**3.1.2 A Day in the Life of a Sick Teenager**

November 25, 2015

Well, today is the day I will start keeping a diary with all the information of my diagnosis. Oh, and my parents think I should include all my mushy, gushy feelings. Like, hello?? I’m a 15 year old boy, and star of the soccer team. At least, I was, until that one hot, summer day that turned my world upside down. As I mentioned before, I am a soccer player. As a soccer player, I spend my summers outside conditioning and preparing for the season ahead. It was a normal June day, hot and humid. We were running sprints, something I used to be able to do with little trouble. Suddenly, out of the blue, I started freezing, even under the hot sun, and I could no longer breathe. While this may sound like a stroke, it was not. After being rushed to the hospital and undergoing extensive blood tests, given by those pesky phlebotomists, I was diagnosed with sickle cell disease. Turns out, I have had it all my life. Suddenly my inability to keep up with my team this summer was explained. Sickle cell disease caused me to not have the physical energy to keep up with kids my age. So, for the next couple months I would transfer from being the star soccer player to just another sick teenager.

December 4, 2015

Today was my bi-weekly appointment with my hematologist, Dr. B. He’s much cooler than I expected, considering he has focused his entire life on the study of blood diseases, how morbid. Anyway, back to the basics. He had some pretty bad news after receiving my latest lab tests. SCD has done significant damage to the bone marrow in my body. “What does this mean?’” I asked, hoping for the best. “Son, your disease is attacking the bone marrow in your body. You are set to have a bone marrow transplant, similar to a blood transfusion. With signed consent, you will be put on the transplant list immediately. This will be a lengthy process, you will spend much time in the hospital. However, it will save your life.” My parents were immediately on board. I guess I was to, I mean, I like to live life. As soon I as I got home, I went to do more research. I found the hard facts such as only about 30% in need of transplant have a donor match in their family. I also found the complications associated with the transplant. They include anemia (already have that), excessive bleeding (my blood doesn’t really understand how to blood), stomach pains (already have those), and infections. After much consideration, I have decided that the risks are worth it, as a bone marrow transplant will ultimately save my life. Well, that’s enough for today.