

When I cracked my head open

It was just a normal day. I was seven years old, and I was doing weird things on the couch. Although I am no Einstein, I thought I had the perfect idea (although it wasn't perfect). I decided to do a cartwheel on the couch, and I put a wooden chair next to the couch (and I don't know why). So I did the cartwheel and my head bonked the tip of the chair. Crack, it was excruciating. The chair was as hard as a brick building. I put my hand on my head when I saw my hand had a pool of red on it. So I tried to keep it a secret but it wouldn't stop hurting or bleeding.

I told my mom and dad, they asked what I was doing and I told them and they wanted to look at it and they said I needed to go to the emergency room.

My mom and I had to wait about 1-2 hours and we finally got to see the doctor. I got on the examining table and lied down. They said to hold still but I couldn't. I was too scared. I knew they were going to do something that would hurt. They put 3 staples in my head and it hurt a lot.

But I got orange juice, 2 lollipops and a cookie out of the ordeal. I learned a great lesson that day, never do cartwheels on the couch.