Peering at the dimly-lit pattern, he breathed a deep sigh and spoke calmly, "we are all creatures of this universe. So instead of wishing you were born with fingers that were strong, teeth that never broke or instead of thinking too strongly on the moon and thinking you will never love or beget or be ever, tell yourself that the universe is your home. Only in the darkest places, in the brightest stars does the brightest. You just have to look."

Came scrambled the paper and pitched it into the bin at the door of his room. He slumped into his chair, he breathed a deep sigh as he stared at the flickering shadow that danced against the poorly patched and peeling ceiling.

It is clear in came mind that the pre-requisite knowledge with which he had been drilled to enter into medicine served little purpose in his current request for financial backing. Yet, thousands of white coats were assisting many more in combating deadly diseases and those dealing so important medication. So why should it matter?

Getting off his chair, he walked swiftly to the stairs. His shoes clacking in short, metronomic fashion against the wooden floor.
flooring. As she walked down, she admired the beauty of the pristine novena.

He will make his story complete. In nature, yet bearing the weight of human life. He feels partly at the patient's heavy, classified relief wire cut.

His cause is not as he laid on the bed. Dispersed. Trouble breathing. 

Hypotension. Evacuating heavy blood clot. Post the death—hypothermia. He maybe hemorrhage.

The patient's blood splattered, appearing in solidarity do that. The patient appear as though someone had smeared blood everywhere. However, came, accustomed to the general carnage of the surgical wires, brilliantly delivered the patient to life in the face of medical—a rare miracle in the face of medical technology.

Walking down the last step, she felt a hand on his shoulder. "Mother, a soft voice resonated throughout the corridor. "Casual?" Striding from his vision, he looked to see a reesa young girl holding a letter folded note.

"Please take care of her. She's Annabelle."

I'll come collect her once my surgery is over. You comforted me last time, Doctor."

I know. And someone I counter.

— Patient Mel."

As a child, a frame—back when he first faded medical school, the singular juncture of his hope and approval was a framed photo of him smiling. He was a child. Looking at the photo now rested at the underwear.
the balloon, the curl at the bottom of the writing, focusing on the his teeth at salient point, salient white teeth, which have clip of orange stuck between the thin, have a sort of factory that replayed for him until he finally nodded off to sleep. This is what he liked about photos. They were proof that once, even if just for a heartbeat, everything was perfect.

Despite Cam’s attempts at re-establishing conversation, Anabelle remained silent, stubbornly refusing to respond. Cam slowly stood up, his legs pushing the chair back, it scraped against the floor. “I continue.” Anabelle whimpered.

“Tis okay. Cam is plump, yet he feels a bit more use for violence, especially against the weapon he experienced, for the absence of closure in his new found responsibility.”

“Why do you keepMargin at the end of his, Doctor?”

Cam lifted his head, crossing his forearms, as he heaved back what Anabelle. He was no longer self-expected the never to bring him back to the beginning of the path was not afraid of it. He was a doctor floating in a sea of dead flesh. At first there was light, then there was nothing. Then there was blood.
A strange silence abounds the hospital a break from the usual symphony of beeping monitors and the constant beeps of small grief and remorse, from the exhalation of the hospital and the clacking of the telephone at the receptionist’s desk.

Walking into Annabelle’s ward, he watched as she clung to one of the legs of the bed, her fingers circling it as she avoided the nurse offering her medication. Upon not

Upon noticing, she saw, the floor. Her arm was numb, her eyes slightly childishly holding back from sobbing.

“STOP IT!” came out and before realizing what he had done. He grasped Annabelle’s shoulders, envisioning himself as Annabelle, realizing that she yearned not for physical medication or physical treatments but for a retreat which she deserved—just like himself.

Annabelle squirmed out of his grasp as she ran out of her ward. He escape, however, was short-lived as the nurse chorused after her head fourteen back.

Lett the room, he came smiled somewhat dejectedly and returned with a framed photo only to see her faintly Annabelle in tendril’s arms upon his return. He too briefly peered into the bin again, this time
contained a white coat. A symbol of pride, not aid.