

Lennie McStudent
Language Arts 6
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“Let’s Stitch ‘em Up”
6th Grade Student Sample

It was just like any other day playing a flag football game behind the Boys and Girls Club Gym. My brother had finally convinced me to join because he didn’t have any friends on the team. It turns out that the sports director, Eddy, thought I was a good wide receiver!

As I was daydreaming, the quarterback threw the ball high in the air, thus making everyone’s head raise in the air as well. The ball landed in my hands, and my first instinct was to turn around and run, but as I began to turn, I felt the pain of a nail being driven into my head.

A boy from the other team had pierced the skin on my forehead all the way to my skull with his tooth! I screamed for help as blood blurred my vision. I could feel firm hands grip my shoulders and guide me inside. Eddy gave me a shirt to stop the blood flow with.

I had to sit where I was while the club’s staff tried to get my mom on the line, as well as interrogate me to make sure there was no memory loss. Meanwhile, I had a throbbing pain in my head. Where was she? They finally decided to drive me to the hospital themselves.

The ride there was worse than being interrogated. Every bump and every turn made my head shift position, which sent another wave of pain through my head once again. When we arrived at last, I had to do even more waiting in the doctor's office.

When my mom walked in I felt joy spread throughout every inch of my body. This moment soon ended when the doctor walked in and said in a sickeningly cheerful voice, "Let's stitch 'em up!" The joy was replaced with sheer horror as he put soap on the wound which stung more than you can imagine. Next, fire exploded in my brain as he put anesthetic in the wound.

It was time to begin stitching, yet I could still feel the doctor's hands on my wound. Fortunately, he calmed me down by saying that I wouldn't be able to feel the needle. The doctor, of course, was correct, and the stitching went smoothly.

In remembrance of that day, I still have a scar on my forehead. It has been a long time since that incident and I can't help but wonder;` what happened to the boy who got his tooth in my head? The scar isn't necessarily a bad thing, because when someone asks me about it, I can tell them about the day I caught a tooth, instead of a ball.