

Jensen Y.

## The Ice Skating Accident

One day, I was sitting down and that's when *IT* happened.

I asked Mom if we could go ice skating. She said, "Sure!" Once we arrived, I put on my ice skates and went into the ice rink. I stepped in and fell flat on my butt. "Ouch!" I said.

I got the hang of it and decided to take a break. I played on Dad's phone. That's when *IT* struck. *Gage*. He jumped over the countertop and scraped me and my brother. My brother had a tiny scratch. I had a HUGE gash on my chin that was 2-3 inches deep. My brother burst into tears and I freaked OUT. I shouted Mom's name. My dad and my mom skated towards me. Mom picked me up, put a cotton pad on my gash, and rushed towards the door.

This lady asked Mom to sign this special paper. Mom gave her The Look, took the paper, and hopped in the car. My mom sat in the back seat with me to hold the cotton pad. My dad was going 80 miles an hour. Dad turned on the emergency lights.

We arrived at Baylor Scott and White and went to the emergency section. We told a lady what happened and we waited. And waited. AND WAITED. "Jensen," the nurse finally announced. We went to a room. The doctor came and introduced himself. "Hi, my name is Jeff Tyler." He asked if he could have a look at my gash. Whenever he saw it he said, "Yeah, that's pretty deep." I gulped. The doctor asked me a question. He said I could either get one shot and it would take longer. Or, I could get five shots and it would go quicker. I said, "I'll take the five shots, Doc."

[Type here]

So, I laid down and waited for the pain to come. Once I got the first shot, I burst into tears. My dad was crying, too, for some reason. Plus, they stuck the shots right in my gash! “Yeesh,” I said in my head. Once that horrific event passed, I was ready for the stitches. Whenever the doctor was sewing the stitches, I didn’t feel anything except for a little tug. Afterwards, Dr. Jeff put a bandage over my stitches. “All done!” Jeff said. “Phew!” I said in relief.

In the waiting room, I saw Gage. Gage said, “I am really, really sorry.”

I forgave him. We loaded up. I asked Dad what time it was. He said “It is 9:00pm.” “Already!?” I said.

Once we got home, we all jumped into Mom and Dad’s bed and fell fast asleep.

It’s been six months now and my scar is feeling fine! I hope it has healed enough to play baseball!

[Type here]