

Hunter Stanford

It has worked for the push-ups, the punches, the hugs, and all of the labor, but for over 20 years it lingers, permanently second in line.

In today's world of right-hand supremacy, it remains a victim of the un-answered prejudice subjected to the left-hands of society.

Robbie, as he calls himself, is not good enough to shake another hand, high-five for fun, or fry up some beans.

Robbie is a left-hand, and usually assigned to clean up after the right.

He sighs. Think of it as a thumbs down.

Robbie worsened his work status in a car accident four years ago that scarred his back and left him with a limp in his thumb.

“I've still got pride in my work; I'm here for the accomplishments.”

He was born connected to the left of Bjørn Parramoure in early spring of 1986. As the ugly twin, Robbie watched from the beginning as Herb —the dominant, the right— held the bottle, scratched the butt, and had his thumb regularly sucked on.

Although Robbie knows he is just the unlucky of the two, he still has dreams. To write a play. Skip a rock. Pitch a no-hitter.

Robbie's dreams continued stowed away in the back seat when in October of 2004, headed to Greenville, S.C., Parramoure and his two friends, Joe Little and Clay Zellermyer lost the control of their car to a ditch about 10 miles from their destination.

“I remember Bjørn was in the front seat, and he had chemistry homework in his lap he was studying,” said Little, who was the only passenger in the back seat, and remained conscious for the entire event.

Traveling up I-75, Megadeath was the entertainment of choice, and the speakers happily sung for everyone. As *The Scorpion* rocked the vehicle, Parramoure spied out the window for a meteor shower those astronomers and their charts had promised.

As Robbie supported Parramoure so he could stretch his head out of the car for a better view, one thought ached through the hand.

“Stupid.”

Who was more of a moron for participating in that at 85 mph, wondered Robbie? The finger points to Parramoure.

The speakers kicked out the last of the final chorus, and the company of Megadeath held the car tight. A loose paper in the backseat danced around, and then shot forward to grab Zellermyer’s face. Blinded, he swerved to the left and overcompensated to the right.

Three flips to the side, one forward to back, the Grand Am GT two-door Coupe went from 80 to zero in a ditch in under a minute and Robbie remembers nothing.

The first out, Little brushed himself off, called an ambulance, and applied some “ghetto pressure dressings” to his cuts with his clothes. Hellermayer and Little were OK, and watched an unconscious Parramoure whisked away on a stretcher.

“I remember waking up in the hospital thinking, ‘What the fuck, mate?’”

Parramoure says. “My parents had to tell me everything. Past the initial swerving, it’s all a blur, completely black.”

The debris had settled; and with the wreckage, the awed spectators, and the intact survivors despite the destruction, Megadeath would have approved.

Parramoure woke up the next day, got himself an X-ray, was told of a sprain, a minor concussion, and found himself out on the street the next day.

But Robbie knew right away.

The accident had bore notches down the side of a tendon on his wrist. He was a sport, and worked through it, but the pain built up too much, and he started to let it slip to Parramoure after just a few weeks.

Anything would trigger the pain. Pushing a door, helping brush the teeth, or a quick left hook; things even baby hands could do would send a jolt.

What Robbie was in need of was arthroscopic surgery, a procedure that would smooth out the bone, and stop the irritation of the notches cut into the bone.

Less invasive than open surgery, the process slips a small camera through one incision to survey and the surgical instrument necessary through another incision, said Mike Cricchio, the Clinical Coordinator for Hand and Upper Extremity Therapy at the University of Florida Orthopedic Institute.

“Patients can begin movement earlier, opposed to if they had gotten muscle cut [in open surgery], and the procedure leaves less of a scar.”

The process would be to rub a file on the bone to smooth it out; and between the pops, snaps, shots of pain, and the “Man, I almost want to die,” Robbie’s ready for the massage.

But complications with the insurance company stacked up, and before long bricks began to fall.

Today, Parramoure patiently waits for a solution, the \$25,000 he needs from the insurance company for an arthroscopic surgery, and “deals with” Robbie best he can. Out

of nowhere he can feel it. Work him too much now and he'll feel it later. "But it doesn't matter, you still feel it."

"Whenever the wrist gives me sass, I push through it," Parramoure said. "Like a disobedient animal. You wouldn't give it any attention."

Parramoure does his best to get through to the mind of the hand, swimming past struggling guitar chords and trees that were harder to climb than before.

Mind tricks aside, they both know the arthroscopy is the solution.

Robbie now especially knows he is the unlucky of the two. A shark took a chomp at his side as he tumbled in a crashing car.

This bone won't mend, but a hand can try.