

Adventures of a Hospital Trolley

Iris

Well, look at me all broken up, wheels off, mattress burst open, what a mess I am in, hopefully I can be repaired. Would you like to know what happened to me today? Yes! Did I hear you all say, yes? Good I will begin.

I am a hospital trolley ready to start working in the Accident and Emergency department for the first part of the day. What I like about it is the variety of patients because I never know who is going to land on top of me. It is exciting.

I wondered who my porters would be, they are different every day. Oh, here they come. It was Jimmy and Alex. They're a good pair to work with.

Our first job was taking a very heavily pregnant lady to the Maternity ward which is on the other end of the hospital. Oh, the vibrations I was feeling made me think she was shouting a lot. She would burst my ear drums, if I had any. We still had a wee bit to go when the nurse chose to stop and check on her patient and decided to get into a side room as she knew the baby wasn't going to wait.

The lady kept panting and shouting in between and the baby arrived very quickly and safely. She was a beautiful little girl and all the excitement surrounded this little human. We eventually got to the Maternity unit and the

mother and baby were handed over, glad to leave them there. The porters cleaned me up, ready for my next patient.

I looked and guess what? It was wee Charlie, drunk as usual. He is in here once or twice a week. He is a character, we were taking him to the X Ray Department with his head split open, this is a new one for him. He has had broken bones and black eyes etc. but sometimes he just comes in for a bed, a hot meal and of course, the company. I thought he was much noisier than my last patient so much so that my wheels became wobbly as he tried to stand on top of me to dance. If he didn't watch what he was doing he would fall off and do himself even more damage. The porters had to strap Charlie in. We all like him but he can be a nuisance at times. Thank goodness we soon reached the X Ray Department where he was swapped over to a seat. We were glad to leave him there

It was then lunchtime for the porters so I was left in a corner with other trolleys. A few minutes later, in came my friend (**The Biscuit Tin**). That's his nickname. He is the Mortuary trolley. I don't know where he got his name but everybody calls him that. We can converse with each other without people knowing. It's a special code but I can't tell as it is our **SECRET**. We have good talks and great laughs; some days he is busy and other days he is quiet. We have been pals for a long time.

The porters returned from lunch and I wondered who we would get next as we made our way back to A&E. It was a little boy with a fractured leg from playing football. We took him to the Plaster room. He was six-year-old and

a brave wee soldier but his mum was very hyperactive. She was running around me and banging into my wheels. I was thinking to myself "For Goodness Sake, Calm Down." Luckily the porters read my mind and settled her down a bit. We left them at the Plaster room and continued on our rounds, we had a few more to do and then it was time for Jimmy and Alex to go off duty.

Unfortunately, that doesn't mean my work is finished as I am on the go all day. The next two porters are lazy and boring. They took me away from the Accident and Emergency Department to collect the dirty laundry from all the wards and they stood and blethered to the staff. They really think they are God's gift to women so it took us ages to get to the laundry room and they sneak out for a smoke so more time wasted.

I heard a lot of laughter coming from around the corner. Oh! Oh! They were coming towards me. They grabbed me and dressed me up with balloons and streamers made out of toilet rolls etc. Then two nurses came with another nurse in a wheelchair all dressed up as a bride. They lifted her onto me and put a bedpan on her head with a garland of flowers around it. They also strapped her in so she couldn't escape. Big posters were taped on me saying

**"WENDY'S GETTING MARRIED
ALL DRESSED UP AS YOU CAN SEE
PUT A PENNY IN THE POT
AS IT'S ALL FOR CHARITEE"**

All the nurses were going mad, dancing around me then pushing me in and out of the wards and we seemed to cheer up the patients, which was nice to see. We were back out on the hospital grounds and then the nurses were now dancing on top of me. Oh, they were messing me up good style. Where were the two lazy porters that should be looking after me, if they had been doing their job I wouldn't have been in this state. Oh no! One of my wheels was almost off.

Wendy managed to get her scissors out of her pocket and cut herself free but unfortunately, she cut into my mattress and a lot of stuffing came out of me. Then two of my wheels rolled off.

All the nurses ran away and left me in a state. I didn't know what I was going to do when my friend "The Biscuit Tin" and his porters saw me. They used their walkie talkies to find the lazy porters and told them to come and collect me.

It took them half an hour to turn up and they were annoyed at what they saw and how were they going to explain this to their boss. They managed to get all my pieces onto a truck and took me to the "trolley hospital" where I am at the moment hoping to be fixed soon.

Well, the lazy porters were suspended for two months without pay. HA! HA!

I don't know what happened to the nurses but I **HOPE** it has taught them all a lesson to be kind to trolleys in the future.