

EILEEN SPENCER

BIOPSY - TUESDAY MORNING

Early on the road to the hospital the burden lifts as I look forward to answers.
Who cares if it hurts - I will soon know my fate. This dreadful cloud
will be lifted.

Such a surprise! Introduced to the doctor and nurse who will do the procedure
and they are a delight.
Irish brogue - dark young Dublin man-smiles and charm. If only the circumstances were
different.
Australian nurse - blunt banter and crisp compassion. The pair of them, like Laurel and Hardy
keep my spirits up.

Kindly he tells me, "Lots of tumours to choose from so we will find a good spot" - is that good
news?

I lie like a slab of meat.

"We will freeze the liver and the skin so you should not feel much - just a little jiggle when
we grab the cells into a very narrow tube".

Prick - the needle plunges into my side and then again into my liver. No more pain.
Three times he repeats the procedure chatting about this and that. I am nicely distracted.
"I will do a core after all" and brings out the stapler!
Click - into my side like a gun. Strange sensation.

All over. I am told to lie on the side of the liver to press down and stop bleeding.
"That hurts now," I say. Pain pills are produced.

Gently I am wheeled to the waiting ward and told to rest.

"She says she is hungry. Take her for lunch and then do something nice together - that's what
I recommend" says Ireland to my husband.

Beautiful biopsy how can you be bad?

