

Tons

by Estelle Bruno

Hey, you kids, stop whining, it's nothing to cry about. This procedure is done a million times a day, so you can all stop looking so sad, I'm not dying, not yet.

So they have me on a guerny waiting to get into the operating room when a nurse comes over to talk to me. I think she thinks I'm scared. But I'm not, what I am is laughing to myself 'cause she is wearing dangling earrings. All I can think is when they open my chest, I hope one of those earrings doesn't fall into my heart.

Then it's over. I feel great. Out of bed and ready to go home.

When I'm home, the kids are giving me all kinds of advice as I must regain my strength.

Drink tons of water they keep telling me, it will help you a lot. So I drink tons of water, but after a few days I can't breathe, can't get out of bed, think I'm dying.

The doctor's assistant phones every day to see how I am. He can't figure out why I am having all these problems.

They are ready to admit me to the hospital, when he phones again and I tell him I can't possibly drink any more water. Then, I think I hear a thud.

Did he fall down, I'm wondering, when suddenly he is yelling NO NO NO! Stop that water, you are filling up your lungs with fluid!

So they put me on a pill to get rid of all the tons of water these smart kids of mine kept making me drink.

It took three months to cure this water torture. Now I'm thinking it's my kids I should be getting rid of, they almost killed me with their kindness.

