YOUR AMAZING TRUE LIFE STORIE 1'M AMERICA'S REA

Forget the bad cop in the movie Robocop, meet the real thing ... only highway patrol officer Kevin Holsome is a hero. Here he tells his inspirational story

rom the time I was a kid, I wanted to be a cop. Not just any cop, but a California Highway Patrol (CHP) motorcycle cop. And losing my leg won't keep me from returning to my dream job.

It was a sunny afternoon like any other when I sailed along a Southern California freeway on what I called my partner of 15 years – my BMW motorcycle – when I stopped to help a disabled motorist whose flat tire had left her stranded in the center

median of the highway.

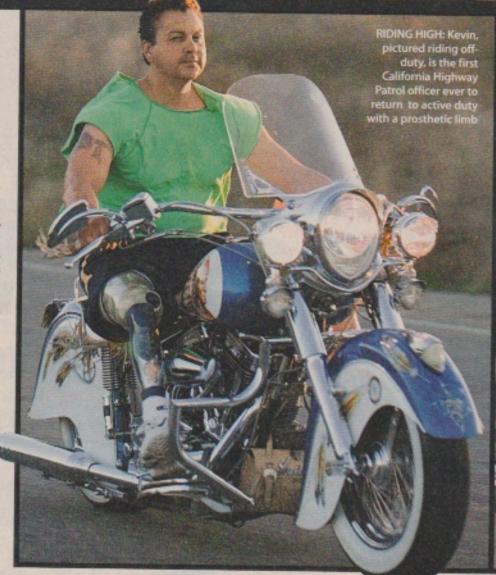
After securing help for the motorist, I prepared to leave the scene. I was back on my bike, leaning on my right leg to support myself, and waiting for a break in the traffic. I was looking in my right-side mirror when a passing car swerved and swiped the side of my bike.

I was unconscious for a few seconds, then came to and saw my motorcycle on its side, and realized I'd been hit. I felt no pain, so I tried to stand up, but fell forward.

I looked down and saw a pool of blood and realized my right leg was cone, severed at my knee.

One of my first thoughts was that t was three o'clock, and I was suposed to pick up my three-year-old laughter, Yandrell, from school. So called my wife on my cell phone to ell her I had been in an accident.

I didn't want to alarm her, so I told ber that I had cut my leg. At that soint, I thought that maybe my leg



could be reattached. But when I looked around, I could not see it. I had no idea where it could have gone. I was later told that the driver of the car found it embedded in his fender - I never saw it again, and it was deemed too damaged to reattach.

Many people feel my life was forever changed that day in May 2004 – suddenly I was a 44-year-old motorcycle cop missing a leg. But I refused to look at it that way and was determined to get back on my bike.

I was in the hospital for a week, and received countless letters and visits from family, friends and colleagues. I spent the next two months recuperating at home, and then I got a state-of-the-art prosthetic leg, which took months of rehabilitation to learn to use. I had to keep getting the leg replaced every few weeks as the swelling in my knee kept going down. It took a few months for the swelling to go down completely.

My new leg is computerized and allows me to walk, jump, climb stairs and even chase after a suspect – and can run for 30 hours. It connects like a cell phone to a charger. The leg is activated by tapping my foot on the ground.

Yandrell was in awe, and kept asking: "Where's Poppy's leg?" I explained to her that I lost my leg in an accident, but I have a new one that's just as good. Through it a always knew I'd be back on the j

I've always believed that the ference between the possible a impossible lies in the determition of each individual. There no doubt in my mind that I'd rep to active duty. I met the driver had hit me during our court deptions. He was never charged was an accident and I feel no a mosity toward the guy.

I didn't want to retire. And I on to want to return to the CHP a sit behind a desk. I wanted to be patrolling - on my bike. My wifriends, the department - they wall behind me giving me supports.