

## A Bad Break

"I heard it snap, and I knew it was bad," I said.

My mother and I were in the hospital's emergency room with Dr. Willen. I was telling Dr. Willen all about my fall on the basketball court.

"It sounds like you may have broken your wrist, but we will do an x-ray to be sure," said Dr. Willen.

I was hurt, and I was upset. I had been practicing for the playoffs with my team. Why did I have to fall?



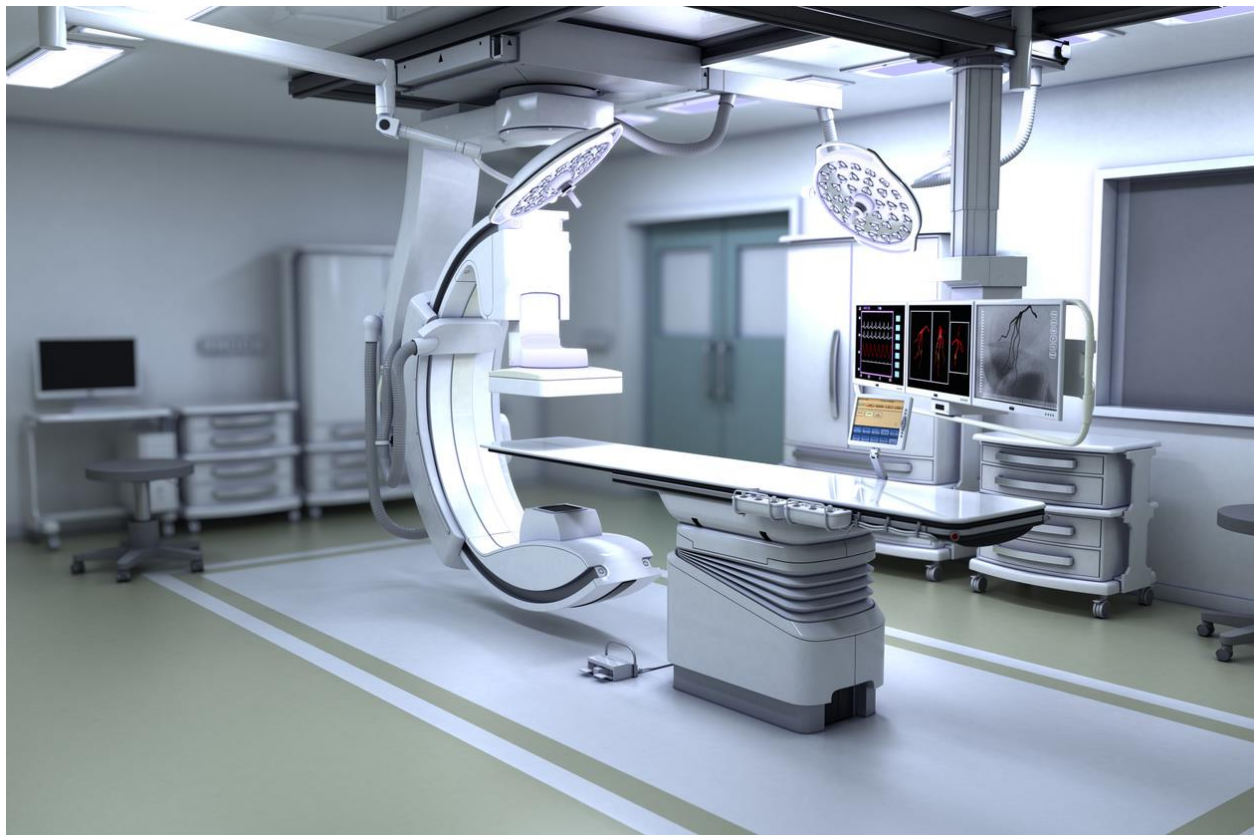
I tried to take my mind off of things while I was waiting for an x-ray, and I started to look around the room. It was a small room with a lot of medical supplies, but it did not feel like a hospital room. Of course, there was a sink and a table. There was even a skeleton! But the walls were painted a bright yellow color. The yellow rug in the center of the room was almost as bright as the wall color. A large window in the corner allowed plenty of sunlight inside. I sat on the comfortable sofa and glanced out of the window. I tried to focus on the people walking around on the sidewalk. I even wished I was one of them. I wanted to be walking back to practice right now.

Finally, a nurse walked into the room. "Roni, let's head on over to x-ray," she said. I followed her into the hallway.

The nurse led me into a dark room. I sat down on a chair while she typed some things into her computer. Then, she helped me place my arm on a table. I needed to take a deep breath because it hurt.

"You sure do have a lot of courage," said the nurse.

"I'm trying to stay calm," I replied.



The x-rays didn't take very long. Before I knew it, I was back in the bright yellow room with my mother, waiting for Dr. Willen.

"Well Roni, it looks like you will have to postpone your basketball playoffs," said Dr. Willen as she walked into the room.

I think she was trying to be funny because I knew that my team would have to play tonight anyway. They wouldn't postpone the game just because I broke my wrist. My mother giggled a little bit. I just wanted to scream!



"The good news is that it is a simple break," explained Dr. Willen. "But the bad news is that you will be unable to play basketball for at least six weeks."

I felt awful. Six weeks? How can I go six weeks without playing basketball? I did not know how I would manage without my favorite sport.

My mom knew that I was disappointed. She placed her hand on my back. I knew she was afraid to hug me. She didn't want to hurt me.

"We will put your wrist in a cast," said Dr. Willen.

"It really does hurt," I said.

"I will prescribe some medicine for you. It will help with the pain," said Dr. Willen.

"I wish the medicine would help me play basketball sooner," I sighed.



Dr. Willen knew how unhappy I was. "Your bones will heal as quickly as they can. Afterward, you will do some special exercises to help your muscles. Then, you will be ready to play by next season," she told me.

That night, after the cast was dry, we went to the playoff game. I sat on the bench and cheered for my team. I may not have been playing the game, but my cheers helped my team keep going. I'd like to think I helped them win!

