

Daniel David

Prof. Justin Dixon

ACC Strategies

September 8, 2016

The Incident with the EpiPen

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 an art project 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 mothers to come and pick them up. One of them being Barrington Lincoln, otherwise known as Cole. I saw a strange looking cylinder object in Cole's bag.

"What's this?" I asked looking as confused as ever.

"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 wish I'd never uttered those words.

"First you take off the cap." Cole proceeded to remove the cap and set it down on the table. "Then you hold it up to your thigh 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. The cap still sat there on the table.

"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 literally dripped everywhere. This was not a sight for those with a weak stomach. I put my finger to my mouth to suck on it as I usually do whenever I bleed. In hindsight this was a really bad idea seeing as how I just injected my finger with insulin and I was not a diabetic.

"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 came in to see if I was all right. Apparently the story and been conformed to me stabbing myself in the face with the epipen. She was relieved to see I wasn't that crazy 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 did realize my curiosity can get me into a bit of a pickle.

Your Name: Vanessa David
Author's Name: Daniel David

Remembered Event Essay Peer Review

Directions: Read through your partner's paper before responding to the questions below. After reading each question, read through the essay again as you prepare your response (yes, I am asking you to read the paper multiple times). Be sure that your responses are detailed and specific – vague feedback does not help your partner at all!

1. What does the author's topic reveal internally about himself/herself? Could this point be made clearer?

No, I think the point of stupidity (curiosity) could be a bad thing was a point made very clear and was well represented throughout the details of the story.

2. Is the narrative clear and concise, taking place with one or two "snapshots"? Does it follow a narrative structure, including a climax of some sort? How could the narrative be cleaned up?

I think all around the narrative was clear and I could picture ~~the~~ certain points in my head. There really is no rambling about irrelevant points (besides the blood sucking).

3. How does the author use dialogue in his/her essay? How can this dialogue be cleaned up/made to sound more realistic?

Dialogue was used and maybe the sense of so much "properties" * while having a conversation with your friend isn't realistic

4. Was there a clear purpose to the story being told? Did it leave a dominant impression? What could be done to improve the experience for future readers of this piece?

Yes, the purpose seems very clear and I would never play with such thing like ~~a~~ a epi pen. more ~~just~~ details about what he was thinking at the time (after the epi pen attack) seems like it would give more feeling to the piece.

5. How is the event unique to the author, yet relatable to the reader? List any suggestions for improvement.

We all do stupid things that may sometimes leave us "in ~~the~~ of a pickle." This action was just a bit really stupid. Maybe more reactions of others would benefit the story, or how you felt at the time.

6. You may mark any spelling or grammatical errors on the author's draft. List any recurring issues you discover here.

Commas

7. Other comments:

Change your title, its boring.

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The Incident with the EpiPen *poning*

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 an art project 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 ~~mothers~~ *parents* to come and pick them up. One of them being Barrington Lincoln, otherwise known as Cole. I ~~noticed~~ *noticed* a strange looking cylinder object in Cole's bag.

"What's this?" *I* asked looking as confused as ever.

"My epipen," Cole ~~answered~~ *answered*. I thought to myself "so that's what this is." *I* ~~never~~ *noticed* seen one before.

"So how does it work?" I asked, I wish I'd never uttered those words.

"First *you* take off the cap." Cole proceeded to remove the cap and set it down on the table. "Then you hold it up ~~to your thigh~~ *or, not knowing I would soon regret those words.* 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. The cap still sat there on the table.

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

"AHH SHOOT!" The whole cafeteria heard my scream. Blood literally dripped everywhere. This was not a sight for those with a weak stomach. I put my finger to my mouth to suck on it as I usually do whenever I bleed. *(you saw that's what you said)*
No one needs to know that, disgusting.

idea seeing as how I just injected my finger with insulin and I was not a diabetic. *your body produces insulin that little amount wouldn't*

"WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?" Cole screamed. I didn't answer as I was too *nause matters* 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 David, the best sister ever,* came in to see if I was all right. Apparently the story and been conformed to me stabbing myself in the face with the epipen. She was relieved to see I wasn't *that crazy* but was still upset to hear I stabbed myself with an epipen. *Does this make sense? dead*

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 did realize my curiosity can get me into a bit of a pickle.