

## **Introduction**

Did you know that the Philadelphia Health Care System, has many low-income family programs to help people pay for their hospital bill. They even do this for homeless people it's just that I isn't as easy. The hospital helps anybody as long as your situation is deemed life threatening. I believe this isn't right and that everyone should get treated the say way. Now here is where my story begins.....

## **The Accident**

I woke up early in the morning. I was just sitting at home hoping for something good to come on T.V. My brothers were with me and they were bored as well.

"You guys wanna play soccer?" said Bama.

"Sure," I said with my other brothers.

I got some slippers because shoes take way longer to put on. I dashed outside so I could catch up with them. We went to Bartram's school yards. The ground is just concrete so the ball will bounce around a lot, but we didn't care. We got into a square-like shape. I waited impatiently for Bama to kick the ball.

"Kick the ball already," I said.

“Fine,” said Bama.

As the ball felt his mighty kick it began to bounce and roll uncontrollably towards Seydou. Luckily the ball got to him. Seydou stopped the ball with a soft stomp. He then side kicked the ball to my brother Amadou. Amadou didn't catch it so he chased after it.

“Aw come on dude!” we said together.

“Sorry,” said Amadou.

“It's alright, just hurry up,” I said.

Amadou finally got back with the ball. He kicked it to me. I got it and it was my turn to make a cool pass. I thought of the type of kick that I wanted. Then I knew. I took a few steps back so the kick would be powerful. I charged towards the ball. Drew my foot back and let it fly forwards. My swing was too low which caused my big toenail to scrap on the concrete. By the time I finished my full swing, parts of my big toenail broke off. I fell to the ground in tears.

“What happened?” said my brothers, taken aback.

“Oh My God!” said Bama.

“My big toenail is broken,” I said, in tremendous amounts of pain.

The big toe was gushing out so much blood. My brothers ran to me. They helped me stand up and we walked home together. We arrived home shortly afterwards. My brothers called for my Mom to come downstairs. She came downstairs.

“What happened?” she said surprised.

“We were playing soccer and my toenail scraped the ground because I was wearing flip flop,” I said, nervously.

“This is crazy. I am calling the hospital,” she said as she ran for her phone.

### **Going to the Hospital**

We arrived at the hospital and the doctor was talking to my mom about my condition.

“He is fine. All of the broken pieces of his nail came out,” said the doctor.

“Oh okay,” said my mom.

“I am going to prescribed your son some hydrogen peroxide,” said the doctor.

“Is there anything that I can do to help?” said my mom.

“Yes, you will have to make sure that your son soaks his foot in the hydrogen peroxide and wrap his toe before he goes to sleep,” said my mom.

“Okay. I will make sure this all happens,” said my mom.

“Bye Boubou, hope you recover fast,” said the doctor.

“Thank you,” I said.

My mom and I went to our local walgreens to pick up the hydrogen peroxide the doctor had ordered. We arrived home shortly afterwards.

### **The Healing Process**

I was at home waiting for my sitting on the couch just looking at my foot. I thought to myself, how could I be so stupid. Why didn't I just put on some dang shoes. My mom then brought the bucket filled with Hydrogen Peroxide. I soon tried to put my foot into the solution of Hydrogen Peroxide and Water. I put my foot closer and closer, but every time I got closer the more I feel a chilling pain go up my spine. It was like a pot of fire, boiling at 100 degrees. I was afraid of the pain, but after he retrieve my foot from near the bucket many times I finally man up and just shoved into the pot of 1000 flames. It burned really bad at first, but then it was relaxing like I was at a spa. As, my foot was soaking, I starting thinking about how lucky I was. If I weren't able to get treatment then it could have went was worse. Like my foot got an infection and then the

disease would start spreading through my whole body or I would have to be amputated. Talk about how it could have gone worse if I didn't get the care that I needed. I then noticed my foot was getting pruney and took it out. I did this for about two weeks until my beautiful little toenail grew back.

### **What I know now**

**To be honest, I don't remember that much from the healing. For some reason, I don't have a very good memory. But here's what I learned:**

What I'm trying to say in this story is that, it was a great thing that I could access the healthcare system. I was able to get their service because I have things like insurance, social security and, etc. Everyone doesn't have these things and it's not fair. I want others to be able to get the same service that I had gotten as well. I know that it isn't easy to perform things like surgery and transplants without getting money to restock their items. That is why I admire these people so much because they do so much for us. Life isn't so easy all the time and we all need some people's help every now and then. I help people because I don't want them to go through the same horrible things that I have experienced. That is why everyone should be able to get help. It will make the world a whole lot better.