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Lifelin

What started as a fun summer day with my friends, took a sudden turn that was a major changing point. My whole life I played football, ever since I was 5, it was my favorite thing on earth. From watching, to playing, it was what my world revolved around. I was going into my 8th grade year, excited to start a new season and to hopefully get the starting Quarterback role again. I had been training almost everyday this offseason with my teammates. Our hopes for the upcoming season were high, until we decided to all go out on the golf cart.

We were cruising around my neighborhood when we approached a closed sidewalk. Although, the sidewalk looked fine to drive on, so we drove around it to continue on the path. As we drove by it, I decided to try and push it over with my dominant right hand. Little did I know this was going to become a very poor decision that would be a pivotal moment of my young life. I wasn't aware that road closed signs folded and opened up to that similar to a pair of scissors, so when I went to push it, I had my finger placed in between to the two sides of the sign. When I pushed the sign over, it closed shut on my right hand middle finger, the immediate pain I felt was like no pain i've ever felt before.

My friend driving had no clue that I went to push it over so he continued to drive. I sat in shock as I watched the sign being dragged by my finger and I was pouring blood on the pavement. I let out a scream and my friend reacted quickly, he stopped the golf cart and ran out to unfold the sign off my finger and hopped right back in to drive me home. Fortunately for me,



my mom was a nurse at this time, so I called her and warned her that I was coming home with a mutilated finger. When we got to my driveway, my mom was already on standby with plenty of gauze and skin glue to prevent anymore bleeding. The pain was excruciating as she ran it under water and gave me stitches, and wrapped it up in. Eventually the pain subsided but that did not change the fact that my throwing hand's finger was going to have to remain in the bandages for about 2 months. This meant I had to sit out of football until I was fully healed. Once I was healed, my team was already approaching the postseason and I had inevitably lost my starting role. This was a very un motivating moment for me that led to me losing my passion for the sport. I ended up talking to my coaches and parents and decided to officially quit football. It's not the way that I expected the childhood love to come to end, but unfortunately sometimes you don't always get to choose the path life has laid out for you.