

# THE RECEPTIONIST

Season 1, episode 32

Hello, my name is Latriz and I am a receptionist in a clinic. I like my job. I have the opportunity to help people in my community. I have conversations with many different people. Typically when people come to the clinic or call the clinic they are very stressed. It is my job to help.

On a typical day, I interact with people who come into the clinic. I also interact with people on the phone.

A man enters the clinic with his son.

"Hello, welcome to the clinic. Do you have an appointment?" I say.

"Yes," the man responds. "My son has an appointment with doctor Krauss."

"What is the patient's name?" I say.

"Jaime Lopez Flores."

"Here it is. I only need a little information. Please fill out this paper," I say and I give him a paper. "Can you show me your insurance or Medicaid card?"

The man takes the paper and gives me his insurance card. I check the information on the card with the information in the computer. I make a copy of the card. I return the card and the man gives me the paper.

"Thank you, sir. Now please wait in the waiting room."

The man and his son go to the waiting room and I continue with my work. A woman calls on the phone.

"Hello, Grand River Clinic," I say answering the phone.

"My daughter has been throwing up all night," the woman on the phone says.

"Has she been able to drink anything?" I ask.

"No. Every time she drinks water, she vomits," the woman says.

"Does your daughter have a fever?" I ask.

"Yes. She has a fever of 102 degrees," the woman responds.

"Have you given her any medicine for the fever?" I ask.

"No, we don't have anything at home," the woman responds.

"Would you like to make an appointment with the doctor? We have an availability at three this afternoon," I explain.

"Yes, please." The woman gives me her information and her daughter's information and I make an appointment for them at three in the afternoon.

“Okay, ma’am. I have an appointment made for three. Try to give your daughter water in small portions. See you at three.”

Immediately the phone rings. There is a panicking man on the phone.

“I need help. It’s my wife.”

“Calm down, sir. What is wrong with your wife?” I ask.

“She’s having contractions. She’s going to have a baby!” The man exclaims.

“How many minutes are there between her contractions?” I ask.

“Twelve minutes,” the man responds.

“Good, you have time. When there are only five minutes between contractions, you should come to the hospital.”

“Five minutes,” the man responds.

“Yes, five minutes. For now, you can prepare your things for the hospital. You will need a change of clothing for your wife and the baby.”

“Yes, my wife already has everything prepared.”

“Perfect. Then try to calm down. You can take a little walk because movement helps the process. If there are only five minutes between contractions or her contractions last more than a minute at a time, you should leave for the hospital,” I explain.

“Okay, ma’am. Thanks for your help,” the man comments. He is calmer now.

“You’re welcome. Everything will be okay,” I finish.

When I finish on the phone a woman enters with her older son. Her son is crying.

“Help!” The mother yells.

“Ma’am, how can I help you?” I say.

“My son was riding his bike when he fell. He cut his forehead and hurt his arm,” the mother explained. I see the cut on his head. It is bleeding a lot.

“This cut looks deep. When he fell, did he lose consciousness?” I ask.

“No, he never lost consciousness. But there was a lot of blood.”

“Head wounds bleed a lot, but he most likely needs stitches,” I explain.

“And his arm? Is it broken?” The woman asks.

“We’d have to take an x-ray to determine if it is broken,” I explain.

“Can you do that now?”

“No, not here, ma’am. We are a clinic. You need to go to the emergency room, but don’t worry because it is next to the clinic.”

“I have to admit my son to the hospital?” The woman asks with a little bit of panic.

"It is very probably that your son won't need to spend the night in the hospital, but he needs to go to the emergency room for the stitches and x-ray. I am going to call the receptionist there and explain your situation," I say.

The woman is calmer now. I give her directions to the emergency room and then I call the receptionist in the emergency room. I explain that a woman is coming with her child who possibly has a broken arm and a cut on his head.

I spend the rest of my day helping patients in person and over the phone. I like my work. I like helping people in my community. I need to know a lot of medical information to help people that call the clinic. The work of the doctors and nurses is important, but patients talk to me, the receptionist, first.



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