

Coleman Clark

Draft #3

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Bad Biking Experiences

“Click....Click” The X-Ray machine photographs 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 says it like it was a question. But does Coleman really have a choice? She is just telling him to let him know what she is doing. The room was dark, and Coleman is wearing what feels like a ton of cold, hard lead inside of those clumsy blankets they put on you while taking X-Rays. He spaces out for a moment, but he can still hear the “click” and hum of the X-Ray in the background. His mind mules and muses over the events of the day. He winces in pain just from thinking about it, he decides to play the day over in his mind the way that it should have gone.

The warm June day in 2010 is uneventful for him so far. Coleman, like every other 11-year-old, is bored and is laying on the blue colored couch for a while. After laying there for what seems like an eternity, his mom calls him from the couch and to the wood table to eat lunch. While he enjoys a peanut butter and jelly sandwich his mom says 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 is a small strawberry blond woman who always cared for him. She places another sandwich in front of him and waits 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 leans forward in his chair and rests his elbows on the wooden table. He hates walking the dog, it takes a long time because the dog, Logan, was a Yellow lab wanted to smell what seemed like every blade of grass in the neighborhood. But Logan did love running and if he used his bike to walk the dog, he could have more time with Sam and less time having to walk the dog, Coleman thinks in his mind.

“Ok Mom”

He tries to put all his convincingsness into the words so that she wouldn't suspect him. She nods her head and walks back to the sink to finish making lunch. Coleman runs and grabs the blue leash for the dog and calls him over. After walking out of the door, he went over to his bike that was inside of the garage. He grabs hold of the neon green Hufffy bike and climbed on, as he pulls out, he notices that he has a flat

tire. Coleman looks up to the partially cloudy sky, that is blocking the sun, like it was its fault. His plan is ruined, he no longer had a bike to use, but as the fear and reality of having to walk the dog kicks in, his eyes lighted on his sisters' pink hello kitty bike. As he grabs the pink bike with the flowers and hello kitty stickers on it, his mom's voice echoes 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 decides that it made little difference if he took ten minutes to walk the dog rather than five. The walk around the neighborhood is helpful to Coleman. The bees are buzzing, the trees are waving like they were trying to greet him. Coleman sees one of the neighborhood kids riding his bike. Coleman looks wistfully at the bike swiftly passing him. He longs to ride his bike and be done with this walk. A little further on in the walk, Coleman sees a squirrel jump out in the middle of the road. He braces himself on the hard asphalt just in time as his dog, Logan, growls and raise the hair on his back. In one mighty leap, Logan runs after the squirrel only to stop short after Colman stiffly pulls on the leash. For about a minute it’s a battle: Man against beast. Dog against Master. The tug of war starts to quickly drain Colman's strength. His arms feel like lead as he strains to keep Logan from running away. He tries to count how long he had been doing this, was he already at 30 seconds? Ten seconds later, his hands and palms are starting to get sweaty and were on the verge of letting go of the blue leash. The squirrel is just starting to walk toward a tree. Logan gives one last pull and barks at the squirrel. Coleman can do nothing against it. Logan covers the last ten yards to the tree that the squirrel has just bolted up in fright and sits at the bottom whining. Coleman gets up from the asphalt and dusts himself off, he grabs the blue leash and finishes walking the dog. During the walk he wonders, what if he had had his bike in that moment? He grins 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 is over and now he could play with his friends for the rest of the day. As soon as his mom puts the car in park after the two-minute drive, Coleman jumps out and run over to where his friends are playing whiffle ball. They put the two teams together and start a new game. Coleman is first at bat and he feels confident. The pitch of the white whistling ball comes from Sam over at the pitcher's mound. Coleman swings as hard as he could. Smack! The ball is sailing up and up. Coleman drops the yellow bat and rushes toward first base, then second. He looks over to where he best thinks the ball has landed and stops. It is over the homerun line. Coleman slowly jogs the rest of the bases in joy and tries to capture the moment in his memory.

Coleman's mind comes back to reality, the nurse is walking him back to the boring white colored waiting room to his mom. His mind flashes 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 allows no emotion to show except for the regular semi-cheerfulness while she says this.

Within ten minutes, the doctor comes and talks to Coleman’s Mom. When Coleman gets home, his wrist is in a brace “for about eight weeks” according to his mom. The arm feels clumsy with his right arm injured, eating is now twice as hard and slow, he can’t ride his bike or play lacrosse with his siblings. Life sucks, school and writing by hand is now almost impossible. He must rely on his mom for most of the writing, he must eat with his left hand and play lacrosse by figuring how to use his left hand without moving his right. As much as he likes the attention of having a broken wrist, he wants his normal boring

life back. Why does everything have to be so difficult? Showering, brushing his teeth, even sleeping is hard to do without moving his wrist. But after the eight weeks are over, the glorious feeling of being free from the bonds and chains. Life seems hopeful and it seems that a ray of sunshine might exist behind the dark clouds.