

The inception of my journey towards recovery found its roots within the confines of my home. Each morning, I embarked on a determined routine that involved navigating my wheelchair up and down the undulating hills of the neighborhood, pushing myself to increase my speed and endurance for approximately 30 minutes. Upon my return, I dedicated myself to a comprehensive regimen comprising push-ups, dumbbell exercises, resistance band workouts, floor routines, and stretching exercises. These activities not only served to

fortify my physical form but also played a crucial role in mentally preparing me for the eventual day when I would be fitted with a prosthetic limb. The anticipation of that moment was almost palpable, as I yearned to reclaim my mobility and independence. Nevertheless, I recognized the significance of allowing myself to heal completely before the fitting of my trial prosthetic, a milestone that was still several months away. Throughout this period of waiting, I embraced the virtue of patience, directing my focus towards my physical recuperation and the

gradual strengthening of my body and mind. There were moments of profound darkness when I felt ensnared within the confines of my impaired body, with no apparent escape from the relentless ache of my loss."