

Why Me?

By: Hannah Kroska

I never would have thought first grade would have been so confusing and scary. I came to first grade with my right arm in a sling. Three weeks later I found out that I had broken my elbow. The doctor that had figured out that I'd broken my elbow told my mom after she asked about me always being tired and aching a lot after school, that I probably had growing pains. Only one problem, I wasn't growing! Weeks went by but that ache in my knees never went away. I was getting stomachaches at school and headaches before bed. It was painful and hard for both me and my mom to deal with. We went and saw doctors but they thought the same thing. One did, but she didn't give up. Her name was Dr. Schutte. I could tell that she didn't want me aching so much anymore at all. I missed a lot of school just for those pains in my knees. But, my first grade teacher never got mad. I didn't do a lot of the work my classmates did because I was gone so much. I got very pale and I was having more trouble. I was having to go to Dr. Schutte's office more often to have blood taken. One day I was all ready for school so I was reading. Then my mom came in so I shut my book. Mom told me I had to have a bone scan. What in the world was a bone scan? That was what was going through my mind. As it turned out, a bone scan is when you lay on a cot (which is a kind of like a bed) and a huge camera goes over you and takes pictures of your bones. Before that, they have to take blood. I was getting tired of nurses taking blood so I didn't like the sound of this. I was getting more confused by the minute. Why did I have to have a bone scan? Was I going to be okay? When Mom and I got to the hospital, we met the doctor. The bone scan wasn't that bad, except when the camera went over my head! My bone scan came out normal but the problems didn't stop. Dr. Schutte then sent me to another doctor and he sent me to another doctor. That doctor sent me to Dr. Grothe. She said I needed to have an Upper G.I. and a colonoscopy. We went to the hospital (again). I had to drink a milky liquid. The nurse put strawberry Kool-Aid in it but it did not help. It tasted horrible! A woman name Kirsten brought some key chains to play with and helped me get over the fears. The night before my colonoscopy I drank this awful liquid. Mom added Kool-Aid to that too (guess what? It didn't help). My mom gave me two gel pens because I had to drink that awful liquid. The next day I was so, so, so scared! Mom and Dad drove me to the hospital. We went inside. We had to wait for about 45 minutes. Then nurses brought my mom and me into an operating room. I laid on a cot and a doctor gave me some sleepy medicine. When I woke up some nurses showed me to a small room where my parents were. I got some Sprite from another nurse. A couple weeks later, Dr. Grothe told us I had a disease called Crohn's Disease. When I heard the word "disease", I thought, "Was I going to die?" The only disease I knew of was cancer. My grandpa had cancer and he died from it. Later that day, my mom said Crohn's disease won't kill me. Thank goodness! I've had this disease for 2 * years now. A lot of kids wouldn't believe that all this happened to me. I still have it and there's no cure for it. Although it was a scary time for me and my family, I am grateful for the doctors, family members, and friends who gave me support through those hard and painful times in my life.

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