

For a week in February when I was twelve, my mom and dad started to work hard to set up a Credit Union party. They asked me to help them so, everyday after I got out of school I would help them.

Finally Friday came, a day before the big bash and I still had to help set up decorations. We were almost done but, my mom said, " Mike can you sent the tables and put up a few lights?" After a two hours the two hundred places I had to set up were finally done. My mom took me home. When I got home I started making plans for the night of the party. So, I called a few of my friends and ask what they were going to do. All of them had made plans. I wasn't too happy but didn't care too much because my mom told me that my cousin Bethany was coming up for the party. I was overjoyed to hear that because I didn't see her too much. After my mom told me the good news, I tried to find something to do. I tried watching television but that didn't work. Then I tried to play some videos games. I grew tired of that rather quickly. So, I decided to get some much needed rest.

The next morning I got up at eight o'clock because my dog Barney had to go outside. I knew he had to go outside because he started to cry. So, I let him out. Then I went to see if my mom or dad had made me breakfast. I looked and found nothing had been cooked for me. Which was really odd because every Saturday and Sunday morning they had made me breakfast since I could remember. My sister Amy was watching television. So, I asked her where mom and dad were. She said, " Dad had hurt his back and had to go to the hospital." I was very worried. I asked her how he did it. She said, " He was carrying some decorations for the party and he slipped on a patch of ice."

Finally my mom and dad came home. My mom had to help him in the house because he could hardly walk. I asked him if he was still going to the party and he said, "No." So, I helped my mom put up the last of the decorations.

After the party my dad was in lots of pain. He could hardly move without having great shooting pains in his back. My family and I had to help him with pretty much everything. Which was very hard on my dad because he is very independent. He couldn't get out of bed without help or tie his shoes. He found out that no matter how independent you are there will come a time when you need help from someone. He was very glad we were there to help.

After a couple of weeks of caring for my father his back became well, He could pretty much do stuff on his own. My dad was very grateful to my family and I for helping him over

come his handicap.