

Description/Narration Essay

I remember every little aspect of that day. The day I had gotten hurt at the powder puff football game. The day that I regretted so much; however, I also look back to in gratitude because I wouldn't have realized what I wanted to do in life. If October 12th, 2011 never happened, I would have never come to realize that I wanted to be a physical therapist when I grew up. On that day I hurt my knee and when the time came, I started physical therapy.

Hurting my knee was one of the worst feelings ever, especially because from my knowledge, it was one of the most painful and hardest injuries to recover from. When I went to the orthopedic doctor who scheduled me for an MRI, a magnetic resonance imaging, I knew that this injury was very serious.

As I went into the radiology lab to get prepared for the 25-30 minute MRI that was needed, all I could think about was what it was going to be like, was it going to be scary, was it even going to work. I walked into the room, got my bracelet that verified my MRI, chose what kind of music I wanted to listen to and at that moment, I knew there was no going back. I laid on the table that would enter the tube, legs first, and put my knee in a mechanism to hold it still and watched her put the headphones on my head. She walked out, spoke into the microphone and asked me if I was ready. As nervous and scared as I was, I shakily said "yes," and she pressed a button that made the table I was laying on, start moving inside the tube. Then, suddenly, I hear all kinds of loud sounds, practically deafening to the ear and sadly it went on for at least 20 minutes.

As I make my way through the MRI, I realized that it was nothing to be scared of. I felt so relieved that it was finally going to be finished. That I would no longer have to listen to the

loud mechanical noises coming from the machine and worrying if it was supposed to be making them or not. I was one step closer to being healed and being back on the court doing what I love most. My first MRI experience was definitely one that I would sadly remember. Later that day, I had my first physical therapy appointment, where they would read the report from my MRI and diagnose me with what happened.

When I got the news from Steve, my physical therapist, I was a bit lost. He told me that I had two severe bone contusions in my left knee, which meant that I had two severe bone bruises on my knee cap and little lower on my knee. I was so relieved that he told me that, rather than telling me that I had torn a ligament. Although I was happy nothing was torn, the next news he told me wasn't any better. He laid the news on thick and told me straight up, some news that brought me down so much more than I thought I would be. He told me that although nothing was torn, bone contusions could possibly take four to six months to fully heal. At that point, I was in sheer disappointment and sadness. Just thinking that it could possibly take me six months to heal was so upsetting, not just because I wouldn't be better for longer than I expected, but because it would cut into my basketball season.

Although getting hurt isn't really in anyone's bucket list, I really look back at that experience as a blessing. If I wouldn't have gotten hurt, I would have never known what physical therapy was and what a physical therapist does. I would have never come to the decision that I wanted to be a physical therapist and serve people just like me. I had come to the decision that I wanted to help people who had gotten hurt and people who needed the same assistance I did, from my physical therapist. Physical therapy is such an in-demand occupation and the more there are, the better people will be if they get injured. There are never too many physical therapists for

the world. As long as people are getting injured in everyday life, physical therapists will always be needed, and that's exactly why I want to be a physical therapist – to help people in need.