Bourne toWrite...
creative writing workshops

# Peeved

by Karen Glennon

"Nurse," Betty called out, a tone of urgency in her voice. The seventy-three-year-old patient on St. Augustus Ward had pressed the bell beside her hospital bed three times. Betty had never had a strong bladder, even less so in recent years.

"Here I am, Betty." Nurse Camberley arrived promptly, a little flustered but her usual kind self. The cotton material of the nurse's impeccable white uniform was crumpled, and her face looked flushed.

Betty suspected Nurse Camberley was having a fling with the delicious Dr. Mason, but she had no proof. Fancying herself as a bit of a sleuth, the elderly, white-haired patient had looked for clues. It helped to pass the long days on the hospital ward. With no imminent discharge date and visits from family and friends gradually diminishing, one must find a way to fill one's days.

"I need the toilet," Betty explained to her nurse. "Can't I use my walker to get to the bathroom myself tonight?" she pleaded in a childish tone.

"I'm so sorry, Betty," came the reply, followed by the usual rhetoric, no matter who she asked. "Complete bed rest is what Dr. Mason ordered."

"Can't you put in a good word for me?" Betty asked with a wink. The soft, wrinkled skin of her round face creased as she smiled.

It was to no avail; the pretty Nurse Camberley merely smiled and rushed off to get the bedpan.

The increasing urgency to pee caused Betty to tighten her undercarriage for fear of wetting the bed. It seemed like an age before the nurse returned. Slowly and gently, she eased the cumbersome equipment under the top bedsheet as Betty lifted her lower body to accommodate it.

"There you go. All is well," Nurse Camberley reassured her patient as the heavy flow of urine hit the metal base of the bedpan.

A combination of frustration at her confinement and the perceived flippancy of this remark caused Betty to snap.

"Only just! I'd watch my step if I were you—accidents are terribly punctual around here," she quipped. "I had to press that bell three times before resorting to calling out. You wouldn't have time for your trysts with that good-looking Dr. Mason if I'd had an accident and wet the bed. Imagine how long it would have taken to clean me up and change the sheets."

Well used to the agitation long hospital stays could cause even the sweetest of patients, Nurse Camberley merely smiled and calmly replied, "Just as well I'm not in love with Dr. Mason, then!"

It wasn't a lie—not at all. Though she had, in fact, been having a "tryst," as Betty referred to it. However, it was with the gorgeous Nurse Canneloni. Her long, dark hair, which fell in soft curls around her face, large, firm breasts, and beautiful smile were altogether intoxicating. In fact, during Irene Camberley's next coffee break, she hoped to continue where she had left off when Bed three's bell had rung—not once, but three times. It was only Betty calling out that had broken their aroused, entwined bodies apart.