

## Needle In My Foot

By: Nyssa W.

One afternoon, my Grandma was sewing a button that fell off our turquoise pillow. I was sitting down, next to the sewing supplies, looking at all the thread. I took out a needle. I thought it was cool how it felt! I then took out some more needles. While I was playing with the needles, I got distracted by the TV. I dropped some needles! We picked them all up, and I was double checking until... ouch! I ran to the couch, jumped on top of it, and looked at my foot. Ah! It was bleeding. It hurt so much to walk, so I crawled. I crawled across the floor, dog hair getting all over me, to the restroom to get some Band-Aids. My Grandma looked at me, concerned, and asked, Is there a needle in your- ". Before my Grandma could finish her sentence, I shook my head. "Nuh-uh! No way! Never!" My Grandma laughed, and she decided to agree with me, about the needle not being in my foot. My foot had been hurting for a couple weeks. My Mama insisted we go to the Urgent Care. I said yes, and was excited to prove them wrong! The doctor asked me how much it hurt, from a scale of 1 to 10, "10 being the most?" I asked. "10! " I exclaimed. I couldn't help but have a smile on my face. My doctor laughed.

I guess my smile was misleading, because the doctor didn't think I had a needle in my foot! The doctor tried telling my Mama that I didn't need an x-ray, and that it was probably just bruised. My Mama said, "I know my daughter has a high tolerance for pain. I'm pretty sure the needle is in her foot. " They joked about making bets on whether the needle was in my foot or not.

The doctor got up, and told us, "Okay! Let's go take your X-ray! "I got out of the bed, and walked with her. My Mama came too. We went to the room, and they put this heavy sheet or something on me. Later Mama explained the heavy sheet was to block radiation to other parts of my body. They took my X-ray, and my Mama ran to the computer, to see the X-ray. She started laughing, and laughing. My mama told me she was laughing because she was right and would have won the bet with the doctor. "Baby! Look!" She picked me up, and took me to look at the computer image. There it was. A little line inside my foot. My Mama hugged me, while I started to cry. I wiped the tears from my eyes, and didn't get why she was laughing before. I asked why she was laughing. My Mama explained, "Everyone else was convinced that if the needle were in your foot, you'd be in a lot more pain. I knew you are a very tough girl, and that needle was probably in your foot." My Mama thinks very highly of me!

So, a couple weeks later, and we have the surgery planned. Everyone was at the hospital. I had changed into a kid sized hospital gown. Everyone commented on how cute I looked. We walked inside a sort of office area. They talked to my Mama about numbers and stuff. I went outside the office, and tried learning how to walk without hurting my foot. I eventually got it, by having my leg lean on my foot. So my foot's side was on the ground. My leg was my new foot now! But anyways, apparently we weren't doing the surgery that day! We went home, and boy was I upset! I just wanted to get this thing out of my foot, not wait an extra, what like, 2,000 weeks?!

We came back the hospital a couple weeks later. They had computers at the hospital, so I played Minecraft there. We sat in the waiting room for what felt like hours. We played games, and I also played on my iPad! But then they called my name. "Nyssa Williams? Only she comes in, no one else." I walked inside, and waved to my Mama, Daddy, and Step-Dad. We walked into this all white room. I lied on the bed, and they put the mask on my mouth, to make me fall asleep. They asked my questions like, "What's your favorite board game?" to see if I was still awake. Soon enough, I woke up in this room with a lot of beds in there. Everyone was looking down at me, and I opened my eyes. I still felt dazed from the medicine, but was still in control of myself. I sat myself up, and my Mama hugged and kissed me. My Daddy brought me a Sprite. I hugged everyone, and soon enough, they kicked me out that comfy bed! "Why...?"

I said, and giggled. It was time to leave! I asked about crutches. They said I was too small for some. They gave me a Barbie Doll, and I said thank you. They put me in a wheel chair, and drove me to my car. We said thank you, and then we were off. But, I remember one part, where the doctor said, "Oh, we get this a lot. It's fine." I don't think they did. They probably just said that to make me feel better. But now my foot is all healed!

