

Personal Essay

One second I was in the car and I could not breathe. The next second I was in a bed with needles poking everywhere in my body.

It all started one day. This was the beginning of the “rollercoaster”. I was 7 years old. It was 10:00 in the night. I was at some party my mom forced me to go to. I was waiting to go home when the food came. I became excited and ate a lot of food. After a few minutes I did not feel good. My throat was hurting, but I really did not mind. But it became worse. And worse. And worse. And so bad that I had to do the most feared thing in the world - tell my parents. So I did. But I suddenly regretted it. They got scared. It was really funny and serious at the same time.

Now, I have some allergy to chickpeas and peas and pretty much everything that has the word “pea” in it. Technically, I’m allergic to most vegetarian proteins, and I am vegetarian, so I don’t get a lot of protein. And in India, every single thing there had chickpeas, so when we go out I really do not eat anything.

So, continuing our story, my parents were super scared. It was like they were going 500 feet up on the rollercoaster, and were going to go straight down to the floor at the top. I did not understand what happened, so I was not really scared about this and did not understand what they were talking about. I mean, what is the worst thing that could happen? But soon, it became so bad that I could barely breathe. So we went in the car. I thought we would be going home. Our home was really close, but it was taking so much time. So I asked my dad where we were going. I choked on all the words. My dad explained that I had a severe allergy. And suddenly everything fit into place. I was all swollen up and my throat was congested and I had hives all over my body. So my dad told me that we were going to the ER. I really did not want to go to the Emergency Room, so we drove for some time, and we arrived at the ER. So we arrived at the ER.

If you don’t know what the ER is, it is a place, like a hospital, for people who have some problem suddenly and need help quickly. So we waited. And waited some more. The nurse came and checked on me. Finally, the doctor came and put me on the bed. We were about to go down the rollercoaster, at 100 mph. It was crazy, and they talked to my parents a lot. They put needles everywhere. I really could not comprehend what was happening. I forgot half of the things that happened before, but what I remember is that my brother was given a bunch of stuff to play with, and I was lying down on a bed with needles killing me with random stuff going inside my body. We were going down the rollercoaster, at lightning speed.

But everything suddenly changed gears. They turned on the TV, and they let me watch whatever I want to. I thought that it wouldn’t get any better, but I was wrong. They gave me a bunch of nice food and a red button. They explained what the button does. If I ever need

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anything, I click the button and the people come and give us whatever we want. Everything was so good, and I could not feel the needles full of stuff (Which I learnt later is epinephrine, which is a thing that they use to cure stuff like this. It is known better as adrenaline, which if you don't know, produces the fight-or-flight thing in your body. It also produces strong emotions.)

So I was having a lot of fun, and the best thing was not that I got unlimited TV and nice food, the best thing was that it lasted so long that I got to skip school to watch TV in the hospital.

So the end of the rollercoaster came, and I realized it was not that bad, and it was really fun and good. If something bad happens, don't expect the worst, it could turn out better than you expect. I had thought that hospitals were really bad and scary, but I later realized that they are kind of thrilling and fun.

Speaking about roller coasters, my first roller coaster was the longest rollercoaster in the US (3rd in the world), 4th tallest rollercoaster in the world, 4th largest rollercoaster drop in the world, and 5th fastest rollercoaster in the world ([List of roller coaster rankings - Wikipedia](#)). My cousin forced me to go into it and pushed me into it. It was so fast that I was trying to escape (95 mph), and it went straight down from 325 feet. But in the end, it was actually really cool and nice, and I started to love rollercoasters.

One last example: one day my instrument handle broke. I did not realize it happened. My friend found a small piece of the handle. He liked chugging stuff, so he got the part and just chugged it into some guy's yard. I really didn't care because I thought that that was not mine. I finally realized that the handle fell off, and I thought I was doomed. And it was way worse when I realized one part was missing. See, this year we got a new band teacher. I personally don't really like him, as his grading scale is either a 100%, a 70%, or a 0%. And the worst thing is when the instrument/case is broken, he usually won't help or replace it with the same, but he gives an older one that really does not work well as a punishment. And it will be heavier and bigger.

So, naturally, I was scared. And one part was missing. And we could not find it anywhere. So all my friends came to look at what happened and one kid came with the most big brain idea I ever seen - he took my other friend's instrument and asked the guy who owns the house permission to look for it and he agreed. Then, he took the instrument and slid it across the grass. And when he slid it across the metal piece that was lost, it made a sound, and we found it!

But I could not fix it and my dad could not either. So he took out the superglue that I didn't even know we had and put it all over the handle and glued it on. And it worked.

After another week or so, my thoughts about my band teacher changed. He was becoming nicer. And I had nothing to worry about. But that changed quickly. See the superglue got too much grip, and the part which connects the handle and the instrument together broke off. So I got worried. And we could not superglue it as the part was hollow. So I had to do the most risky thing in the world relating to instruments - tell my band teacher. I thought I would be fired

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out of band because I tried super gluing it and broke school property. As my instrument is big and expensive, they let me have a free loan of it, so technically it is not mine. So I told him and he was not really mad at all. He said that we have another instrument like it but it is broken, so he is going to replace the case. He lost it though, so I am waiting for him to find it at the time this essay was written.

So at the end of all this stuff, I learned that when something is bad or scary, don't think that it is going to be terrible, it could turn out better than you think.

The End

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