

Tori Shepherd

Ms.Martell

Creative Writing

3/16/17

The street was how it has always been, Catherine remembered it clearly, but something was slightly off. The silver cast from the moon was a little too bright, the street was a little too clean, the details were off. Looking around Catherine stumbled trying to find the one person who had walked the streets with her, but no one was there. Catherine was alone in one of her favorite memories.

In reality Catherine was not in New York, she wasn't on a street and she wasn't alone. Catherine was laying in a coma surrounded by her family but never able to reach them. Unbeknownst to them Catherine was in her own little world.

Catherine willed to walk into the park and see the love of her life waiting with open arms. The park was empty, the colorful spring flowers appeared dull while the looming trees swayed gently at the top with leafless branches. Following the sidewalk, Catherine's shoes made very little sound to break the silence. Catherine ran her hand along the black metal rail of the fence letting her fingers trace gently over the pattern. She had done this once before but at that time her other hand was warm in an embrace. Without this comfort Catherine soon realized what she thought was a dream was turning into a nightmare. Starting to panic Catherine hastened through the trees while mud sucked at her shoes as she wove into the heart of the park where moonlight seemed to light up a small patch of grass. Standing in the center was a figure and Catherine rushed towards it and was welcomed in a warm hug. They stood silent finally a hand as soft as

silk brushed back and tucked a piece of hair behind Catherine's ear then gently spoke. Nodding Catherine took the figures hand and smiled. Realizing that this was neither a dream or a nightmare she walked hand in hand back toward the mooncast New York street.

In a small hospital room far away a beloved family sat and stared as the monitor showed a flatline where a heartbeat once was.

