

Wonderful sentences of the week

One evening in August towards the end of summer my friend Joe and I had decided that we should do something together.

My brother started getting nauseas and vomiting on a daily basis.

As a young child I was conservative and afraid of braking out of my shell.

The police told his mother that the girl who had struck him made no attempt to stop, and that they figured her speed had to of been between 50 and 65 M.P.H. to snap the chasse of the bike.

The police officer explained to my father, that from the witnesses' accounts, I could have not of caused, nor prevented this accident.

From as far back as I can remember, my grandmother was always there for me no matter what happened. She was incredibly loving and caring towards me all the time. I cannot think of one time where she was not there for me if I needed her.

Childhood is a significant era of life, for the young and innocent, marked by significant and irreplaceable moments in time.

The preparation for the big night was harder then I thought.

Buzz, Buzz, Buzz. I roll over to turn my alarm off. I don't want to get out of bed but then I realize something. I'm going to camp today and I'm going to be with the horses. I jump out of bed and get ready for camp. I go about my normal routine not knowing this day will change my life. Soon after I am ready my mom drives me to the barn.

The doctor came out of trauma room after 2 hours and said "Don't worry he will be fine, we have paged orthopedic and we are going to take some CAT Scan of the brain and his knees."

When his teasing got too bad for me to take I would often wonder our neighborhood alone.

Us third graders started to retreat the our classrooms, as we all excitedly chatted with each other in which instrument we were going to choose to play.

My friend was having a few people over his house to do a little drinking. Kyle, Henrietta, Liam and I decided that we wanted to go to the party. When we pulled up to the house, the party seemed to be somewhat out of control. Before we could even park the car we saw police lights coming up the street.

I once heard a quote which states my feelings perfectly: “The greatest gift I ever had came from God, and I call him Dad.” I heard this quote when I was seven and it has been close to my heart ever since.

Morning came all too soon for Vincent but the hate still lingered within.

On television shows I have often seen people died and then brought back to life. When that they come back to life they say that they have changed and that they have seen “the light”.

I of course, was driving a car of my own. It was could very well be the moment I spent most terrified in my entire life to this point. I can recall every detail of the incident as the entire scene has been scarred thoroughly into the back of my skull in the matter a cattle prod imprints a cow. It’s amazing I can remember it so vividly because I’m sure I spent at least 10 minutes stunned without a thought flowing through my mind except “wow.”

As I strived to seek attention and assistance, three instances encountered this terrifying experience, my house, the emergency room and the ride home.

The moon etched enough light that you could see my shadow in the darkness so I scurried off to a near by scrub. I ran to the front of the house as though someone was running after me.

I was only fifteen when this happened to me and I found that I was to trusting in people.

My dad told me that my mom just got into an accident and I need to come back home and give him my car keys. My friend offered to pick up my dad and drive over to the scene of the accident.

When we got to the location we found out that my mother skid off the road onto a giant pile of snow and drove over a no parking sign. Thankfully, my mother was not hurt and the car was not damaged. By the time we arrived there was an ambulance, two police cars, and a police van on the scene. My dad and I walked up to the spot and saw about 8 police officers surrounding the car.

With sweltering heat and what appeared to be a hurricane on its way my friend and I sat in an overcrowded airport for two hours. The way that things had been going it seemed as if we would never get home. Exhausted, sunburned and cranky we had waited patiently when finally over the loud speaker came the announcement that everybody had been waiting to hear. “Flight 406 is now boarding”.

The soreness was gut-wrenching as I lied there waiting for help and thinking about how idiotic I was. About 10 minutes passed and a beautiful young lady sped up on a snowmobile.