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Essay #1 Final Draft

One Last Breath

BOOM! Nothing but darkness surrounds me. I opened my eyes only to fall back into unconsciousness, but from a few seconds of being awake I remember the doctors surrounding me.  It all started in the summer of my sophomore year of high school at cheerleading camp at Sonoma State.  This was the year where I thought things would turn out great since I was just voted captain of the varsity cheer squad. But boy, I was sure wrong about that.  Everything changed the moment my team and I began to practice our routine for evaluations. Little did I know that making one mistake was going to be the end of my cheerleading career and possibly my life.  **When I was younger in high school my life revolved around cheerleading until one day, if it was not for the doctor’s quick decision to put me on oxygen, my life would have flashed before my eyes.**

It was the beginning of the summer and I was extremely excited to head off to cheerleading camp to learn new skills.Cheer camp was held at Sonoma State University, and my team and I had to prepare for an evaluation from the cheerleading camp directors.  The routine that we performed in front of the camp directors was extremely critical and would determine how my team would rank amongst the other teams at the camp.   Before everything began to go south, my cheerleading coach had my team practice our routine all morning in the hot sun before we got evaluated later in the evening.  We practiced all of our stunts over and over again to perfection, along with the pyramids because our coach did not want us to lose against the other teams.  At that time, I was exhausted and was feeling fatigue from practicing all of the stunts, considering I was the one lifting and tossing my teammates.  Just as we were practicing the pyramid, my partner lost hold of my flyer’s foot. BOOM!  My flyer fell on top of me and I went into a state of unconsciousness.  The next thing I remember is waking up strapped to a gurney with a collar around my neck at the emergency room at Sutter Santa Rosa Regional Hospital and seeing doctors around me.

As I woke up, I was in an excruciating amount of pain, alone, afraid, and wishing I had my parents by my side*.*My neck, ribs, and back hurt immensely from my teammate falling on top of me, and I had no feeling in my legs.  While I was in the emergency room I remembered the doctor asking the nurse in a soft-spoken tone, “Have you made contact with her parents yet?”  The next thing I remember was being in the MRI and CT scan. During both processes I was trying to stay as still as a board while I looked up and I saw the lights in the machine surround me and time seemed to pass so slowly. After the doctors were completed with giving me a CT scan and a MRI to check if I had any broken bones, they discovered a couple of fractured bones in my neck and a crack in one of my ribs. Shortly, after I got my results from the doctor, my muscles throughout my body began to spasm, I was shaking uncontrollably, and it caused the worst pain I have ever felt in my life.  To stop this pain and the spasms the doctors ordered the nurse to give me a shot of morphine.

 At that time the doctors and I had no clue that I was allergic to morphine and within a couple of moments later, I went into anaphylaxis shock. From going into anaphylaxis shock I was struggling to breathe. The feeling of gasping for air was one of the scariest feelings I’ve ever experienced in my life and was thinking in my head whether this was the moment I was going to die.  I remember hearing the alarming sound of the electrocardiography device going off and the sound of rushing footsteps heading towards my room.  I remember the nurse telling me in a comforting tone, “Hang in there, Jodi, breathe,” as they put me on the oxygen concentrator to help me breathe and get my heart back to a stable state.  As the nurse put me on oxygen, the doctor then injected epinephrine into my body that helped my lungs open up to stop the allergic reaction to the morphine.

From all of this shock happening to my body at once, I began to fall into unconsciousness again. Luckily, I was able to get to a stable state when I woke up again and I was still on oxygen to help me continue to breathe at a steady rate. Throughout this time, I was comforted by my mom who was holding my hand, worried, and was waiting anxiously for me to wake up.  My mother and I were extremely happy that I was back at a stable state even though I was devastated to hear the news that I would not be able to cheer again because of the fractured bones in my neck.  However, my mom and I were grateful for everything the doctors had done for me.  All I could think about in my head was if it was not for the nurse and doctor’s quick decision to put me on the oxygen concentrator machine, I could have possibly lost my life.  If it was not for the oxygen, my heart would have started to fail and would have led me to go into cardiac arrest, and I would have had to move to the intensive care unit.  The oxygen concentrator is one of the greatest pieces of technology created to this day and without having this device a few years ago, I may not have been alive to this day.