

Max Schaffer

My mom came running out of the house to see me laying face down on the ice with my cousin laying next to me not knowing what to do. I had just slipped and fell on the ice and little did I know that in about two hours I was going to get 12 stitches in my forehead.

“We wanted to make a hockey rink on the ice, and I started snow blowing about, and so once you snow blow the ice it gets pretty slippery,” I said.

After about 10 minutes of snow blowing, I somehow lost my stance on the ice and slipped and fell right on my face on the ice, not able to catch myself at all. I fell so hard I was almost knocked unconscious and my step-dad had to carry me out to the car and my cousin laid with me in the back of the minivan going 90 miles per hour down Saginaw St. the whole way to the hospital.

We turned into Genesis hospital, and my cousin, who is known for getting a little motion sick sometimes, proceeded to throw up on me, as we were pulling in to the emergency room, when we got there, the emergency responders open the trunk and see me laying there, half dead, covered in blood and throw up and my cousin sitting there, not



knowing what the hell's going on.

As a result of me falling down I received 12 stitches along the edge of my eyebrow. Not only did it hurt a lot for me, but in my opinion everyone on that floor of the hospital suffered as well because after my surgery, a male nurse came into the room and said, “man you were screaming so loud in here I thought you were giving birth.”

