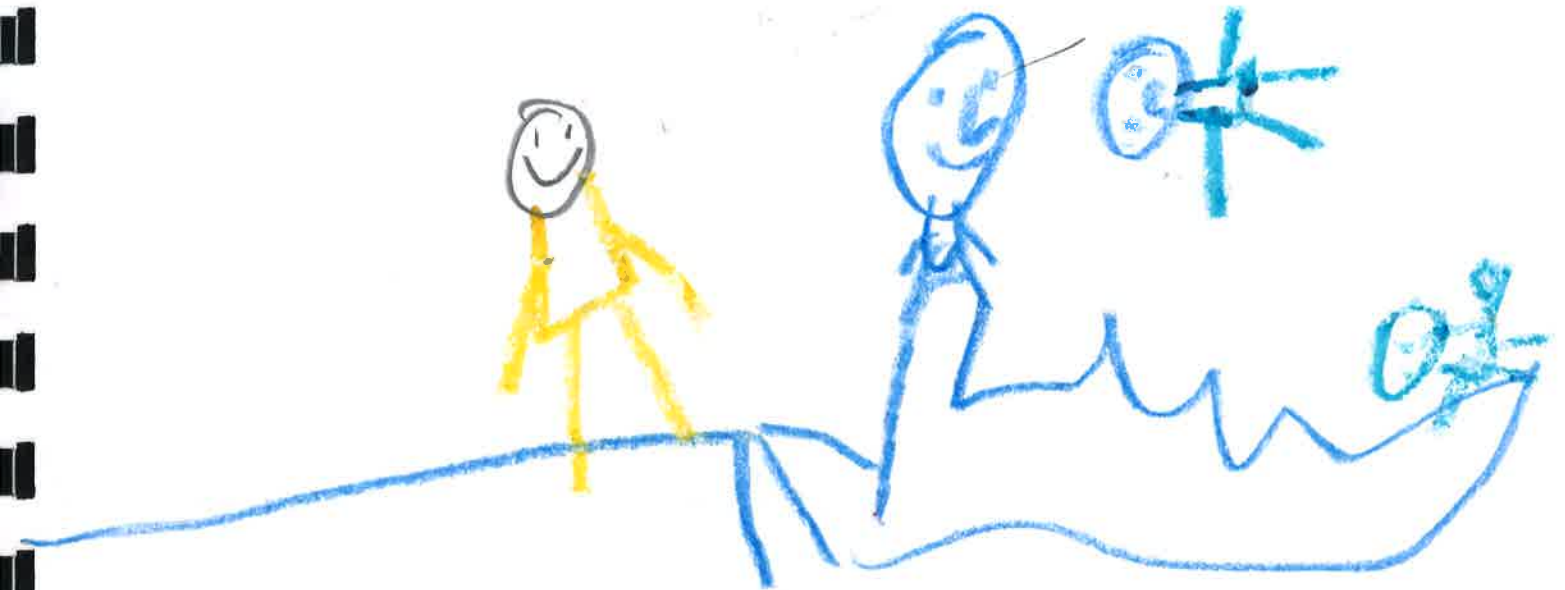


SHANLY BROKE HIS ARM

Grade 3rd
Fiction _____
Poetry _____
Nonfiction X

SHANLY BROKE HIS ARM



Once upon a time, it was a normal day at school during lunch recess. I was six years old and in first grade. I was doing parkour during recess. In case you don't know, parkour means you are climbing, jumping and doing stunts. I was having fun. Then I saw a rock wall and decided to climb it.

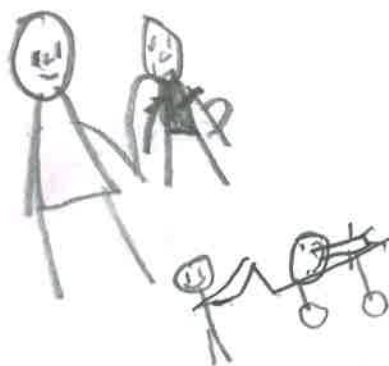
I got on top of the rock wall. It was only the second time I tried to climb it. It was hard to climb. I tried to backflip because I wanted to look like I was cool. BUT I SLIPPED! I face planted on the ground...hard! My face was full of wood chips. I was screaming my head off! I tried to get up but I couldn't. Finally I got up on one arm. I thought my arm was broken. I screamed that my arm was broken. Maddox came running over and tried to help me.

My teacher took me to the office to see if my arm was broken. I SAW MY ARM WAS BROKEN! The nurse took my hoodie off and I could see my arm was bent and turned 180 degrees! It looked so scary. Then I really started to cry.

The office called my mom and told her to meet me at the hospital. They called the ambulance for me. It took 10 minutes for the ambulance to get to the school. I was still screaming. I was carried to the ambulance. I was on a bed with wheels. It was my first time in an ambulance. It was kind of cool because I had never been in an ambulance before. I had to get a bandage on my arm. We drove all the way to the hospital.

I was in the ER and my mom was waiting for me. My mom was crying. I had to get an IV in my arm and I was put to sleep. The doctor said I had to go to Salt Lake City because the doctors here couldn't fix my arm. My mom was excited because she had been to that hospital before and they fixed her up pretty good.

On the way, I was sleeping in the car and I was hugging my stuffed bear. My arm was bandaged up and I was pretty happy. When I got there, I had to get in a wheelchair. The wheelchair was fun. I had to eat and sleep.



I woke up and I had to go get surgery. I was pretty scared. I saw people with masks on. I got pins in my arm and I had to go and get my cast on my arm. We had to stay for one day in the hospital. We went to our car and drove home. I had to sleep in the car all the way home. When we arrived at my house I was happy. I finally got to see my dad. He couldn't come because he had to work. My dad felt very bad for me. I was so tired I slept like a rock.

When I woke up I was happy. I had to go back to Salt Lake City later to get my cast off. In the end I was happy because my arm was fixed.

