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Writing

6-Tallmadge

A Painful Day

I play a lot of sports. Over the years, I have had a lot of injuries but none have hurt as much as the day I cracked my head open. The doctor told me I might not remember much, but I remember everything especially the pain.

When I was four years old, I cracked my head open. I was jumping on my bed and my whole house was concrete. Then when jumping on my bed, I slipped. Somehow, when I jumped, I fell off my bed head first, and I cracked my head open.

My mom and dad were downstairs and they heard the bang and came up. My brother Luc was right there, but he was laughing. My parents called the hospital.

I was in the hospital for about four weeks, then I went home with stitches in my head. I went back a couple of weeks after to get the stitches out. My head was pretty much healed.

Even though this was a painful situation, I am thankful for not dying and or losing my memory. I like to think I am a pretty smart kid, but without your memory, you forget a lot of things.