**OUCH!!!!**

By: Brooke S.

It was a gorgeous August Sunday and all was nice. My older brother Jordan and my uncle Harry threw a baseball back and forth again and again. It smelled as someone had just cut the grass. I started to ride my pink and white Hello Kitty bike in-between them. I did this knowing they wouldn’t let the white leather, red threaded baseball crash into me. Little did I know what was coming next?

I was riding toward my neighbors shed then…

**BAMM ☹**

Uncle harry hit me in the right eye. I launched tears everywhere, but I still smelled the wondrous fresh cut grass on my lawn. Finally, Harry came over to check on me. He told my mom that he and Jordan hit me in the right eye with the baseball. Guess what she said “NO YOU DID NOT!” “[Sigh] Yes [Sigh] we did,” they said slowly. I was still sobbing outside, but my mom did not hear me because I was outside lying on the cold, hard ground.

 Guess what I had to do for a weekend? If you guessed lay on my bed or on the couch with an ice pack on my eye. You’re perfectly accurate. Well, now I know not to ride my bike in-between people throwing a baseball, so I do not get a black eye. Of course, I did this a few more times until I realized…