

The Terrible Hazards of Cement Steps

I was going to die. I was sure of it. The blood, that couldn't happen to anyone who was going to live. Could it? That little stunt must have been the stupidest stunt in the world, but do I deserve to die? I can't. Claire and Dad are driving me to the hospital, but why? I mean, no one can live with a hole in their head. Right?

I looked at the blood soaked towel I clutched to my forehead, and remembered the incident in a flash of fear and pain. I had been sitting in the same place that I was sitting now, the back seat of my dad's car. I had gotten out, holding my stuffed elephant close. "I wonder if your sister is practicing viola?" My dad wondered aloud.

"I'll check!" I had quickly volunteered. I had begun running up the sidewalk when a terrific idea occurred to me. I could close my eyes and check with my ears! It would be totally awesome! I closed my eyes and began running up the sidewalk. Unfortunately, I had forgotten one thing, our cement steps leading up to the door. I fell, landing face down on the corner of the steps. Blood began trickling down the steps, and pain began flowing through my body. Then I realized something horrible, that blood was coming out of my head! I vaguely heard my sister and father scream. I don't remember much between then and being taken to the car. Now, here I was, with a blood soaked towel on my head, being driven to the hospital.

I looked at my sister. She was crying. I was puzzled; she didn't have a hole in her head. "Uh, Dad?" I asked. "Why is Claire crying?"

"She's worried for you, Ben," he answered.

"Oh," I was still confused, but Claire was my sister, and I wanted to be like my sister, so I began crying too. We arrived at the hospital and Claire and Dad rushed me in. My mom was waiting for us there; she also had a worried look on her face. My mom was a doctor so I asked, "Is Mom fixing me?"

"No," she forced a laugh. "I only fix kidneys."

I was taken to the emergency room and sat on an operating table. Two doctors walked in. One handed me a cone shaped lollipop. "This is a very special lollipop, Ben. You won't feel any pain while you are sucking it, okay?"

A lollipop? A lollipop? A lollipop! I was going to get a lollipop! "Okay! Okay!" I quickly agreed. The lollipop tasted slightly strange and minty, but it was a lollipop! Five minutes later one of the doctors tapped my head.

"Can you feel that?" he asked.

"Feel what?" I replied. They began sewing up the wound. I looked at my sister. She had a look of pure terror on her face. I had a vague idea that they were sticking a needle in and out of my head, but it didn't hurt. It wasn't happening to her so why was she scared?

I was fine a shortly afterwards, but my sister's reaction to this event confused me for a very long time. I look back at it now, and can realize the significance of it. Her reaction showed me that she loved me. She wasn't crying because she had a needle in her head or had just tripped on cement steps. She was crying because that was happening to me. I found out what love meant. The blood on my stuffed elephant has washed away, along with the blood on our steps. However, the scar on my forehead still exists along with my family's love.