

# Sallie Mae Visit 1

## [laughing and indistinguishable chatter in the background]

**Christina**: So, Kay, have you ever been here before?

**Kay**: I have, it's been a while.

**Christina**: Yeah? Anything I should know before we go in?

**Kay**: Sallie is very interesting, I'll let you form your own conclusions.

Christina: Alright!

### [Kay knocks on the door loudly repeatedly]

Sallie: Come in! Come on in, the door's open!

Kay: Hi Sallie! Sallie: Hi..

Kay: It's Kay from Mountain up Top

Sallie: Oh, glad to meet you!

**Kay**: This is Christina, she's a nursing student at Grand Canyon.

**Christina**: Hi there! **Sallie**: Hi Christina.

**Kay**: The weekend nurse told me a little bit about some of your troubles this weekend.

Sallie: Come on in and sit down!

#### [Sallie groans as she sits down]

**Kay**: So, how're you feeling Sallie? **Sallie**: My mind just seems so cloudy...

Kay: Let's see the chart there

Sallie: Okay...

**Kay**: The nurse saw you on Sunday, the day after you came home from the hospital. Today is Thursday, Sallie. Um, I know it's easy for the days to run together when you're not feeling well.

Sallie: Oh, I'm just not worth a lick, I don't have any appetite, I, uh

#### [sighs]

I've just been really sick to my stomach the last few days, it's all I can do to open a can of soup. You know, I used to be a right decent cockpit but ever since Woody died, I don't even care..

Kay: You must miss him very much, I'd love to hear about him if you feel like talking.

**Sallie**: Aw.. Woody was my best friend. He, uh, he was just such a hard working guy, you know. He worked for the railroad and, um, he was a jokester too. He could make me laugh, and uh, we just never said a cross word to each other, and, those cigarettes.. he could never kick the

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cigarettes. And, boy, that last year was really tough.

Christina: Sallie, how long have you and Woody been married?

Sallie: Would have been 59 years in December. I'm so lonesome, I miss him so. The only thing

that really gives me any comfort is knowing that I'm gonna see him again someday.

**Christina**: I'm glad you have that comfort.

**Kay**: What wonderful memories you have to treasure. Now, let's look at you and see if we can figure out why you're not feeling so well today. Christina, can you do the physical?

**Christina**: You bet! K, so, um, Sallie Mae's physical assessment. So her blood pressure was 90/56, her heart rate was 58, her respiratory rate was 24, her temperature is 97.8. As far as her weight, she was 122 pounds, which is down from Sunday, which her weight then was 128.

Kay: Okay

Christina: But in her hospital admission she was 136. So, wow! That's a total weight loss of 14 pounds in just one week. As far as her lungs, they're clear bilaterally, her capillary fill is less than 3 seconds, she has poor skin turgor with a little bit of tenting, her mucous membranes are dry, her bowel sounds are hypoactive, and she hasn't had a bowel movement in 3 days. And, lastly, her, uh, she doesn't have any edema in her lower extremities.

Kay: Christina, let me see her discharge instructions. Okay.. Let's see

#### [Kay reads over the discharge instructions]

**Kay**: I see, by the hospital discharge orders that you're supposed to have oxygen in the home, but, I don't see it, Sallie.

**Sallie**: Oh, they called to bring it out and I told them to forget it! You know, that young doctor, he had all sorts of crazy ideas, I don't need any oxygen. They tried to tell me it wasn't going to cost anything, but you know, that's not usually how it works. And, I mean, look at all those pills. I'm gonna be in the poor house before long!

**Kay**: Let's take a look at your medication and see.. this is the first time that I've visited here so let me just see what you're taking.

**Sallie**: Oh.. well here's all my pills. Isn't that a sorry sight? Now, these are my 3 new prescriptions. My daughter, she didn't get them filled until, like, Sunday afternoon. You know, she works full time, and she's got a lot going on in her house. So the nurse, that was here this weekend, she didn't, she didn't see those.

**Kay**: And so, how long have you been taking these medicines? These 3?

**Sallie**: Well, I started taking them Sunday.. Sunday night, right away.

**Kay**: Okay. Sallie, I think Christina and I need to take a few minutes to review our findings and try to figure out why you're feeling so bad. Okay, would that be okay with you?

Sallie: Oh, yeah, that'd be good.

Kay: Okay.





Anastasia: Yeah, I know, I mean, like, Saturday was awesome but I'm really really looking forward to Friday. It's going to be, like I don't know... 10,000x better. This, this place is seriously a prison and, I don't know, I can't wait to get out of here. Um, alright, hey, hold on a second. Okay, yeah. Yeah, I know, I mean, like, seriously, Saturday was awesome. I'm just really looking forward to Friday.

# [knocking sounds in the background]

Anastasia: Oh hold on a second. Yeah, come in! Door is open! But, no, I mean I'm, I'm just so tired of.. Yeah, I know. I'm really tired of being stuck inside this house all the time. And, it's just like, it's so ridiculous. Um, but yeah, I mean it should be a really good time, I mean, this place is like a prison and, I don't know, I mean, yeah. But, hey, the nurse is here, so I'm going to have to let you go. Alright, yeah, I'll text you. Alright, see ya.

**Nurse**: Hi Anastasia, how're you doing? It's good to see you again! You look really great! So, tell me, how're things going with you and Rock?

Anastasia: Well I don't know, I mean, we'd be getting a lot, along a lot better if he slept through the night. I mean, usually it's about 3 hours max. But, I don't know, I just get like so tired that my mom has to wake up, and, a lot of the times I don't even hear him, so, I don't know.. My mom's just takin' care of him a lot.

**Nurse**: You're right, gettin' up in the middle of the night is so hard to do, but you know, newborns need to eat about every 3-4 hours. So, it's actually a good thing that Rock's waking up to be fed. Last week when I was here, you were breast feeding, how's that going?

**Anastasia**: I don't know, I mean, it just I'm over it, it's totally not me. He's like latched on like 24/7, so it's much cooler to pull out a bottle.

**Nurse**: So, what kind of formula did you put him on?

**Anastasia**: Oh, yeah, it's whatever this stuff and my stepfather got me. I mean, here.

Nurse: Oh.. Okay.

**Anastasia**: Yeah, I mean, he's kinda been throwing up a lot more, and I was gonna take him to the ER, but my mom said not to worry about it, and he probably just had a sour stomach.

**Nurse**: Well, babies do tend to spit up a lot times, and sometimes it seems like they're bringing up everything you just gave them. But, um, I think we might have a formula that would be more easily digested for him. So, I've got some samples out in the car, I'll bring them to you.

**Anastasia**: Alright. Yeah, I have noticed that he hasn't been making a lot of dirty diapers, which is totally awesome, because that is a nasty job!

**Nurse**: Do you remember when he last had a bowel movement?

Anastasia: Uh, I don't know, maybe like a couple of days ago.

**Nurse**: Hmm.. Well, you're right, that dirty diapers, that's a smelly business, but um, if babies aren't having a bowel movement fairly regularly, their little tummies begin to hurt, and they can really get fussy.





**Anastasia**: Well, this baby can cry! I mean, his middle name is Star and this little baby can scream like a rock star! But, um, my mom said that it gave him a colic when I took him outside when it was too windy or something, is that true?

**Nurse**: Well, Anastasia, there might be a lot of reasons that Rock could be fussy. Tell me what you know about why a baby might cry.

**Anastasia**: I don't know, I mean, I guess he's ticked off about something, I mean, how do you know what a baby's crying about?

**Nurse**: Well, tell you what, let's um take a look at Rock while we talk some more, and um, let's wash up and we'll.. you can undress him and we'll see how much he weighs. How about that?

Anastasia: Okay.

