

# **I SURVIVED by Celisha J**

## **EXCERPT**

I remember the last time I saw her alive. She had just given birth to my baby brother on February 24, 1982. My mom had made it through the delivery but came home with a bad headache that she had been complaining about for a few days. My mother went into the bathroom and was in there too long. My oldest sister knocked at the door, but she didn't come out. My baby brother's dad came over and knocked at the door. Shortly after, she stumbled out of the bathroom to a nearby seat and just about fell out of the chair. The ambulance was called, and they rushed my mom to the hospital. I remember being at the hospital with my family and the doctor telling my grandmother that my mom had a brain aneurysm and her brain was dying. He said they would have to pull the plug once the brain was dead. It doesn't seem like a conversation that you should be having in front of a child, but it happened, and a few weeks later, she was gone. An intern at the hospital pulled the plug on my mom before it was time.