

*Mind: Describe an important event or incident in your life, using only your inner voice – the so-called stream of consciousness. Remember, with your inner voice, you are talking to yourself, not the reader. Write in present tense with your mind's voice; e.g., your thoughts. You may write your thoughts in italics if you find that helpful. (500 words)*

After the stitches, the X-rays, and the bandages. After the blood was cleaned up, the door replaced, and the cuts healed, the entire event seemed surreal as if I was there but it hadn't happened to me.

*The three thin pale scars are a constant reminder.*

It happened at once. The newly cleaned white linoleum floor was still wet, I dropped a paper towel on the floor, and my 18-month-old retriever ran into the kitchen a whirl of golden fluff chasing the paper towel and crashing into me. I slipped on the wet floor, spun around, and stretched my arms out grabbing the wall for balance. My right hand hit the wall with a thud preventing me from falling, but my left hand went through the glass window of the white French door that separated the kitchen from the dining room.

*It hurts, hurts a lot, but there isn't much blood.*

The pain was sharp, burning, I felt as though my entire arm was on fire. I removed my arm from the now shattered glass door; tears ran down my face, as the pain made me dizzy. I walked in disbelief to the kitchen sink, turned on the faucet and placed my arm under the cool water.

*How did I manage to put my arm through a glass door and not cut more myself more?*

The water soothed the pain but didn't make it go and what started as a little bit of blood was now gushing out of my arm. Dark red droplets splattered into the kitchen sink, across the white cabinets, and the blue kitchen walls. There was so much blood it looked as if a Quentin Tarantino movie was filmed in my apartment.

*Towel, something, anything, to stop the bleeding.*

I grabbed a dark blue towel wrapped it tight around my arm and still in shock stared at my arm. Blood came out of three separate cuts across the underside of my arm, one with a piece of glass still inside so close to an artery I was afraid to pull it out.

*Keys, hospital, there's no way I can fix this by myself.*

With the towel around in an attempt to stop the bleeding I searched for my keys while the pain made me more light-headed.

*No keys, phone people who arrive by ambulance are always seen first.*

Growing up with a mom who was a nurse made me able to react to situation somewhat calmly while remembering some of the finer points of hospital politics.

At that point I don't remember; much the pain made too dizzy. I called the local emergency number still hanging on the fridge with the other welcome stuff from when I moved in two months ago, but I don't remember what I said, I don't remember taking my dog into the fenced-in front yard and sitting with her until the EMTs came, or calling my boyfriend. I do remember the x-rays, the 15 stitches, and the bandages.

*Perfect, the scars will always look like I tried to slice my wrist.*