

NO HEADING For Bedding

2nd Feb'02

(This is perhaps an Editor's dream! A story, straight from the horse's mouth. When I went to meet this horse, he was all down and out. Then again, I knew that within moments he would be his own self as he is one of the liveliest guys I have ever met. The article below is the only one in CF 2003 that has not come under the proverbial Editor's scissors. On his request I do not put in his name but I greatly appreciate his undying sense of humour. A lot has been said about traffic rules in the last couple of months. I just say, "Remember! The left is the right of the road." ~Ed.)

*W*hat an 'Experience'???!!!

Don't misunderstand me. I'm just recalling my days spent in Birla Sarvajanik Hospital. A place where I suggest that every BITSian must spend a day or two, as they spend in other "paradises" of BITS like C'not, Shiv-G or Sky. I assure you that you will enjoy it to the core. I thought no one else could jot it down as realistically, for my experience simply has no match...

How I managed to get there, is still a mystery to me...

All I remember is the nice evening of the 22nd Jan, 02. I am walking down the road in front of Vyas, with two of my wingies, engrossed in discussion about "u know what". A blue Maruti car from nowhere hit my knees and I feel as if I am flying. (Because of its short bonnet it could not reach beyond my knees; I have long legs, you see!! Thank God!)

I remember a summersault and a shout, people flocking around to see and decide where to conduct my funeral. Alas! I was alive...and that's the funniest part. Some elderly Bhaiyajis suggested that my friends should try to catch hold of the car. And what did I see??? Them running for it, without bothering the least about me. All they wanted to do is to punish him and to get me some compensation ...how kind of them. Now I understand how people relate

BRAINS on the run and BRAINS in the knee.

But frankly speaking it was because of this that we could identify the cab and the chauffer.



mirror, mirror on our world...



Shot 2, Take 1, ACTION!!!!...Voila???** **

I'm in Sar-V and the doc says, "*macha* reserve a bed for urself", (in the hospital of course.) He finds a fracture in some back-bone and said that if it gets strained I might have to take bed-rest for life...for this at least I want to thank the driver "for dashing me carefully"...

Gorgeous nurses from then took up their job, they helped me to a bed ...took vitals (remember MT I) et al.

Mornings! It used to be great. My friends, well-wishers and junta used to come to see me alive and bring with them exclusively for me wishes: "GET into WELL soon".

Everyone came but the one I really waited for never turned up ☹.

No respect for friendSHIP...u c.... it will drown sometime...

Seriously speaking, if these people wouldn't have come to see me, I would have gone crazy of the boredom there.

However, for the first 3 days enough people came and then like the fog their density too decreased. Weathercocks not needed any more, I guess.

Nights were terrible not because of 'that' nor because of the horrible dreams I used to get but for the SCREAMS of my sideees or wingies (patients of course). Believe me it was the 1st time I realized 'cries' could be of so many type. Each has his or her unique style...anyways even in such a hullabaloo I managed to have a nap.



All I used to do is to lie pondy-ering, wondering and mimic all those cries my fellow patients used to do. A nurse even caught me once and she simmered and looked at me as if I was a fool (which I'm though....)

'Loc'ies here in Pilani, I think are the most hospitable of all. Almost everyone who passed by never missed to see who was in, and scrutinise the people who came to see me. Women in their *jhatak* attire were no less, looking at me through their fancy *pallus*. When I was alone they rushed in groups into my ward least bothering if I was asleep, chatted their lungs out. And sometimes for a break they asked about me, my back, my PAIN and even forced me to consume the tea they had brought.

Pain reminds me of the 1st injection in hospital by a female nurse in front of so many of



my friends and that too in a private part ...my scream scared her off too.... She brought together two of the scariest things in life - 'The Syringe' and 'The F-mail'.

Nine pinholes 'there' so far, even now I can feel them. Worst of all I was asked to shift 4 beds in a day coz of some problem they had, all by myself with a broken back. It's how I realized I could walk and since then everyday I tried to persuade my 'frenchie' Doctor to send me back to my room, and each time I did that, his reply was *three days more*. Ultimately I convinced him and he in turn convinced my warden to not allow me into my room. They dropped me at the guesthouse with strict instructions to the watchman not to allow me out. To add to my surprise my cousin drops in from Hyd to look after me as suggested by my dear Doctor.



Now, in this guesthouse, I felt as if I am in heaven after passing through...****. I don't expect anything more for myself as a BITSian. Here the food is yummm and treatment is great and hope is there that I'd be on my feet soon to be amongst you all.

Today I want to thank our wardens for having taken so much trouble to make sure I get well soon and thanks to those who came to break my period of boredom and panic in hospital.

Rather than signing off with my name I thought of penning what my friend wrote about me in his 27th Jan EPC publication

"-As I'm writing, there is a BITSian, whom I personally know, lying on hospital bed with a broken back..."

BYE, take care, Avoid ACCIDENTS.



mirror, mirror on our world...

