Creative Non-Fiction Pieces:

By: Anonymous

There was a time when we were all young and stupid. And by young and stupid I mean really young and really stupid as in you had trouble figuring out why the cube didn’t fit into the triangular-shaped hole. The story I’m about to tell is one when I was this young and everyone around me was older, but they were all nearly as stupid. As any toddler, I didn’t think about anything I did, I just did it. There are many things that can go wrong because of this, but somehow we all live to look back on it.

One day, I was wandering the house after dinner and my parents were still at the table, not supervising me. I happened across the couch, where under the cushion is a whole world I had to explore. After I lifted up the cushion, I saw this tiny, yellow rubber dart thing. It just seemed like something I had to have, so I picked it up and thought how it was just the perfect to fit up my nose. Just as putting the shapes into the correctly shaped hole, I had to try it out before being certain if my observation was correct.

Sure enough, that dart fit almost perfectly in my nose. Now that I felt accomplished, I could take it out and see what other things fit into other things. Only problem was that the dart was a little too perfect of a fit in my nose. Not feeling panicked at all; I approached my parents to alert them of the situation.

“Nose.” I said, feeling I had adequately alerted them.

“Yes, that’s your nose.” My mom said.

She didn’t seem to understand, that idiot. “Nose.”

“Yeah, honey, that’s your nose.”

 What an imbecile. The next time I pointed to my nose and repeated, “Nose.”

Now she knew what was going on, it was about time. My memory is incredibly foggy from this point, but I will continue on as if I’m completely sure of what happened. We lived near the fire department, so that’s the first place we went to fix the problem. Upon arrival, we learned getting darts out of a child’s nose isn’t exactly the fire department’s expertise. They directed to a crazy, evil witch doctor man.

When we got there, I remember the witch doctor came at me with giant needles. Naturally, I couldn’t let this witch man perform tests on me, so I went into toddler defense mode: kicking, screaming and squirming. That tactic must’ve worked because my parents rescued me and then took me to the emergency room. Crazy they first thought to take me to a fireman and a witch man before taking me to a real doctor. But of course at the ER we had to wait. But stupid toddlers with rubber in their nose isn’t exactly a priority. It wasn’t long that we were waiting in there when I started to feel a little scratchy feeling in my nose. Oh, I knew what was coming and I didn’t like it. A sneeze.

Those things sucked and I tried to prevent it, but damn did it happen anyways. However, when I looked in my hands, through all the snot, I saw that little rubber dart thing that fit so perfectly in my nose. I had to let my mother know that disaster was averted. I walked up to my mom and put my snot covered hands up to her face. After seeing the disaster was averted, she handed me a tissue from her purse and then we walked out of the ER without saying a word to anybody.