

THE DAY I BROKE MY ARM

BY JASMINE

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In the holidays I had found a fierce sport named "the Majestic BasketBall nah just jokes, just basketball." My mum is a very happy and helpful manager of the amazing basketball team the G.I. Eagles. It is a community team. Sometimes I play but sometimes I get very bored so I help with the morning tea. One day my team and I were playing a game called numbers and I just ran because it was my turn. I got the ball and as soon as it reached my hands this boy named Mason came and thought we were playing rugby and came and tackled me, I fell and my wrist bent backwards. As soon as I fell on the floor I got up busting out in tears. My mum rushed to me and then she took me to the hospital. I got it X-Rayed and they said it was broken so here I am writing with one broken hand. I don't know why I am here but I guess it's a solid reason. I guess it wasn't such a bad holiday after all. I felt so relieved that I was out of that stinky hospital.

THE END.

