



February 2019

The Babysitter

Jarrold Manning

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology

Recommended Citation

Manning, Jarrod (2019) "The Babysitter," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 3 , Article 49.
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss3/49

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Monographs at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

The Babysitter

by Jarrod Manning

When I was a small child I was a crazy little booger! If I wasn't climbing to the top of the fridge, I was in the ally shooting cats and birds with my pellet gun. Looking back now after the years of spankings and groundings I received from my adventures, I realized that they were all connected by one thing, and that is my brother Josh had been babysitting me at the time. Josh, who is ten years older than I am, was not the best babysitter in the world by any means! He took his babysitting job as serious as I took him being in charge. While he was "watching me," I managed to ruin a brand new leather recliner with pink nail polish, shoot a myriad of animals, and break my arm. That's right. I managed to break my arm while my older brother was "watching me."

I remember it like it was yesterday, and my parents went out on the town and left my oldest brother Josh in charge of me. It was a dark summer night in the middle of July, and I remember the smell of the fresh cut grass and recent rain showers as my parents left around 9 p.m. so they wouldn't miss the late movie. As they walked out the door the usual ensued, and Josh put his babysitting skills to work and headed straight to the living room and turned the television on to watch MTV instead of watching me. I walked straight to my room because being six years old, I had no interest in music television.

As I sat in my room playing with my Legos, I soon became bored. I began to play with a trophy I had won earlier that year showing pigs. I carried it around the room and reminisced about that pig show. Soon I wandered into my parents' adjacent bedroom with the trophy still clutched in my tiny hands. I tossed the trophy on the floor and climbed upon my parents' bed. After I was atop the bed, I placed my legs and arm inside of my shirt and began to roll around the bed. I rolled like a gymnast doing summersaults across a mat. As minutes of rolling around in a ball ensued, I soon rolled to the edge of the bed. As soon as I started to fall I was completely oblivious to the trophy I had tossed on the floor minutes earlier. As I landed with all of my weight on that trophy, my arm was the first thing to hit the base of it. I could hear my arm snap under the weight of my body. The pain felt like someone had stabbed this six year old in the arm with a 7-inch knife over and over again.

What followed was a loud scream that come from these six-year-old lungs. Not five seconds later, my brother was in the room to see what was wrong.

"My arm!"

"You're okay, Jarrod. Just calm down."

I yelled until he called mom and dad to come back home and check on me. When they burst in, I was still in immense pain as they asked what had happened. As I told them the ridiculous story, I also informed them that I believed that I had broken my arm. After debating what to do, they decided that taking me to Elk City hospital was the best idea. On the way there I remember they wrapped my arm in a blue and white western blanket, and the feel of the blanket soothing my freshly broken arm. I also recall my brother reassuring my parents that he was watching me with a close eye.

"I was watching Jarrod all night, and I never let him out of my sight!"

"Then how in the hell did he break his arm if he never left your sight all night long, Josh?" thundered my father.

Josh finally broke down and told them of his mad babysitting skills, and how he actually wasn't watching me at all. As we pulled into the hospital, I remember the pain starting to ease due to the massive amounts of adrenaline being pumped through my body. I was scared going into the x-ray room by the sight of the big machines and amounts of people it took to run it. I was placed under the machine which seemed to swallow me in size. The machine was a monster about to devour me in my mind. During which time they decided to give me some medicine to ease the pain, and I can still remember the taste of the morphine on my tongue as I swallowed that pill. After the x-rays were over they directed me into a cold room as we waited for the results.

The doctor walked in and confirmed what I already knew—my arm was broken. Also in confirming that my arm was broken he also confirmed to my parents that Josh was indeed the worst babysitter in the history of mankind!

On the way home my parents now knew what I had known all of my young life, that he took babysitting me about as seriously as he took going to class in high school. That's the last time Josh watched Joe or myself. After that they decided that hiring a real babysitter would be the smart and safest thing to do.