

Trauma Room 477—through Desiree's Eyes

*I don't know where my whole body is. It feels fuzzy, like a peach skin only—hot. My skin feels like fever. I wake up and I see styrofoam-stained squares and other times the squares are smaller and shiny. Why didn't they give me a window? Or a television to watch?*

*No one talks to me and when I try to talk, my tongue feels gooey, like I have been eating wheat paste from elementary school. I think that maybe I am in a hospital because things smell acrid and stinky, like strong Pine-Sol. But then why is there a barbecue grill nearby that people cook on around the clock? I hear a clicking, wheezing noise sometimes when the squares change. Things get so fuzzy sometimes that I can't taste the insides or my cheeks and I try to bite my tongue so I can taste blood and know that I am alive.*

*Why don't they let me get up from here? Maybe I have been kidnapped and then Jared will pay a high ransom to save me. It wouldn't surprise me. The last time my director told me to go to the Bay View Institute to talk to the loony girl, I thought he was crazy too. But then, I won an Oscar after learning how to act like her. I would never go back either! It wasn't too hard either since her story was sad, too sad maybe.*

*I can't believe she fell for Jared. She tried to have me believe that he would choose her over me, but that is beyond ridiculous. 60-Minutes did that big story about the real woman behind the movie and then, after all the publicity, they released Mina. I was sure to take care of her though, thank the dear gods of Hollywood! People only need one important woman in their life as my momma always used to say.*

*I was having this dream about my daddy. He was such an attractive man that women used to always flirt with him, even in front of my mom. He had this velvety black moustache,*

*almost a crow's wing in texture. It used to tickle my cheek when he kissed me. Mom always used to say it was cute when the high schoolers and twenty-year-olds winked at my daddy.*

*She stopped laughing after I became a teenager myself. I used to have these dreams that dad was pinching me at night, but whenever I would wake up, no one was there. Dad looked at me so much differently then. When I found photos of myself in his desk that I didn't know he had even taken, I decided to leave home. I didn't even tell my mom, I just left.*

*I still sometimes think that dad could still be alive, but who cares? My parents always said I was way too melodramatic and that I made up lots of stories about myself. Who needs parents? I'm never having children. Of course I changed my name, who wouldn't with freaky parents like that?*

*Wait. Is daddy here right now? I just heard something.*

*I couldn't turn to see anything. People, doctors perhaps, had explained that the traction machine was necessary to keep my wounds from attaining too much pressure. I think they just wanted to keep me around because I would draw so much media coverage. Can you imagine how much attention the surgeon would get from fixing me up? Every time I tried to discuss my injuries, they usually changed the subject to how much I had improved. I'm always so thirsty too and they never give me anything good to drink. It tastes like plain ol' tap water for God's sake!*

*The noisy machines make it impossible to get a good rest and I must have horrible dark circles under my eyes. I can't seem to remember anything that has happened recently, although I keep dreaming about stuff that I had hoped to always forget. In fact, I think today was the first time I have been able to remember that I spent yesterday in the hospital. I think of it as another rehearsal for the next big picture.*

*Jared, where is he? Why hasn't he come to see me yet? Wait. Is daddy here right now?*

*I just heard something and it didn't sound like a nurse. Or maybe it's Jared!*

"Jared, is that you?" *My voice sounds so harsh...*

"Jared?"

No answer.

"If it isn't Jared then can you call him for me? They won't let me try to use the phone yet." *My throat is so raw. How many tongue depressors have they shoved down my throat while I was sleeping? Wait until my lawyer hears about this. Maybe whoever this is can at least get Jared so I can get some things in order.*

"Jared's my agent." *I'll talk really slow and even if this is a candy striper, she can handle getting me my clutch purse. It had better be there. That Dolce Gabana bag cost me thousands.*

"I know this looks really bad and everything, but I am just practicing for my new movie. Did you see my last film? I have already been nominated for an Oscar. My Dolce clutch should be nearby. Jared's card is in it."

*Oh, I can hear her now. She had better make it fast too; I don't even know where the phone is and I have heard ringing noises, but I don't think it was my cell. Wait a minute. Maybe the doctors are holding me here in secret. Or worse. Maybe I have been kidnapped and they are hiding me here! I'll stir this person up a bit then...*

"Have the police been by?" Yeah, that stopped whoever it is all right.

"Why won't you talk to me? I must look a fright right now without my make up. The nurses don't say much either. I am going to report the night nurse to her supervisor because she is too nasty to me. Do you have a mirror?"

*That's right, pour the charm on. Even without make up if it's a man, he'll help me. I just know it. I'll try a different approach this time. Whining and sympathy always has worked before. I'll pretend that I can't...ouch, I can't move that arm at all...*

"I'm so tired. Daddy, could you help me? The sheet is so tight I can't get out of bed. Dad? Daddy, why are you hurting me?" *Maybe the "poor helpless victim" act will work...*

"Mr. Graham? Uh, Mr. Graham. There are some police to see you just down the hall, but I told them you needed a few moments with your wife. Mr. Graham?"

*Who was that? Sounds like that nasty head nurse who won't talk to me. Mr. Graham, who is he?*