

Is it Possible?

(This short story portrays an actual event that happened in May 1989.)

6:00 am *“Conner, leave me alone.”* Do you know what time it is? Who says boxers are bright? I don't care if you have your championship and CD. It's my day off, let me sleep in. It is Friday, isn't it? Where is Dave? Oh, the alarm must have gone off early. *“Conner, what is your problem?”* Go away, you silly boxer. Quit standing there with your head in my face. Why are you whimpering? You can't need to go out again, Dave always let you out when he gets up. Where is Dave? Aah, the bathroom light is on. Yes, Conner, Dave is in the bathroom. Why are you so fidgety? Just let me sleep, please. *“Conner, get your paws off this bed.”* What is the matter with you? Stop running to the bathroom! What is with you this morning? *“Dave, will you let this dog out again? He is driving me crazy!”* Now, let me go back to sleep. Thank you. Hey, what is with the barking? You never bark, growl yes, but bark no. Okay, that is it! You had better really need to go out. Here we go.

6:03 am *“No, you cannot go in the bathroom, you know you're not allowed in there. See, there's Dave. My God, what's wrong?”* You look terrible. Can't breathe? What do you mean you can't breathe? This has to be a bad dream. God, what's happening—the hospital? No, this is not a bad dream. *“Yes, I'll take you to the hospital. Conner, out of my way!”* Where are my clothes? Why can I never find those stupid keys? Why do I have to have such a big purse? Here they are. Okay, I'm ready.

6:05 am *“Let's go. Dave, are you okay? Conner STAY. Good boy. We'll be home as soon as we can.”* At the speed I'm driving I'll be lucky if I don't get a ticket. Oh God, Dave, what's wrong? You are breaking out in huge red welts. Don't panic — just get him to the hospital! *“Did you do anything unusual this morning?”* Just took one of your antibiotics? What do you mean it feels like your throat is tightening up? *“Yes love, I know it's getting harder to breathe. Just concentrate on breathing and don't try to talk.”* I know you can't swallow — I'm going as fast as I can! *“Look, here we are.”*

6:10 am Boy, I must have been flying; good thing there was little traffic. *“Okay, I'm going to pull up to the door and let you out. Do you think you can make it inside by yourself? Good, I'll park as quick as I can and be right there.”* Park, park, where can I park? There's a spot. What luck! Okay, Dave, here I come. God, I'm running. I never run for anything.

6:11 am *“Yes, I’m with Dave Gilmour. He just came in”* What do you mean he just passed out? God, Dave, where are you? *“Yes, I’m his wife. Sure, here is his hospitalization number.”* What happened? *“He took an antibiotic for his bronchitis this morning and a couple of minutes later he started to get really itchy and felt a heaviness in his chest.”* Am I babbling? Yes, I’m babbling. Allergies? *“The only thing he is allergic to that I know of is penicillin. No, this medication was tetra something or other. No, I never even thought to bring it along.”* How stupid can I be? How could I forget to bring it? *“Where is he please? Second door down the hall? Thanks.”*

6:20 am Oh, be still my heart. He is just lying there. What are they doing to him? Please don't die. *“Am I in the way? The nurse at the desk said I could be here. I’ll just stay off to the side.”* Is he waking up? YES! Thank you God. *“Pardon me, doctor? What happened?”* Do I have to repeat this? Okay, here goes. *“He said he took one of his antibiotics ... and couldn't breathe.”* I’m rambling but so what? *“Will he be okay?”* What do you mean his heart is still racing and the oxygen doesn't seem to be helping? You're adding what to the oxygen? I don't care what it is as long as it will help him. But that stupid machine keeps showing an increase in his heartbeat. Please, God, he can't die. We're supposed to visit his grandparents this weekend. *“What, Dave? You want my hand? Sure, here it is.”* I'm right here and am not going anywhere.

6:50 am *“Take it easy and try and take long deep breaths like the doctor said. It will take a while before the medication starts to take effect.”* Those bumps you had last week probably weren't insect bites but rather the start of this reaction. You're not just red anymore, but deep purple. God, those bumps are spreading. Why hasn't that heart rate started to go down? Dave, you can't die. *“Don't try to talk — just breathe.”* Please, breathe. I know what you are thinking. I can see it in your eyes. You think you are going to die. Well, no you are not. I know your dad just died less than a month ago — and yes, 54 was too young to die of a heart attack. But so is 31! Listen to me, David Matthew, you are not going to die. I will not let you. Oh please God. *“You're going to be all right, Dave. I love you.”* Don't cry — everything will be okay, it just has to be.

7:17 am Should I try talking? No, don't. Just be here for him. I wish those doctors would quit running in and out. Boy, it is taking a long time for that medication to work. Why is he still struggling so much for breath? But, hey, is the heart rate going down slightly? Maybe the medication is starting to work. He looks so tired. Didn't the doctor say that the medicine would make him tired? I think so. Now what? *“Can I go with him? I’ll just wait outside the door while the x-ray is being done.”* This sure is a long hallway. Where is this x-ray room anyway? *“There it is. It won't take long. I’ll be right here.”*

7:58 am Good, a chair. Maybe I'll sit for a bit. This is taking a long time. I hope everything is okay. Don't panic, don't cry. If something was wrong, they would tell me. Wouldn't they? My God, that is what Conner did this morning! Is it possible that he was telling me that something was wrong with Dave? I don't believe it — that's exactly what Conner did. DON'T CRY! Now I feel so guilty; I was so mean to the poor guy this morning. He was so persistent. It's true, boxers do have a mind of their own. Dave and I always knew Conner was stubborn, but this is unbelievable. Conner saved Dave's life! Finally, there's Dave. He must be feeling better. He's got a grin on his face. What, is that me in the mirror? No wonder he is grinning. I'm a horrible sight. My hair isn't even combed. Aah, who cares. I sure don't.

8:34 am Now that we're back in this room and the heart monitor shows things nearing a safe range, maybe I should make some phone calls. Oh, oh. Dave is supposed to be at work. *"I'll go call you boss and let your mom know what has happened. I'll be right back."* I hope I have change. Where are those payphones? I thought I saw them when I first came in. I'll call Dave's boss first, then his mom and then my parents. Okay, here goes. The first call was easy. Now for Mrs. Gilmour. She's going to panic, I just know it. I'm going to cry, I just know it. *"Hi, Elsie? It's about Dave, I'm at emergency with him right now"* Keep the conversation as short as possible and it will be fine.

8:54 am Now for mom and dad. *"Mom? Oh mom, I'm so scared"* Why am I crying so hard? She probably can't understand me. Dave is going to be fine, he has to be fine. What would I do without him? God, I can't even think about that. Now calm down and smarten up! It won't help Dave any to see you like this.

9:16 am *"Sorry I took so long. How are you doing?"* They want to keep you here for another hour just to make sure you're okay. *"No, I won't go home and then come back for you."* What if something terrible happened while I was gone? I would never forgive myself. I'm staying right here. *"You're sure looking better. Why don't you try and get some sleep?"*

10:45 am Pardon me, doctor? *"Did you say we can leave now? That's fine, I'll wake him. Oh, you are awake?"* I must have dozed off myself. Counting all the holes in the ceiling tiles and all the coloured spots on the curtain would put anyone to sleep. *"Here are your clothes. On the way home I'll have to stop and get this new prescription filled for you."* Ready? *"Let's go. Dave, did I tell you that Conner is my hero?"* What do you mean, why? Isn't it obvious? *"Cause he saved your life this morning."* Of course it is possible. It sure wasn't the doctors.

11:05 am This stupid line-up! I hate waiting. Be patient — that's what Dave would tell me. But this is taking too long. I have no patience. Dave should be home in bed, not waiting in the car while I get this prescription. Did I hear Gilmour? *"Yes, I'm Mrs. Gilmour."* It's about time this was ready. I hope I have enough money. Now, I'm out of here.

11:25 am Aw, there's Conner in the window. *"Hi Conner-boy. We're home!"* My, my such a welcome. Yes, you know Dave is better, don't you. Well, you're right. *"Conner, you silly goof, settle down."* You and that boxer wiggle-waggle. *"Dave, why don't you lie down on the couch and I'll get you a blanket."* Conner, take it easy, will you? *"SIT, good boy. DOWN."*

2:23 pm *"Did you have a good sleep, Dave? No, Conner hasn't moved an inch."* Well, he did once to come over and give me a kiss, but then went right back to the same place and has been by your side ever since. *"You know, I'm really glad that he was so persistent in getting me up this morning. If he hadn't been, I probably wouldn't have gotten you to the hospital in time."* You still look so tired. *"Why don't you get some more sleep?"* Conner and I will be right here keeping a close eye on you.

6:00 pm *"Did you have a good sleep?"* It's about time you woke up, I was beginning to get worried! *"You sure look a lot better than you did at 6:00 this morning. It's been quite the day, hasn't it?"* I never want another one like this for as long as I live. You know what I mean, don't you Conner? *"Conner, COME. Good boy."* I need to hug you. *"I owe you one, boy. Never, never let me forget it."* You're the best!

****** In memory of Champion Bracara's Conner C.D. T.T. ***
24 August 1987 — 26 July 1994***