My life changed forever on February 20, 2017 at about 4 pm. I was 15 years old at the time. After school my friend Conner and I wanted to go to the park and ride my custom electric scooter that my step dad and I built. My step dad liked to create and design lots of things around the house. But Conner and I had to move the scooter into his Ford Explorer so we could ride it at the park. Now this scooter had some issues that I didn't know about like the on off switch not working making the scooter always on. But Conner and I started moving the scooter into the back of his car. While moving it my hand was on the wheel, suddenly the scooter turned on and my hand went into the chain. I pulled my hand away the instant I heard the scooter turn on. But I wasn't fast enough, I looked down and saw a heavy flow of blood coming from my hand. It felt like a hammer was constantly hitting my hand but more specifically my left pinkie. I looked down and saw my pinkie dangling from my hand. The blood kept flowing and flowing, I ran into my house and yelled for help. My sister and my step dad ran up and we rushed into the truck to drive to the hospital. All I can remember is my sister driving so fast down Franklin to the hospital I was more scared of crashing in the car than my pinkie off. We got to the hospital as fast as we could, we walked in and they put me into a wheelchair and we skipped the whole line into the ER. They rushed me into the x-ray room to make sure everything else was ok. While waiting for them to x-ray three nurses at different times went into the room and asked if they could take a picture of my hand. Which I thought was pretty funny because they have seen this stuff before. But they x-rayed my hand and found that nothing else was wrong but my dangling pinkie. I got back to the hospital room and waited for more news. The pain stayed consistent from before. But a nurse came in and gave the best news we heard the whole day. She said that there was a hand specialist, one of the best in the state that was about to leave. They asked if he wanted to help and he said he would and would be up in a minute. I remember the feeling of relief that I would get an expert to put my finger back together. After a few minutes he made his way up and came into the room. He first came in and said I need to be more careful with my hands, then told me the bad news. He gave me three options for my finger, just put the tip back on, fuse the tip to my bone, or the best option is to finish the amputation and try to mold my finger into something more usable. I chose the last option because I didn't want some dead finger tip that was discolored on the tip of my finger. He left and went to get the materials to fix my finger. At this point it has been about 2 hours and they didn't get me any pain medicine. It felt like my finger was getting smacked by a hammer every few seconds. A nurse walked in and asked if I wanted any medicine and I gladly said yes and she put some morphine in my IV. I slowly forgot about the pain and felt way better than before. The doctor made his way back in and started his procedure. He first started with cutting the dangling part of my pinkie off and other loose skin. He then started stitching my finger up. After 17 stitches I stopped counting and let him just go at it. It took him about 40 minutes to stitch my finger all together. He would keep telling me the cool stories I could tell people about my finger, like a shark bit it off or I fought a bear. He made me feel a lot better about the situation. He got all done and told me to be more careful and I would see him in a couple weeks. We left and went to McDonalds before we got home. For the first year of the injury I would have lots of pressure build up in the tip of my pinkie because of the stretching of the skin. But I have been living with this for over 6 years now and I can say my life is very different than before. But I still can do everything I used to do or even better. I got taught a lesson that I am not invisible and my body is something I need to cherish. My greatest lesson is that the only thing I can really control in life is the attitude I have for a situation.