

# I Should Have Listened

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1 As I leave the house, my mom yells, "Put your shoes on before you go!" I ignore her, of course, and run out the door and through the wet grass. I can feel mud between my toes until I am finally at the pavement. Wiping the mud from my feet, I jump on my new banana-seat bike. I take a deep breath and start pedaling.

2 As I pass all my friends, smiling and shouting "Hi," I think, *What could be better than a nice warm day with the wind blowing through my hair?* Looking ahead, I notice a big bump. I push my feet backward to brake and shout, "Ouch! I stubbed my toe." I look down and notice a little blood, so I ride to the gas station and run to the bathroom to wash my toe.

3 "Okay," I assure myself. "That looks much better." Then, out of breath, I hop back on my bike.

4 I decide to show off my new bike, so I go to my friend Ally's house. The first thing she says is, "Can I ride it?"

5 She jumps on and takes a quick spin around the block.

6 "Wow, your bike is really cool!"

7 "Yeah. I know! Hey, I have an idea. How about one of us gets on the handle bars while the other drives?" I suggest.

8 Ally nods, "Okay, but I get to drive because I am older."

9 "Fine, but you have to promise to go slowly and stop when I tell you, okay?"

10 Ally looks up and says, "Okay, I promise I will!"

11 I jump on the handlebars and say, "Okay, I'm ready!" As soon as she starts, I can feel the handlebars wobbling from side to side. *Wow, this is scary!* I think. *Why did I ever come up with this stupid idea?*

12 As she picks up speed, I get scared. "Okay, Ally, stop! I want to get off!" She's not listening so I yell "Stop!" She keeps going faster and faster so I decide to jump off. I grab the handlebars and push myself off, and *then* she stops. My foot gets caught in the spokes and it suddenly has a tingling feeling.

I look down and my foot is covered in blood. My pinky toe is on the ground and I am confused for a minute. Then I look up at Ally and shout, "Go get your mom!"

13 When her mom sees my toe on the ground, she runs back to the house. She brings out a cup of ice and a dishtowel. Carefully she puts it in the cup, and then wraps the towel around my foot. She tells me not to move, and calls my parents. When they arrive, we drive what feels like 100 miles an hour to the hospital. My mom pulls up to the emergency room and slams on the brakes. My dad carries me into the waiting room.

14 While my dad fills out the paperwork, the nurse takes my mom and me into a dark, cold room. She flashes on the bright lights, and lays me on the hard bed. I'm there for what feels like forever before the door opens. Finally, the doctor comes in and asks me what happened. Then he says, "Okay, I need to talk to your parents and then we'll fix you right up."

15 The doctor clears his throat and explains to my parents, "Well, we could sew the toe back on, but there is a good chance her foot will get infected and then we would have to remove it again. Of course, it is your decision to either sew it back on or just sew up her foot." My parents look at me, then at each other.

16 "Well, we guess you should just sew her foot up and save the trauma of having to come back and remove the toe again," my dad says. The doctor tells them they will have to leave while he sews up my foot. I look at my parents and start to cry.

17 The whole time I was in the hospital all I could think about was leaving my house and my mom saying, "Put your shoes on before you go." Maybe if I had listened, I would have ten toes instead of nine.