

# Concussions

[Business](#)



Concussions Prompt (common app): Describe a problem you've solved or a problem you'd like to solve. It can be an intellectual challenge, a research query, an ethical dilemma – anything that is of personal importance, no matter the scale. Explain its significance to you and what steps you took or could be taken to identify a solution. 1 concussion. 2 concussions.

3 concussions, 4. They just keep coming as if my head is being pulled to the ground like a big magnet. 5 concussions. 6 concussions. 7 concussions, 8. At this point my head is in pain for a month.

A constant pressure, pressing against my skull that doesn't seem to go away for more than a couple hours at a time. Then came number 9. It was the end all, be all of my sports career. The last concussion came January of 2015. The 2014-15 skiing season was like riding down an ice skating rink. The snow was minimal and the ice sheets were hard and thick.

On my last trip up for the season, there was fog and not just any fog. It looked as if I was on the set of a zombie apocalypse movie. Blocking most of my vision except for silhouettes of others. The last run of the day was when it all went south. The fog was still hovering over the ground, almost mocking us, leaving a permanent impression of this awful winter. Going down the mountain with my knees bent and my hands tucked behind my back made me feel like I was soaring through the clouds.

SMACK! I hit the ground, face first, after finding a patch of ice and a face full of snow. I look up to one sound. " Kyle! Kyle! Are you ok? That was gnarly!" My buddy Mac was shouting from the distance. " I think I am". Barely able to mumble the words.

<https://assignbuster.com/concussions/>

It took me a second to see clear again. For a little bit my vision was blurred and I was unable to focus on anything. When I checked my gear, I saw a large crack in my helmet and my goggles shattered. I didn't realize how hard I had actually crashed. Fast forward a couple days into the doctor's office with the concussion specialist.

She pulls out a piece of paper with a list of all my concussions. While going over them it seems like it would never end. Then she asks, "Have you had any concussions that you haven't been to the doctors for?" I am reluctant to tell the truth but I feel that I need to "Yes, probably many more" Now she is staring at me like she has just seen a ghost, this look scared me. I knew nothing good could come out of her mouth next. "Kyle, I hate to say this, but there is no way that you can continue to participate in sports that could cause you any more concussions. This includes BMX, football, snowboarding, and basically anything else that requires a helmet or has any physical contact.

"She spoke in a soft voice to try to not make the news seem worse than it was. I would be lying if I were to say that was what I was expecting her to say, that was the worst thing she could've said. I was crushed. In a couple sentences, she obliterated my dreams and aspirations to actually go somewhere with BMX. The sport of BMX was the one thing I really had going for me in my life, I loved it.

Within a minute, it was all gone. On top of this news, the last concussion had me at home, in my dark room with no tv or phone for a week. Being locked up in a dark room with nothing to do but think about my life and what I was

going to do from this moment forward sent me into a deep downward spiral. I was having trouble seeing what would fill me with joy like BMX. My best friends raced, and we would travel all over the U. S, but not anymore.

I knew I wouldn't see over half my friends ever again. I was devastated. I knew in order to get out of this headspace I needed to find something that I was