

Eyeball

by Kevin Myrick

"And you see this? That's the cornea. That's what you've injured."

The doctor was kind and pointed to the model and explained everything to Daniel slowly. Daniel nodded his head continually. "We've already learned about the eye in science class." He stood there silently for a second, unblinking.

"Here's the bad news: you have to wear a patch over your eye for the next six weeks."

"Six weeks?"

"I know it seems like a long time, but the more time the eye has to heal, the better off you'll be in the long run."

"You listen to the doctor Mr. Dead Eye," his mother said as she pat him on the head.

"Can I get one with skulls and cross bones?"

"Sure thing Tiger," the doctor said and pat him on the shoulder. He marked something down on the chart and handed Daniel's mother two prescriptions.

"The xanax is for you," he said to her. "Don't freak out like that again."

"I'm sorry doctor, I just panicked over my little man. He's the only one I have," his mother said, giving him a tight hug against her chest.

Daniel thought she'd done more than "panicked" when they got to

the emergency room. He'd been playing with his BB gun and one ricocheted off the can and bounced back off his gun and against his eyeball. It was a Kennedy magic bullet theory shot, Daniel thought. Too bad he did get it on video.

Once inside the sliding doors -- his mother dragging him by the arm as he held a wet cloth to his eye -- she let loose a torrent of hellfire and brimstone. Instead of filling out the paperwork like she was asked, she began to scream "SOMEONE BETTER HELP MY SON RIGHT NOW OR ELSE I'M GOING TO LET LOOSE THE THUNDER OF THE LORD!"

It was fortunate the hospital staff was there to help her when she fainted moments later and dropped to the floor. A nurse called the situation a "two for one special."

His mother complained about the headache the entire way home, even after she placed a pill under her tongue and moaned in pleasure. When they returned home, his father and his friends were in the back yard shooting empty beer cans with the BB gun.

"I'm not going back to the hospital tonight," she yelled and took the weapon away. Pointing it downward and screaming at her husband for being a bad example, she shot herself in the foot.

"Do you want to go back to the emergency room now?" his father asked.

