

## My Life Changing Day

On August 21st, 2014 my family's life changed forever. The day started out normal; I called my dad, who was a truck driver, before I went to school (I was in the 5th grade at the time). After that, I went to school and my mom, who is a babysitter, started her job for the day. I walked home as usual after school was over with my friend and I remember walking into the house and seeing my mother on the couch with the children, crying her eyes out. I thought someone had died. I walked over to her and I started crying and I said, "Mom what's wrong, Is dad okay? " She said, "He was in Pennsylvania dropping off a load and he slipped and fell face first on the pavement." He was immediately sent to a hospital in Pennsylvania and all I remember doing at this moment was thinking *will my dad be the same and will I see him again?*

An hour later it was confirmed that he had a concussion, broken eye, broken nose, and broken hand bones. When it was time for him to come home a couple of days later, we had no way to get him home, but eventually my dad's brother went to Pennsylvania to pick him up. When he got home, the blood from the accident had not been wiped off or anything, and the hospital did not do anything for his broken hand: this left his hand messed up for the rest of his life. Next, he went to an E.N.T (ear, nose, and throat doctor) for his nose and while there he figured out that the accident also messed up his hearing. The next couple of weeks would include two surgeries. He had nose surgery to fix the broken bone and a surgery for a hearing device implant. The hearing device implant surgery included drilling a

hole in the bone behind his ear and inserting a 4-inch bar into his head. Then they put a snap insert on the end of the bar and a device called a Baha is snapped on the end. He can snap the Baha on and off when he needs to. Since this surgery, he has had several infections in the hole where the bar is inserted.

In November the same year, we arrived home and my father started an argument with my mom over something stupid. So, my mom came to my room to stay for the night, but then my dad came up the steps and started screaming and yelling. I knew something was wrong, because my dad had never been the kind of person to scream and fight. He yelled at and threatened me and my mother. My mother's first instinct was to get both of us out of the house and to the neighbors. We ran outside but he followed, and we knocked on the neighbor's door. Thankfully, they let us in. My mother called the police while I was sitting in the floor crying. I remember crying and saying, "Please don't hurt my dad." The police came to my neighbors to talk to my mom and she explained what happened. The police said that they would not force him to go with them, but they would talk with him and make sure he was okay.

The next day, my mom called my dad's family doctor and told her what happened, and she told my mom that she would call him and tell him to come in for an appointment. My father told his doctor that he regretted everything he did, and he turned himself in to Southern Highlands, a mental hospital. I missed school for at least 2 weeks because of this. While he was at the mental hospital, they figured out that when he fell, his brain got shifted to the back of his head which messed up his thoughts and chemical reactions in his brain. This all had been caused by the horrible accident. They put him on some

medicine for his mood, depression, and other things. I remember weeks after he left the hospital he would sit and cry his eyes out. It was confirmed that he has post-traumatic stress disorder, which means he relives the accident over and over in his head.

After weekly visits to the doctor he finally got his medicine straightened out. He still relives the accident to this day, and it has been four years since he fell off the truck. Moreover, he had to have open heart surgery and be in the hospital for a week. I wasn't scared when I saw him after the heart surgery because he looked good other than being on a ventilator and having a pump in his stomach. He recovered well, but the next struggle would be a major switch of a medication. He was on a medication named Latuda which was for his mood and the Worker's Compensation people did not want to pay for it, even though it was working well for him. He was prescribed something else and he started getting grouchy and he said he was dizzy, and his thoughts were going back and forth. So, my mom talked to his doctor and they decided to switch it again. This time it is working well. My dad's family has treated him like crap telling him that he can work. They don't get it that he can't work, and they don't get it that my dad was messed up by the accident and he will never be the same again. My father and I used to go skating together on the weekends or go bowling, but now he can't do any of that with me. I love my dad and he is my best friend!