

The moment that
changed my life



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

This essay is based on an event that changed my life forever. It is a passage that is mixed with feelings and emotions. This experience gave my life a purpose and a sense of direction. It allowed me to grow from a boy to a man in just one day. It was a cold, rainy winter morning in Liverpool.

I had gone about my morning no different than any other working day. By 6:30AM I was showered, dressed, and full from my huge bowl of cereal. This gave me fifteen minutes to watch the latest news before I left to arrive at work for 7AM. It was 9.5AM when my cell phone began to ring; it was a call from my mother. I could tell by the quick, anxious, but bold and loud tone her voice that this was not going to be a pleasurable conversation. "Come and get me, get me now! Hurry up, it's your dad, I will explain when you get here!" Without thinking or giving any explanation to my manager, I left and headed home.

The journey home was an adventure in its self, not a care for anyone or anything around me, except my father. The dangerous speed and my total lack of concentration, as my brain flooded with thoughts of my dad's well-being, were a recipe for disaster. When I arrived home my mother was waiting in the garden. I knew it was a matter of urgency by looking at how she was dressed. She was wearing her long, black coat and underneath she was wearing her P. Js. She jumped into my car, slammed the door and before I could ask where we were going, she had already yelled "the hospital!" This demanding order left very little to my imagination and I knew something was seriously wrong.

We arrived at the hospital. I stopped the car and my mother jumped out, darting off into a sprint to seek my father's ward. The corridors were long and narrow. The sounds of rushing heels echoed all around me. I was like a mouse in a huge maze, with no sense of direction. After ten minutes of searching, we finally found the ward that held my father's fate. I paused and took a huge breath, grasping all the air my lungs could hold, preparing myself for the worst.

I opened the old squeaky doors and headed towards my father's bed. He was surrounded by doctors and nurses, and reality began to take its toll. The closer I got, the slower I moved forward, scared of taking the next step. I was eventually pulled to a stop by the nurse and was escorted to the waiting room. I asked question after question, each answer had the same reply " the doctor will be in to explain shortly. " The waiting room was cold and lifeless. The walls were littered with thank you cards and letters of praise from past patients.

This gave me some hope that my father was in good hands. Minutes seemed like hours until the doctor entered. Before he had both feet in the room, my mother began to scream for explanations. " Take a seat" Then every sentence that a son and wife fears to hear. Your father is in critical condition, he has no longer than a couple of hours to live. " A cold chill of death sent shivers down my spine. Keeping myself from exploding into tears, I began ensuring my mother and younger brother that everything would be fine, by far the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

The time came when the doctors called us to see him; with no hesitation I jumped up and charged to his bed. There he was, lying helplessly. I reached for his hand and grabbed it, letting him know he wasn't alone. I begged him to fight for his life; I knew he could hear me as he acknowledged my voice with a small nod. If there was one thing I learned from my father, it was to never give up. From this moment on, I never left his side. Through the fight and determination to live, my father is alive today.

I'm living in my hero's shadow. How do I fill the boots of a man that everybody loved? It was then I decided to make something of my life, to make him proud. This is why I'm here today. This is why you have this essay in front of you, to better myself. For the hope that one day, I can provide for my family and give them the future that my father gave to me. I do not like to praise only one of my role models, as I have two amazing parents. Watching a woman nearly lose somebody she has loved for over thirty years was very difficult.

My mother has shown loyalty and never ending love for her family. I truly believe, it was this love my father was fighting for. I must thank my mother a great deal for this. I can only pray to be half as happy as both of them in my future,