The Evil Endoscopy

By

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One cold, snowy Thursday, I was getting ready to go the hospital. It was a day I had been hoping wouldn’t come, but like all those days, it came much too soon.

“Why did it come?” I thought furiously as I snatched up some books.

“Abby! Hurry up! We have to leave soon,” my mom called.

I considered pretending to be asleep, but knew it would never work. So, I trudged down the steps, and out to the car. I opened my mouth and let out a long, disturbing groan. When the car stopped, a sickening feeling churned through my stomach, and I realized we were there. I yanked vigorously at my seatbelt and stomped across the parking lot so hard that the people in China must have felt an earthquake!

Once we got inside, my feet steered me to an uncomfortable looking wood chair. The cold, hard backrest did nothing to comfort me. I tried to watch the show on TV, but the smell of sanitizer and the sounds of kids’ feet pounding were too distracting. A nurse walked in and called out my name in a sweet, medium pitched voice. My parents stood up, but I stayed put. My mom said to me, “Come on, Abby.” A scowl covered my face and a low growl sounded in my throat. Finally I stood up and walked into the hallway; the iron doors closed behind me. There was no turning back now….

My feet forced me to follow the nurse to my room where she grabbed a hospital gown and told me I could change in the bathroom down the hall. As my feet slapped the cool, blue tiles, my instincts told me that every eye there was focused on me. After what seemed like an eternity, I reached the bathroom door. I changed into the thin, turquoise gown and practically flew back to my room and leapt onto the bed. The nurse said, “We’re ready for you Abby.”

I reluctantly got onto the rolling bed and the nurse began to push it down the hall. My parents trailed behind me. When we reached the surgical room I quickly burrowed under my covers. There were tubes and masks everywhere. Big computers and machines beeped at different volumes and tempos. The calming warm air and dim lights of the hallways were quickly transformed into freezing temperatures and bright, flashing lights. I held my unicorn close to my chest and wished it were a bad dream.

A surgeon with a deep voice bellowed, “HI ABBY,” while another said in a high pitched voice, “You’re so brave!” Then a woman with a mask connected to a long, bendy tube came up to me… I frantically looked for the nearest exit to make my great escape.

Deep voice dude(as I called him) said, “I hear you have a kitty. What is his name?”

I didn’t say a word so my mom replied, “Quigley is his name and she wanted to bring him to the hospital this morning.”

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They all cracked up at that. I didn’t say anything. Then Squeaky (as I refer to her) asked me what I named my pink unicorn. Once again, I remained silent.

“Her name is Pink Unicorn,” my mom said for me. Everyone laughed again; except not me.

Mask lady held the mask up to me and using instincts, I backed away.

“Here, let’s put Pink Unicorn to sleep first,” she said holding the mask up to Pink Unicorn. “Look how brave Unicorn is; can you be brave too?”

I wanted to say that I wasn’t three years old but I restrained from speaking my thoughts. Mask lady held up the mask and before I knew it, it popped onto my face. I had my eyes closed but was breathing in the gas. It had a pleasant fragrance, like strawberries coated in sugar. Unfortunately, just as I took a big waft of it, the air took on a foul scent, like moldy bread. My head started to spin and my heart pounded faster than a cheetah running. Under my skin, I began to feel a slight tingle, which got stronger and moved up my body. Suddenly, everything went pitch black.

When I awoke, everything was a blur. There was a stinging, excruciating pain in my throat. When I opened my eyes, I saw I was in the recovery room. It all started coming back to me and I realized it was over! I had survived the evil endoscopy that turned out not to be so evil after all.

Everyone will have days like mine that you want to push away-- but you will survive; because if you really cooperate, you’ll see that everyone is just trying to help you.