

2019

Sophomore Catastrophe

Natese Dockery

Xavier University of Louisiana, pathways@xula.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.xula.edu/pathways_journal

Recommended Citation

Dockery, Natese (2019) "Sophomore Catastrophe," *Pathways*: Vol. 2015 : Iss. 1 , Article 3.

Available at: https://digitalcommons.xula.edu/pathways_journal/vol2015/iss1/3

This Essay is brought to you for free and open access by XULA Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pathways by an authorized editor of XULA Digital Commons. For more information, please contact ksiddell@xula.edu.

Natese Dockery

Sophomore Catastrophe

All my life I earned good grades, and entering my sophomore year, I had no reason to suspect that my academic success would not continue. However, the appearance of a peculiar little dot on my finger changed everything. Initially I ignored the dot, as it did not bother me. Eventually, though, the dot began to annoy me, which is when I started squeezing my finger, causing the dot to pop and become a bump. Over the next few weeks the bump began to bleed, get bigger, and smell like a rotting corpse.

My parents became concerned and took me to the doctor. The doctor examined my finger and made the diagnoses of pyogenic granuloma. I was clueless as to what pyogenic granuloma was; the doctor said that the medical profession does not know what it is either. My options were few. They could remove it surgically, or they could burn it off. Burning sounded painful, so the painless option was my choice.

My surgery was scheduled for the following month on Halloween. As I arrived at the hospital I was nervous, but my mom assured me that everything would be fine. The operating room was white and big, and reminded me of fresh linen. The room was cold; the nurse left a warm blanket, which comforted me and eased my nerves. The doctors made small talk, asking me questions about school, and the next thing I knew there was a mask on my face, and I began to feel like I was floating; everything moved in slow motion, and there was a faint beeping sound in the background. I awoke in the recovery room where nurses were asking questions and checking my vitals; I felt weird, as if I were in a movie. Eventually I was discharged, my IV was removed, and my mother helped me into the car.

The next week I was back in school, but I was behind on work because I had missed a few days. I caught up on my missed assignments, and everything was back to normal until a lump appeared on my wrist. Like the bump on my finger, I did not think anything of it. My parents became concerned after several weeks because the lump did not subside. They scheduled another appointment where the doctor revealed that it was a cyst. Unlike the granuloma, this time surgery was the only option. The surgery took place two weeks later and afterward, I could not use my right arm due to pain. The combination of pain and pain medicine kept me out of school for the rest of the year, missing many valuable lectures, homework, and even finals. Missing school was the worst. I missed important lessons, but I also missed all the routine things that come with school. My grades suffered and I was disappointed because I received grades that I never received before, D's and F's.

The next year was junior year. I was determined to get better grades than in sophomore year. I worked hard and received *A's* and *B's*. I was proud that I overcame the adversity that I experienced the year before. This adversity taught me that things might not always go my way, but I have to keep going no matter what. Success is all about how I react to adversity and what I learn in failure. I cannot succeed without persevering through failure, and these medical events helped me to be an even better person. I have learned to work even harder and to not give up, no matter how hard life may get.