W6A – Lesson 1

Zack Chen

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My Crazy Day

Last Friday, I finished my reading lesson at 6pm. I was exhausted. I was looking forward to a nice weekend, especially the *Super Brain Show* at 9:20pm. I decided to play basketball before dinner. Looking back, I wished I had stayed ~~at~~ home if I knew something crazy was going to happen so that I had to write my essay with one hand in the hospital.

It was a sunny day, fresh air, cool and a little windy. Perfect weather to play outside. I rushed into the basketball court. There were five stranger playing, they looked like thirty-ish. “Shall we play three on three?” They said OK, so we started. That day, my three point did not seem to work, so I tried to break through most of the time. To my surprise, they played very dirty. Whenever I shot, they tripped ~~me~~ or push me hard. “That’s a foul!” I cried, but they paid no attention, and started talking trash to me. Looking back, I should pick up the ball and leave, but I didn’t. I wanted to teach them a lesson.

I ran with the ball as fast as I could, and jumped as high as possible. After I scored three times in a roll. When I jumped again, I felt a hard push on my thigh. ~~“~~*BOOM!*~~”,~~ I landed on my right arm and fell flat on the ground. There was a long silence. I didn’t feel the pain at first. I jumped up and kicked that jerk’s ass. He dashed out of the court like a skunk. I was just going to chase after him but my teammates pulled me over. They stared at my right hand, “Wha…What’s the matter?” I mumbled, moving my eye slowly to my right arm. I almost fainted…. My hand banded into a strange thirty-degree angel, I fell to the ground. “OMG! He broke his arm!” “Someone call the ambulance!”

My mom happened to walk by. Someone called her. Her face turned whit, “Quick, let’s go to the hospital!“ She screamed. During rush hour, a taxi will get here a lot sooner than an ambulance. So we jumped into a taxi. I had to hold my arm all the time to not let it fall, blood dripped on my white shorts. I was so scared that I thought I may lose my arm. I was really upset. I worked so hard all day long and ready for a nice weekend. It only took thirty minutes to ruin everything.

We made to the hospital well known for treating bone fraction. It was so crowded. There were so many patients, adults and children, standing in the long corridor, having bone fraction in different parts of the bodies. They looked like they were in pain. After five hour waiting, I finally did a surgery for two hours. It was the first surgery in my life.

The lesson learned from this is that I should always put safety ~~in the~~ first ~~place~~. Never play with scoundrels. Now I need to figure out how to have a decent summer vacation with one arm.

Word Count: ?

*Captain's Notes: Zack, great job writing this story – with one have in the hospital! I'm sorry you broke your arm playing basketball, but I'm glad you learned some important life lessons. And now you have a great story to tell… I've highlighted some of your mistakes and underlined some areas you need to rewrite. Please do you best to correct the essay on your own, then rename the file with “Draft2” and send it back to me. Thanks and I wish you get well soon!*