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Tucker R. Pope
Gettysburg College, popetu01@gettysburg.edu
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Untitled

Author Bio

Tucker is a junior studying Political Science and English. Hailing from conservative Simsbury, Connecticut, he hopes his writing style doesn't offend his mother too much. He serves as the Chief Justice of the Inter-Fraternity Council and as Rush Chair of Alpha Chi Rho Fraternity. He someday hopes to join the military and eventually work for political campaigns or become president, whichever comes first.

Untitled

Tucker Pope

Ch 1.

My Special Day

A year ago to the day, I was in a real shitty wreck. I mean, ten car pile-up. I was going sixty-five at the most through the traffic on 91. Dumbass trucker, no blinker, clipped me. They said it wasn't my fault,. Maybe it was, but in any case I got fucked. I lost my rear end immediately as it slipped out, spun across three lanes, flipped. At least I had my belt on. I guess that's what saved me, the doctors were way too fuckin' confusing to understand. Technical shit, whatever.

So I spent a long-ass time in the hospital, then the rehab, surgery, then rehab again. They said I split my legs in half on both sides, my back got twisted up, and I still get crazy headaches, and I can't really see too well. They cut me open pretty good, ladies love the scars, especially the one running from my neck to my right temple. You can see it from a mile away, baddddaass. Ugly as hell, but, like I said, the ladies love it.

That might have something to do with how I managed to snag the hottest girl at school when I got back. Jess Machi. Damn, damn, damn that shit's hot. People are mad jealous. No shit, I get stared at when I walk with her in the hallway every day. It made me develop this little "pimp walk." My best friend is always tryna copy it. He sucks at it though, always grabbin' onto me when he tries, like he needs my help. Mark Joseph, real cool dude. Chill as hell, just wants to make sure my life's easy all the time, like a real good friend. Kinda strange, they both moved here right as I came back to school, so I guess I was one of the first people they met, and there ya have it: I'm too fuckin cool haha. Na but really.

Aight, so to today. Today's the day. The superintendent asked me to give this little pep speech I guess at the Homecoming Rally after school today. Said my story was "inspirational" or some shit like that. I acted surprised when he asked, but honestly I knew I was gonna get the job. I'm popular as hell, the former star athlete before the accident, and I've never been one too shy to talk. I'm even better about talking about myself, if you can't tell.

This little speech I'm gonna give is gonna make everyone realize what it means to really bounce back. I had such a quick turnaround and recovery, I was in a whole lot of trouble for a while there but I got outta the mess, and look at me now.

Ch. 2. My Special Son

A year ago to the day, my son, Trent Young, was traveling down I-91 just outside of Hartford, Connecticut, on his way home from a concert with his best friend and girlfriend at the Comcast Theater. They had not been drinking at all, as the toxicology and autopsies reported, and were not traveling at a high rate of speed either, according to the police report. As he attempted to make the Bloomfield Avenue Exit, he made contact with the front end of a mini-van, sending him spinning into the outside lanes of traffic. The car was struck, and flipped subsequently. The damage to the car was unimaginable, but the damage to my son and his friends was worse.

Ellen Paige, eighteen, my son's girlfriend, passed away from extreme loss of blood. Eli James, seventeen, my son's best friend, passed away from blunt force trauma to the head and spinal cord. My son, seventeen, sustained massive injuries to his spine and brain, as well as fracturing the tibia and fibula in both legs, puncturing his lung, dislocating his retina in both eyes, and breaking six ribs. He was found unconscious on the scene, and was taken to Hartford Hospital where he slipped into a two-week-long coma. When he awoke, the doctors warned me that the effects of the crash were far worse than physical scars. They said he might lose the ability to speak forever, experience extremely poor vision, and walk only with the assistance of a cane or a wheelchair and nurses. His massive brain injuries impaired his cognitive function. To this day, we don't quite know what he is and isn't capable of.

And that is what we struggle with the most. As his father, I want nothing more than to be able to help him, and, because of his injuries, we may never know if he is still in pain, if he can see anything clearly, if his life is too difficult at times, or if he even understands what the world is like any longer. We know he recognizes us, but we don't know if he has the ability to recollect the accident or the time close before it. He has never mentioned or showed signs of remembering his friends who he killed in the accident. He has taken well to his nurses, and that's something we're grateful for.

Ch. 3. The Speech

I walked up there with my Will Smith swagger, with Mark holding onto me, and Jess right by my side. I found the podium, balanced myself, and looked out into the crowd. Couple hundred kids, nothing but blue and gold jerseys everywhere. I remembered what it was like to be sitting on those bleachers, praying to hear something that would fire me up enough to wanna kick Glastonbury's ass... again and again and again.

This time, I was the one people were looking to. So I was confident, I knew what I had to do. I started slowly.

“My situation is rare. I am one of very few people who are able to say they failed miserably, and came back stronger and better than they were before, maybe not physically, but mentally. I see the world differently now. I know that there are bigger things that we must face than Glastonbury's offensive fattass linemen, or their abnormally large center backs on the girls' varsity soccer team. But no matter how big or small the task may seem, you have to go at it head first. You might come out with a scar like mine, but you know at the end of the day, you'll be standing tall like I am today, confident that you can overcome any challenge handed to you, including kicking Glastonbury's chubby little asses. Go Trojans.”

I nailed it, I know I did. Everyone stood up and cheered me. I walked off beaming ear to ear, man I was so pumped up. I knew if I could get myself that pumped up, the crowd musta been even more hyped. Shit, we killed Glastonbury, and I like to take a little credit for it.

Ch. 4 His Speech

He worked his way up to the stage, slowly and deliberately. Marcus Jessen, his male nurse, held his arms as he found the podium, with his female nurse, Jennifer Make, close behind. He found his balance, took a couple of deep, beleaguered breaths, and stared out into the crowd. As he looked down at the speech I had written for him in thirty-point font, so he could read it clearly, I could see a look in his eyes I hadn't seen since before the accident.

“Meye dituasien nis rare. I em wonenoff bury dew people doar abbi dosay dey fayed mis-mis-misarebly...”

And the rest of the speech was something similar. Struggling on every word. He isn't what he used to be—it breaks my heart. My son had such a promising future, and now a few words reduce him to a weak, broken, hurt soul and body.

I do not know if he will ever be the same, but I hope and pray every day that he isn't suffering inside. I trust that whatever he sees or believes is real to him, that his life is still all ahead of him. He may not be able to understand or cope with what is going on around him, but I'd rather have him in his own place than in ours, where the scars are more than just visible to the eye. Wherever he is, whatever he sees, I hope he's happy.