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*Once I get out*

It is time. Different steps are now heard from the hallway as people are rushing around. Here she is. Seven steps, short and heavy but fast. I still don't really understand, how can a person this big be so energetic and have such a prompt walk. It is more like a scuttle. Now the sound of the sliding door being open and closed again. That annoying control beeping; one, two, three - that is it. One more door to go. Now wait; 176 seconds exactly, if everything is in normal. I have to thank for the new wall clock again. ...Five, four, three, two, one... And the door is opening again, followed by the three beeps. Only seven more steps, I can't wait. The clapping sound is getting louder as the person is getting closer. ...Four, three... I can hear each step clearly. However it still won't drown out the constant beeping and whirring of the machines around. This place is full of it. Two more steps. I can already hear another person in the distance approaching from the other direction. The steps are also heavy but slower. Yes, it is him, my dad. But his steps are slower than they usually are. I don't understand why though. Doesn't he want to see me as soon as possible? Because these steps don't really sound very excited to me. I have to make sure to tell him once he finally gets here. If he ever will, considering the slowness of his walk today. He doesn't know that, but whenever I can feel this hesitation in his walk it makes me worry. It makes me think if it is that day already. I know he fears that day much more than I do so never told him about it. Secretly, I want him to be with me here already. I even consider shouting at him to hurry up, but my tongue feels numb. And the morning check up has to be done first anyway.

The door slides open and then it closes immediately. I wish I could turn my head to face the door, but today it is particularly difficult to move. I could try but I can already feel it won't work and I want to save some energy for later. And this is my favourite view anyway; right side of the huge window, through which the sun shines every morning, then the clock I got last month, to learn the time (Which I mastered in almost no time I must say!) and finally, our notice board.

I especially like to look at that one. It is all bright and glittery with pink fringes around the edges. The letters in the middle say: "To Do Once I Get Out" Me and my dad started it like ages ago and we are still coming up with new stuff to pin up there. Even though it may seem pretty full already, we are not finished yet. I am planning on telling him today about the last idea I got and he better be as excited as I am. But I am not really worried about it because frankly, who would want to go swimming with real dolphins?

Three notorious beeps, the control sound. It is interesting, that the beeping of my door is not that annoying at all. Daddy says it only annoys me, when it is somebody else's door, because I am jealous, that they are having a visit and I don't. Who knows, maybe he is right. As a matter of fact he always is.

She is here. Even though I can't see her yet, I know she will be all grumpy. My dad calls it "professional". He says, she is only acting professional to do her job properly and to take a good care of me. But I can see the grumpiness all over her face. However, once she is finished with the check up routine, she always starts smiling and never fails to tell some joke, which is

usually quite not that funny. But I laugh anyway, because her eyebrows swirl in this weird spaghetti shape and her face gets all twisty, which tightens her performance to perfection.

Not today. She already checked everything at least twice, which itself is suspicious. Now again. I wonder if it has something to do with the weird feeling I have today.

First I couldn't move a finger. But that is always the same thing after this treatment. I feel so weak I sometimes sleep for days and don't even remember it. When I wake up, daddy is always sitting next to my bed with my favourite book and is waiting for me to wake up. I tell him not to do that, because I am too tired and asleep, so I can't chat with him and I don't even need the usual bedtime stories. He should rather be some place nice and comfy, because as he once said, sitting in that damned (his words, not mine) chair only makes his back sore. But he always stays.

Dad's nervous steps; another bad sign. I know him all my life and knowing somebody for five and half years already is enough to know him well. He is the strongest and bravest, but he is not fearless, even though he pretends to be. So when I see or feel he is afraid, so am I. Maybe that is why he always tries to hide it and cover it with some joke. But as I said, I know him too well.

And her? No smile today, instead she rushes from the door, giving it almost no time to close properly, risking the control beeper to start freaking out. And leaving me alone, without giving me her friendly warm smile. I wonder if they will tell me what is wrong.

They don't have to, they are standing right behind the door, it must be them. I can hear them, but I don't understand what they are saying. It doesn't make any sense. Apparently it was a rough night. Something inside me stopped working and they had to give me some medication. Weird, I don't remember any of it.

...Unsuccessfully...

I can hear my dad crying. I want him to stop, please stop. Don't listen to them! It did work! I am not sleeping; I am right here waiting for you so we can start planning another vacation, the one with dolphins! Come here please.

She says it can take weeks, months or even years for me to wake up. I don't understand... She says there were cases, when people woke up after more than ten years but it is usually a miracle the chances of something like that happening are very low.

She is still talking. I want her to stop, she is only making him sad. Don't listen to her. I will wake up! Okay, it may take years, but when I do, we will do all the things we have planned so far, deal?