



One Week
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On the first day, I sat in the chair across from your bed. The chair was stainless steel, very sleek, modern, cold. I had trouble sleeping that week. Maybe you could tell.

It was the same every day. Watching you. Watching for some sign of awareness, some sign that you were there. I could feel myself start to drift away as the day went on. There were times when it felt like neither of us were really there.

On what I think was the third day, you woke up. I knew at that moment that everything was going to be okay. I jumped up out of my seat and ran into the hallway to tell a nurse the good news, but when I came back, you were asleep again. The nurse checked the machines to see your current status.

"Sir, you must be mistaken. She hasn't woken up since she was checked in."

"There's no way that's right; I saw her wake up!"

"I'm sorry sir, she didn't. Please don't alert the staff when nothing has happened."

I knew it couldn't be true. I saw you! You woke up! I sat back down and continued my vigil.

Over the next few days, you started waking up more and more. I alerted the nurses the first couple times you woke up, but you were always asleep when they came to check, and they always decided that you had never awoken. So I stopped telling them. We would talk while you were awake. These conversations were what kept me going. You always fell asleep again before I could tell you I loved you, but it didn't matter because I knew that you knew, and once you got better I would be able to tell you as much as I wanted.

On the sixth day, while you were awake, one of the nurses came in to check on you. She didn't seem to even notice you were awake, even though we were talking right then.

"Nurse, she's awake again!" but the nurse kept on, ignoring me.

"Sylvia, say something so that the nurse knows you're awake," but you stayed silent.

After the nurse left I asked, "Why didn't you say anything?" but you just didn't want to. We started arguing over this. We both became angry fairly quickly. We both said things we didn't mean. And then, you fell asleep again.

On the seventh day, the doctor came in to speak with me. You were in your bed reading when he asked me why I was still here. I told him that I was here with you, at which point he suddenly grew very cautious.

"Nobody told you?"

I stared at him. Told me what?

"I'm very sorry," he said. "Sylvia died last night."

I looked over at you, hoping for some explanation. You shrugged, set down your book, and went back to sleep.



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