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Let's Get One Thing Straight

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LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT

Tyler Birss

The feeling was far from pleasant. Once my friend's colossal head collided with my face, I knew that I had broken my nose. Blood immediately drenched my large white tee and trickled down and onto the blacktop. I looked as if I had just fought Mike Tyson in a boxing match during the prime of his career. I slowly stumbled to the athletic trainer's room with my bud in hopes of receiving some treatment. No one was there. As I staggered to the bathroom, I fell to the ground on two separate occasions. I was woozy and lightheaded, dazed and confused. I finally made it to the bathroom and I immediately yelled as I saw how crooked my previously perfect nose was. "I think I busted you up pretty good Ty", said Andrew. I responded by saying, "Yeah, dipshit, you could probably say that."

My ambitious after school plans of attending the local Dairy Queen with my two best friends were ruined. Despite my nearly uncontrollable urge to devour a banana cream pie blizzard, I knew that I had to call my parents and have them schedule me a doctor's appointment. Despite nearly crashing my car on my way home, I eventually made it and was welcomed by my hysterical mother. "Oh my goodness Tyler, not again", my mom said. I responded, "Yup, looks like I got round two on nose breaks". She drove me to the hospital and we went to the treatment center. After about an hour long wait, I was greeted by a doctor. Despite her label as a doctor, she had no idea if my nose was broken or not. To me, it seemed as if even a blind infant could sense the obvious crookedness of my nose. "You'll have to make an appointment with a nose specialist", said the doctor. My body language responded for me as I dropped my shoulders and rolled my eyes at the almighty doctor. My mom made an appointment for me, next Monday at 4:00 pm. Today was only Sunday. My tedious wait was prolonged.

I tried to remain inactive during these two days to avoid any aggravation of my nose. Such efforts failed miserably. I proceeded to glide down an extremely steep hill on a piece of cardboard and play basketball with my friends. I kept my injury in mind and protected it at all costs. The eventful weekend eventually passed. It was now Monday, and time for me to meet with the nose specialist. "It's definitely broken", the specialist immediately stated. "Looks like you broke it in two places". I responded by saying, "Well if it's broken, I'd like to straighten it. I've had this done once before". He then gave me something to numb the pain and waited for about five minutes to let it set in. The torturous infliction then transpired. My hands were powerfully clenched onto the armrests as the specialist played god and restructured my nose. It was about twenty five seconds of intense suffering, but I felt happy once it was over. I then left the specialist's office with my mom and headed home. "Never again", I said to her, "I will never go through that again".