**Queezy at the Sight of Blood**

Does the sight of blood make you queezy? When I was nine years old, my best friend, Willy, and I were cleaning out and organizing our shed in my backyard. My mom told me to clean out my hamster cage because it had died. Despite being a “tomboy” the thought of cleaning out an aquarium that had a dad animal in it did not appeal to me. Instead of cleaning out the cage with my hands, I decided it was wiser to turn it over and stomp on the glass to make the disgusting contents fall out. That was when one of the dumbest things I’ve ever done happened; my leg went through the glass.

What happened next was the 2nd dumbest thing I ever did. I yanked my leg back out through the jagged glass. In doing this, the glass ripped holes in my leg. At first, I didn’t realize what I had done. It wasn’t until the blood starting running down my leg that I got scared. I remember thinking, “I am in so much trouble.” Next, I hopped on one foot into the kitchen to find my mom. My mom and her best friend wrapped my leg in towels.

After my leg was wrapped, they carried me to the garage and put me in Sharon’s car. By this time, the towels were soaked through with deep red blood. I remember thinking how much trouble I was in for ruining my brand new white shoes and lacey socks. We drove to the emergency room…….

Here is what your concluding paragraph should look like…..

 When this terrible ordeal was finally over and all 119 stitches had closed up the gashes in my leg, I was relieved! My dad asked if I would like to come home with him for the night. Because my dad and I are so close, this was comforting to me. I hobbled out to his van with my crutches, and we headed home.