

Breaking My Shoulder

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4th pd. Grammar



Before I broke my shoulder I had only ever twisted my ankle, hyperextended my knee, or split the beam. I could go to gymnastics every day of the week. Yes they all hurt, but little did I know that it was nothing compared to breaking my shoulder.

About 5 days before I broke my shoulder my dad had left for Europe. The day I broke my shoulder was a normal day. We got to the big blue floor, our last event. It was a Thursday, which meant we went to bars, beam, and... floor. We got to the floor, and I was very tired. I was supposed to do a roundoff back handspring into a layout full. I did the round off then the back handspring. What about the layout-full? Well that is the problem, I didn't do it.

Something felt off. I was very high in the air. I thought to myself, "Oh No!" I was so scared. Then Boom! I heard a crack as soon as I hit the ground. As soon as I heard the crack I screamed so loud, louder than I had ever thought I could. After a few seconds of screaming, the scream turned into a cry. My coach ran over while I was screaming. He saw that my shoulder looked a little weird. He called the head coach over. My coach called my mom, and told her that I probably dislocated it. She told my

coach that she would take me to the hospital, but right before she hung up she heard me scream.

She asked my coach what she should do. The whole time the head coach was telling me that they would give me medicine then pop it back into place because they thought I dislocated it. My coach said that it was her decision not his. My mom told him, "My husband isn't here, what should I do?" My coach then called 911. They finally got to the gym. To me it felt like an eternity, while it was only a few minutes.

They wrapped me in a sling that looked like toilet paper. The ride was quiet and boring. I later found out that neither the lights nor sirens were on. When I got there I was very loopy because of all of the meds. When I got there I could barely remember what had happened, and why I was in so much pain. They took a few x-rays, and were a little surprised.

I got a grip of reality when they said I would have to have a major surgery to put the bone that broke off my shoulder back in place. After that they took an MRI, then took me to my room. I had to get medicine every 6-8 hours. The next day was Friday. On Friday I was very tired, so I slept most of the day.

My surgery was scheduled for about 5:30p.m. At about 5p.m my friends from gymnastics called and told me that I would be fine. At about 5:30p.m, the nurses rolled me down to the surgery waiting room. Then came 7:30p.m, and I was still in the Surgery waiting room. Finally they told my mom that the surgery would be about 45 minutes. After 2 ½ hours I was finally out of surgery.

When I woke up from anesthesia I wanted to talk, but I couldn't. It was so bright. My dad was on the phone. My mom said that when my dad would talk I would keep my eyes open the longest. My surgeon says that in his 22 years of being a surgeon he had never seen a bone so solid. They were going to put 3 rods in my bone, but my bone was so solid that they only got one in.

Yes, this is the end of the story, but I still have a journey to finish. I am working on getting stronger. I have 1 rod in my arm and learned to just do it no matter what.