

English 100, First Place; Instructor, Dr. Jacqueline Wilson-Jordan

Fragile

Audrey Tonkinson

The Beginning

The smell of freshly cut grass ran across my nose as the sun was beating down on my pasty white skin. I could hear my dad on the roof—bang, bang, bang, went the hammer. This was the sound of reassurance. My dad was no more than 100 feet away, while my sister and I were playing in the back yard

first, and I couldn't move. I was an egg that was splatted across the grass. I honestly didn't know what happened, and I was terrified to tell my parents the truth. So everyone thought I tried jumping off a swing and failed. Little did they know that this was my own fault.

How I got from the ground to the couch I can honestly say I don't remember, but once my mom got home, my dad told her the whole story. She called the doctor, and he thought that there wasn't anything wrong and that I would be fine in the morning. So, my mom gave me some Tylenol and sent

even fit in my croc. I thought I just sprained it, so I went to gymnastics practice and got yelled at by the head coach because I couldn't walk normally. That was when the water works started.

He said, "Audrey, if you can't walk normally, then get the hell out of my gym."

Gymnastics is an intense sport, but I was a dedicated little athlete, and because I was so heart broken by what my coach said, we called the doctor and they sent us for an x-ray. Three pictures later I was done and ready to go home. They said there was nothing wrong, and it should start to feel better soon. Soon meant two weeks later, where my shoes left imprints on my foot because it was too swollen to fit. I also started to wear down the sole in a different pattern because I was in too much pain to walk normally.

My mom finally took me back to the doctor who referred me to my orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Kramer. There she took three more x-rays, but they were weight bearing. The x-ray tech took me back to my room where we waited for an hour until Dr. Kramer came in to talk to us.

She blew up the image of my foot and said, "You can never seem to break just one bone huh?"

I hobbled over to the computer to see what she was talking about, and then she showed me. I had broken three bones in my foot. The fracture started in the middle bone of my second toe and then traveled through to my second metatarsal.

She asked if I wanted a boot or a cast, and I replied, "Well, with the boot how

The Worst

I had rough blue carpet under my feet and a sting mat in the corner. I was all ready to do something new—a punch front tuck, punch front tuck. That's two somersaults, I thought in my head before I went for it. Finally I built up enough courage to go, and I nailed it. Two somersaults in a row and I landed perfectly on my feet.

My coach said, "Now was that luck or skill?"

That's something you hear in the gymnastics world quite often. You haven't mastered a new skill until you have done it three times in a row. So my coach told me to do it again. This time I just went for it. I took off okay, then I landed and took off again with a locked knee. It all ended when I landed on my butt in shock. My coach came running over. He had heard a loud clicking noise from the other side of the gym and knew I was injured. I knew I couldn't move, but I tried to stand up anyway and just fell back on my butt. I knew I couldn't move, but I tried to stand up anyway and just fell back on my butt. I knew I couldn't move, but I tried to stand up anyway and just fell back on my butt.

