Broken

"C'mon, Kristina!" my friend Noelle said. "It's easy!" I climbed the ladder and watched her gently grab the second row of metal rings, rusty and silver. She then lifted her feet from the platform and swung back and forth. She smiled from ear to ear and we giggled like the 5 year olds we were. I then took a deep breath and inhaled all scents of metal on little fingers and palms, and stared at the rings with determination and kept a straight face as if I was the only one outside. "I don't know about this," I say aloud. Noelle's face looked peculiar, as if she ate something sour. I motion her a signal, by tilting my head and raising my eyebrows. She says, "Kristina, if I were you, I wouldn't do it. I'm serious! Don't do it." I look at her and turn around to face the rings. I take in another breath, even deeper than before. I extend my arms, but I'm still on the platform. "Don't do it Kristina! You're going to get hurt!" she said from the side. I bend over and reach for the rings. By an inch, I miss them and plunge downwards. I hear a pop, as loud as a gunshot in my head, and burst into tears. Noelle jumped down and ran to me.

My teacher saw me lying on the ground, covered in wood chips, walked to me and asked me, in a calm voice, "Are you okay, Kristina?" I shake my head and she tries to get me up and back on my feet. I try my hardest but a sharp pain, like pins and needles are in your leg forbidding you to walk. I fall back down, and it felt even harder than the last time She carries me to the bench, gets me some ice., and she calls my mother. My mom was there in a heartbeat. Instead of asking me, she instead asks Noelle what happened because I was to busy crying out of pain. My mother knew she had to get me to the hospital. My sister, who then went to the same school as me, packs up my stuff and my mom tries to take me to the car, without me having to walk. My sister follows and my mom puts me in the back seat. Out of breath, she sits down in the driver's seat and my sister sits next to her.

As we arrive into our freshly paved driveway, my mom tries to get me out of the car. Getting inside, my mom lays me softly on the couch and grabs an ice pack. She places it gently on my leg. She then calls my dad and asks him to come home right away. She did not want to leave my sister, who was then 8 years old, alone at home, and she also did not want to take her to the doctor's with me because she does not know how long we are going to be there. My mom gives me Advil and continues to ask me if I'm okay. I shrug my shoulders and lay back waiting for my dad to arrive. My sister tries to cheer me up and has me watch some tv to calm me down. I keep my leg elevated to relieve the pressure

When my dad gets home, he looks at me with deep fright. He kisses me on the forehead with moist lips. He picks me up and tries not to have me feel pain. My mom opens the car door and my dad gently places me in the back seat, ignoring my car seat. He gets into the front seat and we drive away.

We get to the hospital and my dad grabs a wheelchair. He wheels me in and we get taken in right away. After numerous x-rays, the doctor notified me that I had broken my leg and would have to get a cast on my left leg. I was scared to death. I did not know what to expect when he said that. They take me in and they sit me on a massive bed. The doctor grabbed my leg and mentioned to me what he was going to do. He grasped my leg and bent it ever so lightly and I scream in pain. I scream so loud, I think Russia heard me from here. The pain was so agonizing that I thought my leg was going to fall off. It felt as if someone grabbed your leg and decided to break it by hand. My dad could not stand hearing me scream that he grabs my hand and looks away. I shriek through the whole thing. "Okay! And we are finished!" the doctor said calmly, like he did not even notice I was screaming for my life. He gives me a lollipop and puts me back into my wheelchair. My dad wheels me away all the way to the car.

Driving home, I sit in the back seat with a blank face. I think to myself. *What would have happened if I never went on the monkey bars that day? What if I trusted myself and not tried the stunt I wanted to do. What if I had told myself NO? What if...* And then I realized that it was too late for "what ifs". I had to live with the fact that I had broken my leg and that next time I want to do something but I just do not feel comfortable in doing it, then I should not do it. I mean, I learned that it's okay to be a scaredy cat! I would rather be a wimp than wounded! I guess the reason I did it, was for the thrill of it. I wanted to say that I could do it. I did not want to be a scaredy cat and have people laugh at me and feel embarrassed. But, I was real embarrassed when people saw me in a cast and wheelchair. So, life lesson here, if you do not feel certain, or sure about something, do not try to attempt at it.