



Remember when...? – Falling

Description

When you are a kid, the world is your playground, and you will have explored it in many ordinary and extraordinary ways. That also means cuts and bruises for most of our childhood. Although I had my share of bruises and scratches, I cannot say I was an accident prone child (unlike my own kids), but I do remember one particular incident that caused quite a commotion.

When I was 4, my mom would bring me to this place that was probably like kindergarten. I had gone there when I was 3 and when I was 4, so it could not have been a formal kindergarten. My dad was working a few streets from that place so occasionally, he would drive us and park the car on one of the side streets and then walk to his work.

Where is the car?

It was one of those days, when my dad had parked the car and my mom didn't really know where, so we were just walking along those side streets to find it. It was in winter and i didn't have my mittens so i was walking, quietly with my mom, both hands in my coat pockets.

There is a newspaper

I was always told "look where you walk", so i did. I was looking at the sidewalk to see what was there. And there was a newspaper, or at least one sheet, right in front of me. Just like puddles are magnets for kids, so was the newspaper for me. So as i walked, i stepped on it. But unlike a puddle, the paper was slippery, and it slipped as i walked on it. It slipped backward. A little physics lesson here: if the feet quickly go backward, the head quickly goes forward! And with my hands in my pockets, i didn't have anything to stop the fall, and yes, i went face first.

Quite a cut

I didn't break my nose and the snow on the ground mostly absorbed the impact, but as i fell mostly on

my chin, i bit the inside of my mouth. Badly! I don't know how long we needed to walk to get to my dad's work (i don't think we had found the car yet), but i remember being brought to the in the bathroom to rinse my mouth. That is when i discovered that i was bleeding.

Brought to the ER

Next thing i remember was to be brought to the ER. I have absolutely no recollection of the time we waited but i had heard my parents, years later, mention about long hours. What i remember though was to be brought into an examining room, and have a cloth put over my head. That cloth had a small opening that was lined up on my mouth, and from the corner of my nose, i could see hands and instruments through.

Stitched up

I don't remember any pain, any crying (although i probably was), or any fear. Just a weird sight from that little opening i could see. Days later, i remember telling my parents that there was a thread in my mouth. Well, of course there was: they had to stitch that cut. But, being that young, i had never experienced stitches before. That was all new to me.

What is the lesson?

To this day, i always am somewhat fearful of walking with my hands in my pockets. I have told my kids the exact same thing over and over again. And also, never walk on a piece of paper on the ground, in winter! It can slip!

How about you? Do you have stories of a memorable fall? or visit to ER? What does this story bring back to your memory? It is your turn to share your story. Go ahead. All the stories are interesting to read.

Date Created

May 12, 2014

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