

# Help Myself

Here I was pushing myself in front. No matter what couldn't stop even though it was cold, very cold. I was also soaking wet but it didn't matter I had to get home on time, I didn't want to be late. This was going to ruin my dad's special day, his birthday. I thought, there was only one thing to do I had to do, to go faster. Up the hill down the hill turn and I am there...

I slowly opened my eyes. Everything seemed so gloomy just like if I woke up and someone was pointing a flashlight at me. I slowly sat up and notice that I fell down, and I was bleeding too! I tried to stand up "common, straighten your legs. Step one step two" I thought but if I stand up I would fall down. I couldn't stand up not because I physically couldn't but because I just didn't feel like standing up. I knew that I had to call my mum so I turned around and pushed myself towards my phone (which was in my bag that was a few steps away) and a rock got in my knee. I felt like crying but I didn't cry so I lay on the ground waiting till some one will help.

A woman with a dark green coat up till her knees and black jeans with holes, her brown red hair not very long, blowe from right to left. Her eyes looked at me like she wanted to help me I look straight in her eyes asking for help she closed her eyes which I think meant no or that she is thinking. Her bright lips open and she started laughing. SERIOUSLY!? "That's enough I'am already quite big, I'am not a baby that needs my parents to help me in everything! 8-7-6 maybe 5 years ago when I was a baby, I would cry when I was hurt (even a tiny bit). I would start crying I needed my parents and now their are not here I was alone" I thought " I have to be independent. I can help myself! I don't need any one help me because I believe that in any situation I can help myself!!!"

I sit up and go to wards my bag I'am hurt but I think I'am doing the right thing. So I pick my phone, call mum and say

"I slipped off my scooter and I need help I can barely walk" I said

"Ok I'am coming just wait" she said.

"Why did I do that? I thought I wanted to take of myself, not my mum but me"

Meanwhile my mum took my hand and helped me stand up and asked

"Is everything ok?" but I didn't answer. I felt very embarrassed, disappointment, ashamed that I was needed in help. I am a kid and kids need help from parents but still why couldn't I just do go upstairs myself? Next time I will be more responsible and help myself because I'am able to.