

Hallie Pruitt

I struggle with wearing my hair up on a day-to-day basis, all due to a visit to my kindergartner teacher's house when I was seven years old.

I can't even remember the reason we were there at this point, but I know that it wasn't for something that important, otherwise I would not have even been there. It was something to do with school work and teachers and other stuff similar to that, that little kid me did not even care about; I was more interested in the dog.

It was a large dog that was a dark brown color that seemed to be friendly from first impressions, but man was that wrong.

As we were leaving and saying our goodbyes, I bent down to either pet or hug the dog, the details are becoming blurry as I become older, and without any warning, it turned around and sunk its teeth into the back of my head. My head was instantly bleeding, and everything around me became a blur.

There were suddenly towels being pressed to the back of my head and then we were in a car and at my doctor's office. Why we weren't at a hospital, is a question I don't think I will ever get the answer to. I just can consistently remember my mom pressing the towel to my head and whispering to me, "You'll be okay."

After arriving at the doctor's office I realized what was about to happen. Stitches. The needle was the worst. Head injuries are different because they require more caution due to the sensitivity of our heads, so the needle had to be longer. It seemed that getting bit on the back of my head



was more intricate than I thought.

I was screaming and whimpering before my doctor had even touched [the needle] to my head. He blurted out, "I haven't even touched you yet, and you're already screaming."

I hadn't really thought about the pain quite yet, I was still in shock from being bitten by something that I had grown up thinking was a kind, family-friendly pet that would never hurt me. But the reality of getting a shot in my head was absolutely terrifying.

I wound up with three different sets of stitches, one being nine, another six, and the last one three inches. They were all along the middle of my head, which meant that wearing my hair up would become a nightmare for the rest of my life.

