

Let the water run until it runs clear -  
- Peter Elbow

The point of a notebook is to 'jumpstart <sup>your mind</sup>'  
John Dunn

10/11/06

The day had finally come for me to graduate to the big 'kid' swimming pool. Up to this point I had had my lessons in the 'baby' pool. I was anxious but excited. As I walked eagerly towards the big pool, hugging myself I was quite proud and I wondered if my mom could see what I was about to do from where she was standing.

"Go ahead kids jump in..."  
I hesitated. The rest of my swimming class jumped in. I remained <sup>standing</sup> on the side of the pool.

The call came again. "Go ahead, jump in." Again I hesitated. I wasn't sure I was ready for the DEEP water.

My teacher again encouraged me jump in. Finally I took the step and jumped in.

As I jumped, I somehow managed to turn myself around, so as my body ~~fell~~ entered the water, I was facing the pool's edge.

~~My chin~~ I came down on the ~~sid~~ cement edge - my chin split open and the blood immediately began to flow and so did the tears. My teacher grabbed me "immediately" and carried me to ~~my~~ my mom.

Why was this important to me?

Nov. 15, 2006

This was important to me because this was the first time I can remember going to a hospital and getting stitches. I was terrified - I didn't know what was going to happen to me - yet I made it through and showed myself I could be brave when I was scared.

I remember laying on this skinny metal bed with metal rails on the sides <sup>that could go up and down.</sup> My mom stood next to the bed and held my hand. She was very reassuring. My dad even came from work to be with me during this scary time.

A nurse gave me a shot in my chin to numb it, so I couldn't feel them sewing me up.

I remember the sensation of tugging - the thread they were using being pulled through

my skin and being tightened up. It was a very strange feeling.

After they finished with my 11 stitches - 5 inside and 6 outside, the doctor gave me a prize for being so good - a surgical glove blown up like a balloon. It looked like a cow's udder. It was cool. One of my brother's popped it later that afternoon. I was VERY sad, and angry.