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Fiction Excerpt

The ICU Room

The crash was so wild and hard toward Amelie Allard, that thrown her body to the air, and she fell some miles away. Minutes before, the street in front of A.A Hospital had no sound, just a bright full moon illuminating all square. Blood all around; she appeared dead. The black car that hit her had gone, and nobody was there to call for help. Amelie remained agonizing for nearly one hour until Dr. Amos Hoodless had seen the body from his car. He was the ablest doctor of A.A Health Group, and at this time, the first hour of the morning, he came back to take his personal journal. Amos was worried about someone finding the diary. "No one can ever know this! How could I leave it at the office?" Every word he wrote that day was remarkably deep, but his mind turned to the moment. He called for help, and went quickly to assist the injured lady. Amos started the first aid; Amelie's right leg was totally lacerated, many broken parts, and she was unconscious. As he cleaned her face, covered with soil and blood, Amos had a shock.

"My secret love, my heart, my soul, what happened to you? You cannot leave me, I am begging you, weak up, come on, come on!!" Yelling and crying, Amos saw the ambulance coming from the Hospital, next to where Amelie suffered the accident. The emergency staff recognized Doctor 'Amie,' instantly; she had left the Hospital at midnight, a few hours before, after the last surgery she supported. One month later, three surgeons proceeded together ten surgeries on her leg, a Vascular, an Orthopedist, and a Plastic. However, they could not give any hope about prognosis considering she remained unconscious. The last diagnosis given to her husband, Doctor Emmett Gruber, who had an administration job there, was not encouraging. One month after the accident, he maintained a regular fast visit to the ICU, once a week to see her in a coma.

Most of Amelie's life was in a charming city called Avallon, in France. A lovely and meticulous girl, full of joy and faith; books were her company, adding the fact she appreciated literature and reading stories about sky and stars. From 1981, when she was 17 to 1991, she studied medicine at Sorbonne University and specialized in Oncology. Religiously,

all weekends she drove 140 miles to get along with Mr. and Mrs. Allard. Once her parents had died in May, she decided to leave her home town in September 1993. She grove and suffered as she never thought. Both got cancer from the Chernobyl disaster when visiting friends in Lublin, Poland, in 1986. Amelie treated them and decided on Oncology as a moral obligation. They died together as a matter of spiritual and veiled reasons.

She met Emmett during an Oncology Congress in London in July of 1993. The first virtue he admired in Amelie was related to her position among the physicians; furthermore, her wealthy heritage she never liked to discuss. For Amelie, Emmett represented support after her loss. Two months in a flash relationship, he invited her to live in Austria with him. She could not accept the invitation. Nevertheless, she told him about moving to Bruges in a few days. She had no friends there, but the romantic air, inspiring canals, and bridges adding the medieval architecture of the city convinced her about the next home. With no more extended, a week after Amelie was well installed, Emmett was there, beside her, ready to live together. The relationship was not a loved one, not even a good friendship, but they never had a discussion. When Amelie had time to think between readings, studies, patients, and sky-stars hobby, she used to invent something new to learn and was always glad for having someone at home waiting for her. Amelie never felt in love.

In January 1995, she founded A.A Medical Group near the center of Bruges. In 2001, the Hospital was in the list of the best in the region. Doctor Amie, very respected, was kind and calm with everyone. Red and long hair, tall and elegant, Amelie's allure was overshadowed by her simplicity and generosity. Emmett was a handsome and healthy man. Every morning he ran 10K, and after swimming at the club, he read all newspapers to be aware of politics and medical society. The time to start fixing administration issues of the Hospital was 2pm, precisely. Emmett never felt in love. After eight years with Amelie, he was proud of having someone in control, beautiful, and wealthy.

Amos and Susan Hoodless came from London to join the medical staff in 1997, both Oncologists and Surgeons. Married with three children, they had a pleasant life. Amos had some particular habits, as meditating, writing a personal journal, and listening to loud classic music in his car. The first time he saw Amelie was before starting in A.A Medical Group. It was a bright night, over the bridge; he was walking, and she was alone looking to the sky. She did not notice Amos, but he could not stop looking at her. From this day, his diary became an untouchable secret, and he added to his hobbies, appreciating the sky.

On 21st January 2001, she was tired as always, dreaming with a long bath and the comfort of her bed. With her mind full of thoughts, Amelie had decided to change her life; nevertheless, she was not aware of what will happen. She kept her keys and finally decided to go home, it was almost midnight. She did not have time to get in her car, and the eighteen-year-old boy crashed the black car through her body. Amos went home desperate; the picture of Amelie giving him a kiss after the last surgery was the perfect moment, remarkable. He went to the office to rescue his secrets, but the journal disappeared. He did not care anymore.

If someone had taken photos of Amelie during the coma, they might see an angel pictured. Amos was there every day. Six months had passed, and he still waits a chance to be alone with her in the ICU room. Amos reads for Amelie every day, literature, poetry, stories about stars and angels. He knew she was in some space, some time; or some star, listening to him and feeling his love. He never lost hope; he was never so happy.