



"Zombie Bite" by Rachel Ray
1st Place, Informal Essay 13-15

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Zombie Bite 1

It was an unusually warm and gusty day in February. I was ten years old. The weather was nice, so we opened the windows. My sisters and I decided to take advantage of the pleasant weather and go outside to roller-skate on our large porch. It was extremely windy. While we were skating, the wind would push us across the patio by itself. Our cousin Elizabeth, a baby at the time, was at our house that day. (We babysit her often.)

After skating for a while, I needed to come inside for a short break to sit down and to get a drink of water. I did not want to take my skates all the way off, (only to put them back on in one or two minutes), so I left them on as I got a drink. I finished drinking my water and started to skate back to the door to go outside. As I mentioned before, the windows were open. We have lots of windows in the front of the house next to the door.

I glided to the door at the same time as my older sister Jennifer. She went out the door first. As I started going out the door, a HUGE gust of wind blew, and since the windows were open, it created a vacuum and the door suddenly slammed closed on my finger. The door bounced off my finger and swung open again. I cried out in pain as I fell to the floor. The door quickly swung shut again. My Mom had been holding baby Elizabeth in the living room. They both heard me scream and the baby started crying. Mom put her down and came to check on me. She was horrified! There was blood everywhere! All over my clothes, the floor and the door, gushing out of my finger. There was so much blood that we could not inspect the wound to see how bad it was. Mom helped me to the bathroom, and we started washing off some of the blood. When she got a better look at it, we realized the nail had torn away from the finger at the base where the

half-moon shape is, and the skin was all torn up from the base of the nail to the knuckle. The wound was arc-shaped, like a bite, and rapidly swelling. I was terrified for my poor little finger. I held a towel under my finger to stop the blood from getting everywhere while Mom ran to get Dad, who, luckily, was working at home at the time. He took care of the baby and my sisters while Mom and I got ready to go to the Urgent Care. Right before we left, Jennifer skated in. Mom told her, "Clean up the blood. We're going to the emergency room!" Jennifer later told me that she was horrified, since she had not seen the whole event happen, and was looking for bits of my finger while cleaning.

I was in shock as we traveled and crying because of how much my finger hurt. My finger, the left-hand pointer finger, looked like it had been bitten by a zombie. It was starting to bruise purple and turn blackish along the arc just like a zombie bite. It swelled so much, it doubled in size! Mom was speeding along as she tried to comfort me, but I did not say much. I was in too much pain. We arrived at Urgent Care.

As soon as we got to the door, we ran into a second problem. The doors leading into the Urgent Care were stuck closed! I sat on a bench and cradled my hand on top of the towel while Mom struggled to open the sliding doors. She walked around the building to check for any other doors, but there were none. She knocked on the doors and yelled to catch someone's attention from inside. After a few minutes of this, some people inside finally noticed and came to help with the door.

Eventually, the door opened, and we rushed inside. Since it was not very busy and my finger was a bloody mess, we were able to see a doctor quickly. He examined my

finger and informed us that we needed to go to the hospital because he saw bone down in the wound. He gave me Tylenol for my pain and suggested some different hospitals. By now, I was hurting even more. Tylenol does not help much for that level of pain, and I remember it doing nothing to help me. Mom was furious that they did not give me anything stronger.

We frantically drove to the hospital, which was about twenty minutes away. On the way, Mom called my Grandma and asked her to bring some heavy pain killers to the hospital. Grandma said she would and hung up. Grandma met us in the hospital waiting room and sneakily gave me a pill. We checked in at the ER and, again, since my finger was a mess, we were taken back into a room quickly, though it was busier there. After some waiting, x-rays confirmed my finger was broken. It was definitely broken. We waited for an hour or so before someone came and cleaned and prepped my finger for stitching.

Then, we waited. We waited for what felt like three hours! After the pain killers kicked in, I was feeling a little better. I played some games on my Mom's phone. My Dad came up to the hospital. After what seemed like an eternity, the doctors came in. They apologized, saying the shifts had swapped and there was confusion on whether the wound had been cleaned yet. They numbed my finger with a shot and tried to stitch up the wound. Unfortunately, the skin kept tearing and the stitches would not stay. So, the doctors pressed the skin down and put a cup shaped splint around the bottom of my finger to keep it still. Then, they wrapped a bandage around the splint, without it touching the

top of the finger. They said to be extremely careful, not bump it, and keep it elevated or else I would lose the fingernail.

I was okay after that. We picked up some painkillers from our doctor and I saw a finger specialist for a while. That night we went out to eat, because we were all hungry after waiting in the hospital for so long. Jennifer called the wound a zombie bite for a while and we made up a fake story about a zombie apocalypse. That day I learned how strong wind could be and how much a broken finger could hurt.