

TORN BETWEEN TWO FEELINGS

It was an emergency. We rushed our grandmother to the nearest hospital because she had heart problems due to her old age. The emergency room was busy: the nurses were running back and forth, the doctors are calm yet working in a fast-pace as they have a little time left to save my grandmother, and machines are beeping around the cubicle.

One nurse pulled the curtains so we won't be seeing anything of how they save my grandmother and another nurse was asking my mom about any information from the patient.

I stayed strong, I kept my faith hoping that it would be enough for the Heavens to hear my prayers. I've seen these kinds of scenario in movies, and most of them don't end well. They were trying to revive her, and after an hour of the loud and busy commotion, there was stillness. Everyone stopped. Why did they stop?

Then I heard a long beep.

"Flatline," the doctor said. "Time of death: 6:05am."

My mom starts crying, and I was in shock that it froze me. I couldn't move, and I couldn't speak. I was trying to process everything in my mind.

Before the doctor came out, he mentioned my name. He asked me to leave the patient's file on his desk at his office. I was sure he said my name, so I snapped back to reality.

Before I could take a quick peek behind the curtains, the doctor came out and right in front of me I saw myself wearing a nurse scrubs. Now I'm not sure how I would feel.

Should I feel sad because of the death of my grandmother or happy because I saw how I would look like in the future as a nurse?

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