

Doctor, oh, my Doctor!

Megan had a long, busy day at nursing school. She had been on her feet for 9 hours, spent two hours traveling and now came home to a hot and humid kitchen to make the evening meal. Michael was in the living room studying for his psychology rotation test the next day. He hardly noticed her coming home. The morning dishes had not been cleaned and the trash was overflowing.

“Michael, how was your day,” she asked from inside the kitchen. She was standing only eight feet from the maniacal yet methodical med student laboriously lingering over his textbook. There was no answer. “Honey, how did your day go,” she asked in a little louder voice? Not a word in response. “Michael. Michael, can you hear me” she turned and shouted point blank. Michael continued to pour over his books and absorb the latest psychological axioms known to man. Megan stared in disbelief. This was the man she had loved for so long. The man with whom she decided to spend the rest of her life. How could studying the “psychological impact on the mind of sociopathic liars using the homogenized trans-dermal migration of supercharged amino acids through a hyper protein gyrometer” be more important than her?

Megan fell into one of the kitchen chairs, exhausted and frankly, a little hurt that no one seemed to recognize her for who she was and the great things she was accomplishing. As she closed her eyes, her mind carried her back to the days when she was an accomplished thespian in high school. She stole the show as the principal actress in *Everything Goes*. She had the audience in the palm of her hand during *A Mid Summer's Nightmare*. She had more curtain calls than Carter had pills. Everyone adored her. When the curtain fell she loved to hear the audience roar, “Megan, Megan, Megan.” She never tired of signing the autographs, posing for photographs, or shaking hundreds of hands. Oh, the lights, the music, the clamor of an appreciative audience, the flash photography...all of a sudden Megan's head fell from her hands, which were supported by her elbows on the table and her forehead hit the kitchen table. Even if it was for just a moment, it was wonderful to bask in the splendor of those glorious days gone by. But for now, it was back to reality. She peered into the living room. Michael's head was lying in his book and drooling grotesquely all over page 388.

In an instant, Megan had an ingenious idea. She ran to the bedroom and donned one of her favorite negligees and an exclusive cologne from Saks Fifth Avenue. She ran back to kitchen and began to heat up some of the morning's bacon grease in an iron skillet on the stove. Taking a slice of wonder bread, she dipped it in the sizzling hot bacon grease. The imaginative and masterfully manipulative Megan put the saturated piece of refined white flour bread on a saucer and took it over to her slumbering student of science. She placed it right in front of his nose. Then she began to rub his shoulders and his back. “Had a big day, buddy? Maybe you need a little snack, a hot shower and some shut-eye. What do ya say, partner?” Michael did not stir.

In total discouragement Megan headed for the bedroom, slammed the door and threw herself to the bed in an outburst of tears. Something was wrong, horribly wrong. To make matters worse, tomorrow was a big day at the hospital and she needed her sleep. If she could only put this dismal day behind her and somehow just move on. She laid there, tossing and turning. What could she do to get her man to pay her a little bit of attention? How do you bring back to old

days when your name was in lights and people worshipped the ground you walked on? What to do? What to do?

Megan was wide awake one minute before her 4:00 AM setting was to go off. She turned off the alarm and headed for the bathroom. The warm shower felt good, but she was so tired with no sleep and Michael still on her mind. She about feel asleep as she put on her make up. She wanted to go back to bed but had to get to the hospital for an important tour of the operating room and inpatient rounds with Dr. Pai Noah Tention of the Greensborro Memorial Hospital. The way things were going she was definitely going to be late. With no time for breakfast, she hurdled through their humble living room, almost tripping over her hibernating husband and headed for the front door with a hardy, almost super human effort, despite all the Herculean obstacles on the horizon.

She rushed through the back doors of the emergency room just in time to catch the start of the tour by one of the teaching aids. The acrid smell of the emergency room immediately caught her attention. She blinked her eyes a few times and fell into step with her other classmates. The pungent smell of sterilizing solutions made her queasy, but Megan was strong and simply pushed through it all. This would all be over in two hours and she could then get a mid-morning snack.

On the second floor she felt a little light-headed as she observed the various patients and their variety of ailments. Dressing open wounds was not on the top of her list at the moment. About the fifth or sixth patient she started to see dark splotches. Tapping the teaching assistant on the shoulder she said, "I'm not feeling well, I think I'd better sit down." She started for a chair situated on the side of the room. Halfway there "the lights went out". Down she went as limp as a blouse dropped into a laundry basket. She was out for the count.

One of her colleagues hysterically screamed with disturbing distress. Doctors in the hallways and nurses from the station around the corner came running. Immediately, four very handsome and strong residents lifted her to a hospital gurney. As they gently raised her fragile body, there appeared to be a faint smile come over the victim's mouth. An emergency surgeon firmly gripped her wrist and quickly took her pulse. Again, the faintest of smiles. A nurse applied a blood pressure sleeve to her arm and began pumping. Another took a cold compress and laid it across her forehead. Within minutes Megan began to come to. She complained of a sore ankle. One of the nearby doctors began to massage the area of the suspected sprain. "Wow", she thought, "that really feels good. Don't stop." All toll, there were 31 people attending this frail, frayed, frantic and forlorn angel of care. Her fellow students were calling to her, "Megan, Megan, Megan." This brought back fond memories, yes, such fond memories of fabulous days gone by.

One of the more alert students ran to a telephone to contact Megan's husband. Michael was back at his desk studying when the telephone rang. Normally he would ignore the distracting telecommunication device. Strangely, he picked up the phone. The hysterical voice on the other end somehow caught his attention and he knew immediately there was something terribly wrong with Megan. He shouted at the top of his voice, "What is it girl. Get a hold of yourself. Settle down and just tell me. It's my wife, isn't it?" The nurse hurriedly relayed the hellish

information to the horror-stricken husband. Leaving the telephone hanging from the wall, Michael was on his Harley and heading down the highway for the hospital.

Michael blasted through the front doors and past security in a split second. Up two flights of stairs and around two corners he found the worst nightmarish scene of his life. There was Megan, prostrate on a hospital gurney – wearing an oxygen mask, tubes running here and there. Fluids drained into her arm and her ankle was in a temporary cast.

Michael immediately asked for the attending physician. “Give me the charts, doctor, just give me the charts.” He scanned the reports like Rick Majerus studied a U of U shot chart. He checked her temperature. Then he reviewed her blood pressure readings. Next he took his flash light and examined the exhausted-looking eyes of his eternal sweetheart. With his stethoscope he listened carefully to her heart. To his great surprise there was something very unusual. At first there was a series of three beats and then a hiatus. All of a sudden, three more beats and then nothing. Michael slowly laid his stethoscope aside and stood up next to Megan’s bed.

Michael had just finished his rotation in Psychology. He now knew full well what was happening. Somehow and in some way totally inexplicable to the medical community, Megan’s heart was reaching out to Michael. He knew the secret code. Each three beats meant, “I love you!” But, how could she control her heart that way?

What Michael did not know, and centuries of medical research for that matter, is that the greatest thespians of all (one out of every ten thousand) can control every physical aspect of their being (sometimes at a detriment to their health) to insure that their lines and the character of their role are delivered in the most optimal fashion possible. Megan had surpassed that level many years ago.

Michael fell to both knees at her side. Tears were rolling down his chubby cheeks as he gathered up his precious wife in his big, strong, muscular arms, “Oh Megan, my medicinally-minded Megan.” Megan’s eyes slowly came open to see her loving husband, peering down at her with glistening eyes. Megan lovingly looked into his puppy-dog like eyes and whispered, “Doctor, oh my doctor. You have come back to me.”

He hoisted her from the gurney and carried her down the hall, down the stairs and out the front door of the hospital. He carefully placed her on his custom, Chinese-made chopper. As he revved the engine past 7,000 RPM, it seemed like every window in the hospital was going to shatter into thousands of pieces. Off they rode. Megan held on tightly as Michael lifted the front wheel off the ground and did a 50-foot wheelie. A group of nursing students wildly cheered and applauded as the two disappeared into the beautiful horizon of a new day.