

ORIGINAL TEXT

After having finalized my study and having lived in Perth, Western Australia, for two and a half years, Megan and I decided to move on, to move to Melbourne. We decided to take the car, driving across the desert from Perth, over Adelaide, to Melbourne – 4,500 kilometers, which we planned to do in four days. So we packed our bags and went on the way. We laughed, had fun, took our time, and made sure that we changed the driver every two hours so that we stay refreshed and safe.

What happened on the halfway through was probably the most life-changing experience of my life. Early in the morning, we rested overnight at a motel and started to keep on driving. We left at 5:00 am in the morning. It was dark. We continued our journey to Melbourne. A few kilometers before Ceduna, I felt a bit of tiredness creeping in while driving. The sun was just rising and in my face. The roads weren't the best with lots of gravel. At that moment, something happened that I couldn't have fathomed. In a split second, I touched with my left wheels the gravel beside the street and when trying to steer back onto the road, I flipped the car five times flying through the air with 120 km/h, only to realize that I've caused a crash.

I fell unconscious, and when I opened my eyes, I saw Megan on the passenger's seat hanging upside down with her seatbelt still fastened, trying to get out of it. My desperate attempt to help and release her didn't work. I felt a major pain in my back. Trying to get out of the car myself through the windscreen, caused me to collapse in the field. The next thing I saw was Megan getting transported in the emergency vehicle into the hospital. At that moment, I was so much in pain that it took the ambulance two hour to just get me off the field and into the ambulance. We were then checked over, and after 12 hours, flown into a special spinal unit to Adelaide with an airplane.

REVISED TEXT

We had lived in Perth, Western Australia, for nearly two and a half years. With my studies finished and the rest of the world waiting to meet us, Megan and I decided it was time for a change. We chose to relocate to Melbourne, some 4,500 kilometers away. To begin our exciting new life adventure, we would drive there over the course of four days.

With bags packed lovingly and attitudes soaring hopefully, we set off. The drive itself was as much an experience as reaching our destination; we had *fun*, we laughed, we soaked up the scenery and enjoyed taking our time. We even made sure to drive with conscience and switched out drivers every two hours just to stay refreshed and safe.

That was the plan. However, what happened halfway through this trip CHANGED EVERYTHING.

That morning we started out bright and early – except, at 5 am, it wasn't actually bright at all, it was still dark outside. Fresh from an overnight motel stay, we headed east with me at the wheel. I put my foot on the pedal and we sped forward. Melbourne awaited!

We were just outside Ceduna, about 1500 kilometers from Melbourne, when the sun peeked over the horizon. Normally a breathtaking sight, this time the sun was beaming straight into my eyes, making me very blinky. The road became hard to see. The squinting, along with the earliness of the morning, made me feel just a little bit sleepy. Just a little *too* sleepy.

The country roads were not well-paved and lined with gravel. In just a split second, all the wrong things occurred. Fighting off nagging fatigue and glaring sunlight, I strayed off the side of the road, just enough for the car wheels to catch in the gravel. Alarmed, I tried to steer back onto the pavement. That's when, travelling at 120 kmh, I flipped the car. Five times.

Ironically, I've always enjoyed flying – except not in a car and without the spinning and tumbling and crash landing on the roof.

I don't remember blacking out. One second the car was flipping in the air, and the next I was fighting my way to consciousness. The first thing I saw was Megan, hanging upside down in the passenger seat, struggling to unfasten her seatbelt. It took a second for that to register: *we were upside down*.

I desperately tried to release her from her seatbelt, but that went nowhere fast. That's when I was first hit with a vicious surge of searing backpain. This was not the kind of ache you get from watching television in a slightly uncomfortable chair; this was the kind that slaps tears to your eyes.

The next moments went by in a painful blur. I remember squirming out of the car through the windshield, and collapsing in the field where the car had come to rest. I remember watching Megan head off to the hospital in an emergency vehicle. I remember the excruciating two hours it took emergency workers to load me into an ambulance, efforts hindered because of my severe pain. I remember being flown to a special spinal unit in Adelaide.

I realize this is a rather frightful story. I promise you that I'm not sharing it just for the shock value. Believe me, I was 1000% more shocked when it happened than you are by reading about it.

I'm sharing this startling tale because this was a *transformative event*. Surprisingly, incredibly, something good, something AMAZING, happened because of this. It changed my life forever -- my very way of thinking -- in an astonishing, positive way. The transformation charted a new path full of joy and confidence and a strong, brilliant sense of purpose.

I'm sharing this startling tale so that you can learn from it, so that you can discover the remarkable life lessons I learned... and so you can learn them *without* flipping your car over five times. Or even once. Honestly, I do NOT recommend going that route. There are genuinely easier ways.