Cracked Head
by Sebastian N.

It was a normal afternoon and school had just ended. I was running around with my friends and some other people when all of a sudden, THUMP! Everything went black. Suddenly, I was on the ground not knowing how I got there.

"Uh," I muttered. As I was getting up, I saw that everybody was looking at me with their mouths wide open like I was some kind of monster. I started to feel sweat coming down my head. I put my hand on my forehead to wipe the sweat off my forehead, but it wasn't sweat at all. I looked at my hand and I froze.

My hand had a bunch of blood on it. It felt like red paint on my hand. A teacher had come. "OMG!" I heard her say in a quiet voice. She picked me up. She was taking me to the bathroom to clean my head.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah, I think so". I felt her hand on my back, pushing a little but not hard. My vision was a little blurry, and I was scared. I knew I had cut my head but not how big it was. My head hurt, and I was dizzy. She got a wet paper towel and tabbed it against my head.

"Ahh!"

"Does it sting?"

"Yeah, a little bit" I replied. While she was cleaning my head, I could hear another teacher calling my parents.

"Your son just fell on the concrete, and we need you to come pick him up."

"Yes, we are cleaning him up right now."

"He seems to be doing alright, but we need you to hurry."

I could tell by the way the teacher was talking that my parents seemed worried. After my head got cleaned and the other teacher got off the phone she asked me if I was dizzy. I was but I didn't want to say, so I said no.Then a teacher put a bandaid on my forehead. The teacher told me to follow them to the front office.

I wanted to see how big my cut was, so I ran to the bathroom really quick and took the bandaid off to look in the mirror. As soon as I saw it, I almost jumped backwards. It was like an inch big. I started to panic but I kept myself from saying anything or even showing that I was scared. I ran back to the teachers and they didn't even notice I left.

When we got to the front office, I saw my parents waiting there for me. They signed me out, and my parents drove me to urgent care. I was scared and nervous because I thought I was going to have to get stitches. As I was walking in, I could see all the people sitting down in the waiting room. It smelled like the toothpaste that they use at a dentist's office. My parents and I sat down in the chairs.

Soon a nurse came and took me to a room with my parents and had me sit down. We waited for a bit, but finally a doctor showed up with some kind of kit. He put his kit down right next to me and started talking to my parents. I overheard him saying something about giving me a st- st- stitch! And as soon as I heard the word "stitch," my heart sank. I felt a wave of panic come over me. I wanted to run out of the room, but I calmed myself and sat down.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Mmhmm."

He pinched my head, and I closed my eyes. I braced myself, but I barely felt a thing. It only stung a little bit. And before I knew it, I was done.

"You're free to go," the doctor told us.

"Thank you," my dad said. I was still shaking with fear, but it was over and my parents said that I could go back to school tomorrow. So I went back to school the next day and it seemed like everybody was staring at me.

"Just stay calm and act natural," I told myself. "It's just a normal day." And it was still a bit weird, but the staring stopped after a bit and it went back to normal.

To this day, I still have a scar on my head, and everytime I see it, I smile and think about how this experience helped me to be strong even when things get scary.