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Hidden Infection

Who would have thought that a simple infection could go south so quickly; that it could take your life away if you would've waited one day longer before treatment. Well unfortunately I had to experience what it's like to be so sick that in a matter of moments my body would've been septic. I was diagnosed with a deadly infection known as Mrsa - better know as a staff infection that goes untreated. I know what you're thinking: how did you not notice it? Well trust me there was a lot of unfortunate series of events that lined up just perfect enough to shadow the infection manifesting within my elbow.

"Dad, my elbow is killing me. When I fell into the endzone it popped and now look at it," I said suppressing my intuition to yell at the top of my lungs in pain.

"Doesn't look too good son."

"Oh boy...you definitely have a dislocation" my stepmom said assuring me of my injury.

*Great, just great. We just won a huge game and now I can't even celebrate it! This pain is excruciating.*

A whole week passed of trying to make myself believe that I was fine, that it was just a dislocation and I'd take care of it after the football season had finished. Well, I wasn't okay and it wasn't something that could wait. It wasn't until the following Friday night after the game that I

landed roughly on my dislocation in my elbow which seemingly caused it to fix itself. After that incident, I knew there was more to what met the eye when looking at my elbow.

The swelling only continued to get worse; I started to look like Popeye after he gulped down his spinach. The entire tip of my arm was blood red. It was growing more painful and more swollen everyday. When Monday came around, I would know that I'm NOT okay.

Sunday night I was woken every so often with cold sweats and dizziness. I thought to myself, *it's just one of those nights*—but let me tell you, it wasn't just “one of those nights.” My infection in my elbow was spreading and now it was starting to make it's way into my bloodstream. Morning finally came. I wrapped myself in layers of long sleeves, jackets, and sweatshirts to stay warm but it was no hope. I would begin to overheat but when I took a single layer off it would send my body into a state of overwhelming chills.

Feeling too ill to participate in school I left early to seek medical attention. My generous girlfriend took me home to lay me to rest and wait for my parents to arrive home so they could take me to urgent care, however my infection was getting worse by the minute. For the next couple hours I slept on my cold, hard, bathroom floor without any pillows to comfort me in my pain, doubling as a quick route to the toilet if my food didn't want to stay down. A fever had begun to march itself into my head and play it's brutal songs—only later would I know that my fever was roughly 102 degrees.

“Awe honey, wake up. I'm taking you to the doctors... come on get up.” Struggling to move I grabbed anything and everything to help steady myself on my way to my feet but something was terribly wrong. My vision became blurry and I was beginning to lose all balance. The fever caused all my blood to rush to my brain and overwhelm all systems working, leaving

me disoriented. Hobbling down the stairs my vision came clear but my motor control didn't.

Trying to turn the corner out of the hallway and towards the front door I crashed into the side of the wall. It reminded me of a kid when you'd spin around to make yourself dizzy and when you ran your body just would continue to veer off one way until you fell down. Oh how nice it would've been to have fallen on some nice green grass instead of the hard wall. My concerned family rushed to help me up and assisted me to the car but couldn't help slip out a few chuckles.

Once we reached the doctor's office and my parents signed me in it was a brief waiting period and I was put in a slight dark and ominous room. The nurse measured my heart beat and took my temperature questioning me on what I think is making me so sick. Reluctantly I showed him my swollen elbow and he left the room almost immediately to get the doctor. I kid you not she came in with a knife, a shot, and stuff for stitches but if you are anything like me you absolutely dread going to the doctors for that reason specifically.

“Oh you'll be fine,” the doctor assured me, “just let me see your elbow, please.”

Looking over my opposite shoulder I reached out my elbow

“Oh my gosh” she stuttered.

“What? What's wrong? Is everything alright.”

Again, although this time monotone, she assured me I'd be fine.

Poking and jabbing she began her adventures pulling out an endless oozing stream of pus. It was a dark yellow, similar to a loogie that's been baking in a nostril for weeks. It stunned me how it poured out with ease being about the diameter of a pencil. Minutes passed and my elbow pain began to ease. I figured it would all be over soon; oh boy was I wrong.

Looking back at my elbow I saw a pair of tweezers fixed in her hands aiming straight for my bloody wound. “What are those fo-----ugh!” I screeched as I was interrupted by the doctor pulling out a 3 inch long deflated balloon looking pus sack.

As I begun to panic, the doctor calmly spoke, “Oh there it is” like she had been waiting for it to come out the moment she started poking at my arm.

“What is that? That just came out of me?” I questioned the doctor.

Ignoring me she stepped out of the room. Confused, my step mom and I exchanged disgusted looks but no words were spoken before the nurse came back in the room.

Well here is the moment I’ve been dreading even before I stepped foot in the office—I have to have a shot. But no, not just any shot. The nurse said “a very painful shot, but you’ll be fine.” Yeah she was right, it was horrific and I am fine now but for the rest of that day my keester burned. It wasn’t the initial poke or when the medicine began to flow into my bloodstream, it was the after effect. It burned for hours, like someone traded my seat with a hot skillet.

Honestly, I couldn’t tell you which one was worse: the pain from Mrsa or the way it’s treated. There is one thing I do know for sure though, I am never going to let myself get Mrsa again.