

The Person Who Stole My Heart ... and My Liver, and My Stomach

By Wen Qin Li

Age 13

Coquitlam

The insistent beeping of the heart monitor was the first thing I heard. My sleep-heavy eyes blinked open to almost complete darkness, with flickering lights from the hallway. The hospital was empty, unmade beds put to the side, as if people left in a hurry. The room had a spectral feeling to it, as I lay staring at the bone-white ceiling and curtains before sitting up. I knew something was wrong, for when I had fallen asleep some hours ago, the hospital was buzzing with energy. Glancing at the clock, I noticed it had stopped, at exactly twelve. I stood up, feeling the coldness of the tiles. With the little light from the hallway, I made my way to the open doorway.

The hall was silent, and the lights were dimmer than their usual intense brightness. With the quietness and near darkness of the hospital, it seemed no different than an old mausoleum, having housed plenty of corpses. Taking hesitant steps, I shuffled down the hallway. The lights overhead flickered, plunging me into darkness for a second before lighting up again. The hallway stretched out before me, getting darker and darker as I wandered.

As I passed by another door, I heard a sloshing sound. Stepping back, I realized my foot was now wet. Squinting at the sticky liquid on the floor, I froze when I recognized the liquid to be blood. I stood there for a moment, then panic took over and I ran back down the hall. The lights kept flickering as doors whizzed pass me on either side. My heart was jumping into my throat, and I was beginning to feel uncoordinated, stumbling and tripping over my own trembling legs. Racing down the endless hallways without thinking, I could only hope to find the exit of the hospital.

Out of breath, I halted in front of a lengthy window, the edges looked to be cracked and the glass smudged at a few places. I shifted my gaze from the floor up to the clear window, expecting yet another empty room. My eyes were met with bright lights and a macabre sight. In the center of the room, there was a patient on the operating table, who seemed to be peacefully asleep. What caught my attention the most was the bucket on the side, filled to the brim with a long tube, part of it still connected to the body lying on the table. Bloody pieces of what I assumed to be organs were neatly lined up on the tray on the nearby counter. Bile rose to my throat, and I tried desperately to fight it down. Standing next to the mess on the table was a man with a scalpel. In his hand was the victim's heart, dripping with blood and still beating in his steady fingers. My hand went to my mouth as my stomach spasmed, causing me to shift my gaze downwards. I looked up to see the surgeon staring back through the glass.