



In first grade, I broke my arm.
My friend Chris and I were doing “Karate moves”
and “flips” during recess.
I couldn’t flip very well.

I remember sitting in the office
and seeing lots of kids peer in through the door.
Since my parents were on a trip in Tennessee,
the school called Uncle Jon.

I remember the drive to the hospital;
Uncle Jon made sure to miss the potholes.
When we got there,
they fixed me up.
I don’t remember it taking very long.

Uncle Jon took me to Aunt Judy’s
(she’s a nurse),
and I slept on the couch.
For a night or two,
she took care of me.
Once she asked,
“Would you like an ice cream sandwich?”
I hesitated in responding.
“No thanks.”

(Who would put ice cream on bread?)
