

MENTAL FACILITIES

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There are not enough facilities for children with Mental Health issues. I know this because I became friends with the child, played with him and got to know him. I watched him transform completely within a split second, and looked on as doctors and nurses tried desperately to help him. I know this because I've witnessed it...

I was admitted into hospital on Thursday, 7th December, 2017. That first night as my family left, I was distraught. My nurse told me to come up to the playroom "to cheer me up" she said. I was apathetic, but reluctantly, I went. That's when I met Brian. Words to describe Brian fail me, but I'll try my best. He was a witty, unbelievably intelligent, friendly young boy who wasn't in the least bit shy. He had the most beautiful and innocent smile. I warmed to him instantly. We played pool and foosball as we got to know each other.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"Eh .. slow heartbeat" I stumbled.

I was still getting used to his frankness.

"Yeah, well I'm mental" he replied, laughing.

Over the next few days, my fondness of him only increased. He became my lifeline, I don't think he even realised. We done jigsaws together and chatted all day long. My nurse told me she "didn't know who was looking after who" as she sat looking between the pair of us. He loved when my family came in. He sat on my bed and talked with us and loved nothing more than to wind up my seventeen year old brother. He was in his element, I don't think he had a family.

One evening at about 6 o'clock, I heard a commotion out on the corridor. Nurses and doctors were running frantically. A brother and sister tried to escape I heard, the girl succeeded the boy didn't. I heard someone screaming and shouting incoherently. I knew the voice, it was Brian.. he and his foster sister tried to escape together. The screaming continued until 10 o'clock in the night. Brian's doctor came in and apologised, explaining that he was a very sick boy and that she wasn't trained to deal with such illnesses. She looked truly strained, as did the nurses. I felt sick and I felt infuriated. I wanted to cry for Brian, this wasn't fair on him or anybody for that matter.

The next day I walked out into the corridor and saw that Brian was preparing to leave. We were supposed to be getting out on the same day. He saw me but he didn't care. He was getting out, he was rearing to go. And he did. He never said goodbye. He never looked back.

"Bye Brian" I whispered, fighting back tears.

Ever since I got out, I have not stopped wondering about Brian. How is he? Did he get the phone he wanted for Christmas? Where is he today? One thing I know is that I will never forget this harrowing experience. However, I do not, for one second, regret meeting Brian.

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