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The Arrow of Death (Almost)

As a child, we never think of the consequences; nor do we ever think that we will ever have a close brush with death or serious injury. For children, life is just one big bouncy house with screams of laughter splashed in happy hues of red and blue; and doting parents who laugh off our childish indiscretions. But then there are those scary moments; these are the moments when the colors change to shades of horror, the parents’ nonchalant laughter becomes paralyzing fear, and the laughter of children suddenly becomes screams even a horror film couldn’t re-create. One of these moments happened to me, and it was all because of my misplaced faith with a young girl who carelessly wielded a bow and arrow. Looking back at the situation, I should have known better; I should have paid attention to what was happening. Not only do I regret my devil-may-care attitude, as I have grown older, I now understand why my parents would always be on my case for not paying attention. This little circular scar on the inside of my right thigh is a constant reminder of the consequences of not paying attention and why it is important to heed the advice and warnings of concerned parents.