

## **My Dad, My Hero**

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To me, my dad is a hero. He is a cancer doctor. Every morning, he wakes up and drives over the mountains to Santa Cruz. He tries his hardest to cure cancer in his patients. He cannot always make their cancer go away. But he always tries his best to make their lives happier and more comfortable.

When my dad gets to his office, first he walks through this hospital and takes care of the people who have stayed there overnight. My dad calls this walk “rounds.” On weekends, I sometimes walk through the hospital with my dad on his rounds. When I see patients in their hospital beds, I wonder, “Why did that person get sick?” I feel sad about it. But I also feel happy knowing that my dad gives medicines to help them feel better.

After my dad finishes his rounds in the hospital, he sees the patients who come into his office. His patients are sick and their bodies hurt. My dad asks them questions about what hurts. Once he knows what is making them sick, he gives them medicine to help them feel better. Sometimes, the medicine makes the cancer go away. But, sometimes, the medicine does not work.

Recently, my dad told me about a woman who was very sick who came from Mexico to stay with her family in Santa Cruz. My dad tried to make her cancer go away, but she was still in a lot of pain. My dad asked a helper from the hospital to go to the woman’s house and see what she needed to be more comfortable. The helper told my dad that the woman had no bed to sleep in. That night, after my dad came home, I heard him on the phone for a long time trying to get a bed for his patient to sleep in at her house. I’m so proud to have a dad that cares about other people.

My dad often comes home with special gifts from the people he takes care of. Some of the treats he has received are: goose eggs, turkey eggs, chicken eggs, crabs from the Monterey Bay, sausages, tomatoes and sea glass ornaments. One morning, my dad cooked me one of the goose eggs for breakfast. He told me that a gift that is made or grown is a gift from the heart. The people who bring my dad gifts must think he is a hero too.

A hero is someone who does something good for the world. My dad tries to help people when they are sick and scared. He works a lot and sometimes comes home late at night. But that is what it takes to be a hero.