

Forbidden love

Episode 24

As we got to the hospital, aunty Jennifer rushed to the front desk at the reception and asked the lady behind for some information concerning uncle Sam. I had anxiously been waiting for her in the waiting area while I watched her talk to the lady behind the desk.

Then I saw a nurse coming out from somewhere and aunty Jennifer going to meet her. I stood up when I saw them talking because aunty Jennifer was looking really distressed. The nurse walked away immediately I joined them, so I asked aunty Jennifer about uncle Sam. She didn't say anything for a while, then sat down on the closest seat as she said;

“They said he'll be fine hopefully Meso but that he lost a lot of blood due to the shooting and car crash.”

All that rang in my head was 'shooting'. Uncle Sam was shot? I almost said out loud. I was so scared because I knew that there was a probability he wasn't going to make it. At that moment, he was in the emergency room so I bowed my head and said a little prayer. I asked God to help uncle Sam so he could live again. I begged God and promised him that he would change his ways and I would change mine as well. In my mind, I thought God wanted to punish us for the things we had been doing behind the curtains. I looked at aunty Jennifer who sat beside me with her face buried in her palms. She was muttering some things and I could see she was really worried. Tears were rolling down her eyes and I joined her in tears. Not just because I was worried about uncle Sam, but also because uncle Sam and I were guilty of a crime that if only she knew, would be so disgusted with us and feel even worse. She looked up and saw me crying, then held me close to her chest, whispering to me that it would be alright. She also said a little prayer and I whispered an 'Amen'. Aunty Jennifer was a good woman. As much as I loved uncle Sam, I

knew she deserved a better man. A lot was going through my mind as my head rested on her chest. After about an hour, a doctor came out to meet us at the waiting area.

“You must be Sam’s wife and his niece”

Aunty Jennifer stood up and responded with a ‘yes’.

“It’s a miracle he’s alive.”

When we heard this, we sighed in relief and thanked God.

Then the doctor continued, “....Please come with me to my office.”

We followed him to his office and he spoke to us concerning uncle Sam’s condition. He told us that uncle Sam was really lucky to have still made it even with the shooting and car crash. He also said if he hadn’t been brought to the hospital immediately, we would have probably be mourning him already. Then aunty Jennifer said she wanted to see him so the doctor picked up the landline, dialled a number and spoke to someone, before a nurse walked in. The nurse was asked to escort us to uncle Sam’s room so we left with her. We got into his room and saw uncle Sam in the worst condition we had ever seen him. He had bands on his left arm extending to his chest area. He had a drip placed on his wrist with an oxygen mask resting on his nose and mouth. He really was in a horrible state. He was asleep, so we took our sit on a couch that was in the room. None of us could say anything because we were still trying to believe the state of uncle Sam. It was not a pleasing sight at all. Uncle Sam woke up after some hours. It was about 10:00pm in the night. Neither I nor aunty Jennifer closed our eyes to rest. We had been waiting for uncle Sam to wake up so when he opened his eyes, aunty Jennifer went and sat beside him. I just sat where I was and watched them both. I watched as aunty Jennifer leaned in and pecked him on the cheek. He was trying to smile at us but I could see he was in

pain. I was only at peace because he was alive. Aunty Jennifer had asked if I wanted to go home and I had told her that I was fine staying with them so we were up till about 2:00am.