

Both a woman and a man yelled as I woke up with terrible headaches, unclear vision, and difficulty opening my eyes. They were calling the doctor and stating that she had finally woken up, but I didn't understand any of it. They were also quite excited about it. When doctors and nurses showed up, I became very anxious and started crying since I had no idea what had happened to me and could not recall anything. The man and the woman in the room struggled to be taken out; however, they had no other option, and they exited. I was told by doctors that I had just woken up from a coma that lasted about six months. I was driving too fast and hit a lamppost after hitting a kid. They stated my memory loss was common and that there was a very weak possibility it was permanent. They also said it was probably temporary. To find out if my memory loss is permanent, there will be tests. They mentioned doing some tests to determine if my memory loss is permanent. I started protecting myself right away because I was only able to recall that a black automobile had hit the kid and then left. I hit a lamppost by mistake in an attempt not to hit the black car, and I told the doctor right away. Regretfully, the doctor told me that there was no evidence of this and that I would be sent into prison a few days after being discharged from the hospital. I begged them to trust me, and then I demanded them to confirm with the boy when the accident happened. As the doctor said, the kid passed away in the accident. His family is adamant that whoever did this should go to jail, and unfortunately, you seem to be the only criminal. On the one hand, I was really interested in the identity of the man and woman who had just been taken out, but I was also frightened, terrified, and unsure of what to do. They were my parents, and they were informed of the accident. I learned this when I questioned doctors about the identity of the man and lady who had been taken out. The doctors did tests to see whether my memory loss was temporary, and they stated they would report the results in the evening. My parents entered after the doctors had left the room. I believe you didn't commit the crime; you would never do such a thing, my mother sobbed. I relayed to them what I had told the doctors. I swore that I was innocent, but I learned I was going to jail. Although we were unable to help me, they were both horrified. My parents left the room so that I could rest. I slept for a few hours, and then the doctors came in to explain the test results. They were concerned, but my memory loss was only temporary, and then I notice the police, who were coming to take me to jail. My parents were in tears, and as the police took me away, someone yelled at them to stop. The accident scene was captured on camera, and I was found innocent.

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