

## *My broken Jaw*

### *A Memoir by Emma M.*

I was nine years old on the horrible day I broke my jaw. One day when I was at my karate class we were sparring which is fighting with gear with my classmates. I was fighting one kid who was a way better fighter than me at that time, but I have improved my fighting skills since then. All of the sudden he hit me in the face with a spinning hook kick! This kid was quite advanced in his sparring and he had forgot that he was not supposed to do that type of kick in class. One of my coaches quickly came over to me and asked if I was OK I did not answer because my head and jaw hurt so bad. Then the coach helped me walk wobbly over to my Mom and he helped me sit down beside her. I was sobbing because everything hurt and because I was so surprised by the kick. An ice pack was quickly brought over to me and I put it on my jaw, but my head was still throbbing and my jaw felt like it was on fire.

I do not remember what happened next but I remember all of the sudden being on a hospital bed waiting for the doctor. There was a TV in the room I had it on a show, but then a commercial came on. I got kind of mad at my mom and said, "Why did you change the show mom" because I thought she had changed the channel. She did not even touch the remote because it was sitting right beside me so I was so confused. I do not watch TV so I did not know what a commercial was at that time I still do not watch TV, but I now know what a commercial is. My mom explained to me it was a commercial and explained what a commercial was. I have not liked commercials very much since that time.

The doctor came in and looked at my swollen jaw I was still kind of crying then he told my mom and me that he needs an x-ray of my jaw to see if it was broke or not. We got an x-ray of my jaw but the person helping the doctor x-ray my jaw shoved my head roughly in place for the x-ray. It was finally finished and the doctor left to examine the x-ray of my jaw to see if it was broken. Next my mom and I went back into the room where we were waiting I had stopped crying, but it hurt. Then I started watching TV again with the evil commercials. The doctor finally came back after what seemed like forever and told my mom my jaw was broke. It still hurt so bad was anyone going to make it stop hurting. My mom gave me some medicine to help my jaw stop hurting and it did help it stop hurting. Finally, my mom and I got into the truck and went home to my dad and my brother to tell them my jaw was broken.

Next time I went to my karate class the kid who broke my jaw came over and said sorry and gave me a card he had made himself that said sorry on it. I was super surprised, thankful, and happy for the card. I have remembered what he did and watched out for spinning hook kicks ever since.