

The Unexpected Crash ^{heavily} Meets 6th

When I was at my house in Medford and we were having a party for my sister. We had this plastic car where you get in a push with your feet to go. All of my cousins and family were having a superb time. The car was tied up to my Dad and Uncles bikes with a long rope tied up to them. We were all taking turns on riding in the car. At my house we had about a mile long driveway so we were in the car for quiet a while. Most of the the time if you weren't in the car you were most likely to be running on the side of them. I wanted to be last because I was kind of scared. So it was almost my turn and my cousin, Nate, was about to go. He had a great time because he was going some what fast. I thought since I was younger they would go slower. But I thought wrong since my dad said I wasn't a little kid no more he thought that I could step everything up a little bit. So we started heading down the driveway and they kept on getting faster and faster. I started to freak out. They started to turn and they slowed down right at the last second. Then I started to go on two wheels fast. So I just started rolling and soon enough the rope broke and I flew out into the street and flew into the ditch. Everybody came running over to me and what I was told I was passed out. They

Kept on shaking me and I finally woke up and I picked up my head and looked at myself in fear. So I looked where a bunch of blood was coming from and my elbow was cut open to where you could see the bone. The people around me kept on asking me questions and to be honest it was getting pretty annoying. I started to head back to the house, once I got there I just cleaned it out and I just acted like it never happened. But to this day I still have this weird looking scar on my elbow.

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