

Ernest Gonzalez

Professor

Class

Memoir

My arm hairs stood up as the syringe was being unwrapped by the bright blue gloves the nurse wore. Rubbing alcohol filled the room, and my lungs sucked it all in. I looked to my right, the door was still open. My 5 year old self would have run out the door by now. My mom is in the bathroom, so the escape would be easy. “1,2,3” I began the pattern of numbers in my head, told by my parents that it would calm me down, “4,5,6..God” Out of all the moments in the Hospital, needle preparation seems to take the longest out of everything. Eternal life has always been a topic that surrounded me, how temporary life can be. I did not grow up in church but on those rare moments when I got to sit on church cotton chairs I would always hear about the “eternal God”, about an existing and out of time God. I never thought fainting would amplify my view of how fragile human life is.

Pressing upon all the veins, she wrapped a tight ridged band around my arm. I thought this was going to be a normal doctor’s appointment, but as soon as she inserted the needle, the expression on her face gave it all away. I tried counting in my head or even praising God through this hell, but the nurse kept clouding my thoughts. She was not able to find my bloodstream to fill the blood tests with. The blood test containers remained empty, and the needle continued to be impaled into different directions in search of blood. “Go easy on it” “have you found it yet?” I kept repeating phrases like these to the nurse, but soon, a sensation of confusion and unbalance stirred my body. “I feel dizzy,” I told her. Trying to get a hold of my consciousness I blink and grab onto my seat. The nurse proceeds to call her coworkers, and soon I am surrounded by multiple women, they hand me a drink of water but nothing seems to wear this feeling away. It’s just me and this feeling, “they can’t help” I say.

I heard my mom’s voice in the distance “Que esta pasando aqui?”, “Ernest, estas bien?” but I had no strength to make fun of her dumb question, all I knew was, I did not want to be there. After a minute, one of the nurses directs me to get up and move to the room next door. As I got myself up and walked to the room next door. I was transported to a yellow like film of my morning. Yellow and bright like light reflecting off sunflower petals, I saw what my mother and I did that morning in third person, it felt peaceful and almost natural.

I began hearing shouting echos. “Ernest!” “Ernest!”, mom? And I suddenly remember that I'm in the hospital, I force my eyes to see, and the yellow film fades away, while my moms sorrowful face stares at me shouting “Ernest!” At that moment, I entered reality, “Mamy don't worry i'm okay” it was such a peaceful experience, “Mamy im okay”, “hay Ernest tienes que comer.” She tells me all frustrated. The nurses still there comforted my mom with truths, “this is normal” “it happens” but my mom was not having it.