

Where am I?

Oh, my aching head. What the heck’s wrong with me? My whole body hurts. My thinking is so foggy. I can’t see very clearly, everything looks so odd, the world keeps spinning around. Besides the pain I have a really odd feeling, my nerves all feel like they’re on fire.

I open my eyes to take a look around and wince in pain at the bright light. I blink a few times to clear the tears and adjust to the brightness. I can finally start making things out. I’m sitting in a large meadow surrounded by large pine trees. It seems familiar but I can’t remember where I know this place from, head hurts too much to think clearly. I shake my head to try and clear it, oh that hurts! Wrong move, just made it hurt even more.

I look around again and this time I see a man standing across the meadow on the edge of the trees. He just stands there looking at me. He holds out his hand towards me as if he wants me to come to him. I can’t make out any details of who he is exactly, but I feel compelled to go to him. As I draw closer to him it comes to me where I am. This is the same meadow where my dad used to take me camping. But how did I get here?

I try to think again of how I got here but its still hard for me to think clearly. The figure near the woods walks into the trees. I follow him. I walk for a period of time through the woods, trying to remember how and why I got here. I do remember that some of my fondest

memories are of the times my father took me camping. That meadow was his favorite place to go, always so quite and peaceful. We became very close on those trips. Nothing in the world got between us and we were always able to talk about everything, I learned a lot from my dad on those trips. I learned a lot of principles that have always helped me get through life.

Without warning I emerged from the woods near a large white building. Looking closer I notice the name on the side of the building. In big black block letters the name reads “Memorial Hospital”. I stand there motionless for a moment, not knowing what to do when I feel a hand on my shoulder. I turn and face the stranger. I look into his face but I can’t seem to make out any details. He seems very familiar somehow, yet I can’t place him.

He simply holds out his arm and points at the hospital. “What? Why must I go? Where am I?”

He just stands there pointing at the hospital. Confused I turn and head for the door. I take a few steps when I feel a sharp pain in my chest. I cry out in pain and turn back towards my father for help, but he’s no longer there. I stumble into the hospital, my feet seemingly knowing where to go, without any conscious effort. With every step I take, my body aches more and more, I feel parts of me I never thought of before.

I stop in front of a door, I reach out, push it open and step through the doorway. I find myself in a room bustling with activity. I see doctors and nurses in furious activity around a table where a badly battered, bloody form lying motionless. I walk over to the table and look down into the face of the person lying there. I can’t make out the face through all of the blood, bandages and oxygen mask. Something seems oddly familiar though. Then I notice the clothes,

the same clothes I'm wearing. A nurse comes over and pulls the oxygen mask off of his face and I find myself staring down into my own face.

No! This can't be! I'm standing right here! How can that be me?

It's getting harder to think. Can't seem to focus anymore. I hear the doctors but can't make out what they're saying.

My head hurts..... throbs..... pounds.

“He's gone, go ahead and turn him off.”

“NO!”

I see nurse..... turn off..... switch.....

.....Hard to breathe.....

.....Can't see.....

.....Can't feel.....

.....Where am I?