

Bang!

I strode up the stairs of the playground, hearing every little crackle in the old wood. When I reached the top level, I noticed how overcrowded and noisy that level was. "Sebast", I heard someone say. It's the name they gave me for short. The edge of the playground was at my feet. I could see the asphalt about ten feet down. I was young; it didn't appear to be a danger. Then, I sensed a slight tug: I knew that wasn't good. That tug was followed with weightlessness. I was completely disoriented, not knowing where I was whatsoever. Then I heard, "Sorry." I thought it was a bit too late for that. I saw the asphalt nearing my face at great speed; there wasn't enough time to cover my face. Subsequently, bang!

Pain was absent. My vision went pitch black. It only seemed like moments but it must have been longer. They said I was out for about fifteen seconds. When they carried me to the nursery, I felt throbbing through my head and then blood. Blood was spraying all over the day-care floor. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I screamed. There was a huge gash on my forehead. I cried in pain. I thought I was going to die!

Then my mom arrived. "Qu'est-ce qui est arrivé?" she screamed in French. She scurried over to me, and then gave me a hug. When the bleeding stopped, I was relieved. The day-care worker put a big beige band-aid on my forehead. I thought I was going to turn into Harry Potter. When I stepped back outside, I felt the cold slap my face. My head was throbbing more than ever. I thought my heartbeat was in my head. When we arrived at the car, I vomited all over the car seat.

I was confused; I thought I was better. I didn't know what was going on. What was going on? After my mom cleaned the car, we rushed to the hospital. When we arrived, my head was throbbing more powerfully than ever. The sharp pain in my head was awful. I just wanted to get it cured. The hospital floor was noisy and crowded, just what my head didn't need. They said I would have to wait for twenty minutes.

Ten minutes passed and I vomited all over the floor. The nurses grabbed me and brought me to a hospital bed. The bed was soft and hard at the same time. It wasn't like my usual bed. The covers were white with blue stripes.

When the doctor arrived, he examined me with strange tools. "You have a

concussion my boy. You will need a scan," he said in a neutral voice.

Then they took me and sent me to the scan. The hallways looked very boring. Everything was white and grey. When my rolling bed arrived at the scan, I saw a giant round thing making signs like a robot. It reminded me of Star Wars.

"Climb up on the bed and stay still, don't worry it won't last long," the nurse said in a very encouraging voice. The scan didn't last long. It was more fun than scary.

When I returned to my room on my bed with wheels, my headache had subsided, but my vomiting, that was another story. The feeling of vomiting without any food in your stomach was horrible! The acidic taste of bile was burning my mouth with an awful taste.

Then night came, and I was feeling even more horrible than ever. But above my bed, I saw a painting on the ceiling of jungle animals playing with plenty of happiness. That reassured me. It gave me something to think about.

When I woke up, I saw the sunlight beaming through the curtains of the windows. The sunlight was very warm on my skin. However, when I felt my forehead, I shrieked. There was a huge bump with a gash in the middle of my forehead.

Three months later, I visited the head specialist. "Your head is fine. The concussion didn't do a thing to your brain," he said in a reassuring voice. "He is lucky though, some times things don't turn out that way," he mentioned to my mom.

I didn't think I was lucky; I was just a small little boy playing around on the playground when my accident happened. After my sickness had passed, I wasn't worried at all for my head. In fact, I just continued on to play at my day-care with my friends, not thinking whatsoever about my accident. And that's my point. When something goes bad, you tend to think about it often. But when things go good, you take them all for granted.