

**FULL Names:**

**Hour:**

**Evaluate a Completed Story - See RELATED Sheet - Write On this Paper**

**by Kort**

I could feel the grass tickling at my feet like a hundred tiny hands; it felt good, something that I haven't felt in quite a while now (simile).

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The cold rush of the water on a blistering hot summer's day was a feeling that I loved. I would put on my trunks, and whip off my shirt in a way that would suggest it was some type of restraint or reticence on my desire for freedom. I would take off bolting down my yard like a crack of lightning does from the sky, finally feeling free from all the stress and tension of the activities leading up to that moment. (imagery) As I jumped in to the deep, frigid waters, the feeling of all of the tiny bubbles caressing my body acted as a rag of sorts, wiping away the troubles of yesterday and replacing them with joy and liberation that I loved feeling. (alliteration / TYPE of INTRO ACTION)

As I thought to myself how I could stay there all day, alone with no one but myself to talk to or think about, my incredibly formal-looking mother interrupted me. It was odd to see her so dressed up; it seemed unnatural and very unusual. Just as I was pondering these facts and wondering why she was intervening and hampering upon my time in the pool, she told me to get out and get dressed immediately, and that we were going to my grandma and grandpa's house because they were going out for their anniversary. I ran up to the house this time not as a bolt of lightning, but instead as syrup being poured onto pancakes of sadness (simile). I didn't want to leave the pool but my mom sure wanted me to, and proceeded to rush me into the car with no shoes, a mistake that would prove to be critical.

We arrived at my grandparent's small and very odd-looking house, bringing with us the stomach-grumbling scent of lunch, as we had just picked some up (imagery). My grandma had to

leave for an unexpected appointment so it was just me, my two brothers, and my grandpa. After we finished lunch, McDonalds or Dairy Queen or something, my brothers and I decided to go outside in the small, fenced in yard to play. I took notice of the wire dog tie-out around the lone tree in the yard, but didn't think much of it. We were chasing each other around the yard, I could feel the grass tickling at my feet like a hundred tiny hands (simile); it felt good, something that I haven't felt in quite a while now. That's when it happened.

I was flung to the ground, taking in dirt and grass in a way as if Mother Earth was giving me a big spoonful of something I did not want. "Oh my Gosh, that hurt," I thought to myself as I laid face down on the ground spitting grass and other earthly things out of my mouth. I also thought that it may have been a good idea to move the dog tie-out. It felt to me like a rope had been tied around my right ankle and set on fire, and that was all that I felt. "It got tied around my ankle pretty good," I thought reassuringly to myself, "but it's nothing that will stop me from getting up getting Rhett." Just as I was thinking this I started to sit up and was getting ready to run again, but as I looked at my foot I quickly realized that that was not going to happen (suspense).

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"Can we please turn the sirens off?" I asked the ambulance attendant as they blared on in my head, only amplifying what had already been an awful day. It was my exclusive request of the entire ride to Madison Children's Hospital, where there was a surgeon who had agreed to attempt the surgery I would need.

"We really would like to get to Madison as fast as possible," the attendant replied. My mom agreed with her and continued to comfort me. My mom was calling her five sisters and having them all do different things as some of them lived in the Madison area. One of them was supposed to bring her and my dad extra clothes, and another was supposed to make sure my other brothers were alright. Perhaps the thing that settled me down the most, besides the numerous and plentiful drugs and medications I was on, was that she had one of her sisters, who also works in health sciences, get as much information as she could about the surgeon who was going to be operating on me. She knew from working with them that there were some surgeons or doctors that you

wanted to avoid, and that the hospital would never tell you that. My aunt reported back to us saying that the surgeon was had excellent outcomes and was very well respected both in the medical community and with his patients.

“Well, here we go then,” my mom said confidently, or at least tried to say confidently as we arrived at the hospital.

I was taken out the ambulance and put onto a human cart of sorts, and the attendants waiting for me immediately started to push me in to the hospital where we would go to meet with the surgeon. As I was being wheeled about the hospital I noticed all of the doctors, nurses, and patients buzzing around the hospital like bees at their hive (simile). And just at that moment a whole bunch of bees started to swarm around me.

“Get an I.V. in him!” shouted one nurse.

“Let’s get him up on the table!” commanded another. They were getting me on to a portable table that could be transported into the operating room when the doctor was ready. The diminutive room they had put us in was a drop of pure silence in a vast ocean of commotion (metaphor).

Between myself, my mom, and my dad, none of us really wanted to talk about what had just happened, and just at the time one of us was going to break the silence, the surgeon appeared with his his clipboard at hand and a look on his face that made me feel he was determined to make me better. The suspense building inside me to find out what he was going to say was palpable. I was about to hear a decision that affect my life forever, and I looked at the doctor hopefully, praying it would be good news.

At that moment he told us that he had reviewed the x-rays and the report thoroughly, but after much consideration and consultation, he was not going to be able to put my big toe back on.

I hung my head and let the sadness drag me down off of my cloud hope, showing no resistance and allowing myself to be engulfed by the sheer despondency that surrounded me. As the doctor explained all of the medical conditions of my accident, I thought about the previous day. I thought about looking up and seeing my own toe laying there beside me. I thought about screaming for help as my brothers looked on in terror and shock, and my grandpa having the composure to get

the toe on ice and make sure my brothers were okay. I thought about what my parents must have been thinking when they got the call that one of their own children has had something horrible happen to them, and what the drive to the hospital must have been like for them. I thought about the fact that Grandpa and Grandma were going to have to live with this the rest of their lives, and I hoped they would forgive themselves and not feel guilty for what had happened. I thought about my brothers having to watch a simple game turn into the worst day of our lives, and I hated myself for it. Lastly, I thought about myself and if I would ever even be able to walk again or what would happen to me and my family after the surgery. I didn't have much time to think about that, because when I looked up again I was in the operating room with doctors shouting different things and preparing different instruments for the surgery. Through all of the pandemonium all I could feel was fear. It was the most real and pure fear that I have ever felt, and just as I was about to ask where my parents went, everything went black. (Type of Conclusion: Mystery)