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English 2

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### The Nurse Who Shall Not Be Named

When my feet hit the ground, the only thing I could comprehend was a crack, followed by a burning pain spreading through my leg. Within a few seconds, the entire world went black.

A few minutes later, I regained consciousness. When I tried to move, my ankle screamed with pain. My brother, who is four years my senior, was sitting a few feet away. He was on the phone with who I assumed was my mom.

“She fell off the monkey bars,” he said, then paused.

“I don’t think she can get up,” He looked at me and sighed.

“Mom said that she’ll be here soon, but she has to wash up because she was cleaning.”

I leaned against the fence, letting my head fall back. We waited for what felt like hours, but it was really only 20 minutes. I saw my mom coming into the park and leaned forward.

“What happened?” she asked, concerned.

“I fell off the monkey bars and I heard a crack,” I replied, only just realizing I had been crying.

“Well, you’re going to have to hop or something to the house; I can’t carry you.”

I looked at her in exasperation, “Can you call Poppop or someone, please?”

“Fine, but you’ll have to get to the car anyway.”

I knew I wouldn't make it to the house, but I could manage getting out of the park. Poppop was parked outside within a half an hour. My position hadn't changed, but my ankle had swollen to twice its normal size and was beginning to bruise.

"We need to take her to the hospital," my mom stated when he reached us. He crouched down and tried to move my leg to get a better view; it surged with pain and I let out a cry.

"Alright, you're going to have to stand up, you can lean on us, so we can get to the car. Can you do that?" I nodded, still wincing from the sudden pain.

I pushed myself off the ground while my mom and Poppop each grabbed one of my arms and put them over their shoulders, crouching down to my height. The change in position forced all of the blood to my legs which had fallen asleep while I sat. Slowly, we made our way out of the park, toward the family van.

On the ride to the hospital, I sat leaning forward, trying everything, even illogical things, to ease the aching. When (we) arrived, the world moved slowly. Poppop went in to get a wheelchair and a nurse came out with him. My mom signed me into the emergency room and we waited for at least an hour and a half. A large portion of the seats in the waiting room were filled with young children. At around 8:30 pm, we finally went back to get my x-rays taken.

The nurse called my name and I got wheeled into the room. I was told to lay down on the metal table and they gave me a heavy, cold, pad-like blanket to lay over me while the x-rays were taken. The nurse was a middle aged lady with blond hair, she had bags under her eyes and looked exhausted, I felt bad for her.

“I’m going to need you to move your leg this way,” she roughly pulled my ankle, which caused me to yell out and a fresh wave of tears roll down my face, “Oh hush, I’ve dealt with babies who cry less than you.”

All remorse I once had for this women was gone and all I wanted to do was smack her in the face with a piece of heavy machinery. Instead, I bit my lip and held back the urge to scream when she twisted my leg again. Apparently, she was attempting to find an angle where the machine could properly view the bones in my leg.

When the torture, by which I mean the x-raying, was complete we went to a separate waiting room. This one was much emptier, only one or two other people were there. The same nurse came back a little while later and started talking.

“It’s broken,” she paused and glanced towards me, “It’s a clean break, so it should heal fine. However, it’s very close to the growth plate, so if it breaks anymore her growth will be stunted and we don’t want that happening.” I glared at the woman, hoping she would notice, but she continued talking to my mom as if I wasn’t there.

“Now I’m going to take you to get a splint and you’ll get it casted at a later date, which you can set up before you leave.” she gestured for us to follow her.

My mom put a reassuring hand on my shoulder, she could tell I was angry, there was basically steam coming out of my ears.

Thankfully, the woman who put my splint on was much kinder. A splint is like the rough draft of a cast, it’s a temporary cast until you get your actual hard cast. She fitted the material to my leg and wrapped it with an ace bandage. They gave me instructions on how to treat my leg and how to walk with crutches. Then, we were free to go, technically. My mom dealt with the

paperwork and set a date for a followup appointment; Poppop took us home at last. I dipped in and out of sleep in the car and only vaguely remember hopping into the house.

As I fell asleep, I thought about how much I learned about my family. We stick together and we know how to care for each other, even if it's out of character. My Poppop, for one, was known as a stern man, but when it came to this, he was kind and knew what he had to do. My brother, who typically doesn't like talking on the phone or initiating conversation, knew that he had to go out of his comfort zone and call my mom.