

Story

One minute I was crossing the street and the next minute I was on my back, looking into the most beautiful blue eyes I'd ever seen.

"Is this a dream?" I thought, semi consciously. And that's when the pain hit. The roaring, hit-by-a-train-headache and the searing rawness that could only be achieved from rubbing sandpaper on your back. Definitely not a dream.

"Hello? Can you hear me? Just keep breathing. Everything's gonna be okay. I've got you."

I opened my eyes, despite their heaviness and the fact that I couldn't remember closing them. The blue eyes were still there, inches from my face, and suddenly the sky was growing closer and I realized I was being lifted.

And then everything went black.

Beep. Beep. Beep. "What is that annoying sound?" I think irritably.

My eyes flutter open suddenly as if the little weights tied to my lashes have been taken off. Bright, fake lights. Bare, white walls. A gray, daunting machine.

"So that's the noise," I murmur and close my eyes. They flash back open. "Wait a second. Where am I?" I say these things aloud, my voice growing in volume and panic.

"You're in a hospital," A familiar voice says soothingly.

I turn my head in the direction it came from. A boy sits in a chair in the corner of the room. I hadn't noticed him before, but upon inspection, I wonder how I could have missed him. Tall, blond hair that falls over his forehead, blue eyes... Bam! I remember!

"WHAT HAPPENED?" I say, too loudly, startled.

"You were hit by a car."

I can feel the blood drain from my face as I wonder if this means I'm dead and all this white is heaven. Maybe he's the angel that came to collect me.

I must have scared him because he rushes on in explanation. "Don't worry! You're all right. A lot of bruises, some broken ribs, and you lost most of the skin on your

back, but nothing too major. It's good that you're conscious." He smiles encouragingly and I can't help, but to return the gesture at the sight of his glowing face.

"Thanks for... er... saving me."

"No problem, just please don't do that again. It was the scariest thing I've ever seen."

I begin to laugh, but stop when a stabbing pain erupts in my chest. "Ouch."

"Oh, yeah. Doctor says not to laugh."

"You could have told me that sooner."

"Sorry," he says sincerely.

A nurse comes in the room and tells me it's good I'm awake, and it's time for some for medications. The boy gets up to leave and I realize I don't even know his name.

I'm not sure if it's the drugs in my blood stream, or what, but I'm feeling confident, all of a sudden. "How about we get together when I recover enough to laugh?"

And when he says he'd "like that", I feel even better, and I know it's not the morphine.

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