

they need to be fixed. It's my hips too. They are supposed work together with my legs like a team but mine are fighting with each other. Each wants to go their own way.

I don't remember the operations. Except for one time. They always have to put me to sleep first. They put on the mask that always smells like oranges. Sometimes I have orange dreams. But this time was different. This time I had a choice. I could use the mask or I could get a needle instead. I asked if the needle would smell like oranges and they said it wouldn't smell like anything. I tried it though. I went with the oranges mask every time after that.

That TV-show with the lady who is always jumping is on in my room again. When she jumps there is a sound like this. I don't like it. I want to watch Strawberry Shortcake, with the Purple bad guy, all wearing their big hats. They say that I will be like the lady in the show they always put on, always running and jumping. When I am fixed I will be better than before. I will be a good runner and jumper.

I am the pinecones

There are lots of metal things here. Everything is shiny silver. My brother is interested in the metal things. He is always tracing them with his finger, and following where they go, like those puzzles in my workbooks where the fisherman has three poles leading to three different color fish and the lines are all tangled.

I have many different ways to walk. I can use a walker or a wheelchair or crutches or — I remember when I was really little my Dad used to carry me way up high on his

shoulders. Now he can't do that because of the casts.

I am weighed down with the weights. They pull me slowly to the end of the bed. They do it in a secret way so that I never notice until Mom or Dad or one of the nurses is pulling me up to the top of the bed again. I am like Grampy's cuckoo clock. The metal pinecones move down to the floor during the day and each night after supper Grampy pulls on the chain that makes them move back up to the top. I am like the pinecones.

At first I was There and now I am Here. Who knows where I will be next?

I don't know how long I will be here in the hospital. Nobody tells me how long this will go on for. It has been a long time already. Two hospital Christmases. Mom always says it will be ok but how does she know? She never spent Christmas in the hospital before. I am worried that Santa wouldn't be able to find me here. He is used to me being at home with my family and bringing everything all at once for us. And there are so many kids here that some other girl might get my stuff by accident. Like mean Jessica. Jessica won't let me use the green crayon because she knows that it's my favorite. I have to color my grass brown and my trees blue.

I think about the places I will run to and the things that I will jump. I want to get a new bike too because with new legs you need a new bike. I will probably be an even better biker than before but maybe not, because you never see that lady on the show riding on a bike.