The Nurse

by Jake Barnes

I paid a call on the good folks in the ER recently. I got nipped by a raccoon. In our neck of the woods there's a 99% chance that you won't get rabies from a ‘coon bite, but one percent is one percent.

I lay on a table in a cold room in one of those little blue gowns that open in back. I waited and waited. Finally a nurse came in and told me to roll over. She pulled down my shorts and gave me a shot in each cheek. When she finished, I turned around, lay back, and looked up at the nurse. She was a comely black woman.

“Does this mean that we are engaged?” I asked.

She frowned. “What?” she said.

I told her never mind. I thanked her. She nodded. She turned and left.

I sighed. No respect, I thought. To her I was just meat.

That's the problem with getting old, I mused. Nobody takes you seriously.

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