

Peering at the dishevelled patient, he breathed a deep sigh and ~~noted~~ spoke calmly. "We are all creatures of this universe. So instead of wishing you were born with fingers that were strong, ~~the~~ feet that never broke or instead of ~~thinking that~~ staring at the moon and thinking you will never glow as bright as she does, tell yourself that the universe is your home. Only in the darkest places do the brightest stars burn the brightest. You just have to look up."

* * *

Casne scribbled the paper and pitched it into the bin at the corner of his room. ~~He then~~ Slumping into his chair, he breathed a deep sigh as he stared at the flickering shadow ~~that danced~~ against the poorly patchworked ceiling.

It is clear in Casne's mind that the pre-requisite knowledge with which he had been drilled to enter into medicine served little purpose in his current quest for financial backing. Yet, thousands of white coats were assisting many more in combatting deadly diseases ~~not the~~ delivering ~~the~~ important medication. So why should it matter?

Getting off his chair, he walked swiftly to the stairs. His shoes clicking in a swift metronomic fashion against the ~~poor~~ wooden

flooding. As he walked down, he envisioned the beauty of the machine ^{nowhere}
 he will make surgery - confident ⁱⁿ nature yet bearing the
 weight of human life. He ~~looks~~ ^{focuses on the} ~~briefly~~ at the patient, heavily disfigured
~~on the ~~the~~ bed~~ as he ~~laid~~ ^{licked} on the bed. ^{in the chair.} Dyspnoea. Trouble breathing
~~Hypertension~~ Exsanguination. Excessive blood loss. ^{probable} ~~the~~ death - hypoxia. ~~No~~ Maybe
 hemorrhage.

The patient's blood splattered, appearing as scarlet dots that
 The patient appear as though someone had inhaled
 blood everywhere. However, Casue, accustomed to the gore and
 carnage of the surgical wives, brilliantly delivers the patient
 to life, ~~in the face of medical~~ a rare miracle in the
 face of medical technology.

Walking down the last step, ~~he~~ ^{upon his hand} he felt a hand on his shoulder. ^{Doctor}
 Casue? ^{A soft noise resonated through the corridor.} Stirring from his vision, he ~~looks to see~~ ^{sees} a young girl holding
 a ~~note~~ folded note.

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

I'll come collect her once my surgery
 in the city is over. You comforted me last time, Doctor.
 I know ^{you} ~~that~~ ^{are} someone I trust."
 - Patient Mel."

* * *

~~A~~ a child, a frame — Back when he first failed medical school, the staple
 juncher of his hope and approval was a framed photo of him smiling like
 he was a child. Looking at the photo now nettared at the unratment

the balloon, the curl ~~left~~ at the bottom of the curtains, focusing on ~~the~~ his teeth at ~~salient point~~ salient white teeth, which have ch~~it~~ of orange stuck between the. This became a series of actions that replayed for hours 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 Casue's attempts at re-establishing conversation, Annabelle remained curled up in a ball, obstinately refusing to respond. Casue brisly stands up, his leg pushing the chair back as it screeches against the floor. "I can't do this." Annabelle whimpers.

"It's okay." Casue replies, yet he feels a bizarre urge for violence, for penance against the wrongs he experienced, for the absence of closure in his new found responsibility.

* "Why do you keep them at the ~~top~~ bin, Doctor?"

Casue lifted his head, creasing his forehead, as he stared blankly at Annabelle. However he always had expected the world to bring him back to the beginning and the truth was he was afraid of it. He was a doctor floating in a heaven of dead flesh. At first there was light, ^{had} then there was violence, ^{had} then there was blood.

Annabelle's wail startled him, ~~as~~ awaking him from his ~~his~~ ~~deep~~ thoughts.
"She said she was coming today!" She screamed, as she melodramatically
stomps her foot for foot on the ~~bed~~ bed.

* * *

A ~~but~~ strange silence overshadows the hospital - a break from the
usual symphony of ~~prolonged screams and~~ ~~howling~~ ~~hulls~~ of
grief and remorse, from the exhaustive shouting across the ^{small} hospital and
the clanging of the telephone at the receptionist's desk.

Walking into Annabelle's ward, he ~~just~~ watches as she clings to one of
the legs of the bed, ~~poorly~~ circling it as she avoids the nurse offering her
medication. ~~Upon~~ ~~noticing~~

Upon noticing Casne, she ~~grabs~~ ~~grabs~~ his ~~arm~~ ~~and~~ narrows her eyes slightly,
childishly holding back from sobbing.

"STOP IT!" Casne cried out, before realising what he'd done. He
grasped Annabelle's shoulder, envisioning himself as Annabelle, ~~but~~ ~~he~~ realising
that she yearned ~~not~~ for ~~physical~~ medication or physical treatment or
food, but for ~~a~~ ~~connection~~ ~~which~~ ~~which~~ ~~she~~ ~~deserved~~ - just like himself -
^{an escape from the ~~her~~ emotional solitude}

Annabelle squirmed out of his grasp as she ran out of her ward. Her escape, however,
was short-lived as the nurse ~~choked~~ ~~after~~ ~~her~~ ~~head~~ ~~brought~~ ~~her~~ ~~back~~.

Casne smiled somewhat despondently and ^{left the room. He} returned with ^a framed
photo only to see ~~her~~ a fainted Annabelle in the nurse's arms upon
his return. He ~~at~~ ~~totally~~ briefly peered into the binagon, this time ~~not~~ ~~at~~

contained a white coat. A symbol of pride, not ~~medical~~ aid.