

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

Just a Game

great intro!

"It's not a mansion!" Izzy exclaimed, passing the two marble lions standing guard at the start of the driveway, Nolan and I following her lead. Black fencing bordered the perimeter of Izzy's grandparents' property with an almost too bright green blanket of grass stretching on as far as you could see. Nolan glanced at me for a brief second, snickering, both of his arms overflowing with papers.

On said papers, storyboards, scripts, and rubrics were depicted, for our now finished school project. The assignment was to create a movie trailer based off the novel we had been assigned to read the month before; ours was 'Winn Dixie'. The filming had gone well, minimal goofing off and bloopers, but enough for a satisfying gag reel at the end.

We halted to a stop just before the spacious two-car garage, which was modest compared to the 'not mansion'. The classic sports car parked outside could catch even my attention, and that was definitely saying something. It didn't take very long before the three of us proclaimed 'sporty kids' eyed the basketball propped against the garage door and hoop a couple feet away.

"Hey, why don't we all scrimmage? I need to practice for next season, anyways," I suggested, resting the ball against my hip.

"I want Nicki on my—" Nolan began, before Izzy cut in and insisted that would be unfair, so it became girls against boys. Well, boy.

We started up the match and got it going for a solid 5 minutes before Izzy deemed that volleyball was a much better sport, and she would rather sit out and referee until my dad came to pick

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

me up from her grandparents' house. Nolan and I shrugged it off and he passed me the ball, resetting to begin a new game.

I dribbled, pulled off the crossover maneuver I had been practicing, and hurtled for the lane that had opened up. *Dribble on left foot, right foot, now left again, and... up!* I still had my eyes on the backboard and blue sky during the layup when an explosive force came crashing into my back. My view changed to the unforgiving, grey concrete in a split second. Pain erupted along my entire left arm as I fell to the ground, hands out to protect my face.

I heard, more than felt, the rattle of my teeth from the impact, along with a gasp from Izzy and laughter from Nolan.

How charming, coming from the boy who had pushed me midair to prevent one stupid basket.

I didn't realize both palms of my hands had been torn open, along with my knees, until I scrambled to my feet during my friends' silence, leaving light smudges of crimson on the driveway. I kept my teeth furrowed into my tongue until it bled, to spare the embarrassment of crying.

"That hurt, you jerk," I managed to say with a forced laugh, a tang of salt on the roof of my mouth.

"You almost cried, oh my God!" Nolan replied, beside himself with a mixture of laughter and pride. I frowned, tears threatening to fall again, flexing and un-flexing my left arm. *Huh, must not be that bad if I can still move it.*

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

"Do you need Band-Aids or something? Oh geez, that looks like it hurt. We have lavender oil here; it helps with stuff like this!" This almost made me laugh. Izzy and her essential oils, classic. I ended up insisting that I would be fine to wait until I got home to clean up, that was usually the most painful part of it, anyways. I had Izzy and Nolan trek inside, and up the stairs to grab my things while I stood at the base of the stairwell. I could feel the muscles and tendons along my arm begin to lock up. I could no longer move it, even in my state of growing panic, without tears welling up in my eyes. ✓

When my friends came back downstairs, I was too scared to say anything about my arm. To be honest, I think I just didn't want to acknowledge it, or maybe I hadn't had enough time to process any of it. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before! ✓

Luckily, my dad was parked outside sitting in the truck, fiddling with the radio by the time we got back outside. I was spared from keeping up conversation while I felt the exhaustion of the day start to settle in. I scurried into the comfort of the old truck, waving goodbye and promising I would do some editing on the video later tonight. I took until we had driven to the end of the driveway for me to burst into tears. ✓

"I can't move it! I can't move it!" I wailed over and over, feeling tears roll down my cheeks like the blood now rolling down my legs. I explained what happened, or tried to at least through hiccups and sobs, cradling my left arm with the right. I soon repeated this process once I was helped out of the truck at home, to my mom and older brother this time. ✓

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

The summer sun was setting by the time my mom finished cleaning bits of grit and dirt from my knees. I squeezed onto my dad's hand during the long and grueling process. The angrier I got at myself for wanting to cry while cleaning the wounds, the more the sobs increased. ✓

They didn't improve on the car ride to the hospital, nor did they during the three hours spent sitting in the waiting room, watching a poorly scripted movie, feeling sorry for myself. My arm had locked up completely now, and it felt like the bone was on the verge of snapping in half every time I tried to use it. My name was finally called, and I went in for my very first X-ray (which was the most painful series of "rotate your arm this way, now that way... no, not like that.") ✓

It only took another hour and a half for them to tell me yup, you sprained your arm, silly girl. ✓

One cramped room, a 5 minute meeting with a doctor, and a free sling later, I was on my way home with painkillers in hand. I had never thought about how blessed I was to have two functioning arms until that day in June. ✓

Simple things like eating, sleeping, and especially getting dressed in the morning as a teenage girl, became a trial. Luckily, I had regained most movement in my arm after 2 weeks, so I was able to tighten my sling on my own without using my teeth! By week 3 I said 'au revoir' to the simple colored, insanely scratchy, and soul-crushing sling. I don't think I'll ever be able to take both arms for granted again. ✓

lovely
illustration!

love this!

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

Just a Game

"It's not a mansion!" Izzy exclaimed, passing the two marble lions standing guard at the start of the driveway, Nolan and I following her lead. Black fencing bordered the perimeter of Izzy's grandparents' property with an almost too bright green blanket of grass stretching on as far as you could see. Nolan glanced at me for a brief second, snickering, both his ^{arms overflowing with} hands full of papers.

On the papers, storyboards, scripts, and rubrics were depicted for our now finished school project. The assignment was to create a movie trailer for the novel we had been assigned to read the month before; ours was ^{add author's name} 'Winn Dixie'. The filming had gone well, minimal goofing off and bloopers, but enough for a satisfying gag reel at the end.

We halted to a stop just before the two-car garage, which was modest compared to the 'not mansion'. The classic sports car parked outside could even catch my attention, and that was saying ^{spacious} something. It wasn't long before the three of us proclaimed 'sporty kids' eyed the basketball propped against the garage door, and hoop a couple feet away. ^{switch?} ^{definitely}

"Hey, why don't we all scrimmage? I need to practice for next season, anyways." I suggested, resting the ball against my hip.

"I want Nicki on my-", Nolan began, before Izzy cut in and insisted that would be unfair, so it became girls against boys. Well, boy.

We started up the match, and got it going for a solid 5 minutes before Izzy deemed that volleyball was a much better sport, and she would sit out and referee until my dad came to pick me up ^{father}

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

from her grandparents' house. Nolan and I shrugged it off, and he passed me the ball, resetting to begin the new game.

I dribbled, pulled off a crossover I had been practicing, and hurtled for the lane that had opened up. *Dribble on left, right foot, now left again, and... up!* I still had my eyes on the backboard and blue sky during the layup when an explosive force came crashing into my back. My view changed to the unforgiving, grey concrete in a split second. Pain erupted along my entire left arm as I fell to the ground, hands out to protect my face.

I heard, more than felt, the rattle of my teeth from the impact, along with a gasp from Izzy and laughter from Nolan.

How charming, coming from the one who had pushed me midair to prevent one stupid basket.

I didn't realize both palms of my hands had been torn open, along with my knees, until I scrambled to my feet during my friends silence, leaving light smudges of crimson on the driveway. I kept biting my tongue until it bled to spare the embarrassment of crying.

"That hurt, you jerk," I managed to say with a laugh, a tang of salt on the roof of my mouth at this point.

"You almost cried, oh my God!" Nolan replied, beside himself with a mixture of laughter and pride. I frowned, tears threatening to fall again, flexing and un-flexing my left arm. *Huh, must not be that bad if I can still move it.*

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

"Do you need Band-Aids or something? Oh geez, that looks like it hurt. We have lavender oil here; it helps with stuff like this!" This almost made me laugh. Izzy and her essential oils, classic. I ended up insisting that I would be fine to wait until I got home to clean up, that was usually the most painful part of it anyways. I had Izzy and Nolan trek inside, and up the stairs to grab my things while I stood at the base of the stairwell. I could feel the muscles and tendons along my arm begin to lock up, to my dismay. I could no longer move it, even in a state of panic, without tears welling up in my eyes.

When my friends came back downstairs, I was too scared to say anything about my arm. To be honest, I think I just didn't want to acknowledge it. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before!

Luckily, my dad was parked outside, sitting in the truck fiddling with the radio, by the time we got back outside. I was spared from keeping up conversation while I felt the exhaustion ^{of the day} from today start to settle in. I scurried into the comfort of the old truck, waving goodbye and promising I would do some editing on the video later tonight. I took until we had driven to the end of the driveway for me to burst into tears.

"I can't move it! I can't move it!" I wailed over and over, feeling tears roll down my cheeks like the blood now rolling down my legs. I explained what happened, or tried to at least through hiccups and sobs, cradling my left arm with the right. I soon repeated this process once I was helped out of the truck ^{and} at home, ^{this time} but to my mom and older brother.

The summer sun was setting by the time my mom ^{finished} was cleaning bits of grit, and dirt from my knees. I squeezed onto my dad's hand during the long, and grueling process. The angrier I got at myself for wanting to cry while cleaning my wounds, the more the sobs increased.

Nicole Skrypec

ENGL20F

October 2, 2018

Ms. Smith

They didn't improve on the car ride to the hospital, nor did the three hours ^{spent} spend sitting in the waiting room, watching a poorly ^{scripted} thought out movie, feeling sorry for myself. My arm had locked up completely now, and it felt like the bone was snapping in half every time I tried to use it. My name was finally called, and I went in for my very first X-ray (which the most painful series of "rotate your arm this way, now that way... no, not like that.")

It only took another hour and a half for them to tell me yup, you sprained your arm, silly girl.

One cramped room, a 5 minute meeting with a doctor, and a free sling later, I was on my way home with painkillers in hand! I had never thought about how blessed I ^{was} am to have two functioning arms until then.

Simple things like eating, sleeping, and especially getting dressed in the morning as a teenage girl, became a trial. Luckily, I had regained most movement in my arm after 2 weeks, so I was able to tighten my sling without using my teeth now! By week 3 I said 'au revoir' to the simple colored, insanely scratchy, and soul-crushing sling. I don't think I'll ever be able to take both arms for granted again.

Title:

Just a game of Nimrod

Climax: *Popul mid lay-up while
Reimaging with friend*

- * 10. *Clayz hit out, Man 1 on 1 with Man*
- * 9. *2 on 1, clayz and a team*
- * 8. *Event in Nimrod before I get paid up*
- * 7. *Friend school. Nimrod rules*
- * 6. *Put up a grandparent home*

- 11. *And made for path, bleeding*
- 12. *Red cover, when back up*
- 13. *off to the hospital*
- 14.

Falling Action

Events: Rising Action

Minor Characters:

Major Characters:

Man, Clayz, Me

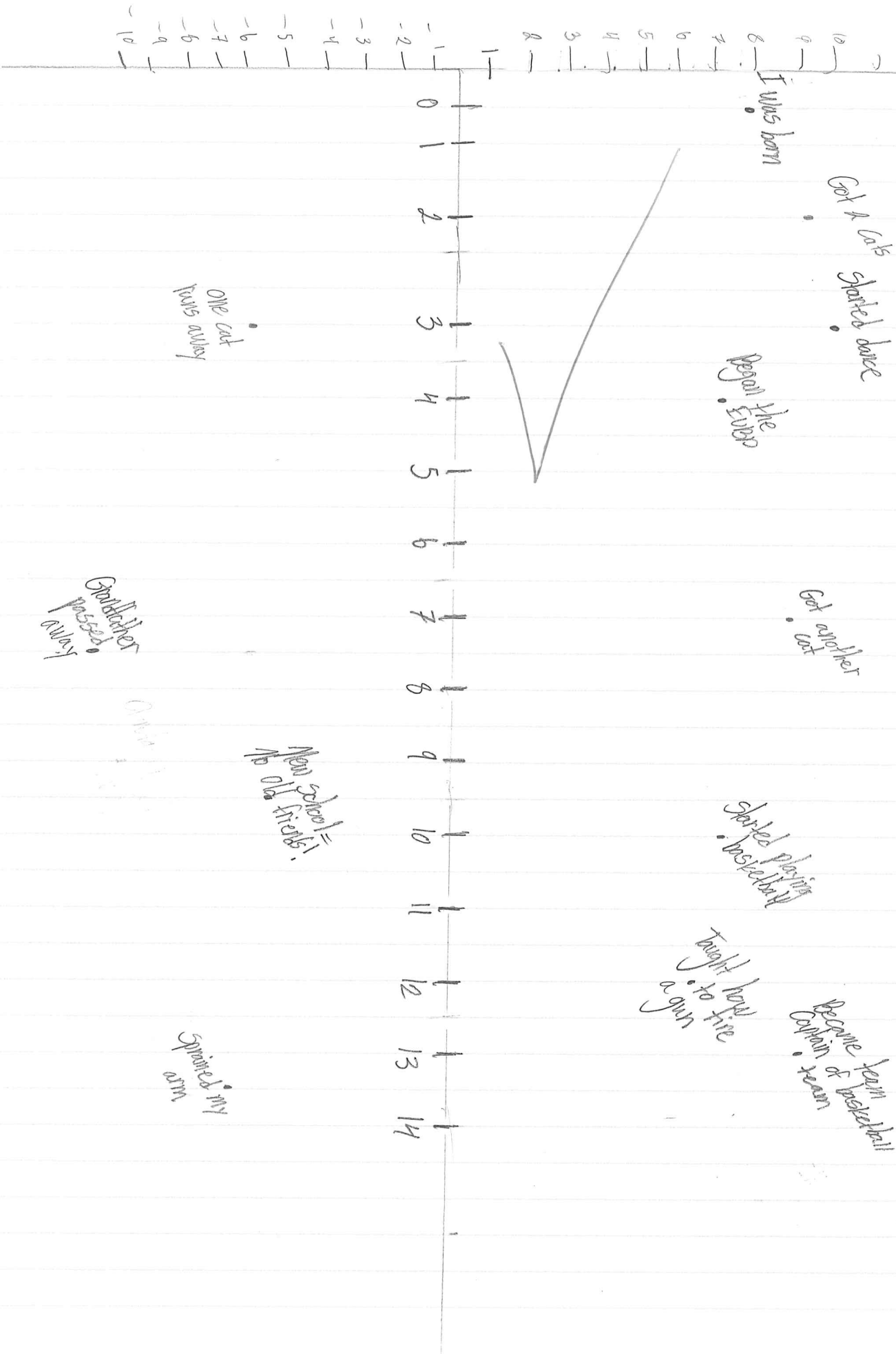
Conflict: *Spurred Man*

Resolution: *Treatment at hospital*

Setting: *Friend's grandparent's place*

Author's Theme:





3

3

3