

*A baby... a little girl walks towards me holding a toy. "Mama, mama..."*

"Ma'am? Oh good, Mrs. Obcasus, you are awake! I brought you some lunch!" A lady places soup on the table. "Ma'am, here, let me..." A bit of time passes. "All done. Goodbye! Have a wonderful day!"

She leaves, taking the bowl with her. I notice a brand new flower is on the table. A single rose.

*Six years old - "Rosa, are you ready to go?" I have on a beautiful blue dress for this special event. A wedding and dinner for my dad's best friend. I was asked to be a flowergirl!*

*Walking on a pathway, I hold a bouquet of roses. Red roses, red as the dawn. A fancy looking man stands at the end of the neverending walk. My short little steps have finally gotten me to my destination. Music. A woman, in the prettiest white gown, walks towards me. So beautiful...*

"Hello there."

A man is here to see me. I see his white lab coat, indicating that the conversation will be about nothing more than my health. According to him, my heart is not functioning correctly. I find that completely untrue, as I am still capable of loving.

Finally, he leaves, not even with a goodbye or anything. White leaves the room, and I hear the click of the door. Peace.

*25 years old - My special day. The man I love is waiting, waiting for me to come out and marry him. I turn around in my dress, a slightly pink gown. My wedding dress. I turn, look at my best friends, and smile. The biggest day of my life awaits me.*

I wake up. I had fallen asleep, hadn't I? The same lady from earlier is here again. She offers me medicine, which I take with tiny sips of water. She makes polite chatter, and it slowly descends into a conversation. I don't talk much, as my throat hurts a bit more than usual. She mentions her family, and how she loves them. Love. My only family is my daughter. I haven't seen my Anya in so long. She went to study abroad, and met a man. They came back to get married and just disappeared.

*48 years old - My Anya strides down a path of petals, laid across the beach. A breeze picks up and the petals float around her, almost movie like. Golden sunlight shines and makes the jewels on her dress sparkle. A man. Once they were officially wedded, a photo captures them in the sunset, freezing this moment in time forever on paper. My Anya is happy.*

The raspy voice of a different man speaks. I listen through the very thin wall.

"Yes, I'm afraid your mother may not make it much longer. Her health has declined since she arrived last year." Is it me? "I'm sorry, but Mrs. Obcasus is not doing well. There's nothing we can do."

I know who's on the other side of that line. That man is talking to my daughter. Oh how I want to see my Anya again. I haven't seen her since she moved out with her husband. That was so long ago. How I wish she could see me now! Distance blocking her from me, and she can't close the gap, as getting back would mean using money that she does not have.

I fall asleep.

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I am old. My last birthday was my 83rd, and my bones and memories are weakening. My heart has taken a turn for the worse, as a man in white had told me. Something bad has happened, but I don't understand half of the words he is saying.

*49 years old - A plane. A plane is leaving, taking my Anya and her husband off to a faraway place I have never been to. I wish to go with them, across the world, but I am too old. I decided to stay. I wave goodbye at a sleek white passenger jet, but out of them all, I don't think Anya saw.*

I want to get out of this place, up and out, to the lush green park I see behind this place through my window. Out of the stiffness of this hospital, out of the white. Lush greens and small pops of color

from flowers. The man in white visits me more frequently. I wish that he would stop fussing. He asks only questions concerning pains, and leaving, scribbling furiously at a paper out of the room. A man in white.

*68 years old - A man in white tries very hard to get my husband up onto a ambulance. My love, gasping for breath after a fit of coughing. Every inch of him vibrates with the metallic sounding noises echoing through the room. I thought he had more time. A few days later, in a white room, he tells me he loves me one last time. That night I cried more than I ever had in my life.*

I told the man I wanted to go outside. After a long time of him trying to convince me otherwise, he said that I could go outside, to the park. Tomorrow. With two nurse helping me, I can go out, and be free.

Today's the day. Two young women are the promised nurses. They seem excited, whispering about onions for some reason. How odd.

Sitting on a black wheelchair bought for me, we roll out of the building. Freedom, at last. A familiar face, tan and dark haired, greets me. It's Anya! A wonderful reunion happens between mother and daughter, and the nurses seem to be crying. Anya is here, finally. She tells me about her life on the other side of the world, how she has spent her time, her new job. After time passes, pain strikes me on my left side. Blinding pain. Screaming, telling me to hold on to life. Frantic movement, back to the building.

Now all I see is white.