

Story of my life

I was around the age of four when it happened. I was at my dad's music camp hanging out, but little did I know that the scariest moment of my life was about to happen. As I sat around the place where we were staying my brother was over at the computer playing his favorite game. He was drinking juice when he spilled his drink all over the place. He told me to get paper towels from the other room. So my quest began. An adventure that would lead to pain, fear and some paranoia. Something that would dwarf all other experiences to come until this day. A close to life threatening situation.

I entered the room and looked up to the paper towels hanging far above my reach. I wondered "*How am I going to get up there?*" As I looked around I saw nothing to stand on except for a small plastic trash can in the corner. I was determined to get those paper towels. So I pulled the can over to the wall underneath the towels. I was light and sure its small plastic lid could hold me up. I slid it over to the wall. I was completely oblivious to what would happen soon. As I climbed to the top of this mountain of plastic. I reached for the towels. Then a crack and the screams of my mother filled my head.

Horrible is the only word I can use to describe the feeling that swelled inside me. Red blood gushed from my chin. My father's arms wrapped around me as he ran towards the car. My face was drenched in blood and tears. My mind filled with a single scene that replayed in a spiral of despair and doubt. I was sure my death was inevitable. As the red river rushed my mind was hushed with terror.

As the misty fog was blown away I found myself in the hospital. Stitches in my chin. I hugged a stuffed dog. My parents were there and my brothers too. I knew what had happened even though it's just a blur now, but every time I try to think back shivers go down my spine. A memory that will forever rest in the back of my skull. Waiting to rip through the barriers and wreak havoc on myself in a fit of misery and nightmares too real too believe. The worst part of my entire experience was that I never got those paper towels.