let out a bigger sigh than the one I let out on that day. I was just so relieved that I didn't have to get stitches I wanted to leap for excitement, but my head told me no.

After all of this excitement, I finally realized how much blood I had lost throughout that whole crazy sequence. One could have found more blood spots than not. In my mother's route to my house, I couldn't keep pressure on my cut or whatever was on my head, so blood had splattered everywhere. Crazy enough, the thought of getting the stitches was my main concern and the pain didn't really seem to bother me.

As you now know, I had certainly taken a good smack to the head. Nobody ended up getting mad at each other for it though and nobody really got blamed. It was all just one big accident that I'm sure could only of happened 1 out of every 100 tries. My rebel personality wouldn't let me get stitches that day and going back, I still wouldn't change any part of how it was treated. .