

“Click...Click” The X-Ray machine photographed the terribly painful bone underneath my flesh and blood.

“Ok dear, I'm going to turn your wrist slightly so that I can take a better picture, ok?” The nurse said it like it was a question. But did I really have a choice? She was just telling me to let me know what she was doing. The room was dark, and I was wearing what felt like a ton of, cold, hard lead inside of those clumsy blankets they put on while taking X-Rays. I spaced out for a moment, but I still could hear the “Click” and hum of the X-Ray in the background. My mind mulled and mused over the events of the day.

The warm June day in 2010 was uneventful for me so far. I was bored and went to go and lay on the blue colored couch for a while. After laying there for what seemed like an eternity, my mom called me from the couch and to the wood table to eat lunch. While I enjoyed my peanut butter and jelly sandwich my mom said to me,

“Hey honey, Sam's' mom called and asked if you wanted to go over and play for a while. How does that sound to you?”

My mom was a small strawberry blond woman who always cared about me. She placed another sandwich in front of me and waited for me to respond to her question.

“That sounds great to me”

“Ok, we can go as soon as you finish your lunch and walk Logan around the block.”

I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on the wooden table. I hated walking the dog, it took a long time because the dog, Logan wanted to smell what seemed like every blade of grass in the neighborhood. But Logan did loved running and if I used my bike to walk the dog, I could have more time with Sam and less having to walk the dog.

“Ok Mom”

I tried to put all my convincingness into the words so that she wouldn't suspect me. She nodded and walked back to the sink and finished making lunch. I ran and grabbed the blue leash for the dog and called him over. After walking out of the door, I went over to my bike that was inside of the garage. I grabbed hold of my neon green Huffy bike and climbed on, as I pulled out, I noticed that I had a flat tire. I looked up to the partially cloudy sky, that was blocking the sun, like it was its fault. My plan was ruined I no longer had a bike to use, but as the fear and reality of having to walk the dog kicked in, my eyes lighted on my sisters' pink hello kitty bike. As I grabbed the pink bike with the flowers and hello kitty stickers on it, my mom's voice echoed in my head from the last time I had done this.

“Honey don’t walk the dog with your bike, you'll get hurt that way.”

I pushed aside the voice and kept my plan in action. Everything went perfectly wrong when Logan saw the Squirrel. I was riding past one of the neighbor's houses that was huge with big pine trees along the property line. Out of nowhere, a squirrel jumped out on the street and stared at us in fright. I had a brief second to look over at Logan who was standing perfectly still. I didn’t have time to register the hair on his back standing straight, nor his legs which were bent, ready to pounce Logan jerked at the leash that was in my hand, my hand was holding one of the handle bars and turned the bars to a perfect perpendicular angle to the way I was already riding. In one loud scream and the screech of my bike tires and I was in the air and crashing on the cold hard asphalt. I tried to break my fall with my arm but only got a hard shaft of red-hot pain up my arm in return. I knew that this was the result of me deciding that using my bike was a good idea. I laid down on the side of the road and cried from pain and from what I had just done. In that background I could hear Logan smelling the tree that the Squirrel had run up, his leash and dog tag clicking and chiming with one another. My bike had spun out of control some five feet back behind me. I was miserable, I knew that I had to try to get up and get home. I got to my feet and tried to move my hand, nothing but a bolt of pain. I decided that it was just sprained and that I could worry about it later. I managed to get my bike and Logan without causing my wrist further pain.

When I got home, I quickly told my mom what had happened, she listened and after I was done, she told me that she wasn't angry with me but that I had learned my lesson. She concluded that my wrist was not broken but sprained and took me over to my friend Sam's house. I tried and failed to enjoy myself because my wrist hurt so badly. Eventually, after playing wiffleball and hurting my wrist further, my mom came and took me to the hospital where we found out that it was broken. I knew that this was my fault, if had just listened and not used my bike this would never had happened.

My mind came back to reality, the nurse was walking me back to the boring white colored waiting room to my mom.

“The bone is broken” The nurse said, “there is a hairline fracture almost entirely through it”

The nurse allowed no emotion to show except for the regular semi-cheerfulness while she said this.

Within ten minutes, the Doctor came and talked to my Mom, I don't remember what about. When we got home, my wrist was in a brace “for about eight weeks” according to my mom. I felt clumsy with my right arm injured, eating was now twice as hard and slow, I couldn't ride my bike or play lacrosse with my siblings. Life sucked, school and writing by hand was now almost impossible. I had to rely on my mom for most of my writing, I had to eat with my left hand and played lacrosse by figuring how to use my left hand without moving my right. As much as I liked the attention of having a broken wrist, I wanted my normal boring life back. Why did everything have to be so difficult? Showering, brushing my teeth, even sleeping was hard to do without moving my wrist. But after the eight weeks were over, the glorious feeling of being free from my bonds and chains. Life seemed hopeful and it seemed that a ray of sunshine might exist behind the dark clouds.