

《Immaculate Spirit》

Chapter 2

New York Presbyterian Hospital, 08/02/2012, 01:05.

"... And finally this is our long term resident Nathaniel Lyndon!" Said a middle aged nurse called Nancy Dejet, to a twenty something years old young intern, a finger pointing to the bed in front of her.

the two women start approaching the bed while the experienced nurse take the file of the patient beside the door and handed it over her colleague.

"What happened to him?" ask the intern, Melanie Gams, too focused on the young boy in front of her to look at the file.

The nurse sighted bitterly and sadness filled her eyes.

"Drunk driver. He was walking with his mother on the street, She look at something for two seconds and then she heard a car hurting something and horn blarring. When she turned around she saw her son bleeding and unmoving on the ground. Not far away a woman kneeling on the ground with her 10 month daughter on her crib." She said patting the hair of the young boy on the bed affectionately.

"My god..." said the young woman with her hand in front of her mouth, her eyes watering.

"Yes, he threw himself in front of the car to push the woman and her baby out of it. He was only twelve at the times".

Opening the file, the intern start reading the record.

"Broken ribs... shoulder dislocated... cranial hemorrhage

... 4 years of coma without sign of cerebral activity... Why did they keep him..." start asking the intern before being interrupted by her colleague.

"Because they believe as long as there is life there is hope, and as long as he's heart keep beating, he will come back." Said the nurse hotly, her eyes turning stern.

"Did you know him or the family prior the incident?" said the intern, trying to change the subject.

"No i did not, but i was there when he was admitted. I was on rotation in the emergency department at the times."

"It's a pity, he look kinda cute"

He really was. Silky blond hair, thin eyebrow ,an aquiline nose and a chubby face who give an impression he was a thirteen, fourteen boy that didn't get his grow spurt yet.

While the two women were talking, a scene completely different was taking place a foot away from them but he could as well be millions years away.

Nathaniel was there in a form of a pure untainted white ball. In this ball was everything he was, was everything he knew, everything he experienced in his entire life. The problem was that he was trapped in his own mind and despite trying everything, he could not go away, he could not wake up. Everyone would have already give up and ascend to another plane of existence but not Nathaniel, his will to live were unbreakable. But the truth was he was starting to weaken.

He was missing his parents, he was starting to miss his family. He never had many friends or friends for that matter. He always was different from kids his age, way smarter too, that was difficult for him to connect with people that were childish. Curious thing to say from a twelve years old kid at the time but that was the truth. He didn't like to play around ou play video games. The only games that could keep his attention for some time were game of strategie and gestion. Book were one of the things he like the most, with a close one behind who was music. Whatever the subject, he was devouring everything who fall in his hands.

When he was thinking about that, something start to happen to his jail. The black wall who keep him lock for 4 years start to tremble as if experiencing an extreme pressure. That was the occasion he hope for years, that was his chance. Starting to gather everything that he have, that he was, he threw himself without holding back anything against that black barrier.