Student

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Creative Writing

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Weird in My Own Way

A loud shrill was what my chubby, blonde five year-old brother and poor mother heard as my finger crunched and grinded between the gears of the bicycle that my brother was riding. The red liquid oozed out at a steady pace as the gear impaled my digit.

“Oh my god!” my mom yelped as she tugged my finger from the chain.

Unfortunately that wasn’t very successful because she ripped almost three-fourths of my finger away. It was like an episode of Happy Tree Friends from YouTube. But on a good note, she was able to retrieve the rest of my finger so I wouldn’t have to go through life with only nine fingers. If only my brother wasn’t learning how to ride his bike, and if only I wasn’t such a curious two year-old, then maybe I would be going through life with all ten of my fingers. However I was a curious two year-old and the consequence for being curious is the loss of half my extremity.

Years later I came to the conclusion that I was a freak. Deformed. Twisted. Nobody else has a claw like mine—except for my uncle. At the age of six, I figured out my uncle had the same “disease”. I like to call it the accidently-likes-to-put-fingers-where-they-aren’t-suppose-to-be disease—it’s very contagious. His finger nail is like mine, but only it happened to his middle finger as to where my accident happened to my index finger. I can’t point at things without people looking at me weird, so then I point at things with just my middle finger. Some people take it offensively, but I honestly do it without even noticing. I don’t just go giving people the bird on purpose—at least not all the time.

Some of my friends call my hook cute, although I don’t know what could be so “cute” about it. “Can I see your finger?” my curious friends would ask, as I prevailed once more and lifted my hand in front of their face so they could get a better look. Then they would always ask “Can I touch it?” and when I said yes, their faces looked as though they discovered a whole new planet as our fingers meshed together like that one scene in E.T. I would always joke around with them and speak in a crazy voice, “E.T. Phone Home!” We would always burst out laughing afterwards. My mom and dad would always call me Captain Hook because my claw is round like a hook, so what better name for me than Captain Hook—the evil pirate that fights little kids who don’t want to grow up.

Whenever my friends’ normal–looking index finger would glide over the smooth, round surface of my index finger, they would always state, “It’s so smooth! Janet, why is your finger this smooth? It’s not right.” I’d just smirk at them. My finger is about a centimeter shorter than my other index finger, but to be honest I’m just lucky to have a finger. When the people in the white coats saw me they were just going to amputate my finger, but my mom came in and saved the day since she retrieved the rest of my limb from the bike chain—I know, it sounds gross but that’s because it was. Thanks Mom!

The nail grew over the mutilated part of the finger so now I have something that I would classify as an extreme nail tip. It isn’t something that you would notice at first glance either; you have sit and observe my hand to actually notice my deformity. But when people do notice it, suddenly it’s the most fascinating thing in the world for about two seconds, and then they carry on with their business.

I think out of all the people who have reacted to my finger being a morbid nub, little kids were the absolute worst. When I was younger I was famous for being that girl with nine and a half fingers. Some kids were mean, some were nice about it. I can’t count how many times I was asked what had happened and I can’t count how many times I reluctantly told the story; it’s probably somewhere in the millions.

One day I was asked what had happened—yet again—by a snoopy 3rd grade classmate, and before I even got one word out, this little girl in the next desk over said quietly, “She was born like that.” Somehow I got offended by this because the idea of being born a freak is worse than the idea of becoming one by some accidental occurrence. I defended myself by saying, “No, how could I have been born like this?” She kind of just stood there and looked dumbfounded at me.

The older I got, the more creative I got with the stories I told people. In middle school I told someone that it got cut off by a crazy Chinese guy with a sushi knife when he was making my food at a restaurant. I also claimed that a vicious Chihuahua tore it off and the funny thing is, is that they actually believed me.

“A Chihuahua? Really? But how could it have bit your finger up?” my prey would ask me.

Then I’d say, “We had this Chihuahua named Pappy. He was a very mean Chihuahua. He chased my beefy dad up the stairs once which ended in a broken toe.”

They would just all stare at me with googly eyes, entranced by the lies I was telling them, but I think of it as my talent for extreme story telling.

But my favorite out of all the stories I’ve ever told is the one where I bit my own finger off. People would believe me too! Like I would bite my own finger off? The story usually went along the lines of, “Well you see, when I was a child my family was really poor and they never fed me very well. So one day I got so hungry I was sucking on my finger and then in a few good chomps, I bit part of my finger off.” People are so gullible or I’m a really great actress.

When I align both of my hands together, you can see how my right index finger is shorter than my left index finger because of what happened when I was a child—or should I say when I bit my finger off. My best friend who was almost perfect in middle school actually ended up calling my deformity “nub-nub”. Classic. She would always ask me, “How’s my little nub-nub doing today?” and then I would pretend my finger had feelings and would act them out accordingly to whatever the situation was that we were in. Those were the good old days.

The more that time went on, the more showing people my finger became a hazard. As a child all you want is attention but when you get older, not so much—for most of us at least. I’ve even been frightened to show nub-nub to the guys that I’ve liked because I didn’t want them to think that I’m a freak. If they thought I was a freak, do you know the chance I would have to get with them? None. No chance. Bye-bye. Sienara. My freak finger would have scared them away.

Many ask me, “Does it ever bother you?” Not really. I’ve grown up my whole life with nub-nub so we’ve gotten used to each other by now. It doesn’t affect my writing or anything I do. The only challenge I find with nub-nub is when I want to wear acrylic nails. I refuse to go to the nail salon because I don’t want a manicure that’s going to cost fifty dollars. If I do though, I feel like I should get a discount because I wouldn’t allow nub-nub to be covered up by an acrylic. So really they would only be doing nine nails instead of ten. That’s like five bucks off.

I’m actually glad my finger was brutally mutilated though because I consider it more as a “blessing in disguise.” I’ve learned how to deal with criticism more well than others because I’ve been criticized or at least judged my whole life because of my finger. If I had a choice to go back in time and not stick my finger in that bike chain, I would probably still stick my finger in that bike chain. It would be weird not having nub-nub around. Then again, it’s weird having a finger named nub-nub but my mom always told me, “We are all weird in our own weird ways”. I couldn’t say it better myself.