

**Coleman Clark**

**Draft #2**

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**English 112, Formal Narrative**

**October 26, 2018**

### Bad Biking Experiences

“Click....Click” The X-Ray machine photographed the terribly painful bone underneath Colman's 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 Coleman really have a choice? She was just telling him to let him know what she was doing. The room was dark, and Coleman was wearing what felt like a ton of, cold, hard lead inside of those clumsy blankets they put on while taking X-Rays. He spaced out for a moment, but he could still hear the “Click” and hum of the X-Ray in the background. His mind mulled and mused over the events of the day. He winced in pain just from thinking about it, he decided to play the day over in his mind the way that it should have gone.

The warm June day in 2010 was uneventful for me so far. Coleman 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, his mom called him from the couch and to the wood table to eat lunch. While he enjoyed a peanut butter and jelly sandwich his mom said to him,

“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?”

Coleman's mom was a small strawberry blond woman who always cared about him. She placed another sandwich in front of him and waited for him 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.”

Coleman leaned forward in his chair and rested his elbows on the wooden table. He 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 he used his bike to walk the dog, he could have more time with Sam and less having to walk the dog.

“Ok Mom”

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

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

Coleman decided that it made little difference if he took ten minutes to walk the dog rather than five. The walk around the neighborhood was helpful to Coleman. The bees were buzzing, the trees were waving like they were trying to greet him. Coleman saw one of the neighborhood kids riding his bike. Coleman looked wistfully at the bike swiftly passing him. He longed to ride his bike and be done with this walk. A little further on in the walk, Coleman saw a squirrel jump out in the middle of the road. He braced himself on the hard asphalt just in time as his dog, Logan, growled and raised the hair on his back. In one mighty leap, Logan ran after to squirrel only to stop short after Colman stiffly pulled on the leash.

For about a minute it was a battle, Man against beast, Dog against Master. The tug of war was quickly draining Colman's strength. His arms felt like lead as he strained to keep Logan from running away. He tried to count how long he had been doing this, was he already at 30 seconds? Ten seconds later, his hands and palms were starting to get sweaty and were on the verge of letting go of the blue leash. The squirrel was just starting to walk toward a tree. Logan gave one last pull and barked at the squirrel. Coleman could do nothing against it. Logan covered the last ten yards to the tree that the squirrel had just bolted up in fright and sat at the bottom whining. Coleman got up from the asphalt and dusted himself off, he grabbed the blue leash and finished walking the dog. during the walk he wondered what if he had had his bike in that moment? He grinned to himself, at least he wasn't hurt or anything right? It may have taken him a little longer than normal but at least it was over and now Coleman could play with his friends for the rest of the day. As soon as his mom put the car in park after the short two minute drive, Coleman jumped out and ran over to where his friends were playing whiffle ball. They put the two teams together and started a new game. Coleman was first at bat and he felt confident. The pitch of the white whistling ball came from Sam over at the pitcher's mound. Coleman swung as hard as he could. Smack! The ball was sailing up and up. Coleman dropped the yellow bat and rushed toward first base, then second. He looked over to where he best thought the ball had landed and stopped. It was over the homerun line. Coleman slowly jogged the rest of the bases in joy and tried to capture the moment in his memory.

Coleman's mind came back to reality, the nurse was walking him back to the boring white colored waiting room to his mom. His mind flashed through the memory, the squirrel in the street had caused Logan to pull Coleman off his bike and crash on the cold hard ground. While trying to break his fall, he had broken his wrist.

“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 Coleman's Mom, he didn't remember what about.

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