

Death of a Drug Addict

Lying virtually dead on the floor, not a thought went threw her head. She was long gone like in a song that never ends; just runs on like a tape that will never stop. A lifeless loop.

What goes through your head when you're lying not quite dead on your bathroom floor because your body can't do it anymore. Does your life flash before your eyes. Not really because all this has come on quite suddenly in the space of one last breath. Your brain was put on alert; where the fuck did the oxygen go. So, you lie face up, turning blue, lips losing their color, nostrils lay still like a silent fan, eyes looking at nothing, pupils already gone to heaven. The brain screaming for revival, the body losing its fight for survival.

You lie like a discarded dummy waiting for what? Nothing. No one to save you, no one to bathe you, no one to call you a fool, no one to point out this isn't cool. No one to cradle your head, no one to hug; you're just a lug. A lump on this earth waiting in line for your place in hell; where you are destined to dwell. With all the others who have disappointed mothers, with all the ones who claimed to be lost & just tossed whatever was required to live this life into a fire of tires.

Is your brain feeling regrets, no it is in a state of panic trying to draw its next breath; which just isn't there. It might as well be walking the midway at the carnival fair with no money for all that it sees is beyond reach.

Its that ride on the rollercoaster at a deadly cost, the thrill of the speed, the rush of the pipe, what matter the difference, the one will kill you the other a temporary thrill you can buy for money. Or wait are they both the same, are they both about the rush, are they both about taking it to the limit & hoping you don't fly off onto the never ever. As you climb inside for your roller coaster ride you instantly feel safe a blanket of comfort descends in anticipation for what's in store. The slow start as the wheels start to screech, like opening a giant door on unoiled hinges. The creeks & cracks take on a life of their own as the drug is placed with utmost finesse in a glass pipe made for just thus things.

The wheels take up an accelerated pace as the lamp is lit & the bowl starts to bubble. The smoke is seen, as in a wild west movie, when the signals are unravelled by pulling back the blanket which is your mind. Now the car is moving at a heightened speed as the anticipation of drawing the essence of heavenly bliss is starting to take shape. The smoke in all its artistic curls seeks the volcanic inhalation of your eager dramatic draw. The cart has reached the pinnacle of the ride, its motion peaking, all that now before you is that rush of bliss as you hurtle down the other side at breakneck speed. Hands clutching at the rail as if trying to get out of jail. Knuckles holding on so tight like grasping that falling star in the middle of night. The smoke has now become a part of you. The vessels of your lungs have filled with steam & like a freight train, late for its destination, its bunkered down in your blood headed straight to your brain.

The kick is orgasmic as it reaches the lobes which control who you are. The rush of the thrill becomes part of you as you race down the ridge in your roller coaster car. There is no pain--that lingering doubt about your wife, that pain in your hip—is all dissolved like dust in the water as your whole body hurtles down the track like a turtle on a flat car, flying through the night.

Then like in all things it comes to an end. The roller coaster ride with its thrill & adrenaline rush can either smooth out at the bottom or hit a brick wall.

Gabe slouches low over the toilet, they can't get up. The breath flowing to the brain stopped like it never was. Now only the end is near. The slump to the floor as she crashes off the track you are no more. Your ride is done; you've had your fun.

Now you only exist on the kindness of the one who loves you. Who arrives home in the nick of time, to find you numb dumb to all around, lifeless under the sink.

Call 911,

Can you get her to take a breath. Is there time, only no one knows. Pump on the chest see if they blow. Not a whisper, not a peep, no moisture on a mirror, no movement of any kind. The love of your life is in an everlasting sleep.

Pull out the needles. Fill em up fast with the life restoring naloxone. Pump it quick into the shoulder, no maybe the thigh; so, this is the price of getting high.

The ambulance arrives just in time, as you've lost all answers to the quiz. She will die, if she's not already dead. The paramedics throw on the oxygen mask & start pumping her chest. You look on feeling nothing, no blame, no shame, no guilt, no pain. Just nothing, an empty vase displayed watching on the shelf, you've given everything of yourself to help the love of your life go straight. Yet here she lies presumably dead on the bathroom floor, you've done it all, you can do no more.

Is she alive you ask the one in control. We have a pulse but little more. We'll do what we can, take her back to the hospital, you wanna come along for the ride?

You don't know what to think. At one point, a long time ago, you would've been reaching for a drink. But now all you want to do is sit down & think; what the hell,

Why did she do this to herself. We were good, our own place, money on the way, why oh why couldn't she have just been ok to stay. The rush I guess was more important than my touch. I'll follow along behind; you tell the ambulance crew as they wheel the love of your life out the front door strapped lifeless to the gurney. Please be careful she's special, you whisper.

You watch from the front door as they lift the gurney-- or is it her coffin-- through the cathedral doors of the emergency vehicle.

You take a moment to reflect on what a beautiful day it really is. You look through the trees & feel the ocean breeze. Please bring life saving rejuvenation to my lover, how could she do this to herself on such a fine day as this. The sun is shining, the sky is blue, the air clean & fresh like a well-earned holiday. The sea is glistening in the distance, dancing as a jester peeking through the forest. How on this day which offers forever can the love of my life choose to fire up a pipe. Knowing it might be her last. Am I such a bad person that instead of just telling me she has a problem, she's sad, she's mad, she's nothing without the rush. She couldn't have just said, I'm having a hard time lets go down to the beach.

Now's not the time to whine. Where are my keys, they're here in my hand, my body is tingling like a five-alarm fire. My brain is sand feeling the time running out.

At the hospital she's, gratefully, proclaimed not quite dead yet. There's still enough spark left in the coals to try & bring her back to life. But she's in a coma. Don't try to talk just yet I was told.

You sit & hold a flimsy dry cold hand. That's all you can do. You rack your brain for why, but you know the answer. You've been there; you're no square. You've been found in an alley, with white thick saliva dripping down your lips. Your body lifeless limp, everything swirling grey then black. They brought you back more than once, but enough is enough. You made the decision to live & you thought she had too. You thought the love of your life, your partner in hell, was on the same page.

Everything had been going so well. A tear swelled & then dropped down your cheek ending its journey on the tip of your lip. You looked into her lifeless eyes lying blind. Oh, my dear love you pray, why does it have to end up this way.

She was in a coma for three days. All bodily functions done through respirators & tubes. You were there when she opened her eyes, much to your hallelujah surprise. You'd been dozing on your hospital chair, at first you thought it was a dream it seemed so surreal. Like you'd all died & come out in a brand-new place where every one in the human race wore gowns & frowns.

But no, she spoke, needing some water, her lips were very dry. You jumped up like a mouse had just crawled up your butt & gave the love of your life the biggest hug a lug like you could manage You almost killed her again right there in the hospital bed.

That day you went away to your comfy bed in your cozy cabin you shared with the one who had just survived a mean self-imposed ordeal. You felt safe in your head, your life together would get back on track. This was surely the limit. You left her sleeping peacefully, no longer the agony of the coma, breathing on her own, a little color back in her face. You let out a breath on the way to your car, with accompanying sigh that could be heard by all birds within distance.

Now as your head hit the pillow for the first time in days you could finally relax. All the getting mad & how disappointed you were, would come later.

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Meanwhile back on the hospital bed our pitiful hero was awakening from her nap. She had a mighty thirst & figured she could even handle a bite to eat. She buzzed the nurse & made her request. Then, as the nurse was leaving, she asked could you pass me my bra, which was evidently hung up in the cupboard. Along with the rest of her clothes. Recently stripped off her body, from head to toe, so they could hook her up to the machines that would save her life.

She hinted to the nurse the need for modesty being the reason for her request & the nurse readily responded. Little did the nurse know, or in her wildest belief would she have guessed, what you had planned for the next.

You had taped a chip to the inside of your bra way back just in case. You held little hope it would still be there. But you weren't prepared to despair until you checked it out. So, when the nurse passed over your bra—nonchalantly thinking none of it—what possible harm could result in passing a lady's bra over at the patients request, after all we all needed support.

You were still thinking as if you were swimming in concrete. Your brain was still a maize & the mouse was running around frantic trying to escape. You were aware enough to be cool, as you thanked the nurse for the bra-- but not to cool-- you were still in pain. You were desperate to hide your anticipation. The bra was passed over like giving you an extra blanket to protect you from the shivers.

You waited & fiddled about with the clasp like it was a natural thing. The nurse finally left to deal with other patients who were really sick; through no cause of their own.

You were almost sweating. Your heart beating like a water pump, the anticipation was almost too much; for one just recently revived from a self-induced destruction.

Yes, a hallelujah moment, it was still there! Taped right where you hid it in case of an emergency. A crystal of crack. Plenty big enough to get you off. You were so out of your mind with this find that in a panic you almost ate it, in a knee jerk reaction. But that would be a waste, you needed to smoke it. You frantically scanned the hospital room looking for something to use as a pipe. Surprisingly enough, certainly to you at the time, the hospital room was devoid of anything suitable to facilitate your need. Not too many people sick enough to be in the hospital are in need of a pipe to smoke up crack.

Your body was screeching like smoking tires at the start of a quarter mile drag race. Your mind was set on only one thing; smoking that crack. Here you lay in your hospital room, barely alive, your mind just trying to survive, yet one need overrode any other bodily function. The need to feed your addiction.

So, you started to scheme like you were preparing to rob a heavily guarded brink's truck. You knew there was a bargain shop open across the parking lot in the mall. You knew from past experience they had the goods you needed to shape into a functioning pipe.

The problem of course was how to get there. You couldn't walk, your legs wobbled like jello. You could barely breath. One thing though you could feel your arms & wiggle your fingers. They had left a wheelchair in your room in anticipation of your pending recovery. You stretched out the blanket & threw it like a lasso & corralled the chair & pulled it within reach.

Now you just had to wait, which for a person as addicted as you, you might as well be pulling out your nails with plyers. Finally, after an eternity, which was in the real world fifteen minutes, you sensed your chance for your premeditated escape. The nurses were changing their shift. Your partner who loved you had gone home to shower, change her clothes. You knew she would be in need of a nap, before she would come back for another long night helping you come back to life.

Your body couldn't have been more—not-- ready for your outrageous Alcatraz escape. Your blood had just started pumping again to all the right places, the

spaces in your fractured mind were just starting to close. The only clothes you had were your hospital gown. The mind of an addict knows no reason, its only intent is on getting bent.

You somehow managed to get from bed to chair. Pulling out all lines & signs you were connected to that which had miraculously preserved your life. With your trusty bra firmly by your side you looked for places to hide to facilitate your escape. Just the fact that you were able to maneuver the chair to the door was a minor miracle. Now you just had to slyly, like a thief casing a bank, see where all the players who would give you grief were stationed. You sat peeking through the window in the door.

Your mind & body were in complete shock. It seemed like just a moment ago you'd been laid out virtually given up for dead, your heart, lungs & other relevant organs necessary for your survival on the verge of calling it quits. Then some unexpected force pulled a Knute Rockne pep talk to all to rise up & get back in the game, there's still enough time on the clock to fight back & win. All the best players responded like heroes & agreed to give it the old college try. And without a lie each & every mortal organ picked up the pace & before you knew it you were back again; a member of the human race.

Now sitting in the chair looking for a chance to escape, it wouldn't be blamed if these same organs were feeling, oh no here we go again. Yet mind over matter prevailed & you were determined your plan would not fail.

It is somehow so amazing that the mind determines what the mind wants, regardless of the body's objections.

From our determined hero's perch by the door, she could just see the nursing station at the end of the hall. So, she waited until an opening appeared where all nurses were responding to a call. Patient in room #6 needs water, room # 2 needs her meds, # 5 needs blankets, # 4 needs eyes on to make sure he's not dead.

Gabe waited until the nurses were dispersed like a break in the huddle of a football game. She started moving her chair, like a sneak, slowly out the door. Shrouded in stealth she crept down the hall like she was on a spy mission. She just needed to make it to the elevator & she would be free.

Her knees ached; her arms roared from the exertion of being bent. But it would be all worth it to smell that sweet scent of the only thing which could bring her relief.

She crept along at an exaggerated pace. The effort equalled that of a cross-country skier at the end of a 20-kilometer race. She made it down the hall to the elevator & banged in triumph on the elevator button, down was her destination. The bell rang & the red light went on telling her the elevator was settling at her floor.

So far, she'd gone unnoticed. But at that second, she spied down the hall someone, possibly an orderly, going into her room. She heard a feint, 'what the hell,' & a head popped quickly out her hospital room door. 'There she is' was yelled like in an echo chamber resonating off the hall's walls. The race was on.

Gabe's heart virtually leaped out of her chest as the elevator door slowly opened & she rushed in oblivious of anyone coming out. 'Hey what the hell' was said as she crashed in, it was just chirping drivel to her determined head.

She sat in her chair, somehow managing to turn it around, chest heaving trying to catch her breath & stared down the hall watching the orderly running at her--like someone trying to catch a train--yelling stop that elevator she can't leave.

The scene played out in slow motion, it seemed like hours but was only seconds. She watched & smirked as the doors slowly shut & the distraught orderly was caught talking to a blank grey elevator door.

You smiled a mischievous grin, just like the cat who caught the canary. Down you went to the main floor. Your elevator companions watching on in disbelief. Once the elevator stopped you figured you'd be home free. Anyone who would take time to notice would see a patient resembling a refugee fleeing captivity.

You exited the elevator & headed for the hospital front door. All was clear, no one was chasing you, no need to feel any anxiety. Though this whole exercise of you fleeing your hospital bed for a hit was so ludicrous to the world of straight it would make no sense, stepping into a dimension of obscene; for Gabe it was a given.

The main hospital doors opened like a heavenly gate. For the first time since she could remember she was outside four walls. It was fall, crispy, chilly & grey. A bit

of spit, just overloaded damp, on your face. It was a dismal damp chilly wet grey day. By the time she returned to her hospital room, from this perilous adventure, her hair, sparse as it was, would be soaked through. Shivers of chill would crackle up & down her spine. Her fragile frame-- clinging tentatively to this existence-- would be on its last legs.

For now, all that mattered for naught. Her destination was at the far side across the mall parking lot. She was impervious to the weather conditions. It could be blowing snow & twenty below & it would still not deter her determination to go.

You took a moment realizing the task at hand. Undaunted, you set forth. You knew to avoid all cracks & curbs & keep to the flat slippery wet pavement. With nary hat nor gloves you started to wheel.

Since Lawrence in the desert had no human faced such a challenging task. Your body in shock, steely microns of pain shooting to your brain. You persevered like Perry heading for the pole. Slow & steady wins the race & will get you to your allotted place. The 'Dollar Store' sign where everything sells for less, in your sight, growing closer with every rotation of your wheels.

People parking, sitting in their cars & walking to stores didn't know what to make of her. A skinny little thing looking like death warmed over wheeling herself through the maize of cars going every which way but loose. The curious onlookers didn't know whether to help or phone the cops. An ambulance at least. So, all in their indecision did nothing & Gabe just kept on making her way in anticipation of her destination.

You were so zoned in to your mission you might as well have been in an empty space. You paid absolutely no heed to others watching you roll along as if you were a one-woman parade. You had your eyes set on the prize; your mind set on the much-relished rush. It was all or nothing there just wasn't any other way.

Destination dead ahead. Only a few more meters & you'd be at the door. On the sidewalk now, maneuvering around the afternoon shoppers out to buy who knows what. The consumer driven philosophy of the day intent on spending its hard-earned pay.

Gabe reached automatically for her bag, which she always had with her, not even thinking it wasn't there. Suddenly for the first time, since she set out on her journey, she got scared. A profound sense of reality swept over her like a veil.

She was still in her hospital clothes. The only thing she had extra was the bra with the chip tucked carefully under her bitty butt. She didn't even have shoes, just hospital socks. So even if she could walk—which she can't—she couldn't without looking dense. Then suddenly, like a strike of lightning, she realized she had no money! She didn't need a lot but she needed some. Shoplifting was not an option. Jail would crush her. This flash thought brought back bad memories of times she had hoped she had put behind her.

What to do, what to do?

The mind of a junkie is primeval. Only focused on survival needs. All focused on just one thing. Getting that hit, doing whatever is needed to meet the bodies cravings. No job too big or small, whatever will get you the goods to fill the pipe, is the rationale for any behavior, no matter how outrageous.

The junkie needs junk. Their mind no less astute than a NATO mission commander landing on the moon. It clicks along like a precise well tooled machine. Your mind went into overdrive; how to deal with this dilemma. This wasn't the first time you'd been broke, desperately needing some coin to cop. You weren't averse to giving head, back on the street, when the situation warranted behavior above & beyond basic decency. But this wasn't the time nor place for such activity. My god you were on a sidewalk in an open mall, everyone in the parking lot would be aghast, like in a Greek play with a surprise twist, customers would be slim pickings.

No, you need another ploy. There was an A&W just two doors down. You decided you could park right outside the door & hit up customers going in & out for money. Play the poor me card. You certainly didn't have to worry about exaggerating your physical disposition. You already looked like you'd risen from the dead & hadn't eaten for a month of Sundays.

So, this is what she did. Gabe figured she would need to beg five bucks. If she got lucky & got more, she might even buy a pack of smokes. but she didn't want to get ahead of herself.

You stationed yourself by the automatic doors of the A&W, like a cat on a hot tin roof, watching with sad pleading eyes each customer as they entered & left the burger palace. Now we all know how guilty we feel after we've just had a tasty burger & are walking around with a full belly & have to pass some waif-like knave looking like their last meal had been gruel. It didn't take any longer than ten minutes before you had enough change plopped in your feeble lap to easily get what you would need at the bargain store. Even enough for a chocolate bar, one dripping full of sugar. Fuck the smokes, probably bad for your health anyways. You were almost orgasmic with glee as you wheeled away, headed to the spot where they got what you sought.

At the 'Bargain Store' the door opened automatically as you wheeled through onto the crusty dirty tiled floor. You immediately beelined for the aisle that sold the pens. You knew you also had to get some aluminum foil, but figured you could use the candy bar wrapper if worse came to worse.

No one paid Gabe any heed. One of the luxuries of shopping at 'stores which sell for less' is that all are equal. From the customers dressed in the old ermine stoles, to teenagers in jeans, to the housewife in curlers, to the soccer mom in lululemon's, to the guy just in to buy smokes, no one notices who you are because no one wants to be seen buying goods on the cheap. It's a holdover from class hierarchy. So, our hero was able to leisurely wheel about without anyone fussing, which was exactly what she wanted. Inconspicuous was her play.

You shopped for just the right 'Papermate'. Taking time to twist it apart, making sure the end of the barrel had a wide enough hole to get you a good hit. You put it back together & wheeled yourself back up to the counter.

It was a Wednesday afternoon; mid week business was slow. Gabe was the only one in line. The pretty little high school dropout running the till gave her a judgemental frown. She was soberly cynical about life. So desperate to be noticed, that even a poor middle aged invalid half dead in a wheelchair, couldn't snap her out of her age induced neurotic narcissism.

She took the change our hero put on the counter for the pen with a look of scorn that would have pissed off a moose. Our hero paid no attention to the snarky teenage attitude; she had more pleasant thoughts pressing.

Give me one of those 'Baby Ruth's' our hero requested, trying to be cool, staying in the moment. The overly rude self-absorbed clerk with the bob cut blue hair gave a sigh & a jerk of her head like she was being bothered by a mosquito. Slowly making a herculean effort like you were asking her to walk forty miles over hot coals, she moved her cute tight blue jean butt over to the chocolate bars behind the counter, grabbed a 'Baby Ruth' & virtually threw it on the counter as if it was a hot potato. She snapped at Gabe, 'That'll be two dollars.'

Our hero counted out the rest of her change, thankfully she had barely enough. Then putting the chocolate bar & pen in her lap she wheeled herself out the door. Didn't even say thanks, fuck her she thought.

Just as she was back outside, she suddenly crashed to a stop. In her haste to get things done she frightenly remembered she had no matches, no lighter no nothing to spark up her drugs. The word fuck was the only thing she could think. It flashed through her mind like an out-of-control truck.

She counted the remaining change. She knew she didn't have enough. Not like the old days when matches were a penny a piece. This was getting tough. So close yet so far. Back to the A&W door she wheeled.

Her body was in a totally exhaustive state. Her heart wondering what the hell happened to the hospital bed & the blinking machines which were helping it beat. Her arms were ready to fall off. She had no muscle & this constant wheeling was sacrificing any feeling she might have in her fingers.

She knew she couldn't just ask for a light. Doing drugs was still illegal & morally repugnant to the status quo. She decided to just beg some more change.

The girl behind the counter at the A&W saw her begging again. She was just new, just off the boat from India, come to Canada to start a new life, she certainly didn't want any strife. However, she was clever enough to realize that the first time was OK but this was getting a bit much. Intruding on the customers, touching them up for money, which could be spent on delicious fries. Luckily for Gabe she was too busy to make a move.

Our hero, well aware she was being watched, just didn't care & got down to business. Finally, after lifting the lids of her sad dying eyes it was no surprise that

the customers munching their burgers & chewing their fries just couldn't ignore her as they passed her by.

You had money for a lighter without even having to bother to explain to the good patrons your sad story. Like going to the bank, you thought. 'You poor thing' was heard, 'here get a coffee, stay warm' was suggested, 'my dear you look a fright, have you seen a doctor,' all genuine concern, 'how about a nurse,' said as an afterthought. All these sentiments thrown at you like a pitcher throwing a ball. You tried to smile with thin cracked lips, but you were just in too much pain to respond.

Back to the 'Bargain Store'. Lighters were 3 for \$5, right there on the counter by the till. The snarky attendant had her back to the till, talking on her phone which was requiring her undivided attention. Our hero in her wheelchair sat poised with head poking just above the counter top. She waited impatiently to get the girls attention, even at one point clearing her throat. Fortunately, her life as a junkie had made her impervious to those who were continually ignoring her existence. Making her feel invisible, as society perceived her to be.

Enough is enough crashed like a boulder running downhill in her head. She just reached up & grabbed a lighter from the display, threw some coin on the counter to cover the cost & wheeled herself out of the store. The blue haired clerk never even noticed.

Now all she had to do was find a spot to indulge. She had no patience to go back across the parking lot. She knew she couldn't do that. Don't ask her why she just knew. She'd have to figure out a way to get to the back of the mall & find a private stall. A spot out of the wind & drizzle. Away from curious onlookers & judgemental sight seers.

You wheeled yourself discretely onto the parking lot tarmac headed back to where there were no cars & prying eyes. You got yourself out back of the electronics store. Settling yourself on a nice piece of concrete right outside the back door just praying no one came out for a break.

It was private & out of the wind; perfect.

I pulled my bra out from under my bony bum. I was exhausted, every movement swamped in sharp needle like pain. I placed the package gingerly in my lap. I was

like a priest offering a sacrament at the altar. I then with the patience of a monk unscrewed the pen needing only the fat front part, discarding the remaining residuals as trash. I then delicately-- like Friedman at Alamosa handling plutonium-- opened my bra exposing a tiny package of aluminum foil, containing the treasured nugget this adventure was all about.

I'd completely forgot I already had the foil I needed; it was the wrapping for the present. No problem I'd eat the 'Baby Ruth' later as a treat.

I opened the foil like I was exposing fire to the rain. Every corner curled back, like peeling a banana. Finally, there it was the holy grail in all its infinitesimal glory. A small cluster of white crystal not even enough to make you sneeze. But plenty enough to get me high, plenty enough for me to die.

I placed the end of the pen gently between my lips. Like I was kissing a lover. I lit the lighter, holding it under the aluminum foil heating up the crack. The drug exploded in a plume of smoky mist to which I immediately sucked into my lungs as much as I could, like a vacuum cleaner. There was so much smoke from the small little chit that I had to move the pen like a wand through the air making sure I got my fair share. Not willing to lose the least little bit to the atmosphere.

My eyes immediately rescinded back into my head. My body for the first time since I died on the bathroom floor finally felt alive. My pain drained from me like a flood. Every atom part of my existence expressed their gratitude in their own way. My whole world went on pause. The button was pushed & now all I had to do was relax as waves of ecstatic flame rushed up & down my spindly frame.

It was now, for the sake of our dear readers, that if that chip was tinged with fentanyl Gabe would crash, like soft clay down in her wheelchair. All communication blocked—stopped-- between lungs & head. Her head would droop & she'd drop down dead. Sitting like a chump in a wheelchair in the back of the mall. Only to be found when the nerdy computer guy came out back for a smoke break.

For the addict every hit is a roll of the dice. That's how much they need it. To risk their life like a race car driver, just for the rush.

Our hero this time didn't die. Our readers will share our relief. As a matter of fact, she just felt great.

She wheeled herself back through the parking lot feeling like a million bucks. Queen of Sheba on her magic carpet, judging all those straights who didn't know what they were missing.

Back at the hospital Gabe proudly wheeled through the front door like a princess come to review her court. No one paid her any heed as she took the elevator up to her floor.

When the elevator door opened on the floor where she was supposed to be it looked like a Chinese fire drill was taking place. Nurses & orderlies flying about, doctors directing, organizing, generals in the field of battle. Organized chaos in the efforts to save the lives of those in their care.

As our hero wheeled her self through the elevator door a faint scream was heard & then another. A number of phones were put back on their hooks. A wall of stares, fixed with laser- like glares, tore through our hero's innocent-- damp & flushed-- demeanor. A communal sigh of relief was felt in the air.

You wheeled on, cool as a cucumber. Looking shyly around you inquired quite slyly 'what's going on?', to no one in particular. Everything seemed to stop as in a 'Twilight Zone' moment. Then all attention was directed at you.

Questions were immediately thrown about like rocks as all became aware of your return. 'Where were you?' 'We thought you were dead,' 'How'd you get off the floor,' 'How'd you get out of your room,' 'You've had us worried sick,' 'You can't just run off like that,' 'How the hell did you escape!'

Oddly enough no one bothered asking how you were. You just ignored the frazzled frizzled nurses, orderlies & doctors who were in your face peppering you with anxiety riddled questions. You calmly, like you were walking on a beach, made your way with a sneaky smirk on your lips. You harboured a secret no one would ever have believed.

You paused for a fraction of a second at your hospital room taking it all in. Your buzz was complete. Your mind at peace. Your body relaxed, sore & exhausted. You in triumph entered your room. Taking it all in. Glad to be back, looking forward to your 'Baby Ruth' snack. Then in a serene cultured manner you yelled out,

'Can anyone help me get up into my bed.'

