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The Diary of a Nobody

by Sho Botham

Monday

Panic hit me as I looked down. Was that blood?

Sleep didn't come easy. Tossing and turning, thoughts of medical emergencies flying around inside my head. Morning couldn't come fast enough. I had to know.

Tuesday

My potential medical emergency was of little concern to the curt reception person that I eventually got through to after ringing the surgery number again and again and again.

“Can you call back at eight thirty in the morning for an appointment? We can't book an appointment directly. You'll need to book a telephone appointment first and someone will call you to ascertain if an in-person appointment is needed.”

Now I was upset as well as worried.

Wednesday

Sitting by the window with my phone in my hand, I wasn't sure what time the phones would open. I didn't want to miss my chance of an appointment. I tried ringing the surgery number eighteen times before the phone lines opened. I got the surgery's message about press one to make an appointment, press two for something else. I pressed one as quickly as I could. But I'd missed my chance for today.

Thursday

I was checking several times a day. It still looked like blood to me. I was getting anxious about not being able to make an appointment. I wasn't sure if the problem

was my potential medical emergency or the fact that getting to see my doctor was turning out to be impossible.

In the afternoon, I tried surgery reception and got the same curt person as before. There was no sympathy to my plight and I got the same instruction, call at eight thirty in the morning. I felt like a nobody.

Friday

I had to get through today. I didn't want to be left wondering all weekend. Sitting by the window very early, I got myself organised. I had my phone set up for speed dial to the surgery and I also had my daughter's phone on the same speed dial number. The idea being that if I used two phones, I would have twice as much chance of getting through. From just before eight o'clock, I hit the speed dial on both phones, time after time. I watched the clock hand pass five past eight, ten past eight, quarter past eight and edge towards the magical eight thirty when I should get through.

I got through!

A doctor will call me before six o'clock this evening.

I decided to stay in, that way I wouldn't miss the call and I would have privacy.

At five o'clock, after waiting in all day, the doctor called. When I told him about the blood he said I will see you on Monday at the surgery, ten o'clock.

Saturday

I noticed that since getting the appointment for Monday, I wasn't feeling so worried.

I also noticed that there was no blood.

Sunday

No blood today. I thought it odd that now I had my appointment to see the doctor, my potential medical emergency seemed to have gone.

Monday

"What can I do for you?"

"Well doctor, I wasn't sure whether to come this morning because the blood in my urine isn't there anymore. After all the effort I made to see you, I thought I'd better come."

"Are you sure it was blood?"

"I think so but I'm not sure. It was reddish."

"Was there anything you ate last week that might have caused your urine to turn red?"

I felt my face turn beetroot red with realisation. There was no medical emergency. I'd eaten fresh beetroot with my daily salad all week. I didn't have salad at the weekend.