

In the end, everything simply began.

He was going too fast. Much too fast. He was racing through life, too quickly to enjoy the fruits of his labour. But not just in life. He was late. He knew he was pushing the limits. The jarring sound of a mobile ring tone disturbed his rare moment of serenity and he glanced at it, irked. That was all it took for him to lose control and careen off the road into the very office to which he was heading.

She was the very antithesis of the arrogant, impatient banker; she was crazy, bonkers, deluded. She lived in a Walt Disney world, much better than the one the rest of us inhabited, filled with hopping deer, grinning rabbits, and plenty of handsome princes. But she couldn't maintain this illusion forever. She could never escape the harsh reality of the real world. That day, that fateful day, she headed for the grey building she once swore to herself she would never end up; she wished she had stayed true to herself, and her values, but she couldn't live in denial anymore. It was past time to move on.

There was a screech, a squeal, a heart-shattering scream.

Her head snapped back, but it was too late. The car smashed into her, ploughing them both into the brick wall. Her head snapped back and cracked like an eggshell on the pavement. Blood spattered from the wound deep in her temple and coloured the concrete crimson.

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The nurse was behind schedule; the hospital was filling up at an alarming rate and she already had the two accident victims to attend to. She was keen to get back to the glass of wine that awaited her on the patio of her suburban home, but what could she do? She was on-call, and that meant she had to come running when the doctors snapped their fingers. She approached the young woman, her face as pale as the white bed sheets. Her face was peaceful, as if she was in another world, a better world. The reality was far from it. The nurse tutted to herself and attended the poor girl. Such a shame, really, what happened with the car.

She glanced over at the middle-aged businessman lying in the bed next to her. She couldn't help the stab of sympathy that pained her heart, though she knew he had caused the accident. Both their lives were interrupted when there was so much left for them to live for. Strange really, but for every end, there was a beginning. The nurse had to believe this, to deal with the deaths she faced, day in, day out.

There was a groan from the nurse's right, disrupting the clinically sterile room. She hurried over to the businessman. But simultaneously, a movement on the other side of the room caught her eye.

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After six-and-a-half hours of stony silence and deliberate indifference, the girl sat up in her bed and looked over at the man who had put her in this miserable place.

“No visitors?” she said politely. She was met by silence. “Me neither. I haven’t got any family, you see.”

If the businessman heard her, he didn’t acknowledge it. Or maybe he simply didn’t care. The girl nodded as if she had expected nothing else.

“Well, you’re stuck with me. You’re going to have to talk to me eventually.”

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Some time later, after what seemed like centuries of being cooped up inside the hospital, it was over. The second hand of the clock reached the twelve. The girl jumped from her seat and ran out of the ward. She smiled at the man who had befriended her in their time in the hospital, in ways she could never have expected. She took his hand, and together, they walked out of the hospital, ready to start a new life together. They were total opposites, from different ends of the social spectrum, but united, they were the perfect balance.

Strange, how true the nurse was. For every end, there is a beginning.

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