

Jim Bourne

When I was a teenager, I went to Dr. Walker for allergy shots. One particular shot has stuck in my memory. Dr. Walker, Kool chuffing away, swabbed my arm, drew the serum into the syringe, and stuck the needle in my arm.

puff-puff

He started the injection.

puff-puff

The syringe popped out of the needle, which remained in my arm.

puff-puff

"Damn."

puff-puff

He inserted the syringe back into the needle and finished the injection.

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At another time, also during my teen years, I sprained my ankle fairly badly playing tennis. The following morning I was taken down to Dr. Walker's for an X-ray. As I left his house, using crutches for perhaps the first time in my life, I placed the crutches on the big flagstone outside his front door. It was wet with dew, and the crutches slipped. I came down directly on my sprained ankle. I probably yelped. Behind me I heard a chuckle.

"Hurts, doesn't it?"