

Dear Mom and Dad,

Today is Saturday and everyone is running around and working except me. I am lazing around today. I just finished reading "The Making of a Surgeon" which is by Doctor William Nolen. It was a pretty good book. It must have been or else I wouldn't have bothered reading it after wasting my time reading "Valley of the Dolls". Yesterday I spent most of the time with a funny bald-headed 2 year old boy named Ronald Young. His parents must have his hair shaved off all the time. He was pretty funny because he would show no expression at all and then he finally would start laughing. He was

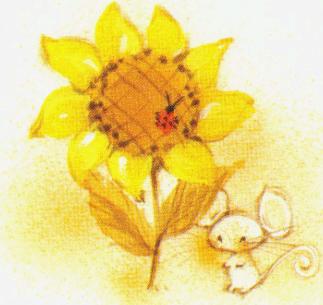
a really strange little boy. They had all his legs and one arm tied because they thought he would try to rip off his bandage. He got something done to his penis. There are two other boys on my floor that had the same kind of thing happen to them. Then there's this special tube attached that leads to this bag where they collect all the urine. One girl had it done to her. The rest have broken arms, legs, some kind of operation, one has an almost broken neck, and theres the special room for those with burns. There's also a toddler room for the babies, and I never know what they have wrong with them. I guess I'm used to tubes and burns now. I don't think I really get used to them because I'm always



curious to see what they look like, but it's just that I'm not bothered by them very much. This one little dude named Jerry, who is 18 months old, has been in the hospital since April ~~and~~ because he swallowed lye, so he has a tube going to his stomach and they feed him by pouring these fluids through a funnel that they attached to the tube. When I first saw him and he started crying I didn't pick him up because he had the tube all sticking out of him, but now I know that it's ok to pick him up. He's a weird

boy, but I figured that is because he's been in the hospital so long. He looks so pale and miserable all of the time, but we started singing the other day and he really enjoyed it.

Well, right now I don't want to come back until I have to, like in September. I don't want to come back August 23. Can you please find out when school starts for me? If you call the school they will tell you. Also, if ~~the~~ Mr. Ochs answers the phone or you talk to him, you can tell him I want to change my schedule again. I knew that I would when I first made



it out so he'll probably
know it anyway. (So
you don't really have
to tell him.)

Well that's all I can think
of right now. The basement
just got finished being painted
(mostly by Pat) and we are a
little more settled than before.
Say hi to Wesley and Willie
for me.

Love,
Amie