**Exploded Moment**

**By Griffin S.**

 As my Razor scooter started the steep incline to jump the now nightmarish looking step-up, my nerves got the best of me. The closer I got to the jump, the more and more I wanted to scream. I knew that this was too advanced for me before I even tried. As I thought about this, my front wheel took off like a plane lifting to the sky. My scooter lifted off the ground like a cloud. I gained more and more altitude, and I realized it wasn’t enough. My eyes grew to the size of golf balls, my mouth opened into a wide circle, letting out a noise that sounded like a chihuahua on helium…and then my front wheel slammed into the ledge of step-up with the power of a metal baseball bat colliding with the hard, hard baseball. As my scooter and I hurdled through the air, my sweaty hands let go of the soft handlebars of the metal scooter. Slowly, I rotated upside down, causing all the blood to rush to my head faster than someone reaching for a one hundred dollar bill. Suddenly, it seemed that all the eyes in the skate park were on me. My fear morphed into an overwhelming feeling of embarrassment. An image flashed through my head. Everyone stopping whatever they were doing, to point and laugh at me. Before I knew it, I could feel my body starting the sluggish, horrid descent from the sky. I wondered about all the possible outcomes. Maybe, I would land in the most embarrassing (and funniest) way possible…a belly flop. Or I might connect with the ground at just the right angle, and roll head over heels until I was green. Or maybe, just maybe, I might smack my head with the force of a meteor. With that thought, I could almost taste my bloody mouth. *Clank!* Went my scooter, hitting the hard, unforgiving ground. The noise punched me back to reality, reminding gravity exists. It happened so fast, I didn’t even realize it happened. With a loud *Thud!* I to, made contact with the harsh ground. My back erupted with pain. It felt as if hundreds upon hundreds of hammers were pounding on my helpless back. I agony still wasn’t over. The velocity and angle of my fall made me slide on the cool, hard ground of the YMCA skate park. By the time I finally came to a stop, I was a filthy mess. A thought shot through my mind. A thought that would change my life forever. “Why did I even try?”