

Script of journal entries shown in photos.

Seed entry that will become my narrative:

“Mom, Mom!” Was that Lizzie’s voice? She sounded so far away and everything was black. “Somebody get this door unlocked!” Why was Ali now yelling too? Attempting to move my body felt scrunched into a very odd, abnormal shape. Opening my eyes all I could see were blank tan walls. Why was everyone screaming? Please be quiet – easiest to close my eyes and not move.

“What, what?” My words were only in my mind. I opened my eyes again to see two faces peering into mine. Behind them Lizzie was crying, Ali was staring and Mom was frantically saying, “Does anyone have some candy? She’s hypoglycemic.” The next thing I know a too large chunk of Snickers is shoved in my mouth. The only choice is to chew and swallow even though I do not want to. Man, I am so tired, would everyone please just leave me alone?

“Ow!” A sharp poke in my arm lets me know I am being tested for blood sugar level. I’m beginning to feel a bit more awake. Faces are coming into focus. Liz is still crying, Ali trying to comfort her. Mom seemingly only inches from my face looking what? Concerned? Freaked out? Uncomprehending? Confused?

“Does anything hurt?” “My head,” I say as I feel for the inevitable sore spot on the back. The male paramedic who asked the question feels and tells me I must have hit my head. No kidding!

Story mountain based on seed entry:

**I saw the look on
my daughters’ faces.**

**I felt pain that
made me want to
drift back away.**

**I saw two unfamiliar faces
invading my personal space.**

**I heard Lizzie’s
and Ali’s voices.**

**I refused ambulance
transport.**