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EN40SL1

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Ms. Smith

Accident due to Impulse

The fatigue of returning to a six and a half hour school day is once again becoming familiar. I'm not quite used to being so deathly tired, but what I am used to is the enormous rush of adrenaline delivered throughout my system as I race at high speeds on my dirt bike. It appears to be as addictive as those drugs shown to us in health class documentaries, crashing over me like a wave in a pacific storm.

love!

As the warm September sun is about three quarters through its cycle, I yearn to feel this adrenaline once more, but I'm so tired. However, I need this rush, so even though I originally contemplate watching *Dexter*, I continue to suit up like a knight going into battle. Plus, I've done this a million times before, so what could go wrong?

Ohh - foreshadowing!

I'm buckling up my black boots but each buckle is so stiff, stiff enough to break my fingers. I finish suiting up and I mount the monster of a bike like a knight mounting his horse, heading into battle. My confidence is pretty high and I feel awake, so to have more fun I perform what's called a "wheelie," where the rider lifts the front tire off of the ground and balances on only one wheel. As I come over the gradual hill in my yard I attempt to put the front wheel down, and I succeed with minor error. I accidentally land with the wheel turned to the left, causing my hands to be pulled in every direction as I clench onto the handlebars like vise grips. I finally let go and am catapulted through the air at what seems to be the speed of light. During this weightlessness I notice a slight breeze swaying the yellow-green trees, the lush green grass staring up at me like a tiny audience, and the dust particles floating at the same altitude as me. In fact, the grass is the only cushion that I have to reduce the impact of my landing, so I reach my hands out in front of me, a rather stupid move. My arms crumple like a tissue

under the weight of my body as my head slams into solid ground like an axe into wood. Ouch. A slight pain arises in my left hand but it only feels like a jammed finger, which has happened to me before during volleyball games. I get inside of my house as quickly as possible, telling my mom what happened, but I don't exactly remember.

I can hear my mom distraughtly calling my name, but I'm not sure why. A wave of confusion washes over me, so I ask her what happened and it turns out I almost fainted. We inspect my hand like two forensic analysts only to see minor swelling, so for the next few days I am to put ice on the area of pain. The ice feels so good, like getting a glass of water during a 3 AM drought. However, the swelling and drum-like throbbing only seems to go up, so we decide to go to the hospital and try to get x-rays, after days of me being reluctant to the idea. We arrive at the five-star Selkirk General Hospital, which was established in probably the 1600s, judging by the scent of must, mold, and bleach alone. My name is called and my mom and I head to a large auburn desk, to face a woman who is scowling like the librarian from *Monsters Inc.* I am required to tell her the details of my crash, so I do so vaguely since I can't exactly recall everything. She asks me what side I fell off of, I say my right. She asks me how I hurt my left hand, I say I don't know. She asks me to touch my thumb to all of my fingers, but I can't. This has become more of an interrogation, like she's judging me based on my demographic. I can tell by the way she moves her eyes about me that she takes me for some idiotic teen boy, who was just being some idiot with his idiot friends. At the end of my interrogation, she sends me over to the x-ray room, while insisting that my hand isn't broken.

The x-ray room is swallowed in darkness, with a lone machine and a small stool in the middle of it all. The man who is taking my x-rays is nice, and it is apparent through his sympathy that he has worked with kids before. He is very wise for being so young because he tells me that these types of accidents happen, and we can't let them stop us. Once my x-ray is done we walk through the labyrinth of hallways. All of the walls are painted the same, the top half is beige and the bottom half is pea green,

Nice use of repetition!

Ha, ha! :))

with a light brown wood baseboard in the middle. We arrive at a large screen in the middle of all of the activity, and on display is a picture of my hand, or rather my broken hand. We receive the unfortunate news that there is a clean break through my first metacarpal and there is not one, not two, but 18° of angulation between the two pieces. I celebrate my slight victory over the rude desk woman and her suspicions, but I'm also overwhelmed with disappointment. What a way to start the school year. ✓

Today is the day that we make the trip to Winnipeg Children's Hospital at 6:30 AM. If only I had watched *Dexter* instead. As my mom and I drive through the busy streets of Winnipeg my nerves start to build and it feels like there are billions of butterflies flying in my stomach, because I really have no idea what's in store. My band teacher says that humans experience the same feeling of nervousness when we are excited, but I don't think anybody would be excited to go to the hospital at dawn. As we walk through the glass doors into the emergency section of the hospital, out of the brisk, rainy Wednesday morning streets, I can't help but imagine how many kids are in this hospital. How many aren't going to leave anytime soon, if at all. I'm now talking with the lady at the receiving desk of the Children's Hospital. She politely takes me through the standard procedures as I look around the room. The dark blue walls add a calming feeling to the building and the large play area for kids makes this artificial place feel like home. Once we are done the doctor brings me into a small room with a single examination table, a metal sink, and a comfortable office chair, along with several bins of medical supplies. Oddly enough he looks similar to one of the doctors from *Dexter*, except the doctor from the show turned out to be a serial killer. I sit down on the examination table and a two inch long needle is inserted into my hand. It injects a local anaesthetic that causes my hand to go numb. I try not to look as the doctor attempts to move my bones back in place. I feel no pain at all, but what's worse is that I know I should be feeling it, and the lack of pain is extremely discomfoting. As he pulls away at my finger I can only focus on the tick of the clock and the orderly placement of 12 blue bins in two columns, six in each. In them is what looks like materials to make casts and splints, and also several miscellaneous medical tools. Finally, ✓

I like how you bring the Dexter reference back

NP

but

Dr. Serial Killer finishes terrorizing me, and my mom enters the room to receive more bad news. I will have to get surgery. ✓

Today is operation day, and my stomach is barren like a desert because I had to fast for 12 hours prior. I'm scared out of my mind because I have no idea what's going to happen, except that some unfamiliar masked men and women will be digging in my hand with several sharp tools. I get dressed in a teal hospital gown and pants in a room whose walls are the same colour as my clothes, and whose space was desolate except for three chairs and a bathroom. I look out of a floor to ceiling window into the dry city of Winnipeg when a short, middle-aged nurse comes in and puts a topical anaesthetic onto the back of my right hand, where the IV will be inserted. Soon my mom and I are escorted to another waiting room by a kind, older gentleman who is also a nurse, and whose hair is pure silver. We shoot the crap in the awkward elevator ride, with my mom beside me every step of the way. In the new burgundy room there is an array of chairs, and it is empty except my mom and I and two other small families. I take several deep breaths to calm my nerves, and it works. A doctor wearing similar teal scrubs comes to get me and tells me that it's my turn. ✓ The way he talks is very calming and reassuring, and as we walk through the tile-floored halls we talk about my dirt bike, and he says that he rides dirt bikes too. What a small world. When we walk into the operating room it looks like something right out of Star Trek. All of the walls are white, along with the floor, the ceiling, the doors, and the table. There are hexagonal LED light pods, many screens everywhere, and three more medical professionals waiting patiently for my arrival. If the US military really has aliens in Area 51, I imagine this is where they would keep them. I lay down on the operating table and I chat with the same doctor who brought me through the halls, without even noticing that he has inserted the IV. Everything starts to slow down and darken as I am lying down on the comfortable, hard table. I move my hand on to a smaller table when asked, as the doctors prepare to begin. ✓

good use of 5
repetition

I don't remember asking for a blue cast, or getting into this warm, cozy bed. I am in another teal room, and I'm feeling amazing. There's little pain in my hand, and I feel kind of refreshed. A little white cotton ball is taped down where the IV was on my right hand, but there is no other evidence of blood and gore. My mom appears beside me, and I have no clue where she came from, but we are both pleased to see each other. I get out of bed minutes later and I'm ready to leave the bleach scented building and my poor decision behind me. As I walk out into the real world, I wonder where I would be if I would've just thought about the consequences before acting, and if I just sat on the couch and watched *Dexter*. After weeks of pain and throbbing in my left hand, I've learned that it really is important to not make impulsive decisions, and to follow your gut when making potentially dangerous choice to get a thrill in return.

Writing Variables

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- Central Idea: describing the pain I went through after I made an impulsive decision
- Form: memoir
- Purpose: to give a reason why one should always think about the consequences before acting.
- Public Audience: People who tend to not think about their actions before committing them.
- Context: In a hospital waiting room magazine.

By writing in the form of a memoir, I will be able to give a reason why people should think before acting because I will be able to utilize imagery to great extents. By using imagery, the reader will be able to not only visualize my pain, but also feel it. The reader will be able to put themselves in my shoes, and realize how much they would not like this to happen to themselves. People who do not think about their actions before committing them might always get lucky and come out unscathed. However, if I expose them to the pain I endured after making an impulsive decision, they will learn that it could also happen to them. As a result, impulsive people will fear my story, and take preventative measures to ensure that they won't experience the same pain as me. The reason why my memoir will be found in a hospital waiting room magazine is because often impulsive people find themselves in the hospital due to injury, which was a consequence of their decision. By reading my memoir in the waiting room, they can learn from my experience and also theirs that it is very important to think about their actions before doing them. This way, they can ensure that not just themselves, but also everyone around them, can live a safer, worry-free life, because the consequences of a certain action will be apparent, and no one will be put in harm's way.

REFLECTING QUESTION

Explain how **one** language or stylistic choice (such as imagery, similes, personification, repetition, etc.) in your written text will capture your audience's interest.

5 MARKS

I believe that by using imagery in my memoir, "Accident due to Improbable," my audience's interest will be easily captured. This is because it will allow them to be enveloped by the many details, and they will only want to read more and more. An example of imagery within my memoir is when I describe the doctor's office having "a single examination table, a metal sink, and a comfortable office chair, along with several bins of medical supplies." By describing the office, the reader is able to visualize it and put themselves into my shoes, as if they are about to get a needle in their hand. Another example of imagery occurs near the beginning of my memoir, when I describe flying through the air. I describe everything as if it's occurring in slow motion. The "slight breeze swaying the yellow-green trees, the lush green grass staring up at me like a tiny audience, and the dust particles floating at the same altitude as me." This imagery allows the reader to experience flight for a small amount of time, and it makes them want to keep reading to discover what is going to occur once I land. The inclusion of slightly scary imagery not only allows the reader to experience what I experienced, but also keeps them on their toes, always itching to find out what's going to happen next. This sense of urgency and unpredictability is often what forces readers to stay interested. Not only this, but the imagery allows them to empathize, and ultimately affects their future decisions based on my experiences. Therefore, less people will make dangerous decisions regarding motorsports, and due to very beautiful yet slightly horrific imagery, less people will be at risk of injury while riding motorcycles or even all off-road vehicles.