

Daniel David

Prof. Justin Dixon

ACC Strategies

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### How Curiosity Punctured the Finger

The last day of school had finally come. A day like this was supposed to be a very happy moment for a boy my age. Unfortunately it didn't turn out that way at all. This was the day I learned that your curiosity really could get you killed.

Everyone who wasn't bum rushing into one another trying to get out the doors was waiting in the cafeteria. Usually, I would've been at track practice but it was cancelled due to the seniors graduating later that night. I also could've been at home enjoying the first few moments of summer vacation but my sister had to finish a multimedia presentation, so I was forced to wait along with everyone else. I was hanging out with a couple of friends who were also waiting on their parents to come and pick them up. One of them being Barrington Lincoln, otherwise known as Cole. I noticed a strange looking cylinder object in Cole's bag.

"What's this?" I asked looking dumbfounded.

"My epipen," Cole answered. I thought to myself, "So that's what this is.", I'd never seen one before.

"So how does it work?" I asked. I still regret those words until this day.

"First, you take off the cap." Cole proceeded to remove the cap and set it down on the table. "Then you hold it above your leg and stab it in your thigh." He did the motion to show me how it worked. I still didn't understand how it worked so I asked to see the epipen after the demonstration.

"So you stab this part in your thigh?" As quick as lightning, the needle in the pen went straight through my right index finger.

"AHH SHOOT!" The whole cafeteria heard my scream. Blood dripped everywhere. This was not a sight for those with a weak stomach.

"WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?" Cole screamed. I didn't answer as I was too focused on not bleeding all over the floor. I rushed to the nurse who was luckily still at the school. I explained to her what happened and after a couple frowning faces and a scolding, she called poison control.

Poison control said everything was going to be fine and I just needed to run my finger through some warm water. My sister, Vanessa, came rushing in to see if I was all right. The story had somehow been twisted to me stabbing myself in the face with the pen. "Wow!", I thought to myself. Vanessa was relieved to see I wasn't dead but was still upset to hear I stabbed myself with an epipen.

On this very eventful last day of school, I ended up bleeding all over the floor, got yelled at by the school nurse and I still don't know how an epipen works. Although I realize that being curious isn't always a good thing..