

I remember when my brother jumped on my hand and broke my finger. The crunch of the bone breaking and the tear-jerking pain took over. My finger had moved out of place, and separated from the rest of the set of fingers that made up my hand. The throbbing pain was like torture; I was fearful to move my fingers in case I added to the pain. Tears streamed down my face, all I could think about was what would happen to me next. My finger was blotchy blue colour

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