

One
Small
Thing

I watched as in slow motion my keys slipped from my hand, tumbled through the air, landed with a thud on the floor right by the thin black slit that separated the elevator and the building's floor and then watched in horror as they slid in the dark abyss that was the elevator shaft.

Now an easy thing to do in this situation would be to just call up my roommate or parents but unfortunately, I had left my apartment with just my keys and wallet in hand and left my phone locked inside my apartment. I was just going one block away to get a 7-11 big gulp. Now I was essentially stranded, all because I was missing two small items a phone, and key.

So there I was, standing in the elevator trying to process my circumstances. I started running through my options. I could call for help, but no cellphone means I can't contact anyone. I can try to get to a friend's house, only everyone is back home for the summer. I could try to pick my lock but I have no idea how to pick a lock. I could try to climb in through a window, only my apartment is three stories up and I have never climbed anything higher than a 3-foot fence.

I sat outside my door, so close to sanctuary yet so far and tried to figure out what to do. I could not just sit in the hallway all night, I had to do something proactive. With no way of contacting anyone the only option I could come up with was to take an hour and a half train back to parents' house in northeast Philly and hope that they were still awake by the time I got there.

Two hours later, I knocked on my parents' door. Woefully, they were both sound asleep on the second floor with the air conditioner blasting which meant that they could not hear me desperately trying to be let in. After another 30 minutes of sitting in front of my house, I decided to go to a 24-hour diner, which was at least an hour walk away.

It was 2 am when I arrived. In the diner my company consisted of the following: in the far corner was a group of 4 people who seem to have just left a bar and were enjoying a post-drinking meal, a couple occupied booth was just quietly picking at their food and a man who I could only imagine as the owner of the tracker-trailer outside was being served by an older women who looked to be the only person on staff that night.

I took a seat at the far edge of the counter and placed my food order and settled in for a long night of munching fries and sipping tea.

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by John Teesdale



My teeth were the first to hit the ground. My hand flew to my mouth and the blood that appeared was the trigger for my tears.

Story by Gabrielle Deans

My dad quickly came over to help me, sitting me on the edge of the curb. He proceeded to wipe off the dirt from my knees and hands as I continued to cry, the **blood dripping down from my mouth**, staining my shirt. "You're okay, you're okay." my father nonchalantly said, "Shake it off."

Let Go, Don't Let Go

I was still crying and it felt like I shouldn't have been. I attempted to suppress my tears, eventually calming down; **pain still drumming through my mouth.** The days of my pretend adulthood were over; I was a child but my parent's divorce had made me feel more adult than I actually was.

It all started when I got the training wheels taken off of my bike. It was a sunny day and we were on the sidewalk right in front of my father's house. I looked forward at the slope ahead of me. It was terrifying.

I tend to like having my feet firmly on the ground, and when you add wobbly balancing, at high speeds, to my lack of coordination things can go awry. But regardless, I was ready. With my sparkly Barbie bike and helmet to match, with my dad's hand on the back of my seat, **no harm could come to me.**

I slowly started riding forward with vigor. He held on until I got the hang of it and in no time at all, I had gotten it. My newfound confidence on my bike soared, I was grown up now, I could do it all on my own. This is where I went wrong.

Design by John Teesdale

On a beautiful spring day, my dad and I were riding on Forbidden drive. The sun was peeking through the leaves in the trees, the air calm and crisp. The open road ahead was inviting and the pedals under my feet were smoothly moving me forward. I looked to the left at my dad as he raised his hands in the air showing off his bike riding skills. The new, excited, grown up bike rider in me wanted to give this a try and I let go of the handlebars. (Something I did not admit to my father when he asked me about it.)

In an instant, I regretted my decision. The bike sped forward, jerked to the side and my body came flying forward smashing into the concrete. **My teeth** were the first to hit the ground.



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