

# *All In Vein*

Today I'm going to the doctors for an injection, but I have a really bad fear of needles, they really get under my skin. I don't enjoy trips to the doctor neither, especially when they have needles. They remind me of mad scientists that are going to do some experiments on me. It's a stupid fear but I can't help it, there's the saying "An apple a day keeps the doctor away.", I should just eat an apple to keep the doctor away from me, except I'm all out of apples.

Sitting in the waiting room was crowded yet really silent, kind of like a library minus the large group of people all crammed together in a small room. I don't enjoy small spaces or large crowds, so sitting in here was driving me crazy. I was dreading my name being called, why was I even getting an injection? Statistically... 9 out of 10 injections are in vein. The receptionist broke the ice by calling out one of the patients' names, an old lady got up and made her way over to the Doctor's room. I sat and waited as other patients names were called out, the room was getting emptier and emptier.

My name was finally called, I stood up and felt like jelly. I wobbled my way over to the door of the other room. I entered the doctor's room, with no doctor in sight, but I did see a very small man, only about 15 centimeters tall. I was so confused, was I seeing things or was there really a tiny man in front of me? Before I could act, he just told me that he'll let me see the doctor first even though he's been there before me. I suppose he was just really patient. The Doctor finally arrived and invited me into a different room, I was so nervous.

I took a seat in one of the chairs and saw the needles laid out across the bench, seeing them just hit a nerve. I cannot stand needles, they're the vein of my existence. I was trying to hold myself back from running out of the room screaming like a maniac as the doctor approached with a giant needle. He began to speak, "You will probably feel very exhausted after I take some blood, after all, this is one very draining procedure."

I really wish I had some apples on me right now... Do they really keep the doctor away? Maybe if you aim well enough. I shook as he got closer and closer, I needed to distract him, I just have to get that needle away from me. "I think you have the wrong needle!", I shouted out, he looked at me strange for a moment but then said "You're right! I'll be right back, I need to get the correct

one." That was one lucky coincidence for me, but I couldn't help but think, was this guy a proper doctor?

He grabbed a different needle from the tray, and was going to walk back over to me. I noticed his coat was stuck on the needle tray, I was going to tell him but I couldn't bring myself to even open my mouth. Then, a whole lot of chaos began, the doctor slipped and dragged the entire tray down with him. I stared in shock, you could call him a pincushion because he was full of needles. I couldn't help but just stand there, I thought to myself that this was a good opportunity to run out and not get this injection, not from this doctor anyways.

I bolted out of the room, the other patients and the receptionist watched as I ran out the door. I continued running, I turned my head and looked behind me and saw the pincushion doctor following. He began shouting as he wobbled around, "You still need to get your injection!!!". There's no way I'm going back in there with some crazy and clumsy doctor, I found my car and quickly hopped in, starting the engine.

The pincushion doctor caught up with me and began tapping on window, repeating the same thing he was shouting in the car park before. He was like a zombie in the apocalypse, and I was a survivor, and I was eager to drive off. I reversed, got him off the car and drove away, quickly making my way home, I was so glad to be in my house, there's no crowds or crazy pincushion doctors here. I was exhausted after all that chaos, and decided to go to sleep.