

RUSH

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Crash! Tyrone's head shot forward; his eyes now wide open. **Boom!** The horrifying sight before him forever etched into his memory. His vision blurred and slowly, faded away.

Tyrone awoke in the hospital, bright lights shining in his eyes. *Where am I? Tyrone thought. As soon as he tried to move, he felt horrible pain in his right leg. Tyrone yelled out a bloodcurdling scream and nurses rush in.*

"He's awake" someone yelled, " get the doctor!" Tyrone looks down at his feet and to his dismay, saw a stub at the bottom of his right knee.

After all the commotion subsided Tyrone learned that he had gotten in a crash from one of the nurses. "Your tibia and fibula, the bones between your leg and foot, were crushed on impact so we had to amputate your leg Smith." said one of the passing nurses. Tyrone was devastated. The door opened revealing a man in a lab coat who Tyrone presumed to be the doctor. He had a scrunched-up face as if he was upset by just being there. The strange man walked up to Tyrone and started to speak. "Hello, I am Dr. Smith," he said, "and I am your doctor. I know this is abrupt but I have some bad news." Tyrone's eyes squint as Dr. Smith continued on " As you may or may not know, you were in a car crash, the car containing you and your parents. I am sorry to inform you this, but your parents didn't survive." Tyrone was destroyed. Heartbroken. Devastated. Tyrone felt that after loosing his leg, loosing his parents felt unfair.

A few months later, Tyrone found out about a 2 mile run going on in the city during the summer. Since Tyrone's parents had died, he had fallen deep into a depressed state of mind. Tyrone loved to run but he had only one leg to stand on. *literally.* "Dr. Smith?" Tyrone said, " I've been thinking about the race that's going on this summer and I wanted to know some information about it. I know it's not possible for me to run it, since I have only one leg, but do you think I could at least go watch it?" As Dr. Smith heard Tyrone's request he started to form a scheme. He already the word around town and soon almost everybody knew about his plan.

As soon as the summer started Tyrone was informed about Dr. Smith's plan. Apparently Dr. Smith had started a fundraiser to get him a prosthetic leg. Tears of joy welled in Tyrone's eyes and soon the floodgates opened. Soon Tyrone was cleared for rehabilitation and was taught how to use his prosthetic leg.

The day of the 2 mile run came along, and Tyrone was feeling nervous. When he arrived at the location of the race he heard people cheering him on and it gave him a boost of confidence. As he finished the race he placed 87th out of the 100 people that had entered. Tyrone was happy that he even tried to compete in the race. That day Tyrone was truly happy. A feeling that loved. That he missed.