

WHAT DO YOU SEE WHEN YOU DRAW?

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I don't remember how I got to the hospital. One day I am at home and the next day I am in the hospital. Mom had to take me because Dad was at work. Just for a check-up, she said. But now the doctors and nurses have decided to keep me.

It's not so bad. The hospital people are nice. I like the lollipop guy. There was no one like that at our apartment. Martin, who shares a room with me, says the lollipop guy's name is Dennis. Dennis never talks. He wears a round black hat and a big mustache. Sometimes Dennis lets me choose which lollipop I want. I always take the biggest one. They are all swirly with colors mixed in with the white; like the marbles my brother has that he calls swirls.

I get to wear my pajamas all the time unless I don't want to. I think that is a good rule. Mom got me new ones with bears on them. They are flannel for the winter. I eat ice cream, or Jell-O, once every day. That is another good rule they have here. Sometimes I have green Jell-O, sometimes I have chocolate ice cream. It depends on what I feel like that day.

Making friends

My room is big and white. Lots of white everywhere. White walls, white sheets, white pillows, white slippers. Sometimes I have to share my white room with someone and sometimes I am by myself. Things are always changing here. Martin wasn't always here. It's nice that he is here though because now we can talk and play things together. Martin and I can pretend we have our own rooms if we want. Sometimes the nurse will come and put the shower curtains between us. We each have a shower curtain attached to the ceiling. It makes a nice sound when you move them, all the little wheels moving on the track. The curtains are good if we want to make pictures. Then the pictures can be secret and we can both be surprised. Martin can read my mind. Sometimes he draws the same thing as me even when the curtains are closed.

There was a girl named Kimmy who shared my room once, but she didn't stay very long. Kimmy was always tired. Kimmy always thought that Strawberry Shortcake was too

loud on TV. She used to sit quietly and color. She was not very fun.

The white clouds and the blue background and the yellow line

The yellow line on the floor. The line is to stop us kids from going across. It is where the parents can only go. I know that it is the way to my house because it's where my parents go when they leave.

I remember the one time that I went across. It was time for my parents to go but I wasn't finished showing them all the pictures I had made that day. They wouldn't wait until I was finished. They started leaving before I could show them the one of the birds flying up by the clouds. It was the best one.

So I decided to take the one of the birds out to show them. They were on the other side of the yellow line but not by much. I didn't think anyone would notice so I moved my wheelchair right over by the elevator door to stop Mom and Dad from leaving so soon. They told me to go back. I wasn't supposed to go across the yellow line. The doctors came and got me. They wouldn't listen about the pictures. Nobody would listen about the pictures. I started crying because I didn't want Mom and Dad to go. Why couldn't they just wait? The nurses were there now too, dragging me away from the elevator and the yellow line.

I called to my parents but they just got into the elevator and left. Mom was turned away from me and Dad was saying something to her and saying to me that they would be back in the morning in time for us to watch Mr. Dressup together. Mr. Dressup would have looked at my picture.

I tore the picture up. There, now they would never see it. What does it matter? They don't care. Nobody cares. Look at what they missed. It was beautiful. The birds were so far above everything floating through the white fluffy clouds on an all blue background.

What does bionic mean?

My legs don't work right. That's why I am here. I thought they were working fine but I am not a doctor. My legs work in a funny sort of way that is not like everyone else so