

The sterile stale smell of cleaners invaded my nostrils as I proceeded down the hospital corridor. As I passed each room and slowly approached room 304 my heart beat quickened as the golf ball sized lump grew in my throat. The echo of my footsteps were drowned out by the thunder of my heart pulsating through my chest, throbbing so forcefully I could feel my heartbeat in my moist trembling palms.

As I crossed the threshold into the white washed hospital room, I blocked out the sounds of the monitors and allowed myself to be carried back to happier days. Days of when my mom would rush up the water slide with me or treat me to a fun filled birthday party with my friends. Days filled with laughter and life and light.

The lull of the methodical beeps of the monitors were replaced by a screeching alarming blare coming from the heart monitor. Dazed I stood in fear as a blur of hospital personal appeared bumping me to the side.

“1, 2, Clear,” the doctor demanded as he applied the electrical force to my mom’s frail, limp body. Repeatedly he made the demands, and time and time again the electricity jolted through her tender limbs.

Helplessly I watched through my fog of grief and shock. Helplessly I trembled and tensed my heart sinking, my mind numb.

After several minutes of their futile tries they forfeited their attempts and left me alone with my mom. I inched up to her hospital bed, her muted lips now pale blue and laid my head by her side, weakly I whispered, “I love you Mom. I will always love you.”

