

In Which I Cut My Wrist, But Not Suicidally

Greg Martin

The movie was over, and the credits had begun to roll. Over three minutes worth of names had scrolled by, signaling each and every person that had possibly been involved in the making of Eragon. In a way, then, they each hold a tiny role in the scaring of my arm. Odd how things are able to work themselves out as such.

The second song had started. This one was sung by Jem. According to her haunting lyrics, one man was able to move a mountain. True as this may have been in the movie, for Eragon did come out on top - at least we think so, the movie was a little confusing - it did not prove true with me. In fact, I was unable to even move my feet! And so it was these unmovable feet that became my downfall, in a rather literal sense.

It was kind of stupid. I was just messing around, demonstrating how the cats loved to fly through the house. They would chase each other, and then jump clear to the back of the couch, just to settle down and watch the birds in the feeders.

CRASH! was the sound that vibrated throughout the house.

There I was, my right fist having made it clear through the window. My attempt at kitty maneuvers had failed. It was our big living room window, a picture window that covered the majority of our eastern wall. But shards laid at my feet, on the sill, and - were there some in *me*?

"Greg!" This was my friend, Priscilla. She had come over to celebrate the coming of spring break by watching Eragon with me. "Are you okay?"

My answer was muffled, baffled. I was more in shock - was that *blood*, coming from me? My, I never really realized that my blood was quite that color. It's not as red as they say.

"Greg!"

Her shout, repeated, seemed to wake me from my trance. I was no longer focused on the color leaking from my wrist or on the jagged hole that had made itself known in our window. "Yeah, I'm okay. Cut myself though."

"Is it bad?" The question seemed idiotic. Here I was, blood pouring (or gushing! Yes, maybe it's gushing now) from my wrist - isn't that, like, really bad? - and maybe a few spots on my fingers. They were turning colors too. Colors that my hand isn't normally.

"Maybe."

She led me away from the window. There was still snow outside, I could see the white, fluffy stuff laying on the ground. She said I needed to be patched up. But she was only 17 - what did she know? Maybe I was dying. It would be another six months until she started her training as a nurse. Perhaps this is what prompted her. Or perhaps not, as she dropped out six months later.

"That looks deep."

I told her where the supplies were kept. It wasn't that far from the window; I could still see it. I wish my mom had been home. She would have known what to do. But she was a state away, along with rest of the family. I was home, alone, this weekend because I had to work. But at least I wasn't entirely alone. Priscilla had come over, and I had the cats - the cats!

"Priscilla, we need to cover the window so that cats can't get out."

"You first." This, I suppose in retrospect, was a good idea.

By this point in time, a good deal of clean-up was required before I could be fixed up. She set about doing it. I was lucky; there didn't appear to be any glass wedged within me.

And then I was clean. A single piece of gauze was attached with medical tape, and we moved to the window. A paper bag covered the hole, stopping our kitty Houdinis from escaping. I did a head count of them, to make sure they were all still around. The eldest, Styx, liked to go running outside. But they were all still there, so it was good.

"It's bled through." And then it was back to me, for the gauze was no longer white; it was a deep red. A new, thicker stack of gauze was applied.

And then, while waiting for this piece to soak with blood, she had to leave, and I had to call my mom. We parted ways; she got picked up by her mom, who was on her way home from work. And me? I picked up the phone, and dialed my mother's cell phone.

"Did you patch it up?" Of course I did. "Did it bleed through?" Yes, the first one did. This one, almost. "Go ask Heidi to look at it." Heidi's our neighbor, but she isn't home. "Then go to the ER." Do I have to drive myself? "Ask Priscilla." Her mom said she had to stay home. "Then go to Priscilla's house and show Priscilla's mom." I could do this.

"Love you mom, I'll call you later."

I had just got my license, not even a week before. So here I was, driving, my wrist patch now much differently colored than it should be, on my way to Priscilla's. Her house was on the way to the ER, and her mom was a nurse. This would make sense. Yes, perfect sense.

I called before I left. I knocked at the door, and they answered. Yes, her mom said. It looks really bad. Go to the ER. Priscilla should take me. Yes, yes, she could leave.

This was the first time Priscilla had ever driven my car. I guess it impressed her, because she bought a Focus herself a few years later.

The wait was long. If I had been dying, I would have surely died. This, I am sure of. But as I did not die, something happened. We went downstairs in an elevator. I was feeling dizzy, but it made Priscilla even more dizzy. She felt nauseous; I was wondering if I would bleed to death. But then finally, we were called.

My wrist was bad, but I wouldn't die. This was good, but I don't remember much else. I hadn't eaten in many hours - was that bad, doctor? Yes, it was. I needed to eat, and he was going to stitch me up. 9 stitches attached my wrist back together. When do I take them out? I could go to my normal doctor

for that; I should anyways. This might get infected. I should stay away from windows in the future, yes, of course. Oh, what?

Priscilla drove me home, and her mom picked her up at my house. I had something to eat and then I went to sleep. Or perhaps I slept and then woke up and ate. Or perhaps I never ate and just slept. It's funny how the ending never stands out, except for the large bandage that wrapped around my wrist. Or the holes punctured in my skin.

But those later memories? Maybe the blood loss lost them. Or they just aren't important. Perhaps that is the moral of a story, that only the event is interesting, and not what happens. But that isn't a moral, then, because I didn't learn... or did I?